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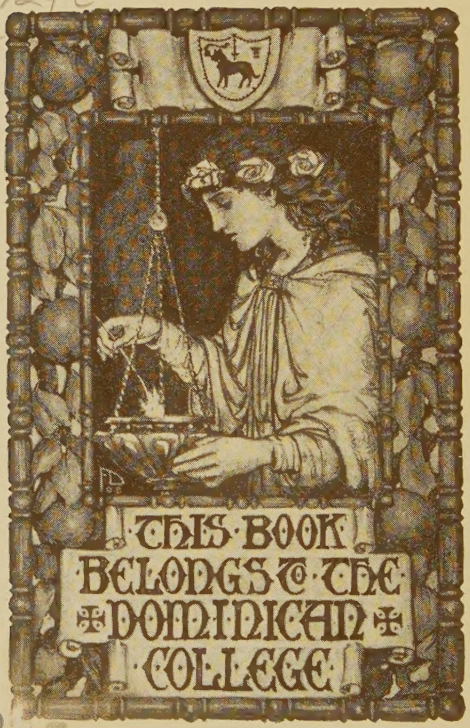

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History of Friedrich the Second

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OF

FRIEDRICH THE SECOND

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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1732–1736.

CHAPTER IV.

PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER.

MAJESTY seeing all these matters well in train—Salzburgers under way, Crown-Prince betrothed according to his Majesty's and the Kaiser's (not to *her* Majesty's, and high-flying little George of England, my Brother the Comedian's) mind and will, begins to think seriously of another enterprise, half business, half pleasure, which has been hovering in his mind for some time. "Visit to my Daughter at Baireuth" he calls it publicly, but it means intrinsically Excursion into Böhmen, to have a word with the Kaiser, and see his Imperial Majesty in the body for once. Too remarkable a thing to be omitted by us here.

Crown-Prince does not accompany on this occasion; Crown-Prince is with his regiment all this while, busy minding his own affairs in the Ruppin quarter; only hears, with more or less interest, of these Salzburg Pilgrim movements, of this Excursion into Böhmen. Here are certain scraps of Letters, which, if once made legible, will assist readers to conceive his situation and employments there—Letters otherwise of no im-

portance, but worth reading on that score. The *first* (or rather first three, which we huddle into one) is from "Nauen," few miles off Ruppin, where one of our Battalions lies, requiring frequent visits there:

1. *To Grumkow, at Berlin* (from the Crown-Prince).

"Nauen, 25th April, 1732.

"Monsieur, my dearest Friend,—I send you a big mass of papers, which a certain gentleman named Plötz has transmitted me. In faith, I know not in the least what it is; I pray you present it" (to his Majesty, or in the proper quarter), "and make me rid of it.

"To-morrow I go to Potsdam" (a drive of forty miles southward) "to see the exercise, and if we do it here according to pattern. *Neue Besen kehren gut"* (New brooms sweep clean, *in German*); "I shall have to illustrate my new character" of Colonel, "and show that I am *ein tüchtiger Officier* (a right Officer). Be what I may, I shall to you always be," &c., &c.

Nauen, 7th May, 1732. "* * Thousand thanks for informing me how every thing goes on in the world. Things far from agreeable, those leagues" (imaginary, in Tobacco Parliament) "suspected to be forming against our House! But if the Kaiser don't abandon us"—"if God second the valor of 80,000 men resolved to spend their life," "let us hope there will nothing bad happen.

"Meanwhile, till events arrive, I make a pretty stir here (*me trémousse ici d'importance*) to bring my Regiment to its requisite perfection, and I hope I shall succeed. The other day I drank your dear health, Monsieur, and I wait only the news from my Cattle-stall that the Calf I am fattening there is ready for sending to you. I unite Mars and Housekeeping, you see. Send me your Secretary's name, that I may address your Letters that way," our Correspondence needing to be secret in certain quarters. * * "With a" truly infinite esteem,

"FRÉDÉRIC."

Nauen, 10th May, 1732. "You will see by this that I am exact to follow your instruction, and that the *Schulz* of Tremmen" (Village in the Brandenburg quarter, with a *Schulz* or Mayor to be depended on) "becomes for the present the mainspring of our correspondence. I return you all the things (*pièces*) you had the goodness to communicate to me, except *Charles*

Douze,[1] which attaches me infinitely. The particulars hitherto unknown which he reports ; the greatness of that Prince's actions, and the perverse singularity (*bizarrerie*) of his fortune —all this, joined to the lively, brilliant, and charming way the Author has of telling it, renders this Book interesting to the supreme degree. * * * I send you a fragment of my correspondence with the most illustrious Sieur Crochet," some French Envoy or Emissary, I conclude : "you perceive we go on very sweetly together, and are in a high strain. I am sorry I burned one of his Letters, wherein he assured me he would in the Versailles Ante-chamber itself speak of me to the King, and that my name had actually been mentioned at the King's Levee. It certainly is not my ambition to choose this illustrious mortal to publish my renown ; on the contrary, I should think it soiled by such a mouth, and prostituted if he were the publisher. But enough of the Crochet : the kindest thing we can do for so contemptible an object is to say nothing of him at all."[2]

Letter *Second* is to Jägermeister Hacke, Captain of the Potsdam Guard, who stands in great nearness to the King's Majesty, and, in fact, is fast becoming his factotum in Army details. We, with the Duke of Lorraine and Majesty in person, saw his marriage to the Excellency Creutz's Fräulein Daughter not long since, who, we trust, has made him happy ; rich he is at any rate, and will be Adjutant General before long : powerful in such intricacies as this that the Prince has fallen into.

The Letter has its obscurities ; turns earnestly on Recruits tall and short ; nor have idle Editors helped us, by the least hint, toward "reading" it with more than the *eyes*. Old Dessauer at this time is Commandant at Madgeburg ; Buddenbrock, now passing by Ruppin, we know for a high old General, fit to carry messages from Majesty : we can guess that the flattering Dessauer has sent his Majesty Five gigantic men from the Magdeburg regiments, and that Friedrich is ordered to hustle out Thirty of insignificant stature from his own, by way of counter-gift to the Dessauer, which Friedrich

[1] Voltaire's new Book, lately come out, "Bâle, 1731."

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 49, 51.

does instantly, but can not, for his life, see how (being totally cashless) he is to replace them with better, or replace them at all !

2. *To Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard.*

Ruppin, 15th July, 1732.

"*Mein Gott*, what a piece of news Buddenbrock has brought me ! I am to get nothing out of Brandenburg, my dear Hacke? Thirty men I had to sift out of my company in consequence" (of Buddenbrock's order), "and where am I now to get other thirty? I would gladly give the King tall men, as the Dessauer at Magdeburg does, but I have no money ; and I don't get, or set up for getting, six men for one" (thirty short for five tall), "as he does. So true is that Scripture : To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath.

"Small art, that the Prince of Dessauer's and Magdeburg Regiments are fine, when they have money at command, and thirty men *gratis* over and above ! I, poor devil, have nothing, nor shall have, all my days. Prithee, dear Hacke (*bitte Ihn, lieber Hacke*), think of all that ; and if I have no money allowed, I must bring Asmus [1] alone as Recruit next year, and my Regiment will to a certainty be rubbish (*Kroop*). Once I had learned a German proverb,

"' *Versprechen und halten* (To promise and to keep)
Ziemt wohl Jungen und Alten (Is pretty for young and for old) !'

"I depend alone on you (*Ihn*), dear Hacke ; unless you help, there is a bad outlook. To-day I have knocked again" (written to Papa for money) ; "and if that does not help, it is over. If I could get any money to borrow, it would do ; but I need not think of that. Help me, then, dear Hacke ! I assure you I will ever remember it, who, at all times, am my dear Herr Captain's devoted (*ganz ergebener*) servant and friend, FRIDERICH." [2]

To which add only this Note, two days later, to Seckendorf, indicating that the process of "borrowing" has already, in some form, begun—process which will have to continue. and

[1] Recruit unknown to me.

[2] In German : *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 177.

to develop itself; and that his Majesty, as Seckendorf well knows, is resolved upon his Bohemian journey:

3. *To the General Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf.*

Ruppin, 17th July, 1732.

"My very dear General,—I have written to the King that I owed you 2125 *thalers* for the Recruits, of which he says there are 600 paid; there remain, therefore, 1525, which he will pay you directly.

"The King is going to Prague: I shall not be of the party" (as you will). "To say truth, I am not very sorry, for it would infallibly give rise to foolish rumors in the world. At the same time, I should have much wished to see the Emperor, Empress, and Prince of Lorraine, for whom I have a quite particular esteem. I beg you, Monsieur, to assure him of it; and to assure yourself that I shall always be, with a great deal of consideration, *Monsieur, mon très-cher Général,*" &c. FRÉDÉRIC."

And now for the Bohemian Journey, "Visit at Kladrup," as they call it; Ruppin being left in this assiduous and wholesome, if rather hampered condition.

Kaiser Karl and his Empress, in this summer of 1732, were at Karlsbad, taking the waters for a few weeks. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long, for various reasons, wished to see his Kaiser face to face, thought this would be a good opportunity. The Kaiser himself, knowing how it stood with the Jülich and Berg and other questions, was not anxious for such an interview; still less were his official people, among whom the very ceremonial for such a thing was matter of abstruse difficulty. Seckendorf accordingly had been instructed to hunt wide, and throw in discouragements so far as possible, which he did, but without effect. Friedrich Wilhelm had set his heart upon the thing; wished to behold for once a Head of the Holy Roman Empire and Supreme of Christendom; also to see a little, with his own eyes, into certain matters Imperial.

And so, since an express visit to Karlsbad might give rise to newspaper rumors, and will not suit, it is settled there

shall be an accidental intersection of routes as the Kaiser travels homeward, say in some quiet Bohemian Schloss or Hunting-seat of the Kaiser's own, whither the King may come incognito; and thus, with a minimum of noise, may the needful passage of hospitality be done. Easy all of this; only the Vienna Ministers are dreadfully in doubt about the ceremonial, Whether the Imperial hand can be given (I forget if for kissing or for shaking)? nay, at last they manfully declare that it can not be given, and wish his Prussian Majesty to understand that it must be refused.[1] "*Res summæ consequentiæ*," say they, and shake solemnly their big wigs. Nonsense (*Narrenpossen*)! answers the Prussian Majesty. You, Seckendorf, settle about quarters, reasonable food, reasonable lodging, and I will do the ceremonial.

Seckendorf—worth glancing into, for biographical purposes, in this place—has written to his Court that, as to the victual department, his Majesty goes upon good common meat—flesh, to which may be added all manner of river-fish and crabs; sound old Rhenish is his drink, with supplements of brown and of white beer. Dinner-table to be spread always in some airy place, garden house, tent, big clean barn—Majesty likes air, of all things; will sleep, too, in a clean barn or garden-house: better any thing than being stifled, thinks his Majesty, who, for the rest, does not like mounting stairs.[2] These are the regulations, and we need not doubt they were complied with.

Sunday, 27th July, 1732, accordingly, his Majesty, with five or six carriages, quits Berlin before the sun is up, as is his wont: eastward, by the road for Frankfurt on the Oder; "intends to look at Schulenburg's regiment," which lies in those parts—Schulenburg's regiment for one thing; the rest is secret from the profane vulgar. Schulenburg's regiment (drawn up for Church, I should suppose) is soon looked at; Schulenburg himself, by preappointment, joins the traveling party, which now consists of the King and Eight: known fig-

[1] Förster, i., 328.

[2] Seckendorf's Report (in Förster, i., 330).

ures, seven, Buddenbrock, Schulenburg, Waldau, Derschau, Seckendorf, Grumkow, Captain Hacke of the Potsdam Guard, and for eighth the Dutch Embassador Ginkel, an accomplished knowing kind of man, whom also my readers have occasionally seen. The conversation, road-colloquy, could it interest any modern reader? It has gone all to dusk; we can only know that it was human, solid for the most part, and had much tobacco intermingled. They were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, of the military profession; knew that life is very serious, that speech without cause is much to be avoided. They traveled swiftly, dined in airy places: they are a *fact*, they and their summer dust-cloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that dim Time, and have an interest for us, though an unimportant one.

The first night they got to Grünberg, a pleasant town of vineyards and of looms, across the Silesian frontier. They are now turning more southeastward; they sleep here, in the Kaiser's territory, welcomed by some Official persons, who signify that the overjoyed Imperial Majesty has, as was extremely natural, paid the bill every where. On the morrow, before the shuttles awaken, Friedrich Wilhelm is gone again, toward the Glogau region, intending for Liegnitz that night; coursing rapidly through the green Silesian Lowlands, blue Giant Mountains (*Riesengebirge*) beginning to rise on the south and left. Dines at noon under a splendid tent, in a country place called Polkwitz,[1] with country Nobility (sorrow on them, and yet thanks to them) come to do reverence. At night he gets to Liegnitz.

Here is Liegnitz, then. Here are the Katzbach and the Blackwater (*Schwarzwasser*), famed in war, your Majesty; here they coalesce, gray ashlar houses (not without inhabitants unknown to us) looking on. Here are the venerable walls and streets of Liegnitz, and the Castle which defied Baty Khan and his Tartars five hundred years ago.[2] Oh, your Majesty, this Liegnitz, with its princely Castle, and wide rich Territory,

[1] "Balkowitz," say Pöllnitz (ii., 407) and Förster, which is not the correct name.

[2] 1241, the Invasion, and Battle here, of this unexpected Barbarian.

the bulk of the Silesian Lowland, whose is it if right were done? Hm, his Majesty knows full well; in Seckendorf's presence, and going on such an errand, we must not speak of certain things. But the undisputed truth is, Duke Friedrich II., come of the Sovereign Piasts, made that *Erbverbrüderung*, and his Grandson's Grandson died childless; so the heirship fell to *us*, as the biggest wig in the most benighted chancery would have to grant; only the Kaiser will not, never would; the Kaiser plants his armed self on Schlesien, and will hear no pleading. Jägerndorf too, which we purchased with our own money—No more of that; it is too miserable. Very impossible too, while we have Berg and Jülich in the wind!

At Liegnitz Friedrich Wilhelm "reviews the garrison, cavalry and infantry," before starting; then off for Glatz, some sixty miles before we can dine. The goal is toward Bohemia all this while; and his Majesty, had he liked the mountain passes, and the unlevel ways of the Giant Mountains, might have found a shorter road and a much more picturesque one. Road abounding in gloomy valleys, intricate rock labyrinths, haunts of Sprite *Rübezahl*, sources of the Elbe, and I know not what. Majesty likes level roads, and interesting rock labyrinths built by man rather than by Nature. Majesty makes a wide sweep round to the east of all that; leaves the Giant Mountains and their intricacies as a blue Sierra far on his left; had rather see Glatz Fortress than the caverns of the Elbe, and will cross into Bohemia where the Hills are fallen lowest. At Glatz, during dinner, numerous Nobilities are again in waiting. Glatz is in Jägerndorf region: Jägerndorf, which we purchased with our own money, is and remains ours, in spite of the mishaps of the Thirty-Years War—*ours* the darkest Chancery would be obliged to say from under the immensest wig! Patience, your Majesty; Time brings roses!

From Glatz, after viewing the works, drilling the guard a little, not to speak of dining, and dispatching the Nobilities, his Majesty takes the road again; turns now abruptly westward, across the Hills at their lowest point, into Bohemia, which is close at hand. Lewin, Nachod, these are the Bohemian villages, with their remnant of Czechs; not a prosperous

population to look upon ; but it is the Kaiser's own Kingdom, "King of Bohemia" one of his Titles ever since Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam's* time. And here now, at the meeting of the waters (*Elbe* one of them, a brawling mountain stream), is Jaromierz, respectable little Town, with an Imperial Officiality in it, where the Official Gentlemen meet us all in gala : "Thrice welcome to this Kingdom, your Majesty !" and signify that they are to wait upon us henceforth while we do the Kaiser's Kingdom of Bohemia that honor.

It is Tuesday night, 29th July, this first night in Bohemia. The Official Gentlemen lead his Majesty to superb rooms, new-hung with crimson velvet, and the due gold fringes and tresses—very grand indeed, but probably not so airy as we wish. "This is the way the Kaiser lodges in his journeys, and your Majesty is to be served like him." The goal of our journey is now within few miles. Wednesday, 30th July, 1732, his Majesty awakens again within these crimson velvet hangings with the gold tresses and fringes, not so airy as he could wish ; dispatches Grumkow to the Kaiser, who is not many miles off, to signify what honor we would do ourselves.

It was on Saturday last that the Kaiser and Kaiserinn, returning from Karlsbad, illuminated Prag with their serene presence ; "attended high mass, vespers," and a good deal of other worship, as the meagre old Newspapers report for us, on that and the Sunday following. And then "on Monday, at six in the morning," both the Majesties left Prag for a place called Chlumetz, southwestward thirty miles off, in the Elbe region, where they have a pretty Hunting Castle ; Kaiser intending "sylvan sport for a few days," says the old rag of a Newspaper, "and then to return to Prag." It is here that Grumkow, after a pleasant morning's drive of thirty miles with the sun on his back, finds Kaiser Karl VI., and makes his announcements, and diplomatic inquiries what next.

Had Friedrich Wilhelm been in Potsdam or Wusterhausen, and heard that Kaiser Karl was within thirty miles of him, Friedrich Wilhelm would have cried, with open arms, Come, come ! But the Imperial Majesty is otherwise hampered ; has his rhadamanthine Aulic Councilors, in vast amplitude of wig,

sternly engaged in study of the etiquettes : they have settled that the meeting can not be in Chlumetz, lest it might lead to night's lodgings and to intricacies. "Let it be at Kladrup," say the Ample-wigged—Kladrup, an Imperial Stud or Horse-Farm half a dozen miles from this, where there is room for nothing more than dinner. There let the meeting be to-morrow at a set hour, and, in the mean time, we will take precautions for the etiquettes. So it is settled, and Grumkow returns with the decision in a complimentary form.

Through Königgrätz, down the right bank of the Upper Elbe, on the morrow morning, Thursday, 31st July, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm rushes on toward Kladrup ; finds that little village, with the Horse Edifices, looking snug enough in the valley of Elbe ; alights, welcomed by Prince Eugenio von Savoye with word that the Kaiser is not come, but steadily expected soon. Prince Eugenio von Savoye—Ach Gott, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars long since—at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst ! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown ; I too am nothing like so nimble ; the great Duke, poor man, is dead ! Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner.

Kladrup is a Country House as well as a Horse-Farm : a square court is the interior, as I gather, the Horse buildings at a reverent distance, forming the fourth side. In the centre of this court—see what a contrivance the Aulic Councilors have hit upon—there is a wooden stand built, with three staircases leading up to it, one for each person, and three galleries leading off from it into suites of rooms : no question of precedence here, where each of you has his own staircase and own gallery to his apartment ! Friedrich Wilhelm looks down like a rhinoceros on all those cobwebberies. No sooner are the Kaiser's carriage-wheels heard within the court, than Friedrich Wilhelm rushes down by what staircase is readiest, forward to the very carriage-door, and flings his arms about the Kaiser, embracing and embraced, like mere human friends

glad to see one another. On these terms they mount their wooden stand, Majesty of Prussia, Kaiser, Kaiserinn, each by his own staircase ; see, for a space of two hours, the Kaiser's foals and horses led about, which at least fills up any gap in conversation that may threaten to occur. The Kaiser, a little man of high and humane air, is not bright in talk ; the Empress, a Brunswick Princess of fine carriage, Granddaughter of old Anton Ulrich who wrote the Novels, is likewise of mute humor in public life ; but old Nord-Teutschland, cradle of one's existence ; Brunswick reminiscences ; news of your Imperial Majesty's serene Father, serene Sister, Brother-in-Law the Feldmarschall, and Insipid Niece whom we have had the satisfaction to betroth lately, furnish small-talk where needful.

Dinner being near, you go by your own gallery to dress. From the drawing-room Friedrich Wilhelm leads out the Kaiserinn ; the Kaiser, as Head of the world, walks first, though without any lady. How they drank the healths, gave and received the ewers and towels, is written duly in the old Books, but was as indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm as it is to us ; what their conversation was let no man presume to ask—dullish, we should apprehend, and perhaps *better* lost to us? But where there are tongues there are topics : the Loom of Time wags always, and with it the tongues of men. Kaiser and Kaiserinn have both been in Karlsbad lately ; Kaiser and Kaiserinn both have sailed to Spain in old days, and been in sieges and things memorable : Friedrich Wilhelm, solid Squire Western of the North, does not want for topics, and talks as a solid rustic gentleman will. Native politeness he knows on occasion ; to etiquette, so far as concerns his own pretensions, he feels callous altogether, dimly sensible that the Eighteenth Century is setting in, and that solid musketeers and not gold-sticks are now the important thing. "I felt mad to see him so humiliate himself," said Grumkow afterward to Wilhelmina, "*j'enrageais dans ma peau :*" why not?

Dinner lasted two hours ; the Empress rising, Friedrich Wilhelm leads her to her room, then retires to his own, and "in a quarter of an hour" is visited there by the Kaiser, "who conducts him," in so many minutes exact by the watch,

"back to the Empress" for a sip of coffee, as one hopes, which may wind up the Interview well. The sun is still a good space from setting when Friedrich Wilhelm, after cordial adieus, neglectful of etiquette, is rolling rapidly toward Nimburg, thirty miles off on the Prag Highway, and Kaiser Karl with his Spouse move deliberately toward Chlumetz to hunt again. In Nimburg Friedrich Wilhelm sleeps that night, Imperial Majesties, in a much-tumbled world of wild horses, ceremonial ewers, and Eugenios of Savoy and Malplaquet probably peopling his dreams. If it please Heaven, there may be another private meeting a day or two hence.

Nimburg! Ah! your Majesty, Son Fritz will have a night in Nimburg too—riding slowly thither amid the wrecks of Kolin Battle, not to sleep well; but that happily is hidden from your Majesty. Kolin, Czaslau (Chotusitz), Elbe Teinitz —here in this Kladrup region your Majesty is driving amid poor Villages which will be very famous by-and-by. And Prag itself will be doubly famed in war, if your Majesty knew it, and the Ziscaberg be of bloodier memory than the Weissenberg itself! His Majesty, the morrow's sun having risen upon Nimburg, rolls into Prag successfully about eleven A.M., Hill of Zisca not disturbing him; goes to the Klein-Seite Quarter, where an Aulic Councilor with fine Palace is ready; all the cannon thundering from the walls at his Majesty's advent; and Prince Eugenio, the ever-present, being there to receive his Majesty, and, in fact, to invite him to dinner this day at half past twelve. It is Friday, 1st of August, 1732.

By a singular chance, there is preserved for us in Fassmann's Book what we may call an Excerpt from the old *Morning Post* of Prag, bringing that extinct Day into clear light again, recalling the vanished Dinner-Party from the realms of Hades as a thing that once actually *was*. The List of the Dinner guests is given complete—vanished ghosts, whom, in studying the old History-Books, you can, with a kind of interest, fish up into visibility at will. There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table, in the Thurn and Taxis Palace where he lodges; there, bodily, the little man in gold-laced coat of unknown cut; the eyes and the temper bright

and rabid as usual, or more ; nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips, in consequence, rather open. Be seated, your Majesty, high gentlemen all.

A big chair of state stands for his Majesty at the upper end of the table : his Majesty will none of it ; sits down close by Prince Eugene at the very bottom, and opposite Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg, whom we had at Berlin lately, a General of note in the Turkish and other wars : here probably there will be better talk ; and the big chair may preside over us in vacancy, which it does. Prince Alexander, Imperial General against the Turks, and Heir-Apparent of Würtemberg withal, can speak of many things—hardly much of his serene Cousin the reigning Duke, whose health is in a too interesting state, the good though unlucky man. Of the Grävenitz sitting now in limbo, or traveling about disowned, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses*, let there be deep silence. But the Prince Alexander can answer abundantly on other heads. He comes to his inheritance a few months hence—actual reigning Duke, the poor serene Cousin having died ; and perhaps we shall meet him transiently again.

He is Ancestor of the Czars of Russia, this Prince Alexander, who is now dining here in the body along with Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eugene : Paul of Russia, unbeautiful Paul, married the second time, from Mümpelgard (what the French call Montbeillard, in Alsace), a serene Granddaughter of his, from whom come the Czars—thanks to her or not. Prince Alexander is Ancestor withal of our present "Kings of Würtemberg," if that mean any thing : Father (what will mean something) to the serene Duke, still in swaddling-clothes,[1] who will be Son-in-law to Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth (could your Majesty foresee it), and will do strange pranks in the world, upon Poet Schiller and others. Him too, and Brothers of his, were they born and become of size, we shall meet. A noticeable man, and not without sense, this Prince Alexander, who is now of a surety eating with us, as we find by the extinct *Morning Post* in Fassmann's old Book.

[1] Born 21st January, 1732 ; Karl Eugen the name of him (Michaelis, iii., 450).

Of the other eating figures, Stahrenbergs, Sternbergs, Kinsky Embassador to England, Kinsky Embassador to France, high Austrian dignitaries, we shall say nothing: who would listen to us? Hardly can the Hof-Kanzler Count von Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, who holds the rudder of Austrian State Policy, and probably feels himself loaded with importance beyond most mortals now eating here or elsewhere, gain the smallest recognition from oblivious English readers of our time. It is certain he eats here on this occasion, and to his Majesty he does not want for importance. His Majesty, intent on Jülich and Berg and other high matters, spends many hours next day in earnest private dialogue with him. We mention farther, with satisfaction, that Grumkow and Ordnance-Master Seckendorf are both on the list, and all our Prussian party, down to Hacke of the Potsdam Grenadiers, friend Schulenburg visibly eating among the others. Also that the dinner was glorious (*herrlich*), and ended about five;[1] after which his Majesty went to two evening parties of a high order in the Hradschin Quarter or elsewhere: cards in the one (unless you liked to dance, or grin idle talk from you), and supper in the other.

His Majesty amused himself for four other days in Prag, interspersing long earnest dialogues with Sinzendorf, with whom he spent the greater part of Saturday[2]—results as to Jülich and Berg of a rather cloudy nature. On Saturday came the Kaiser too and Kaiserinn to their high House, the Schloss in Prag, and there occurred, in the incognito form, "as if by accident," three visits or counter-visits, two of them of some length. The King went dashing about; saw, deliberately or in glimpses, all manner of things, from "the Military Hospital" to "the Tongue of St. Nepomuk" again —Nepomuk, an imaginary Saint of those parts, pitched into the Moldau, as is fancied and fabled, by wicked King Wenzel (King and Deposed Kaiser whom we have heard of), for speaking and refusing to speak—Nepomuk is now become the Patron of Bridges in consequence; stands there in bronze on

[1] Fassmann, p. 474.

[2] Pöllnitz, ii., 411.

the Bridge of Prag, and still shows a dried Tongue in the world :[1] this latter, we expressly find, his Majesty saw.

On Sunday, his Majesty, nothing of a straitlaced man, attended divine or quasi-divine worship in the Cathedral Church, where high Prince Bishops delivered *palliums*, did histrionisms, "manifested the *absurdität* of Papistry" more or less. Coming out of the Church, he was induced to step in and see the rooms of the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. In one of the rooms, as if by accident, the Kaiser was found lounging : "Extremely delighted to see your Majesty!" and they had the first of their long or considerable dialogues together ; purport has not transpired. The second considerable dialogue was on the morrow, when Imperial Majesty, as if by accident, found himself in the Count Nostitz Palace, where Friedrich Wilhelm lodges. Delighted to be so fortunate again! Hopes your Majesty likes Prag? Eternal friendship, *Oh ja :* and as to Jülich and Berg? Particulars have not transpired.

Prag is a place full of sights : his Majesty, dashing about in all quarters, has a busy time, affairs of state (Jülich and Berg principally) alternating with what we now call the *lions*. Zisca's drum, for instance, in the Arsenal here? Would your Majesty wish to see Zisca's own skin, which he bequeathed to be a drum when *he* had done with it? "*Narrenpossen!*" for indeed the thing is fabulous, though in character with Zisca. Or the Council-Chamber window out of which "the Three Prag Projectiles fell into the Night of things," as a modern Historian expresses it? Three Official Gentlemen, flung out one morning,[2] seventy feet, but fell on "sewerage," and did not die, but set the whole world on fire? That is too certain, as his Majesty knows : that brought the crowning of the Winter-King, Battle of the Weissenberg, Thirty-Years War, and lost us Jägerndorf and much else.

Or Wallenstein's Palace—did your Majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at on the score of History and even of

[1] *Die Legende vom heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, von D. Otto Abel (Berlin, 1855) ; an acute bit of Historical Criticism.

[2] 13th (23d) May, 1618 (Köhler, p. 507).

Natural History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting-room—a difficulty in the soldiering way of life—and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much meditating indignant soul. And yonder is the Weissenberg, conspicuous in the western suburban region ; and here in the eastern, close by, is the Ziscaberg. O Heaven, your Majesty, on this Zisca Hill will be a new "Battle of Prag," which will throw the Weissenberg into eclipse ; and there is awful fighting coming on in these parts again !

The *third* of the considerable dialogues in Prag was on this same Monday night, when his Majesty went to wait upon the Kaiserinn, and the Kaiser soon accidentally joined them. Precious gracious words passed—on Berg and Jülich nothing particular that we hear—and the High Personages, with assurances of everlasting friendship, said adieu, and met no more in this world. On his toilet-table Friedrich Wilhelm found a gold Tobacco-box, sent by the highest Lady extant—gold Tobacco-box, item gold Tobacco-stopper or Pipe-picker : such the parting gifts of her Imperial Majesty. Very precious indeed, and grateful to the honest heart, yet testifying too (as was afterward suggested to the royal mind) what these high people think of a rustic Orson King, and how they fling their nose into the air over his Tabagies and him.

On the morrow morning early Friedrich Wilhelm rolls away again homeward by Karlsbad, by Baireuth, all the cannon of Prag saying thrice Good speed to him. "He has had a glorious time," said the Berlin Court-lady to Queen Sophie one evening ; "no end of kindness from the Imperial Majesties ; but has he brought Berg and Jülich in his pocket ?" Alas ! not a fragment of them, nor of any solid thing whatever, except it be the gold Tobacco-box, and the confirmation of our Claims on East Friesland (cheap liberty to let us vindicate them if we can), if you reckon that a solid thing. These two Imperial gifts, such as they are, he has consciously brought back with him ; and perhaps, though as yet unconsciously, a

third gift, of much more value, once it is developed into clearness—some dim trace of insight into the no-meaning of these high people, and how they consider *us* as mere Orsons and wild Bisons, whom they will do the honor to consume as provision, if we behave well!

The great King Friedrich, now Crown-Prince at Ruppin, writing of this Journey long afterward—hastily, incorrectly, as his wont is, in regard to all manner of minute outward particulars, and somewhat maltreating, or at least misplacing, even the inward meaning, which was well known to him *without* investigation, but which he is at no trouble to *date* for himself, and has dated at random—says, in his thin, rapid way, with much polished bitterness,

"His" (King Friedrich Wilhèlm's) "experience on this occasion served to prove that good faith and the virtues, so contrary to the corruption of the age, do not succeed in it. Politicians have banished sincerity (*la candeur*) into private life: they look upon themselves as raised quite above the laws which they enjoin on other people, and give way without reserve to the dictates of their own depraved mind.

"The guaranty of Jülich and Berg, which Seckendorf had formally promised in the name of the Emperor, went off in smoke; and the Imperial Ministers were in a disposition so opposed to Prussia, the King saw clearly" (not for some years yet) "that if there was a Court in Europe intending to cross his interests, it was certainly that of Vienna. This Visit of his to the Emperor was like that of Solon to Crœsus" (Solon not recognizable in the grenadier costume amid the tobacco-smoke and dim accompaniments!), "and he returned to Berlin rich still in his own virtue. The most punctilious censors could find no fault in his conduct except a probity carried to excess. The Interview ended as those of Kings often do: it cooled" (not for some time yet), "or, to say better, it extinguished the friendship there had been between the two Courts. Friedrich Wilhelm left Prag full of contempt" (dimly, altogether unconsciously, *tending* to have some contempt, and in the end to be full of it) "for the deceitfulness and pride of the Imperial Court, and the Emperor's Ministers disdained a Sovereign who looked without interest on frivolous ceremonials and precedences. Him they considered too

ambitious in aiming at the Berg and Jülich succession; them he regarded" (came to regard) "as a pack of knaves who had broken their word, and were not punished for it."

Very bitter, your Majesty, and, in all but the dates, true enough. But what a drop of concentrated absynth follows next, by way of finish, which might itself have corrected the dating!

"In spite of so many objects of discontent, the King wedded his Eldest Son" (my not too fortunate self), "out of complaisance to the Vienna Court, with a Princess of Brunswick-Bevern, Niece to the Empress:" bitter fact, necessitating change of date in the paragraphs just written.[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm, good soul, cherishes the Imperial gifts, Tobacco-box included; claps the Arms of East Friesland on his escutcheon; will take possession of Friesland, if the present Duke die heirless, let George of England say what he will. And so he rolls homeward by way of Baireuth. He staid but a short while in Karlsbad; has warned his Wilhelmina that he will be at Baireuth on the 9th of the month.[2]

Wilhelmina is very poorly—"near her time," as wives say—rusticating in "the Hermitage," a Country-House in the vicinity of Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law gone away toward the Bohemian frontier to hunt boars. Oh, the bustle and the bother that high Lady had getting her little Country-House stretched out to the due pitch to accommodate every body, especially her foolish Sister of Anspach and foolish Brother-in-law and suite, with whom, by negligence of servants and otherwise, there had like to have risen incurable quarrel on the matter. But the dexterous young Wife, gladdest, busiest, and weakliest of hopeful creatures, contrived to manage every thing, like a female Field-marshal as she was. Papa was delighted; bullied the foolish Anspach people, or would have done so, had not I intervened, that the matter might die. Papa was gracious, happy—very anxious about me in my in-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i., 162, 163.
[2] Wilhelmina, ii., 55.

teresting state. "Thou hast lodged me to perfection, good Wilhelmina. Here I find my wooden stools, tubs to wash in —all things as if I were at Potsdam: a good girl; and thou must take care of thyself, my child (*mein Kind*)."

At dinner, his Majesty, dreading no ill, but intent only on the practical, got into a quiet, but to me most dreadful lecture to the old Margraf (my Father-in-law) upon debt, and money, and arrears: How he, the Margraf, was cheated at every turn, and led about by the nose, and kept weltering in debt; how he should let the young Margraf go into the offices to supervise, and, withal, to learn tax-matters and economics betimes; how he (Friedrich Wilhelm) would send him a fellow from Berlin who understood such things, and would drill his scoundrels for him! To which the old Margraf, somewhat flushed in the face, made some embarrassed assent, knowing it in fact to be true, and accepted the Berlin man; but he made me (his poor Daughter-in-law) smart for it afterward: "Not quite dead *yet*, Madam; you will have to wait a little!" and other fooolish speech, which required to be tempered down again by a judicious female mind.

Grumkow himself was pleasant on this occasion; told us of Kladrup, the Prag etiquettes, and how he was like to go mad seeing his Majesty so humiliate himself. Fräulein Grumkow, a niece of his, belonging to the Austrian Court, who is over here with the rest, a satirical intriguing baggage, she, I privately perceive, has made a conquest of my Foolish Brother-in-law, the Anspach Margraf here, and there will be jealousies, and a cat and dog life over yonder worse than ever! Tush! why should we talk? These are the phenomena at Baireuth, Husband and Father-in-law having quitted their boar-hunt and hurried home.

After three days Friedrich Wilhelm rolled away again—lodged once more at Meuselwitz with abstruse Seckendorf and his good old Wife, who do the hospitalities well when they must, in spite of the single candle once visible. On the morrow after which, 14th August, 1732, his Majesty is off again, "at four in the morning," toward Leipzig, intending to be at home that night, though it is a long drive. At Leipzig, not

to waste time, he declines entering the Town—positively will not, though the cannon-salvoes are booming all round; "breakfasts in the suburbs with a certain Horse-dealer (*Ross-Händler*) now deceased:" respectable Centaur, capable, no doubt, of bargaining a little about cavalry mountings while one eats with appetite and at one's ease, which done, Majesty darts off again, the cannon-salvoes booming out a second time, and by assiduous driving gets home to Potsdam about eight at night. And so has happily *ended* this Journey to Kladrup.[1]

CHAPTER V.

GHOST OF THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE RISES; TO NO PURPOSE.

We little expected to see the "Double Marriage" start up into vitality again at this advanced stage, or, of all men, Seckendorf, after riding 25,000 miles to kill the Double Marriage, engaged in resuscitating it! But so it is; by endless intriguing, matchless in History or Romance, the Austrian Court had, at such expense to the parties and to itself, achieved the first problem of stifling the harmless Double Marriage, and now, the wind having changed, it is actually trying its hand the opposite way.

Wind is changed; consummate Robinson has managed to do his thrice salutary "Treaty of Vienna;"[2] to clout up all differences between the Sea-Powers and the Kaiser, and restore the old Law of Nature—Kaiser to fight the French, Sea-Powers to feed and pay him while engaged in that necessary job. And now it would be gratifying to the Kaiser if there remained on this side of the matter no rent any where; if between his chief Sea ally and his chief Land one, the Britannic Majesty and the Prussian, there prevailed a complete understanding, with no grudge left.

[1] Fassmann, p. 474 479; Wilhelmina, ii., 46–55; Pöllnitz, ii., 407–412; Förster, i., 328–334.

[2] 16th March, 1731, the *tail* of it (accession of the Dutch, of Spain, &c.) not quite coiled up till 20th February, 1732: Scholl, i., 218–222.

The honor of this fine resuscitation project is ascribed to Robinson by the Vienna people: "Robinson's suggestion," they always say. How far it was, or whether at all it was or not, nobody knows. Guess rather, if necessary, it had been the Kaiser's own! Robinson, as the thing proceeds, is instructed from St. James's to "look on and not interfere;"[1] Prince Eugene too, we can observe, is privately against it, though officially urgent, and doing his best. Who knows, or need know?

Enough that High Heads are set upon it; that the diplomatic wigs are all wagging with it from about the beginning of October, 1732, and rumors are rife and eager, occasionally spurting out into the Newspapers: Double Marriage after all, hint the old Rumors: Double Marriage somehow or other; Crown-Prince to have his English Princess, Prince Fred of England to console the Brunswick one for loss of her Crown-Prince; or else Prince Karl of Brunswick to—And half a dozen other ways, which Rumor can not settle to its satisfaction. The whispers upon it, from Hanover, from Vienna, at Berlin, and from the Diplomatic world in general, occasionally whistling through the Newspapers, are manifold and incessant, not worthy of the least attention from us here.[2] What is certain is, Seckendorf, in the end of October, is corresponding on it with Prince Eugene; has got instructions to propose the matter in Tobacco Parliament, and does not like it at all. Grumkow, who perhaps has seen dangerous clouds threatening to mount upon him, and never been quite himself again in the Royal Mind since that questionable *Nosti* business, dissuades earnestly, constantly. "Nothing but mischief will come of such a proposal," says Grumkow steadily, and for his own share absolutely declines concern in it.

But Prince Eugene's orders are express; remonstrances, cunctations only strengthen the determination of the High Heads or Head: Forward with this beautiful scheme! Seckendorf, puckered into dangerous anxieties, but summoning all his cunning, has at length, after six weeks hesitation, to open

[1] Dispatches, in State Paper Office.

[2] Förster, iii., 108, 111, 113, 120, 122.

it, as if casually, in some favorable hour, to his Prussian Majesty. December 5th, 1732, as we compute—a kind of epoch in his Majesty's life. Prussian Majesty stares wide-eyed, the breath as if struck out of him ; repeats, "Jülich and Berg absolutely secured, say you? But—hm, na!" and has not yet taken in the unspeakable dimensions of the occurrence. "What? Imperial Majesty will make me break my word before all the world? Imperial Majesty has been whirling me about, face now to the east, face straightway round to the west. Imperial Majesty does not feel that I am a man and king at all ; takes me for a mere machine, to be see-sawed and whirled hither and thither like a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry his Imperial Majesty's linen upon. *Tausend Himmel!*"

The full dimensions of all this did not rise clear upon the intellect of Prussian Majesty—a slow intellect, but a true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and poetic fires lying under it—not at once, or for months, perhaps years to come. But they had begun to dawn upon him painfully here ; they rose gradually into perfect clearness : all things seen at last as what they were, with huge submarine earthquake for consequence, and total change of mind toward Imperial Majesty and the drying of his Pragmatic linen in Friedrich Wilhelm. Amiable Orson, true to the heart—amiable, though terrible when too much put upon !

This dawning process went on for above two years to come, painfully, reluctantly, with explosions, even with tears. But here, directly on the back of Seckendorf's proposal, and recorded from a sure hand, is what we may call the peep of day in that matter : First Session of Tobacco Parliament close after that event. Event is on the 5th December, 1732 ; Tobacco Session is of the 6th—glimpse of it is given by Speaker Grumkow himself ; authentic to the bone.

Session of Tobacco Parliament, 6th December, 1732.

Grumkow, shattered into "headache" by this Session, writes Report of it to Seckendorf before going to bed. Look, reader, into one of the strangest Political Establishments, and how a strange Majesty comports himself there directly after such Pro-

posal from Vienna to marry with England still! "Schwerin" is incidentally in from Frankfurt on the Oder, where his Regiment and business usually lie; the other Honorable Members we sufficiently know. Majesty has been a little out of health lately; perceptibly worse the last two days. "Syberg" is a Gold-Cook (Alchemical gentleman of very high professions), come to Berlin some time ago, whom his Majesty, after due investigation, took the liberty to hang.[1] Readers can now understand what Speaker Grumkow writes and dispatches by his lackey in such haste:

"I never saw such a scene as this evening. Derschau, Schwerin, Buddenbrock, Rochow, Flanz were present. We had been about an hour in the Red Room" (languidly doing our tobacco off and on), "when he" (the King) "had us shifted into the Little Room, drove out the servants, and cried, looking fixedly at me, 'No, I can not endure it any longer! *Es stosset mir das Herz ab*,' cried he, breaking into German: 'It crushes the heart out of me; to make me do a bit of scoundrelism, me, me! No, I say; no, never! Those damned intrigues, may the Devil take them!'

"*Ego* (Grumkow). 'Of course I know of nothing. But I do not comprehend your Majesty's inquietude, coming thus on the sudden, after our common indifferent mood.'

"*King*. 'What, make me a villain! I will tell it right out. Certain damned scoundrels have been about betraying me. People that should have known me better have been trying to lead me into a dishonorable scrape'—(Here I called in the hounds, *Je rompis les chiens*," reports Grumkow, "for he was going to blab every thing; I interrupted, saying):

"*Ego*. 'But, your Majesty, what is it ruffles you so? I know not what you talk of. Your Majesty has honorable people about you; and the man who lets himself be employed in things against your Majesty must be a traitor.'

"*King*. 'Yes, *ja, ja*. I will do things that will surprise them! I—'

"And, in short, a torrent of exclamations, which I strove to soften by all manner of incidents and contrivances, succeeding at last" by dexterity and time (but at this point the light is now blown out, and we *see* no more), "so that he grew quite calm again, and the rest of the evening passed gently enough.

[1] Förster, iii., 126.

"Well, you see what the effect of your fine Proposal is, which you said he would like! I can tell you, it is the most detestable incident that could have turned up. I know you had your orders; but you may believe and depend on it, he has got his heart driven rabid by the business, and says, 'who knows now whether that villain Syberg' Gold-cook, that was hanged the other day, 'was not set on by some people to poison me?' In a word, he was like a madman.

"What struck me most was when he repeated, 'Only think! Think! Who would have expected it of people that should have known me, and whom I know, and have known, better than they fancy!'" Pleasant passage for Seckendorf to chew the cud upon through the night-watches!

"In fine, as I was somewhat confused, and anxious, above all, to keep him from exploding with the secret, I cannot remember everything. But Derschau, who was more at his ease, will be able to give you a full account. He" (the King) "said more than once, '*This* was his sickness; the thing that ailed him, this: it gnawed his heart, and would be the death of him!' He certainly did not affect; he was in a very convulsive condition." (*Jarni-Bleu*, here is a piece of work, Herr Seckendorf!) "Adieu; I have a headache." Whereupon to bed. "GRUMKOW."[1]

This Hansard Report went off direct to Prince Eugene, and ought to have been a warning to the high Vienna heads and him; but they persisted not the less to please Robinson or themselves, considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on, and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all, in which they were very much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise manner, though hoodwinked and led about by Black Artists as he had been, turned out, when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together—to have been, in a manner, the only one of them that had any real "intellect," or insight into Fact and Nature at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies, overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running

[1] Förster, iii., 135, 136.

down the gutters to the last drop ; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in every part, from diligent plow-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod, remained standing. "A full Treasury and 200,000 well-drilled men would be the one guarantee to your Pragmatic Sanction," Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna ; Black-Art and Diplomatic spider-webs from pole to pole being thought the preferable method.

Enough, Seckendorf was ordered to manipulate and soothe down the Prussian Majesty, as surely would be easy ; to continue his galvanic operations on the Double Match, or produce a rotation in the purposes of the royal breast, which he diligently strove to do when once admitted to speech again ; Grumkow steadily declining to meddle, and only Queen Sophie, as we can fancy, auguring joyfully of it. Seckendorf, admitted to speech the third day after that explosive Session, snuffles his softest, his cunningest ; continues to ride diligently the concluding portion (such it proved) of his 25,000 miles with the Prussian Majesty up and down through winter and spring, but makes not the least progress—the reverse rather.

Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air, or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name, Advocate Seckendorf, in the fervor of pleading and arguing, said some word which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a clangorous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him—death from a friend's hand. "It was the 17th of April, 1733,[1] riding through Priort, a man said something to me ; it was as if you had turned a dagger

[1] All the Books (Förster, ii., 142, for one) mention this utterance of his Majesty, on what occasion we shall see farther on, and give the date "1732," not 1733 ; but, except as amended above, it refuses to have any sense visible at this distance. The Village of Priort is in the Potsdam region.

about in my heart. That man was he that killed me; there and then I got my death!"

A strange passion in that utterance; the deep dumb soul of his Majesty, of dumb poetic nature, suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. "Oh, Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and this is your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina, broken my Feekin's heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruins for your sake; and because I was of faith more than human, you took me for a dog! Oh, Kaiser, Kaiser!" Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in excited moments, in his later years, the tears running down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic emotion; but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would say, flashing out into proud rage, "There is one that will avenge me, though; that one! *Da steht Einer, der mich rächen wird!*"[1] Yes, your Majesty, perhaps that one. And it will be seen whether *you* were a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon, or something different a good deal.

CHAPTER VI.

KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND.

In the New Year's days of 1733, the topic among diplomatic gentlemen, which set many big wigs wagging, and even tremulously came out in the gray leaves of gazetteers and garreteers of the period, was a royal drama dimly supposed to be getting itself up in Poland at this time. Nothing known about it for certain, much guessed. "Something in the rumor!" nods this wig; "Nothing!" wags that, slightly oscillating; and gazetteers, who would earn their wages, and have a peck of coals apiece to glad them in the cold weather, had to watch with all eagerness the movements of King August, our poor old friend, the Dilapidated-Strong, who is in Saxony at pres-

[1] Förster, ii., 153.

ent, but bound for Warsaw shortly, just about lifting the curtain on important events, it is thought and not thought. Here are the certainties of it, now clear enough, so far as they deserve a glance from us.

January 10th, 1733, August the Dilapidated-Strong of Poland has been in Saxony, looking after his poor Electorate a little, and is on the road from Dresden homeward again; will cross a corner of the Prussian Dominions, as is his wont on such occasions. Prussian Majesty, if not appearing in person, will as usual, by some Official of rank, send a polite Well-speed-you as the brother Majesty passes. This time, however, it was more than politeness, the Polish Majesty having, as was thought, such intricate affairs in the wind. Let Grumkow, the fittest man in all ways, go, and do the greeting to his old Patroon—greeting, or whatever else may be needed.

Patroon left Dresden —"having just opened the Carnival," or fashionable Season there; opened, and nothing more— January 10th, 1733,[1] being in haste home for a Polish Diet close at hand; on which same day Grumkow, we suppose, drives forth from Berlin to intersect him in the Neumark, about Crossen, and have a friendly word again, in those localities, over jolly wine. Intersection took place duly; there was exuberant joy on the part of the Patroon, and such a dinner and night of drinking as has seldom been. Abstruse things lie close ahead of August the Dilapidated-Strong, important to Prussia, and for which Prussia is important; let Grumkow try if he can fish the matter into clearness out of these wine-cups. And then August, on his side, wishes to know what the Kaiser said at Kladrup lately: there is much to be fished into clearness.

Many are the times August the Strong has made this journey; many are the carousals, on such and other occasions, Grumkow and he have had. But there comes an end to all things. This was their last meeting, over flowing liquor or otherwise, in the world. Satirical History says they drank all night, endeavoring to pump one another, and with such enthusiasm that they never recovered it—drank themselves to

[1] Fassmann: *Leben Friedrich Augusti des Grossen*, p. 994.

death at Crossen on that occasion.[1] It is certain August died within three weeks ; and people said of Grumkow, who lived six years longer, he was never well after this bout. Is it worth any human creature's while to look into the plans of this precious pair of individuals? Without the least expense of drinking, the secrets they were pumping out of each other are now accessible enough—if it were of importance now. One glance I may perhaps commend to the reader out of these multifarious Note-books in my possession :

"August, by change of his religion and other sad operations, got to be what they called the King of Poland thirty-five years ago ; but, though looking glorious to the idle public, it has been a crown of stinging nettles to the poor man—a sedan-chair running on rapidly, with the bottom broken out ! To say nothing of the scourgings he got, and poor Saxony along with him, from Charles XII., on account of this Sovereignty so-called, what has the thing itself been to him? In Poland, for these thirty-five years, the individual who had least of his real will done in public matters, has been, with infinite management and display of such good-humor as at least deserves credit, the nominal Sovereign Majesty of Poland. Anarchic Grandees have been kings over him ; ambitious, contentious, unmanageable ; very fanatical too, and never persuaded that August's Apostasy was more than a sham one, not even when he made his Prince apostatize too. Their Sovereignty has been a mere peck of troubles, disgraces, and vexations ; for those thirty-five years, an ever-boiling pot of mutiny, contradiction, insolence, hardly tolerable even to such nerves as August's.

"August, for a long time back, has been thinking of schemes to clap some lid upon all that. To make the Sovereignty hereditary in his House : that, with the good Saxon troops we have, would be a remedy : and, in fact, it is the only remedy. John Casimir (who abdicated long ago, in the Great Elector's time, and went to Paris—much charmed with Ninon de l'Enclos there) told the Polish Diets, with their *liberum veto*, and 'right of confederation' and rebellion, they would bring the Country down under the feet of mankind, and reduce their Republic to zero one day, if they persisted. They have not failed to persist. With some Hereditary King over it, and a

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i., 163.

regulated Saxony to lean upon, truly might it not be a change to the better? To the worse it could hardly be, thinks August the Strong, and goes intent upon that method this long while back; and at length hopes now, in few days longer, at the Diet just assembling, to see fruits appear, and the thing actually begin.

"The difficulties truly are many, internal and external; but there are calculated methods too. For the internal: Get up, by bribery, persuasion, some visible Minority to countenance you; with these manœuvre in the Diets; on the back of these, the 30,000 Saxon troops. But then what will the neighboring Kings say? The neighboring Kings, with their big-mouthed manifestoes, pities for an oppressed Republic, overwhelming forces, and invitations to 'confederate' and revolt: without their tolerance first had, nothing can be done. That is the external difficulty, for which too there is a remedy. Cut off sufficient outlying slices of Poland; fling these to the neighboring Kings to produce consent: Partition of Poland, in fact; large sections of its Territory sliced away: that will be the method, thinks King August.

"Neighboring Kings, Kaiser, Prussia, Russia, to them it is not grievous that Poland should remain in perennial anarchy, in perennial impotence; the reverse rather: a dead horse, or a dying, in the next stall, he at least will not kick upon us, think the neighboring Kings. And yet, under another similitude, you do not like your next-door neighbor to be always on the point of catching fire; smoke issuing, thicker or thinner, through the slates of his roof as a perennial phenomenon! August will conciliate the neighboring Kings. Russia, big-cheeked Anne Czarina there, shall have not only Courland peaceably henceforth, but the Ukraine, Lithuania, and other large outlying slices; that surely will conciliate Russia. To Austria, on its Hungarian border, let us give the Country of Zips; nay, there are other sops we have for Austria. Pragmatic Sanction, hitherto refused as contrary to plain rights of ours—that, if conceded to a spectre-hunting Kaiser? To Friedrich Wilhelm we could give West Preussen—West Preussen, torn away three hundred years ago, and leaving a hiatus in the very continuity of Friedrich Wilhelm: would not that conciliate him? Of all enemies or friends, Friedrich Wilhelm, close at hand with 80,000 men capable of fighting at a week's notice, is by far the most important.

"These are August's plans: West Preussen for the nearest neighbor; Zips for Austria; Ukraine, Lithuania, and append-

ages for the Russian Czarina: handsome Sections to be sliced off, and flung to good neighbors: as it were, all the outlying limbs and wings of the Polish Territory sliced off; compact body to remain, and become, by means of August and Saxon troops, a Kingdom with government, not an imaginary Republic without government any longer. In fact, it was the 'Partition of Poland,' such as took effect forty years after, and has kept the Newspapers weeping ever since—Partition of Poland *minus* the compact interior held under government by a King with Saxon troops or otherwise. Compact interior, in that effective Partition, forty years after, was left as anarchic as ever, and had to be again partitioned, and cut away altogether, with new torrents of loud tears from the Newspapers, refusing to be comforted to this day. .

"It is not said that Friedrich Wilhelm had the least intention of countenancing August in these dangerous operations, still less of going shares with August; but he wished much, through Grumkow, to have some glimpse into the dim program of them, and August wished much to know Friedrich Wilhelm's and Grumkow's humor toward them. Grumkow and August drank copiously, or copiously pressed drink on one another, all night (11th–12th January, 1733, as I compute; some say at Crossen, some say at Frauendorf, a royal domain near by), with the view of mutually fishing out those secrets, and killed one another in the business, as is rumored."

What were Grumkow's news at home-coming I did not hear, but he continues very low and shaky; refuses, almost with horror, to have the least hand in Seckendorf's mad project of resuscitating the English Double Marriage, and breaking off the Brunswick one, at the eleventh hour and after word pledged. Seckendorf himself continues to dislike and dissaude; but the High Heads at Vienna are bent on it, and command new strenuous attempts, literally at the last moment, which is now come.

CHAPTER VII.

CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

Since November last Wilhelmina is on visit at Berlin—first visit since her marriage; she stays there for almost ten months—not under the happiest auspices, poor child. Mamma's reception of her, just off the long winter journey, and extenuated with fatigues and sickly chagrins, was of the most cutting cruelty: "What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?" And next night, when Papa himself came home, it was little better. "Ha! ha!" said he, "here you are; I am glad to see you." Then holding up a light to take view of me, "How changed you are!" said he: "What is little Frederica" (my little Baby at Baireuth) "doing?" And on my answering, continued: "I am sorry for you, on my word. You have not bread to eat, and, but for me, you might go begging. I am a poor man myself, not able to give you much, but I will do what I can. I will give you now and then a twenty or a thirty shillings (*par dix ou douze florins*), as my affairs permit: it will always be something to assuage your want. And you, Madam," said he, turning to the Queen, "you will sometimes give her an old dress, for the poor child hasn't a shift to her back."[1] This rugged paternal banter was taken too literally by Wilhelmina in her weak state, and she was like "to burst in her skin," poor Princess.

So that—except her own good Hereditary Prince, who was here, "over from Pasewalk" and his regimental duties, waiting to welcome her, in whose true heart, full of honest human sunshine toward her, she could always find shelter and defense—native Country and Court offer little to the brave Wilhelmina. Chagrins enough are here; chagrins also were there. At Baireuth our old Father Margraf has his crotchets, his infirmities and outbreaks; takes more and more to liquor,

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 85.

and does always keep us frightfully bare in money. No help from Papa here either on the finance side; no real hope any where (thinks Seckendorf, when we consult him) except only in the Margraf's death: "old Margraf will soon drink himself dead," thinks Seckendorf, "and in the mean while there is Vienna, and a noble Kaiserinn who knows *her* friends in case of extremity!" thinks he.[1] Poor Princess, in her weak, shattered state, she has a heavy time of it; but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift sabre, not to be quenched in any coil, but always cutting its way and emerging unsubdued.

One of the blessings reserved for her here, which most of all concerns us, was the occasional sight of her Brother. Brother in a day or two[2] ran over from Ruppin, on short leave, and had his first interview. Very kind and affectionate; quite the old Brother again; and "blushed" when, at supper, Mamma and the Princesses, especially that wicked Charlotte (Papa not present), tore up his poor Bride at such a rate. "Has not a word to answer you but *Yes* or *No*," said they; "stupid as a block." "But were you ever at her toilette?" said the wicked Charlotte: "Out of shape completely; considerable waddings, I promise you; and then"—still worse features, from that wicked Charlotte, in presence of the domestics here—wicked Charlotte, who is to be her Sister-in-law soon, and who is always flirting with my Husband, as if she liked that better! Crown-Prince retired directly after supper, as did I to my apartment, where in a minute or two he joined me.

"To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, 'That his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he was in favor, sometimes in disgrace; that his chief happiness consisted in absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regiment at Ruppin, study and music his principal occupations; he had built himself a House there,

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 81–111.

[2] "18th November," she says, which date is wrong, if it were of moment (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, where their *Correspondence* is.)

and laid out a Garden, where he could read and walk about.' Then as to the Bride, I begged him to tell me candidly if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making of her was the true one. 'We are alone,' replied he, 'and I will conceal nothing from you. The Queen, by her miserable intrigues, has been the source of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone when she began again with England; wished to substitute our Sister Charlotte for you; would have had me undertake to contradict the King's will again, and flatly refuse the Brunswick Match, which I declined. That is the source of her venom against this poor Princess. As to the young Lady herself, I do not hate her so much as I pretend; I affect complete dislike, that the King may value my obedience more. She is pretty, a complexion lily and rose; her features delicate; her face altogether of a beautiful person. True, she has no breeding, and dresses very ill; but I flatter myself, when she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her in hand. I recommend her to you, my dear Sister; and beg your protection for her.' It is easy to judge, my answer would be such as he desired." [1]

For which small glimpse of the fact itself, at first hand, across a whirlwind of distracted rumors new and old about the fact, let us be thankful to Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's hopeless attempts to resuscitate extinct English things, and make the Prussian Majesty break his word, continue to the very last, but are worth no notice from us. Grumkow's Drinking-bout with the Dilapidated-Strong at Crossen, which follows now in January, has been already noticed by us. And the Dilapidated-Strong's farewell next morning, "Adieu, dear Grumkow; I think, I shall not see you again!" as he rolled off toward Warsaw and the Diet, will require farther notice, but must stand over till this Marriage be got done, of which latter Event, Wilhelmina once more kindling the old dark Books into some light for us, the essential particulars are briefly as follows:

Monday, 8th June, 1733, the Crown-Prince is again over from Ruppin: King, Queen, and Crown-Prince are rendezvoused at Potsdam, and they set off with due retinues toward Wolfenbüttel, toward Salzdahlum, the Ducal Schloss there,

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 89.

Sister Wilhelmina sending blessings, if she had them, on a poor Brother in such interesting circumstances. Mamma was "plunged in black melancholy," King not the least; in the Crown-Prince nothing particular to be remarked. They reached Salzdahlum, Duke Ludwig Rudolf the Grandfather's Palace—one of the finest Palaces, with Gardens, with Antiques, with Picture Galleries no end—a mile or two from Wolfenbüttel; built by old Anton Ulrich, and still the ornament of those parts: reached Salzdahlum Wednesday, the 10th, where Bride, with Father, Mother, much more Grandfather, Grandmother, and all the sublimities interested, are waiting in the highest gala; Wedding to be on Friday next.

Friday morning this incident fell out, notable and somewhat contemptible: Seckendorf, who is of the retinue, following his bad trade, visits his Majesty, who is still in bed: "Pardon, your Majesty; what shall I say for excuse? Here is a Letter just come from Vienna, in Prince Eugene's hand: Prince Eugene, or a Higher, will say something while it is still time!" Majesty, not in impatience, reads the little Prince's and the Kaiser's Letter: "Give up this, we entreat you for the last time; marry with England after all!" Majesty reads, quiet as a lamb; lays the Letter under his pillow; will himself answer it; and does straightway, with much simple dignity, to the effect, "For certain, Never, my always respected Prince!"[1] Seckendorf having thus shot his last bolt, does not stay many hours longer at Salzdahlum; may as well quit Friedrich Wilhelm altogether for any good he will henceforth do upon him. This is the one incident between the Arrival at Salzdahlum and the Wedding there.

Same Friday, 12th June, 1733, at a more advanced hour, the Wedding itself took effect—Wedding which, in spite of the mad rumors and whispers in the Newspapers, Diplomatic Dispatches, and elsewhere, went off, in all respects, precisely as other weddings do—a quite human Wedding now and afterward. Officiating Clergyman was the Reverend Herr Mosheim—readers know with approval the *Ecclesiastical History*

[1] Account of the Interview by Seckendorf, in Förster, iii., 143-55; Copy of the Answer itself is in the State Paper Office here.

of Mosheim—he, in the beautiful Chapel of the Schloss, with Majesties and Brunswick Sublimities looking on, performed the ceremony; and Crown-Prince Friedrich of Prussia has fairly wedded the Serene Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily and rose; and History is right glad to have done with the wearisome affair, and know it settled on any tolerable terms whatever. Here is a Note of Friedrich's to his dear Sister which has been preserved:

To Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth, at Berlin.

"Salzdahlum, Noon, 12th June, 1733.

"My dear Sister,—A minute since the whole Ceremony was got finished, and God be praised it is over! I hope you will take it as a mark of my friendship that I give you the first news of it.

"I hope I shall have the honor to see you again soon, and to assure you, my dear Sister, that I am wholly yours (*tout à vous*). I write in great haste, and add nothing that is merely formal. Adieu.[1] "FRÉDÉRIC."

One Keyserling, the Prince's favorite gentleman, came over express with this Letter and the more private news, Wilhelmina being full of anxieties. Keyserling said the Prince was inwardly "well content with his lot, though he had kept up the old farce to the last, and pretended to be in frightful humor on the very morning, bursting out upon his valets in the King's presence, who reproved him, and looked rather pensive"—recognizing, one hopes, what a sacrifice it was. The Queen's Majesty, Keyserling reported, "was charmed with the style and ways of the Brunswick Court, but could not endure the Princess Royal" (new Wife), "and treated the two Duchesses like dogs (*comme des chiens*)."[2] Reverend Abbot Mosheim (such his title; Head Churchman, theological chief of Helmstädt University in those parts, with a couple of extinct little *Abbacies* near by to help his stipend) preached next Sunday, "On the Marriage of the Righteous:" felicitous appropriate

[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 9.

[2] Wilhelmina, ii., 114.

Sermon, said a grateful Public ;[1] and, in short, at Salzdahlum all goes, if not as merry as some marriage-bells, yet without jarring to the ear.

On Tuesday both the Majesties set out toward Potsdam again, "where his Majesty," having business waiting, "arrived some time before the Queen." Thither also, before the week ends, Crown-Prince Friedrich, with his Bride, and all the Serenities of Brunswick escorting, are upon the road, duly detained by complimentary harangues, tedious scenic evolutions, at Magdeburg and the intervening Towns : grand entrance of the Princess Royal into Berlin is not till the 27th, last day of the week following. That was such a day as Wilhelmina never saw : no sleep the night before ; no breakfast can one taste : between Charlottenburg and Berlin there is a Review of unexampled splendor : "above eighty carriages of us," and only a tent or two against the flaming June sun : think of it ! Review begins at four A.M. Poor Wilhelmina thought she would verily have died of heat, and thirst, and hunger, in the crowded tent, under the flaming June sun, before the Review could end itself and march into Berlin, trumpeting and salvoing, with the Princess Royal at the head of it.[2]

Of which grand flaming day, and of the unexampled balls and indulgent festivities that followed, "all Berlin ruining itself in dresses and equipages," we will say nothing farther, but give only, what may still have some significance for readers, Wilhelmina's Portrait of the Princess Royal on their first meeting, which had taken place at Potsdam two days before. The Princess Royal had arrived at Potsdam too, on that occasion, across a grand Review, Majesty himself riding out, Majesty and Crown-Prince, who had preceded her a little, to usher in the poor young creature, Thursday, June 25th, 1733 :

"The King led her into the Queen's Apartment ; then seeing, after she had saluted us all, that she was much heated and dispowdered (*dépoudrée*), he bade my Brother take her to

[1] Text, Psalm xcii., 12 : "Sermon printed in Mosheim's *Works*."
[2] Wilhelmina, ii., 127–129.

her own room. I followed them thither. My Brother said to her, introducing me, 'This is a sister I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, and help you with her good counsel; I wish you to respect her beyond even the King and Queen, and not to take the least step without her advice: do you understand?' I embraced the Princess Royal, and gave her every assurance of my attachment; but she remained like a statue, not answering a word. Her people not being come, I repowdered her myself, and readjusted her dress a little, without the least sign of thanks from her, or any answer to all my caressings. My Brother got impatient at last, and said aloud, 'Devil's in the blockhead (*Peste soit de la bête*): thank my Sister, then!' She made me a courtesy on the model of that of Agnès in the *Ecole des femmes*. I took her back to the Queen's Apartment, little edified by such a display of talent.

"The Princess Royal is tall; her figure is not fine, stooping slightly or hanging forward as she walks or stands, which gives her an awkward air. Her complexion is of dazzling whiteness, heightened by the liveliest colors: her eyes are pale blue, and not of much promise for spiritual gifts. Mouth small; features generally small—dainty (*mignons*) rather than beautiful; and the countenance altogether is so innocent and infantine, you would think this head belonged to a child of twelve. Her hair is blond, plentiful, curling in natural locks. Teeth are unhappily very bad, black and ill set, which are a disfigurement in this fine face. She has no manners, nor the least vestige of tact; has much difficulty in speaking and making herself understood; for most part you are obliged to guess what she means, which is very embarrassing."[1]

The Berlin gayeties—for Karl, Heir-Apparent of Brunswick, brother to this Princess Royal, wedded his Charlotte, too, about a week hence[2]—did not end, and the serene Guests disappear till far on in July, after which an Inspection with Papa, and then Friedrich got back to Ruppin, and his old way of life there; intrinsically the old studious, quietly diligent way of life, varied by more frequent excursions to Berlin, where as yet the Princess Royal usually resides, till some fit residence be got ready in the Ruppin Country for a wedded Crown-Prince and her.

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 119–121.

[2] 2d July, 1732.

The young Wife had an honest, guileless heart, if little articulate intellect; considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough, and I hope kept well clear of pouting (*faire la fâchée*), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself successfully to the Prince's taste, and growing yearly gracefuler and better-looking, was an ornament and pleasant addition to his Ruppin existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppin quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life.[1]

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Palace at Berlin, all trimmed and furnished for occasional residences there—the late "Government House" (originally *Schombery* House), new built, which is, to this day, one of the distinguished Palaces of Berlin. Princess Royal had Schönhausen given her, a pleasant royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppin side. Furthermore, the Prince Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special *Amt* (Government District) set apart for his support —the "Amt of Ruppin," where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppin are is not communicated, but we can justly fear they were far too frugal, and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful, but he borrows all round, under sevenfold secrecy, from benevolent Courts—from Austria, Russia, England; and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is that, on his Accession, he pays with exactitude —sends his Uncle George of England, for example, the complete amount in rouleaus of new coin by the first courier that goes.[2]

A thought too frugal, his Prussian Majesty; but he means to be kind, bountiful, and occasionally launches out into handsome munificence. This very Autumn, hearing that the Crown-

[1] Büsching (Autobiography, *Beyträge*, vi.) heard her say so in advanced years.

[2] Dispatch (of adjacent date) in the State Paper Office.

Prince and his Princess fancied Reinsberg, an old Castle in their Amt Ruppin, some miles north of them, his Majesty, without word spoken, straightway purchased Reinsberg, Schloss and Territory, from the owner, gave it to his Crown-Prince, and gave him money to new-build it according to his mind,[1] which the Crown-Prince did, with much interest, under very wise architectural advice, for the next three years; then went into it to reside; yet did not cease new-building, improving, artistically adorning, till it became in all points the image of his taste.

A really handsome, princely kind of residence that of Reinsberg, got up with a thrift that most of all astonishes us, in which improved locality we shall by-and-by look in upon him again. For the present we must to Warsaw, where tragedies and troubles are in the wind, which turn out to be not quite without importance to the Crown-Prince and us.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING AUGUST DIES, AND POLAND TAKES FIRE.

MEANWHILE, over at Warsaw, there has an event fallen out —Friedrich, writing rapidly from vague reminiscence, as he often does, records it as "during the marriage festivities;"[2] but it was four good months earlier—Event which we must now look at for a moment.

In the end of January last we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking-bout at Crossen, when the Polish Majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. "In my presence," says Wilhelmina, "and that of forty persons," for the thing was much talked about, "Grumkow said

[1] 23d Oct., 1733–16th March, 1734 (Preuss, i., 75).

[2] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i., 163.

to the King one morning, 'Ah! Sire, I am in despair; the poor Patroon is dead! I was lying broad awake last night; all on a sudden the curtains of my bed flew asunder: I saw him; he was in a shroud; he gazed fixedly at me; I tried to start up, being dreadfully taken; but the phantom disappeared!'" Here was an illustrious ghost-story for Berlin in a day or two, when the Courier came. "Died at the very time of the phantom; Death and phantom were same night," say Wilhelmina and the miraculous Berlin public, but do not say *what* night for either of them it was;[1] by help of which latter circumstance the phantom becomes reasonably unmiraculous again, in a nervous system tremulous from drink. "They had been sad at parting," Wilhelmina says, "having drunk immensities of Hungary wine; the Patroon almost weeping over his Grumkow: 'Adieu, my dear Grumkow,' said he, 'I shall never see you more!'"

Miraculous or not, the catastrophe is true: August, the once Physically Strong, lies dead, and there will be no Partition of Poland for the present. He had the Diet ready to assemble, waiting for him at Warsaw, and good trains laid in the Diet, capable of fortunate explosion under a good engineer. Engineer, alas! The Grumkow drinking-bout had awakened that old sore in his foot: he came to Warsaw, eager enough for business, but with his stock of strength all out, and Death now close upon him. The Diet met, 26–27th January; engineer all alert about the good trains laid, and the fortunate exploding of them; when, almost on the morrow—"Inflammation has come on!" said the Doctors, and were futile to help farther. The strong body and its life was done, and nothing remained but to call in the Archbishop with his extreme unctions and soul apparatus.

August made no moaning or recalcitrating; took, on the prescribed terms, the inevitable that had come. Has been a very great sinner, he confesses to the Archbishop: "I have not at present strength to name my many and great sins to your Reverence," said he; "I hope for mercy on the"—on

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 98: event happened 1st February; news of it came to Berlin 4th February: Fassmann (p. 485), Buchholz; &c.

the usual rash terms. Terms perhaps known to August to be rash—to have been frightfully rash; but what can he now do? Archbishop thereupon gives absolution of his sins; Archbishop does—a baddish, unlikely kind of man, as August well knows. August "laid his hand on his eyes" during such sad absolution mummery, and in that posture had breathed his last before it was well over.[1] Unhappy soul, who shall judge him? Transcendent King of edacious Flunkeys, not without fine qualities, which he turned to such a use amid the temptations of this world!

Poland has to find a new King.

His death brought vast miseries on Poland; kindled foolish Europe generally into fighting, and gave our Crown-Prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of War; for which reason, hardly for another, the thing having otherwise little memorability at present, let us give some brief synopsis of it, the briefer the better. Here, excerpted from multifarious old Note-books, are some main heads of the affair:

"On the disappearance of August the Strong, his plans of Partitioning Poland disappeared too, and his fine trains in the Diet abolished themselves. The Diet had now nothing to do but proclaim the coming Election, giving a date to it, and go home to consider a little whom they would elect.[2] A question weighty to Poland, and not likely to be settled by Poland alone or chiefly; the sublime Republic, with *liberum veto*, and diets capable only of anarchic noise, having now reached such a stage that its neighbors every where stood upon its skirts, asking 'Whitherward, then, with your anarchy? Not this way; we say that way!' and were apt to get to battle about it before such a thing could be settled. A house in your street, with perpetual smoke coming through the slates of it, is not a pleasant house to be neighbor to!

[1] "Sunday, 1st February, 1733, quarter past 4 A.M." (Fassmann: *Leben Friederici Augusti Königs in Pohlen*, p. 994-997).

[2] "Interregnum proclaimed," 11th February; Preliminary Diet to meet 21st April; meets; settles, before May is done, that the Election shall *begin* 25th August: it must *end* in six weeks thereafter, by law of the land.

One honest interest the neighbors have in an Election Crisis there, that the house do not get on fire and kindle them. Dishonest interests, in the way of theft and otherwise, they may have without limit.

"The poor house, during last Election Crisis—when August the Strong was flung out, and Stanislaus brought in; Crisis presided over by Charles XII., with Czar Peter and others hanging on the outskirts as Opposition party—fairly got into flame,[1] but was quenched down again by that stout Swede, and his Stanislaus, a native Pole, was left peaceably as King for the years then running. Years ran, and Stanislaus was thrown out, Charles himself being thrown out, and had to make way for August the Strong again—an ejected Stanislaus, King only in title, known to most readers of this time."[2]

"Poor man, he has been living in Zweibrück, in Weissenburg, and such places, in that Debatable French-German region, which the French are more and more getting stolen to themselves in late centuries: generally on the outskirts of France he lives, having now connections of the highest quality with France. He has had fine Country-houses in that Zweibrück (*Two-Bridge*, Deux-Ponts) region; had always the ghost of a Court there; plenty of money—a sinecure Country-gentleman life; and no complaints have been heard from him. Charles XII., as proprietor of Deux-Ponts, had first of all sent him into those parts for refuge, and, in general, easy days have been the lot of Stanislaus there.

"Nor has History spoken of him since except on one small occasion: when the French Politician Gentlemen, at a certain crisis of their game, chose a Daughter of his to be Wife for young Louis XV., and bring royal progeny, of which they were scarce. This was in 1724–5, Duc de Bourbon, and other Politicians male and female, finding that the best move: a thing wonderful to the then Gazetteers for nine days, but not now worth much talk. The good young Lady, it is well known, a very pious creature, and sore tried in her new

[1] Description of it in Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, vi., 228–230.

[2] Stanislaus, Leszinsky "Woywode of Posen," born 1677: King of Poland, Charles XII. superintending, 1704 (age then 27); driven out 1709, went to Charles XII. at Bender; to Zweibrück, 1714; thence, on Charles's death at Weissenburg (Alsace, or Strasburg Country); Daughter married to Louis XV., 1725. Age now 56.—Hübner, t. 97; *Histoire de Stanislas I., Roi de Pologne* (English translation, London, 1741), p. 96–126; &c.

station, did bring royal progeny enough, and might as well have held her hand, had she foreseen what would become of them, poor souls! This was a great event for Stanislaus, the sinecure Country-gentleman in his French-German rustication. One other thing I have read of him, infinitely smaller, out of those ten years: in Zweibrück Country, or somewhere in that French-German region, he 'built a pleasure cottage,' conceivable to the mind, 'and called it *Schuhflick* (Shoe-Patch)'[1] a name that touches one's fancy on behalf of the innocent soul. Other fact I will not remember of him. He is now to quit Shoe-Patch and his pleasant Weissenburg Castle; to come on the public stage again, poor man, and suffer a second season of mischances and disgraces still worse than the first, as we shall see presently, a new Polish Election Crisis having come!

"What individual the Polish Grandees would have chosen for King if entirely left alone to do it? is a question not important, and indeed was never asked in this or in late Elections. Not the individual who could have *been* a King among them were they, for a long time back, in the habit of seeking after; not him, but another, and indeed reverse kind of individual—the one in whom there lay most *nourishment*—nourishment of any kind, even of the cash kind, for a practical Polish Grandee; so that the question was no longer of the least importance to Poland or the Universe, and in point of fact, the frugal Destinies had ceased to have it put in that quarter. Not Grandees of Poland, but Intrusive Neighbors carrying Grandees of Poland 'in their breeches pocket' (as our phrase is), were the voting parties. To that pass it was come. Under such stern penalty had Poland and its Grandees fallen, by dint of false voting; the frugal Destinies had ceased to ask about their vote, and they were become machines for voting with, or pistols for fighting with, by bad Neighbors who cared to vote! Nor did the frugal Destinies consider that the proper method either, but had, as we shall see, determined to abolish that too in about forty years more."

Of the Candidates; of the Conditions. How the Election went.

It was under such omens that the Polish Election of 1733 had to transact itself. Austria, Russia, Prussia, as next Neighbors, were the chief voting parties, if they cared to intrude,

[1] Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, v., 1194.

which Austria and Russia were clear for doing; Prussia not clear, or not beyond the indispensable or evidently profitable. Seckendorf, and one Löwenwolde, the Russian Embassador at Berlin, had, some time ago, in foresight of this event, done their utmost to bring Friedrich Wilhelm into co-operation, offering fine baits, "Berg and Jülich" again among others, but nothing definite came of it: peaceable, reasonably safe Election in Poland—other interest Friedrich Wilhelm has not in the matter, and compliance, not co-operation, is what can be expected of him by the Kaiser and Czarina. Co-operating or even complying, these Three could have settled it, and would, had no other Neighbor interfered; but other neighbors *can* interfere; any neighbor that has money to spend, or likes to bully in such a matter; and that proved to be the case in this unlucky instance.

Austria and Russia, with Prussia complying, had—a year ago, before the late August's decease, his life seeming then an extremely uncertain one, and foresight being always good—privately come to an understanding[1] "in case of a Polish Election:

"1°. That France was to have no hand in it whatever—no tool of France to be King; or, as they more politely expressed it, having their eye upon Stanislaus, No Piast or native Pole could be eligible.

"2°. That neither could August's Son, the new August, who would then be Kurfürst of Saxony, be admitted King of Poland. And, on the whole,

"3°. That an Emanuel, Prince of Portugal, would be the eligible man." Emanuel of Portugal, King of Portugal's Brother, a gentleman without employment, as his very Title tells us—gentleman never heard of before or since, in those parts or elsewhere, but doubtless of the due harmless quality, as Portugal itself was—he is to be the Polish King, vote these intrusive neighbors. What the vote of Poland itself may be, the Destinies do not, of late, ask, finding it a superfluous question.

[1] 31st December, 1731, "Treaty of Löwenwolde" (which never got completed or became valid): Schöll, ii., 223.

So had the Three Neighbors settled this matter, or rather, I should say, so had Two of them, for Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, now or afterward, nothing in this Election but that it should not take fire and kindle him—Two of the Neighbors; and of these two, perhaps we might guess the Kaiser was the principal contriver and suggester, France and Saxony being both hateful to him—obstinate refusers of the Pragmatic Sanction, to say nothing more. What the Czarina, Anne with the big cheek, specially wanted, I do not learn, unless it were peaceable hold of Courland, or perhaps merely to produce herself in these parts, as a kind of regulating Pallas, along with the Jupiter Kaiser of Western Europe, which might have effects by-and-by.

Emanuel of Portugal was not elected, nor so much as spoken of in the Diet; nor did one of these Three Regulations take effect, but much the contrary, other Neighbors having the power to interfere. France saw good to interfere, a rather distant Neighbor; Austria, Russia, could not endure the French vote at all, and so the whole world got on fire by the business.

France is not a near neighbor, but it has a Stanislaus much concerned, who is eminently under the protection of France—who may be called the "*Father* of France" in a sense, or even the "Grandfather," his Daughter being Mother of a young creature they call Dauphin, or "Child of France?" Fleury and the French Court decide that Stanislaus, Grandfather of France, was once King of Poland; that it will behoove, for various reasons, he be King again. Some say old Fleury did not care for Stanislaus; merely wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, having got himself in readiness, "with Lorraine in his eye," and seeing the Kaiser not ready. It is likelier the hot young spirits, Belleisle and others, controlled old Fleury into it. At all events, Stanislaus is summoned from his rustication; the French Embassador at Warsaw gets his instructions. French Embassador opens himself largely at Warsaw by eloquent speech, by copious money, on the subject of Stanislaus; finds large audience, enthusiastic receptivity; and readers will now understand the following chronological phenomena of the Polish Election:

"*August* 25*th*, 1733. This day the Polish Election begins. So has the Preliminary Diet (kind of Polish *Caucus*) ordered it; Preliminary Diet itself a very stormy matter; minority like to be 'thrown out of window,' to be 'shot through the head' on some occasions.[1] Actual Election begins; continues *sub dio*, 'in the Field of Wola,' in a very tempestuous fashion; bound to conclude within six weeks. Kaiser has his troops assembled over the border, in Silesia, 'to protect the freedom of election;' Czarina has 30,000 under Marshal Lacy, lying on the edge of Lithuania, bent on a like object; will increase them to 50,000 as the plot thickens.

"So that Emanuel of Portugal is not heard of, and French interference is, with a vengeance; and Stanislaus, a born Piast, is overwhelmingly the favorite. Intolerable to Austria, to Russia; the reverse to Friedrich Wilhelm, who privately thinks him the right man. And Kurfürst August of Saxony is the other Candidate, with troops of his own in the distance, but without support in Poland, and depending wholly on the Kaiser and Czarina for his chance. And our 'three settled points' are gone to water in this manner!

"August, seeing there was not the least hope in Poland's own vote, judiciously went to the Kaiser first of all: 'Imperial Majesty, I will accept your Pragmatic Sanction root and branch—swallow it whole; make me King of Poland!' 'Done!' answers Imperial Majesty;[2] brings the Czarina over, by good offers of August's and his, and now there is an effective Opposition Candidate in the field, with strength of his own, and good backing close at hand. Austrian, Russian embassadors at Warsaw lift up their voice like the French one, open their purse, and bestir themselves, but with no success in the Field of Wola, except to the stirring up of noise and tumult there. They must look to other fields for success. The voice of Wola, and of Poland, if it had now a voice, is enthusiastic for Stanislaus.

"*September* 7*th*. A couple of quiet-looking Merchants arrive in Warsaw, one of whom is Stanislaus in person. Newspapers say he is in the French Fleet of War, which is sailing minatory toward these coasts; and there is, in truth, a Gentleman in Stanislaus's Clothes on board there, to make the Newspapers *believe*. Stanislaus himself drove through Berlin a day or two ago; gave the sentry a ducat at the Gate, to be

[1] *History of Stanislaus* (cited above), p. 136.

[2] 16th July, 1733; Treaty in Schöll, ii., 224–231.

speedy with the passports, whom Friedrich Wilhelm affected to put under arrest for such negligent speed. And so, on the 10th of the month, Stanislaus, being now rested and trimmed, makes his appearance on the Field of Wola itself, and captivates all hearts by the kind look of him; so that, on the second day after, 12th September, 1733, he is, as it were, unanimously elected—with acclamation, with enthusiasm—and sees himself actual King of Poland, if France send proper backing to continue him there, as surely she will not fail? But there are alarming news that the Russians are advancing: Marshal Lacy with 30,000, and re-enforcements in the rear of him.

"*September* 22*d*. Russians advancing more and more; no French help arrived yet, and the enthusiastic Polish Chivalry being good for nothing against regular musketry, King Stanislaus finds that he will have to quit Warsaw, and seek covert elsewhere. Quits Warsaw this day; gets covert in Dantzig; and, in fact, from this 22d of September, day of the autumnal equinox, 1733, is a fugitive, blockaded, besieged Stanislaus: an Imaginary King thenceforth. His real Kingship had lasted precisely ten days.

"*October* 3*d*. Lacy and his Russians arrive in the suburbs of Warsaw, intent upon 'protecting freedom of election.' Bridges being broken, they do not yet cross the River, but invite the free electors to come across and vote: 'A real King is very necessary, Stanislaus being an imaginary one, brought in by compulsion, by threats of flinging people out of window, and the like.' The free electors do not cross; whereupon a small handful, now free enough, and *not* to be thrown out of window, whom Lacy had about him, proceed to elect August of Saxony: he, on the 5th of October, still one day within the legal six weeks, is chosen and declared the real King, 'twelve senators and about six hundred gentlemen' voting for him there, free they in Lacy's quarters, the rest of Poland having lain under compulsion when voting for Stanislaus. That is the Polish Election so far as Poland can settle it. We said the Destinies had ceased, some time since, to ask Poland for its vote; it is other people who have now got the real power of voting. But that is the correct state of the poll at Warsaw, if important to any body."

August is crowned in Cracow before long—"August III.," whom we shall meet again in important circumstances. Lacy and his Russians have voted for August; able, they, to dis-

perse all manner of enthusiastic Polish Chivalry, which indeed, we observe, usually stands but one volley from the Russian musketry, and flies elsewhither, to burn and plunder its own domestic enemies. Far and wide, robbery and arson are prevalent in Poland; Stanislaus lying under covert in Dantzig, an imaginary King ever since the equinox, but well trusting that the French will give him a plumper vote. French War-fleet is surely under way hither.

Poland on fire; Dantzig stands Siege.

These are the news our Crown-Prince hears at Ruppin in the first months of his wedded life there, with what interest we may fancy. Brandenburg is next neighbor, and these Polish troubles reach far enough, the ever-smoking house having taken fire, and all the street threatening to get on blaze. Friedrich Wilhelm, nearest neighbor, stands anxious to quench, carefully sweeping the hot coals across again from his own borders, and will not interfere on one or the other side for any persuasion.

Dantzig, strong in confidence of French help, refuses to give up Stanislaus when summoned; will stand siege rather. Stands siege; furious lengthy siege, with enthusiastic defence, "a Lady of Rank firing off the first gun" against the Russian Batteries. Of the Siege of Dantzig, which made the next Spring and Summer loud for mankind (February-June, 1734), we shall say nothing—our own poor field, which also grows loud enough, lying far away from Dantzig—except,

First, That no French help came, or as good as none, the minatory War-fleet having landed a poor 1500 men, headed by the Comte de Plelo, who had volunteered along with them; that they attempted one onslaught on the Russian lines, and that Plelo was shot, and the rest were blown to miscellaneous ruin, and had to disappear, not once getting into Dantzig. *Secondly*, That the Saxons, under Weissenfels, our poor old friend, with proper siege-artillery, though not with enough, did, by effort (end of May), get upon the scene; in which this is to be remarked, that Weissenfel's siege-artillery "came by post," two big mortars expressly passing through Berlin,

marked as part of the Duke of Weissenfel's Luggage. And *thirdly*, That Münnich, who had succeeded Lacy as Besieging General, and was in hot haste, and had not artillery enough, made unheard-of assaults (2000 men, some say 4000, lost in one night-attack upon a post they call the Hagelberg; rash attack, much blamed by military men);[1] but nevertheless, having now (by Russian Fleet, middle of June) got siege-artillery enough, advances irrepressible day by day.

So that at length, things being now desperate, Stanislaus, disguised as a cattle-dealer, privately quitted Dantzig night of 27th June, 1734; got across the intricate mud-and-water difficulties of the Weichsel and its mouths, flying perilously toward Preussen and Friedrich Wilhelm's protection,[2] whereby the Siege of Dantzig ended in chamade and levying of penalties—penalties severe to a degree, though Friedrich Wilhelm interceded what he could. And with the Siege of Dantzig, the blazing Polish Election went out in like manner,[3] having already kindled, in quarters far away from it, conflagrations quite otherwise interesting to us, whitherward we now hasten.

CHAPTER IX.

KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE.

Franz of Lorraine, the young favorite of Fortune whom we once saw at Berlin on an interesting occasion, was about this time to have married his Imperial Archduchess, Kaiser's consent to be formally demanded and given; nothing but joy and splendor looked for in the Court of Vienna at present. Nothing to prevent it had there been no Polish Election; had not the Kaiser, in his Shadow-Hunt (coursing the Pragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has done these twenty years past), gone rashly into that combustible foreign element. But so it

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 2d, p. 31.

[2] Narrative by himself, in *History*, p. 235–248.

[3] Clear account, especially of Siege, in Mannstein (p. 71–83), who was there as Münnich's Aide-de-Camp.

is; this was the fatal limit. The poor Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, going scotfree this long while, and merely tormenting other people, has, at this point, by contact with inflammable Poland, unexpectedly itself caught fire; goes now plunging, all in mad flame, over precipices one knows not how deep; and there will be a lamentable singeing and smashing before the Kaiser get out of this, if he ever get! Kaiser Karl, from this point, plunges down and down all his days, and except in that Shadow of a Pragmatic Sanction, if he can still save that, has no comfort left. Marriages are not the thing to be thought of at present!

Scarcely had the news of August's Election and Stanislaus's flight to Dantzig reached France, when France, all in a state of readiness, informed the Kaiser, ready for nothing, his force lying in Silesia, doing the Election functions on the Polish borders there, "That he, the Kaiser, had, by such treatment of the Grandfather of France and the Polish Kingdom fairly fallen to him, insulted the most Christian Majesty; that, in consequence, the most Christian Majesty did hereby declare War against the said Kaiser," and in fact had, that very day (14th October, 1733), begun it—had marched over into Lorraine, namely, secured Lorraine against accidents, and, more specially, gone across from Strasburg to the German side of the Rhine, and laid siege to Kehl—Kehl Fortress, a dilapidated outpost of the Reich there, which can not resist many hours. Here is news for the Kaiser, with his few troops all on the Polish borders, minding his neighbor's business, or chasing Pragmatic Sanction in those inflammable localities!

Pacific Fleury, it must be owned, if he wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, could not have managed it on more advantageous terms. Generals, a Duc de Berwick, a Noailles, Belleisle; generals, troops, artillery, munitions, nothing is wanting to Fleury; to the Kaiser all things. It is surmised the French had their eye on Lorraine, not on Stanislaus, from the first. For many centuries, especially for these last two –ever since that Siege of Metz, which we once saw, under Kaiser Karl V. and Albert Alcibiades—France has been wrenching

and screwing at this Lorraine, wriggling it off bit by bit, till now, as we perceived on Lyttelton junior of Hagley's visit, Lorraine seems all lying unscrewed, and France, by any good opportunity, could stick it in her pocket. Such opportunity sly Fleury contrived, they say; or more likely it might be Belleisle and the other adventurous spirits that urged it on pacific Fleury: but, at all events, he has got it. Dilapidated Kehl yields straightway;[1] Sardinia, Spain, declare alliance with Fleury; and not Lorraine only and the Swabian Provinces, but Italy itself, lies at his discretion, owing to your treatment of the Grandfather of France and these Polish Elective methods.

The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea-Powers, his one resource left: "Help! Moneys, subsidies, ye Sea-Powers!" But the Sea-Powers stand obtuse, arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets: "Sorry we can not, your Imperial Majesty. Fleury engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty; Polish Elections are not our concern!" and callously decline. The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme, his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling, and he passionately appeals: "Ungrateful, blind Sea-Powers! No money to fight France, say you? Are the Laws of Nature fallen void!" Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers; "No money in us," answer they: "we will help you to negotiate." "Negotiate!" answers he; and will have to pay his own Election broken glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea-Powers.

Fleury has got the Sardinian Majesty—"Sardinian doorkeeper of the Alps," who opens them now this way, now that, for a consideration: "A slice of the Milanese, your Majesty!" bargains Fleury. Fleury has got the Spanish Majesty (our violent old friend the Termagant of Spain) persuaded to join: "Your infant Carlos, made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, with such difficulty: what is that? Naples itself, crown of the Two

[1] 29th October, 1733. *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick* (in Petitot's Collection, Paris, 1828), ii., 303.

Sicilies, lies in the wind for Carlos; and your junior infant, great Madam, has he no need of appanages?" The Termagant of Spain, "offended by Pragmatic Sanction" (she says), is ready on those terms; the Sardinian Majesty is ready; and Fleury, this same October, with an overwhelming force, Spaniards and Sardinians to join, invades Italy, great Marshal Villars himself taking the command—Marshal Villars, an extremely eminent old military gentleman, somewhat of a friend or husband of a lady-friend to M. de Voltaire for one thing, and capable of slicing Italy to pieces at a fine rate, in the condition it was in.

Never had Kaiser such a bill of broken glass to pay for meddling in neighbors' elections before. The year was not yet ended when Villars and the Sardinian Majesty had done their stroke on Lombardy; taken Milan Citadel, taken Pizzighettone, the Milanese in whole, and appropriated it; swept the poor unprepared Kaiser clear out of those parts. Baby Carlos and the Spaniards are to do the Two Sicilies, Naples or the land one to begin with, were the Winter gone. For the present, Louis XV. "sings *Te Deum* at Paris, 23d December, 1733"[1]—a merry Christmas there. Villars, now above fourscore, soon died of those fatigues, various Marshals, Broglio, Coigny, Noailles, succeeding him, some of whom are slightly notable to us; and there was one Maillebois, still a subordinate under them, whose name also may reappear in this History.

Subsequent Course of the War in the Italian part of it.

The French-Austrian War, which had now broken out, lasted a couple of years, the Kaiser steadily losing, though he did his utmost; not so much a War on his part as a Being Beaten and Being Stripped. The scene was Italy and the Upper Rhine Country of Germany, Italy the deciding scene, where, except as it bears on Germany, our interest is nothing, as indeed in Germany too it is not much. The principal events on both stages are chronologically somewhat as follows, beginning with Italy:

[1] *Fastes du Règne de Louis XV.* (*Paris*, 1766), i., 248.

"*March* 29*th*, 1734. Baby Carlos, with a Duke of Montemar for General, a difficult, impetuous gentleman, very haughty to the French allies and others, lands in Naples Territory, intending to seize the Two Sicilies according to bargain. They find the Kaiser quite unprepared, and their enterprise extremely feasible.

"*May* 10*th*. Baby Carlos—whom we ought to call Don Carlos, who is now eighteen gone, and able to ride the great horse—makes triumphant entry into Naples, having easily swept the road clear; styles himself 'King of the Two Sicilies' (Papa having surrendered him his 'right' there), whom Naples, in all ranks of it, willingly homages as such. Wrecks of Kaiser's forces intrench themselves rather strongly at a place called Bitonto, in Apulia, not far off.

"*May* 25*th*. Montemar, in an impetuous manner, storms them there, which feat procures for him the title Duke of Bitonto, and finishes off the First of the Sicilies; and indeed we may say, finishes Both the Sicilies, our poor Kaiser having no considerable force in either, nor means of sending any, the Sea-Powers having buttoned their pockets, and the Combined Fleet of France and Spain being on the waters there.

"We need only add on this head that for ten months more Baby Carlos and Montemar went about besieging Gaeta, Messina, Syracuse, and making triumphal entries; and that, on the 30th of June, 1735, Baby Carlos had himself fairly crowned at Palermo,[1] 'King of the Two Sicilies' *de facto*, in which eminent post he and his continue, not with much success, to this day.

"That will suffice for the Two Sicilies. As to Lombardy again, now that Villars is out of it, and the Coignys and Broglios have succeeded:

"*June* 29*th*, 1734. Kaiser, rallying desperately for recovery of the Milanese, has sent an Army thither, Graf Von Mercy leader of it: Battle of Parma between the French and it (29th June), totally lost by the Kaiser's people after furious fighting, Graf von Mercy himself killed in the action—Graf von Mercy, and what comes nearer us, a Prince of Culmbach, amiable Uncle of our Wilhelmina's Husband, a brave man and Austrian soldier, who was much regretted by Wilhelmina and the rest, his death and obsequies making a melancholy Court of Baireuth in this agitated year. The Kaiser, doing his utmost, is beaten at every point.

[1] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, i., 278.

"*September* 15*th*. Surprisal of the Secchia. Kaiser's people rally under a General Graf von Königseck, worth noting by us, and after some manœuvring in the Guastalla-Modena region, on the Secchia and Po rivers there, dexterously steal across the Secchia that night (15th September), cutting off the small guard-party at the ford of the Secchia, then wading silently, and burst in upon the French Camp in a truly alarming manner,[1] so that Broglio, in command there, had to gallop with only one boot on, some say 'in his shirt,' till he got some force rallied, and managed to retreat more Parthian-like upon his brother Maréchal's Division. Artillery, war-chest, secret correspondence, 'King of Sardinia's tent,' and much cheering plunder beside Broglio's odd boot, were the consequences, the Kaiser's one success in this War, abolished, unluckily, in four days! The Broglio who here gallops is the second French Maréchal of the name, son of the first, a military gentleman whom we shall but too often meet in subsequent stages. A son of this one's, a third Maréchal Broglio, present at the Secchia that bad night, is the famous War-god of the Bastile-time, fifty-five years hence—unfortunate old War-god, the Titans being all up about him. As to Broglio with the one boot, it is but a triumph over him till—

"*September* 19*th*. Battle of Guastalla that day. Battle lost by the Kaiser's people after eight hours' hot fighting, who are then obliged to hurry across the Secchia again, and, in fact, do not succeed in fighting any more in that quarter this year or afterward; for next year (1735) Montemar is so advanced with the Two Sicilies he can assist in these Northern operations, and Noailles, a better Maréchal, replaces the Broglio and Coigny there, who, with learned strategic movements, sieges, threatenings of siege, sweeps the wrecks of Austria, to a satisfactory degree, into the Tyrol, without fighting, or event mentionable thenceforth.

"This is the Kaiser's War of two Campaigns in the Italian, which was the decisive part of it: a continual Being Beaten, as the reader sees; a Being Stripped, till one was nearly bare in that quarter."

Course of the War in the German part of it.

In Germany the mentionable events are still fewer; and, indeed, but for one small circumstance binding on us, we

[1] Hormayr, xx., 84; *Fastes*, as it is liable to do, misdates.

might skip them altogether ; for there is nothing comfortable in it to the human memory otherwise.

Maréchal Duc de Berwick, a cautious considerable General (Marlborough's Nephew, on what terms is known to readers), having taken Kehl and plundered the Swabian outskirts last Winter, had extensive plans of operating in the heart of Germany, and ruining the Kaiser there. But first he needs, and the Kaiser is aware of it, a "basis on the Rhine ;" free bridge over the Rhine, not by Strasburg and Kehl alone ; and for this reason, he will have to besiege and capture Philipsburg first of all—strong Town of Philipsburg, well down toward Speyer and Heidelberg quarter on the German side of the Rhine : here will be our bridge. Lorraine is already occupied since the first day of the War ; Trarbach, strong place of the Moselle and Electorate of Trier, can not be difficult to get. Thus were the Rhine Country, on the French side, secure to France ; and so Berwick calculates he will have a basis on the Rhine, from which to shoot forth into the very heart of the Kaiser.

Berwick besieged Philipsburg accordingly (Summer and Autumn, 1734), Kaiser doing his feeble best to hinder : at the Siege, Berwick lost his life, but Philipsburg surrendered to his successor, all the same ; Kaiser striving to hinder, but in a most paralyzed manner, and to no purpose whatever. And —and this properly *was* the German War, the sum of all done in it during those two years.

Seizure of Nanci (that is, of Lorraine), seizure of Kehl we already heard of ; then, prior to Philipsburg, there was siege or seizure of Trarbach by the French ; and, posterior to it, seizure of Worms by them ; and by the Germans there was "burning of a magazine in Speyer by bombs." And, in brief, on both sides, there was marching and manœuvring under various generals (our old rusty Seckendorf one of them), till the end of 1735, when the Italian decision arrived, and Truce and Peace along with it ; but there was no other action worth naming, even in the Newspapers as a wonder of nine days. The Siege of Philipsburg, and what hung flickering round that operation before and after, was the sum total of the German War.

Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in those parts, has had many sieges; nor would this one merit the least history from us were it not for one circumstance: that our Crown-Prince was of the Opposing Army, and made his first experience of arms there—a Siege of Philipsburg slightly memorable to us on that one account. What Friedrich did there, which in the military way was as good as nothing; what he saw and experienced there, which, with some "eighty Princes of the Reich," a Prince Eugene for General, and three months under canvas on the field, may have been something; this, in outline, by such obscure indications as remain, we would fain make conceivable to the reader. Indications in the History-Books we have as good as none, but must gather what there is from *Wilhelmina* and the Crown-Prince's *Letters*, much studying to be brief, were it possible.

CHAPTER X.

CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN.

THE Kaiser—with Kehl snatched from him, the Rhine open, and Louis XV. singing *Te Deum* in the Christmas-time for what Villars in Italy had done—applied in passionate haste to the Reich. The Reich, though Fleury tried to cajole it, and apologize for taking Kehl from it, declares for the Kaiser's quarrel; War against France on his behalf;[1] it was in this way that Friedrich Wilhelm and our Crown-Prince came to be concerned in the Rhine Campaign. The Kaiser will have a *Reichs*-Army (were it good for much, as is not likely) to join to his own Austrian one; and if Prince Eugene, who is Reichs-Feldmarschall, one of the *two* Feldmarschalls, get the Generalship, as men hope, it is not doubted but there will be great work on the Rhine this Summer of 1734.

Unhappily, the Reichs-Army, raised from multifarious con-

[1] 13th March, 1734 (Buchholz, i., 131).

tingents, and guided and provided for by many heads, is usually good for little. Not to say that old Kur-Pfalz, with an eye to French help in the Berg and Jülich matter—old Kur-Pfalz and the Bavarian set (*Kur-Baiern* and *Kur-Köln*, Bavaria and Cologne, who are Brothers, and of old cousinship to Kur-Pfalz) quite refuse their contingents; protest in the Diet, and openly have French leanings. These are bad omens for the Reichs-Army. And in regard to the Reichs-Feldmarschall Office, there also is a difficulty. The Reich, as we hinted, keeps two supreme Feldmarschalls—one Catholic, one Protestant, for equilibrium's sake: illustrious Prince Eugenio von Savoye is the Catholic; but as to the Protestant, it is a difficulty worth observing for a moment.

Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, the unfortunate old gentleman bewitched by the Grävenitz "Deliver us from evil," used to be the Reichs-Feldmarschall of Protestant persuasion—Commander-in-Chief for the Reich when it tried fighting. Old Eberhard had been at Blenheim, and had marched up and down; I never heard he was much of a General; perhaps good enough for the Reich, whose troops were always bad. But now that poor Duke, as we intimated once or more, is dead; there must be, of Protestant type, a new Reichs-Feldmarschall had. One Catholic, unequaled among Captains, we already have; but where is the Protestant, Duke Eberhard being dead?

Duke Eberhard's Successor in Würtemberg, Karl Alexander by name, whom we once dined with at Prag on the Kladrup journey, he, a General of some worth, would be a natural person. Unluckily, Duke Karl Alexander had, while an Austrian Officer and with outlooks upon Protestant Würtemberg, gone over to Papacy, and is now Catholic. "Two Catholic Feldmarschalls!" cries the *Corpus-Evangelicorum;* "that will never do!"

Well, on the other or Protestant side there appear two Candidates, one of them not much expected by the reader—no other than Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, our Crown-Prince's Father-in-law, whom we knew to be a worthy man, but did not know to be much of a soldier, or capable of these

ambitious views. He is Candidate First. Then there is a Second, much more entitled: our gunpowder friend, the Old Dessauer, who, to say nothing of his soldier qualities, has promises from the Kaiser: he surely were the man, if it did not hurt other people's feelings. But it surely does and will. There is Ferdinand of Bevern applying, upon the score of old promises too. How can people's feelings be saved? Protestants these two last; but they can not both have it; and what will Würtemberg say to either of them? The Reich was in very great affliction about this preliminary matter. But Friedrich Wilhelm steps in with a healing recipe: "Let there be Four Reichs-Feldmarschalls," said Friedrich Wilhelm, "Two Protestant and two Catholic: won't that do?" Excellent! answers the Reich; and there are Four Feldmarschalls for the time being: no lack of commanders to the Reichs-Army. Brunswick-Bevern tried it first, but only till Prince Eugene were ready, and, indeed, he had of himself come to nothing before that date. Prince Eugene next; then Karl Alexander next; and, in fact, they all might have had a stroke at commanding, and at coming to nothing or little, only the Old Dessauer sulked at the office in this its fourfold state, and never would fairly have it, till, by decease of occupants, it came to be twofold again. This glimpse into the distracted effete interior of the poor old Reich and its Politics, with friends of ours concerned there, let it be welcome to the reader.[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm was without concern in this War, or in what had led to it. Practical share in the Polish Election (after that preliminary theoretic program of the Kaiser's and Czarina's went to smoke) Friedrich Wilhelm steadily refused to take, though considerable offers were made him on both sides—offer of West Preussen (Polish part of Prussia, which once was known to us) on the French side.[2] But his primary fixed resolution was to stand out of the quarrel, and he abides by that; suppresses any wishes of his own in regard to the Polish election; keeps ward on his own frontiers, with

[1] *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben* (by Ranfft), p. 127; Buchholz, i., 131.

[2] By De la Chétardie, French Embassador at Berlin (Buchholz, i., 130).

good military besom in hand, to sweep it out again if it intruded there. "What King you like, in God's name, only don't come over my threshold with his brabbles and him!"

But, seeing the Kaiser got into actual French War, with the Reich consenting, he is bound, by Treaty of old date (date older than *Wusterhausen*, though it was confirmed on that famous occasion), "to assist the Kaiser with ten thousand men," and this engagement he intends amply to fulfill. No sooner, therefore, had the Reich given sure signs of assenting ("Reich's assent" is the condition of the ten thousand), than Friedrich Wilhelm's orders were out, "Be in readiness!" Friedrich Wilhelm, by the time of the Reich's actual assent, or Declaration of War on the Kaiser's behalf, has but to lift his finger: squadrons and battalions, out of Pommern, out of Magdeburg, out of Preussen, to the due amount, will get on march whitherward you bid, and be with you there at the day you indicate, almost at the hour. Captains, not of an imaginary nature, these are always busy, and the King himself is busy over them. From big guns and wagon-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time, in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army.

From an early period, the French intentions upon Philipsburg might be foreseen or guessed; and in the end of March, Maréchal Berwick, "in three divisions," fairly appears in that quarter, his purpose evident; so that the Reichs-Army, were it in the least ready, ought to rendezvous and re-enforce the handful of Austrians there. Friedrich Wilhelm's part of the Reichs-Army does accordingly straightway get on march; leaves Berlin, after the due reviewing, "8th April:"[1] eight regiments of it, three of Horse and five of Foot, Goltz Foot-regiment one of them; a General Röder, unexceptionable General, to command in chief, and will arrive, though the farthest off, "first of all the Reich's Contingents," 7th of June, namely. The march, straight south, must be some four hundred miles.

Besides the Official Generals, certain high military dignita-

[1] Fassmann, p. 495.

ries, Schulenburg, Bredow, Majesty himself at their head, propose to go as volunteers—especially the Crown-Prince, whose eagerness is very great, has got liberty to go. "As volunteer" he too; as Colonel of Goltz it might have had its unsuitabilities in etiquette and otherwise. Few volunteers are more interested than the Crown-Prince. Watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself in this manner from Dantzig down to Naples, and what his own share in it should be—this, much more than his Marriage, I suppose, has occupied his thoughts since that event. Here out of Ruppin, dating six or seven weeks before the march of the Ten Thousand, is a small sign, one among many, of his outlooks in this matter. Small Note to his Cousin Margraf Heinrich—the ill-behaved Margraf, much his comrade, who is always falling into scrapes, and whom he has just, not without difficulty, got delivered out of something of the kind.[1] He writes in German, and in the intimate style of *Thou:*

"*Ruppin*, 23*d February*, 1734. My dear Brother,—I can with pleasure answer that the King has spoken of thee altogether favorably to me" (scrape now abolished for the time), "and I think it would not have an ill effect wert thou to apply for leave to go with the Ten Thousand whom he is sending to the Rhine, and do the Campaign with them as volunteer. I am myself going with that Corps, so I doubt not the King would allow thee.

"I take the freedom to send herewith a few bottles of Champagne; and wish" all manner of good things. "FRIDERICH."[2]

This Margraf Heinrich goes; also his elder Brother, Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm, who long persecuted Wilhelmina with his hopes, and who is now about getting Sophie Dorothee, a junior Princess, much better than he merits: Betrothal is the week after these Ten Thousand march[3]—he thirty, she fifteen. He too will go, as will the other pair of Cousin Margraves—Karl, who was once our neighbor in Cüs-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 2d, 8, 9.
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 2d, p. 10.
[3] 16th April, 1734 (Ib., part 1st, p. 14 n.).

trin, and the *Younger* Friedrich Wilhelm, whose fate lies at Prag, if he knew it. Majesty himself will go as volunteer. Are not great things to be done, with Eugene for General? To understand the insignificant Siege of Philipsburg, sum total of the Rhine Campaign, which filled the Crown-Prince's and so many other minds brimful that Summer, and is now wholly out of every mind, the following Excerpt may be admissible:

"The unlucky little Town of Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in that quarter, fortified under difficulties by old Bishops of Speyer, who sometimes resided there,[1] has been dismantled and refortified; has had its Rhine-bridge torn down, and set up again; been garrisoned now by this party, now by that, 'having right of garrison there;' nay, France has sometimes had 'the right of garrison;' and the poor little Town has suffered much, and been tumbled sadly about in the Succession-Wars and perpetual controversies between France and Germany in that quarter. In the time we are speaking of it has a 'flying-bridge' (of I know not what structure), with fortified 'bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*)' on the western or France-ward side of the River. Town's Bulwarks and complex engineering defenses are of good strength, all put in repair for this occasion: Reich and Kaiser have an effective garrison there, and a commandant determined on defense to the uttermost: what the unfortunate Inhabitants, perhaps a thousand or so in number, thought or did under such a visitation of ruin and bombshells, History gives not the least hint any where. 'Quite used to it!' thinks History, and attends to other points.

"The Rhine Valley here is not of great breadth: eastward the heights rise to be mountainous in not many miles. By way of defense to this Valley, in the Eugene-Marlborough Wars, there was, about forty miles southward, or higher up the River than Philipsburg, a military line or chain of posts, going from Stollhofen, a boggy hamlet on the Rhine, with cunning indentations, and learned concatenation of bog and bluff, up into the inaccessibilities—*Lines of Stollhofen* the name of it—which well-devised barrier did good service for certain years. It was not till, I think, the fourth year of their existence, year 1707, that Villars, the same Villars who is now

[1] Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, vi., 169.

in Italy, 'stormed the Lines of Stollhofen,' which made him famous that year.

"The Lines of Stollhofen have now, in 1734, fallen flat again; but Eugene remembers them, and I could guess it was he who suggests a similar expedient. At all events, there is a similar expedient fallen upon: *Lines of Ettlingen* this time; one half nearer Philipsburg; running from Mühlburg on the Rhine-brink up to Ettlingen in the Hills—nearer by twenty miles, and, I guess, much more slightly done. We shall see these Lines of Ettlingen, one point of them, for a moment; and they would not be worth mentioning at all except that in careless Books they too are called Lines of *Stollhofen*,[1] and the ingenuous reader is sent wandering on his map to no purpose."

"Lines of *Ettlingen*" they are, related, as now said, to the Stollhofen set. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Bevern, one of the Four Feldmarschalls, has some ineffectual handful of Imperial troops dotted about within these Lines and on the skirts of Philipsburg, eagerly waiting till the Reichs-Army gather to him, otherwise he must come to nothing; will at any rate, I should think, be happy to resign in favor of Prince Eugene, were that little hero once on the ground.

On May-day, Maréchal Berwick, who has been awake in this quarter, "in three divisions," for a month past—very impatient till Belleisle with the first division should have taken Trarbach, and made the Western interior parts secure—did actually cross the Rhine with his second division "at Fort Louis," well up the River, well south of Philipsburg, intending to attack the Lines of Ettlingen, and so get in upon the Town. There is a third division, about to lay pontoons for itself a good way farther down, which shall attack the Lines simultaneously from within—that is to say, shall come upon the *back* of poor Bevern and his defensive handful of troops, and astonish them there. All prospers to Berwick in this matter: Noailles his lieutenant (not yet gone to Italy till next year), with whom is Maurice Comte de Saxe (afterward Maré-

[1] Wilhelmina (ii., 206), for instance; who, or whose Printer, calls them "Lines of *Stokoff*" even.

chal de Saxe), an excellent observant Officer, marches up to Ettlingen May 3d ; bivouacs "at the base of the mountain" (no great things of a mountain) ; ascends the same in two columns, horse and foot, by the first sunlight next morning ; forms on a little plain on the top ; issues through a thin wood, and actually beholds those same *Lines of Ettlingen*, the outmost eastern end of them, a somewhat inconsiderable matter after all! Here is Noailles's own account.

"These retrenchments, made in Turk fashion, consisted of big trees set zigzag (*en échequier*), twisted together by the branches, the whole about five fathoms thick. Inside of it were a small forlorn of Austrians : these steadily await our grenadiers, and do not give their volley till we are close. Our grenadiers receive their volley ; clear the intertwisted trees after receiving a second volley (total loss seventy-five killed and wounded) ; and—the enemy quits his post, and the Lines of Ettlingen *are* stormed!'[1] This is not like storming the Lines of Stollhofen, a thing to make Noailles famous in the Newspapers for a year. But it was a useful small feat, and well enough performed on his part. The truth is, Berwick was about attacking the Lines simultaneously on the other or Mühlburg end of them (had not Noailles, now victorious, galloped to forbid) ; and, what was far more considerable, those other French to the northward, 'upon pontoons,' are fairly across ; like to be upon the *back* of Duke Ferdinand and his handful of defenders. Duke Ferdinand perceives that he is coming to nothing ; hastily collects his people from their various posts, retreats with them that same night, unpursued, to Heilbronn, and gives up the command to Prince Eugene, who is just arrived there, who took quietly two pinches of snuff on hearing this news of Ettlingen, and said, 'No matter, after all!'"

Berwick now forms the Siege at his discretion ; invests Philipsburg 13th May ;[2] begins firing night of the 3d–4th June, Eugene waiting at Heilbronn till the Reichs-Army come up. The Prussian Ten Thousand do come, all in order, on the 7th ; the rest by degrees, all later, and all *not* quite in

[1] Noailles, *Mémoires* (in Petitot's Collection), iii., 207.

[2] Berwick, ii., 312 ; 23d, says Noailles's Editor (iii., 210).

order. Eugene, the Prussians having joined him, moves down toward Philipsburg and its cannonading; encamps close to rearward of the besieging French—"Camp of Wiesenthal" they call it; Village of Wiesenthal, with bogs, on the left, being his head-quarters; Village of Waghäusel, down near the River, a two-miles distance, being his limit on the right. Berwick, in front, industriously battering Philipsburg into the River, has thrown up strong lines behind him, strongly manned, to defend himself from Eugene; across the River, Berwick has one Bridge, and at the farther end one battery, with which he plays upon the rear of Philipsburg. He is much criticised by unoccupied people: "Eugene's attack will ruin us on those terms!" and much incommoded by overflowings of the Rhine; Rhine swollen by melting of the mountain snows, as is usual there; which inundations Berwick had well foreseen, though the War-minister at Paris would not: "Haste?" answered the War-minister always; "we shall be in right time. I tell you there have fallen no snows this winter: how can inundation be?" "Depends on the heat," said Berwick; "there are snows enough always in stock up there!"

And so it proves, though the War-minister would not believe; and Berwick has to take the inundations, and to take the circumstances, and try if, by his own continual best exertions, he can but get Philipsburg into the bargain. On the 12th of June, visiting his posts, as he daily does, the first thing, Berwick stepped out of the trenches, anxious for a clear view of something; stepped upon "the crest of the sap," a place exposed to both French and Austrian batteries, and which had been forbidden to the soldiers, and there, as he anxiously scanned matters through his glass, a cannon ball, unknown whether French or Austrian, shivered away the head of Berwick; left others to deal with the criticisms, and the inundations, and the operations big or little, at Philipsburg and elsewhere! Siege went on, better or worse, under the next in command, "Paris in great anxiety," say the Books.

It is a hot siege, a stiff defense; Prince Eugene looks on, but does not attack in the way apprehended. Southward in Italy we hear there is marching, strategying in the Parma

Country; Count von Mercy likely to come to an action before long. Northward, Dantzig by this time is all wrapped in fire whirlwinds: its sallyings and outer defenses all driven in; mere torrents of Russian bombs raining on it day and night; French auxiliaries, snapped up at landing, are on board Russian ships; and poor Stanislaus and "the Lady of Quality who shot the first gun" have a bad outlook there. Toward the end of the month, the Berlin volunteer Generals, our Crown-Prince and his Margraves among them, are getting on the road for Philipsburg, and that is properly the one point we are concerned with, which took effect in manner following.

Tuesday evening, 29th June, there is Ball at Monbijou; the Crown-Prince and others busy dancing there, as if nothing special lay ahead. Nevertheless, at three in the morning, he has changed his ball-dress for a better, he and certain more, and is rushing southward, with his volunteer Generals and Margraves, full speed, saluted by the rising sun, toward Philipsburg and the Seat of War. And the same night, King Stanislaus, if any of us cared for him, is on flight from Dantzig, "disguised as a cattle-dealer;" got out on the night of Sunday last, Town under such a rain of bombshells being palpably too hot for him—got out, but can not get across the muddy intricacies of the Weichsel; lies painfully squatted up and down, in obscure ale-houses, in that Stygian Mud-Delta—a matter of life and death to get across, and not a boat to be had, such the vigilance of the Russian. Dantzig is capitulating, dreadful penalties exacted, all the heavier as no Stanislaus is to be found in it; and search, all the keener, rises in the Delta after him. Through perils and adventures of the sort usual on such occasions,[1] Stanislaus does get across, and in time does reach Preussen, where, by Friedrich Wilhelm's order, safe opulent asylum is afforded him till the Fates (when this War ends) determine what is to become of the poor Imaginary Majesty. We leave him, squatted in the

[1] Credible modest detail of them, in a *Letter* from Stanislaus himself (*History of Stanislaus*, already cited: p. 235–248).

intricacies of the Mud-Delta, to follow our Crown-Prince, who in the same hour is rushing far elsewhither.

Margraves, Generals, and he, in their small string of carriages, go on, by extra post, day and night; no rest till they get to Hof, in the Culmbach neighborhood, a good two hundred miles off—near Wilhelmina, and more than half way to Philipsburg. Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm is himself to follow in about a week: he has given strict order against waste of time: "Not to part company; go together, and *not* by Anspach or Baireuth," though they lie almost straight for you.

This latter was a sore clause to Friedrich, who had counted all along on seeing his dear faithful Wilhelmina as he passed; therefore, as the Papa's Orders, dangerous penalty lying in them, can not be literally disobeyed, the question rises, How see Wilhelmina and not Baireuth? Wilhelmina, weak as she is and unfit for traveling, will have to meet him in some neutral place, suitablest for both. After various shiftings, it has been settled between them that Berneck, a little Town twelve miles from Baireuth, on the Hof road, will do, and that Friday, probably early, will be the day. Wilhelmina accordingly is on the road that morning early enough, Husband with her, and ceremonial attendants, in honor of such a Brother: morning is of sultry windless sort; day hotter and hotter; at Berneck is no Crown-Prince in the House appointed for him; hour after hour Wilhelmina waits there in vain. The truth is, one of the smallest accidents has happened: the Generals "lost a wheel at Gera yesterday;" were left behind there with their smiths; have not yet appeared; and the insoluble question among Friedrich and the Margraves is, "We dare not go on without them, then? We dare; dare we?" Question like to drive Friedrich mad, while the hours, at any rate, are slipping on! Here are Three Letters of Friedrich, legible at last, which, with Wilhelmina's account from the other side, represent a small entirely human scene in this French-Austrian War, nearly all of human we have found in the beggarly affair:

1. *To Princess Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, or on the Road to Berneck.*

"Hof, 2d July" (not long after 4 A.M.), "1734.

"My dear Sister,—Here am I within six leagues" (say eight or more, twenty-five miles English) "of a Sister whom I love, and I have to decide that it will be impossible to see her after all!" Does decide so accordingly, for reasons known to us.

"I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending on myself as at this moment. The King being but very sour-sweet on my score, I dare not risk the least thing: Monday come a week, when he arrives himself, I should have a pretty scene (*serais joliment traité*) in the Camp if I were found to have disobeyed orders!

* * "The Queen commands me to give you a thousand regards from her. She appeared much affected at your illness; but for the rest, I could not warrant you how sincere it was, for she is totally changed, and I have quite lost reckoning of her (*n'y connais rien*). That goes so far that she has done me hurt with the King, all she could; however, that is over now. As to Sophie" (young Sister just betrothed to the eldest Margraf, whom you know), "she also is no longer the same, for she approves all that the Queen says or does, and she is charmed with her big clown (*gros nigaud*) of a Bridegroom.

"The King is more difficult than ever: he is content with nothing, so as to have lost whatsoever could be called gratitude for all pleasures one can do him"—marrying against one's will, and the like. "As to his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs, they are always swelled. Judge what my joy must be to get out of that turpitude, for the King will only stay a fortnight, at most, in the Camp.

"Adieu, my adorable Sister; I am so tired I can not stir, having left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at three o'clock from a ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at four. I recommend myself to your gracious remembrance, and am, for my own part, till death, dearest sister," your "FRIEDRICH."[1]

This is Letter First, written Friday morning, on the edge of getting into bed after such fatigue, and it has, as natural in that mood, given up the matter in despair. It did not

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 13.

meet Wilhelmina on the road, and she had left Baireuth; where it met her I do not know; probably at home, on her return, when all was over. Let Wilhelmina now speak her own lively experiences of that same Friday:

"I got to Berneck at ten. The heat was excessive; I found myself quite worn out with the little journey I had done. I alighted at the House which had been got ready for my Brother. We waited for him, and in vain waited, till three in the afternoon. At three we lost patience; had dinner served without him. While we were at table there came on a frightful thunder-storm. I have witnessed nothing so terrible: the thunder roared and reverberated among the rocky cliffs which begirdle Berneck, and it seemed as if the world was going to perish: a deluge of rain succeeded the thunder.

"It was four o'clock, and I could not understand what had become of my Brother. I had sent out several persons on horseback to get tidings of him, and none of them came back. At length, in spite of all my prayers, the Hereditary Prince" (my excellent Husband) "himself would go in search. I remained waiting till nine at night, and nobody returned. I was in cruel agitations: these cataracts of rain are very dangerous in the mountain countries; the roads get suddenly overflowed, and there often happen misfortunes. I thought, for certain, there had one happened to my Brother or to the Hereditary Prince." Such a 2d of July to poor Wilhelmina!

"At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my Brother had changed his route, and was gone to Culmbach" (a House of ours lying westward, known to readers), "there to stay over night. I was for setting out thither—Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck—but the roads are frightful" (White Mayn, still a young River, dashing through the rock-labyrinths there) "and full of precipices: every body rose in opposition; and, whether I would or not, they put me into the carriage for Himmelkron" (partly on the road thither), "which is only about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road, the waters were so swollen" (White Mayn and its angry brooks); "the horses could not cross but by swimming.

"I arrived at last, about one in the morning. I instantly threw myself on a bed. I was like to die with weariness, and in mortal terror that something had happened to my Brother or the Hereditary Prince. This latter relieved me on his own

score ; he arrived at last, about four o'clock ; had still no news farther of my Brother. I was beginning to doze a little, when they came to warn me that 'M. von Knobelsdorf wished to speak with me from the Prince Royal.' I darted out of bed and ran to him. He," handing me a Letter, "brought word that—"

But let us now give Letter Second, which has turned up lately, and which curiously completes the picture here. Friedrich, on rising refreshed with sleep at Hof, had taken a cheerfuler view, and the Generals still lagging rearward, he thinks it possible to see Wilhelmina after all. Possible, and yet so very dangerous—perhaps not possible? Here is a second Letter, written from Münchberg, some fifteen miles farther on, at an after period of the same Friday ; purport still of a perplexed nature, "I will, and I dare not ;" practical outcome, of itself uncertain, is scattered now by torrents and thunder-storms. This is the Letter which Knobelsdorf now hands to Wilhelmina at that untimely hour of Saturday :

2. *To Princess Wilhelmina* (by Knobelsdorf).

Münchberg, 2d July, 1734.

"My dearest Sister,—I am in despair that I can not satisfy my impatience and my duty—to throw myself at your feet this day. But alas ! dear Sister, it does not depend on me : we poor Princes," the Margraves and I, "are obliged to wait here till our Generals" (Bredow, Schulenburg, and Company) "come up ; we dare not go along without them. They broke a wheel in Gera" (fifty miles behind us) ; "hearing nothing of them since we are absolutely forced to wait here. Judge in what a mood I am, and what sorrow must be mine ! Express order not to go by Baireuth or Anspach : forbear, dear sister, to torment me on things not depending on myself at all !

"I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to you. I hope it might still be at Berneck" this evening—"if you could contrive a road into the Nürnberg Highway again, avoiding Baireuth ; otherwise I dare not go. The Bearer, who is Captain Knobelsdorf" (excellent judicious man, old acquaintance from the Cüstrin time, who attends upon us, actual Captain once, but

now titular merely, given to architecture and the fine arts [1]), "will apprise you of every particular: let Knobelsdorf settle something that may be possible. This is how I stand at present; and instead of having to expect some favor from the King" (after what I have done by his order), "I get nothing but chagrin. But what is crueler upon me than all is that you are ill. God, in his grace, be pleased to help you, and restore the precious health which I so much wish you! * *

"FRIEDRICH." [2]

Judicious Knobelsdorf settles that the meeting is to be this very morning at eight. Wilhelmina (whose memory a little fails her in the insignificant points) does not tell us where, but, by faint indications, I perceive it was in the Lake-House, pleasant Pavilion in the ancient artificial Lake, or big ornamental Fish-pond called *Brandenburger Weiher*, a couple of miles to the north of Baireuth: there Friedrich is to stop, keeping the Paternal Order from the teeth outward in this manner—eight o'clock; so that Wilhelmina is obliged at once to get upon the road again—poor Princess, after such a day and night. Her description of the Interview is very good:

"My Brother overwhelmed me with caresses, but found me in so pitiable a state he could not restrain his tears. I was not able to stand on my limbs, and felt like to faint every moment, so weak was I. He told me the King was much angered at the Margraf" (my Father-in-Law) "for not letting his Son make the Campaign," concerning which point, said Son, my Husband, being Heir-Apparent, there had been much arguing in Court and Country, here at Baireuth, and endless anxiety on my poor part lest he should get killed in the Wars. "I told him all the Margraf's reasons, and added that surely they were good in respect of my dear Husband. 'Well,' said he, 'let him quit soldiering then, and give back his regiment to the King. But for the rest, quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if he do go, for I know, by certain information, that there will be no blood spilled.' 'They are at

[1] Seyfarth (Anonymous): *Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1786), ii., 200. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii., 33. Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten* (Berlin, 1838), p. 8, 17.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 15.

the siege of Philipsburg, however.' 'Yes,' said my Brother; 'But there will not be a Battle risked to hinder it.'

"The Hereditary Prince," my Husband, "came in while we were talking so, and earnestly entreated my Brother to get him away from Baireuth. They went to a window, and talked a long time together. In the end, my Brother told me he would write a very obliging Letter to the Margraf, and give him such reasons in favor of the Campaign that he doubted not it would turn the scale. 'We will stay together,' said he addressing the Hereditary Prince; 'and I shall be charmed to have my dear Brother always beside me,' He wrote the Letter; gave it to Baron Stein" (Chamberlain or Gold-stick of ours) "to deliver to the Margraf. He promised to obtain the King's express leave to stop at Baireuth on his return, after which he went away. It was the last time I saw him on the old footing with me: he has much changed since then. We returned to Baireuth, where I was so ill that for three days they did not think I should get over it."[1]

Crown-Prince dashes off southwestward through cross country into the Nürnberg Road again; gets to Nürnberg that same Saturday night, and there, among other Letters, writes the following, which will wind up this little Incident for us still in a human manner:

3. *To Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.*

"Nürnberg, 3d July, 1734.

"My dearest (*très-chère*) Sister,—It would be impossible to quit this place without signifying, dearest Sister, my lively gratitude for all the marks of favor you showed me in the *Weiherhaus*" (House on the Lake to-day). "The highest of all that it was possible to do was that of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg millions of pardons for so putting you about, dearest Sister, but I could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances well enough. In my great joy, I forgot to give you the Inclosed. I entreat you, write me often news of your health. Question the Doctors; and"—and in certain contingencies, the Crown-Prince "would recommend goat's milk" for his poor Sister. Had already, what was noted of him in after-life, a tendency to give medical advice in cases interesting to him?

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 200–202.

"Adieu, my incomparable and dear Sister. I am always the same to you, and will remain so till my death.

"FRIEDRICH." [1]

Generals with their wheel mended, Margraves, Prince, and now the Camp-Equipage too, are all at Nürnberg, and start on the morrow; hardly a hundred miles now to be done, but on slower terms, owing to the Equipage. Heilbronn, place of arms or central stronghold of the Reichs-Army, they reach on Monday; about Eppingen, next night, if the wind is westerly, one may hear the cannon—not without interest. It was Wednesday forenoon, 7th July, 1734, on some hill-top coming down from Eppingen side, that the Prince first saw Philipsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine Valley yonder with its fire and counter-fire, and the Tents of Eugene stretching on this side: first view he ever had of the actualities of war. His account to Papa is so distinct and good, we look through it almost as at first-hand for a moment:

"Camp at Wiesenthal, Wednesday, 7th July, 1734.

"Most All-gracious Father,—* * We left Nürnberg" (nothing said of our Baireuth affair), "4th early, and did not stop till Heilbronn, where, along with the Equipage, I arrived on the 5th. Yesterday I came with the Equipage to Eppingen" (twenty miles; a slow march, giving the fourgons time); "and this morning we came to the Camp at Wiesenthal. I have dined with General Röder" (our Prussian Commander); "and, after dinner, rode with Prince Eugene while giving the parole. I handed him my All-gracious Father's Letter, which much rejoiced him. After the Parole I went to see the relieving of our out-posts" (change of sentries there), "and view the French retrenchment.

"We," your Majesty's Contingent, "are throwing up three redoubts: at one of them to-day, three musketeers have been miserably shot" (*geschossen*, wounded, not quite killed); "two are of Röder's, and one is of Finckenstein's regiment.

"To-morrow I will ride to a village which is on our right wing, Waghäusel the name of it" [2] (not a mile off, north of us, near by the Rhine): "there is a steeple there, from which

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st., p. 57.

[2] Büsching, v., 1152.

one can see the French Camp; from this point I will ride down, between the two Lines," French and ours, "to see what they are like.

"There are quantities of hurdles and fascines being made, which, as I hear, are to be employed in one of two different plans. The first plan is to attack the French retrenchment generally; the ditch which is before it, and the morass which lies on our left wing, to be made passable with these fascines. The other plan is to amuse the Enemy by a false attack, and throw succor into the Town. One thing is certain, in a few days we shall have a stroke of work here. Happen what may, my All-gracious Father may be assured that," &c., "and that I will do nothing unworthy of him. FRIEDRICH."[1]

Neither of those fine plans took effect; nor did any thing take effect, as we shall see. But in regard to that "survey from the steeple of Waghäusel, and ride home again between the Lines"—in regard to that, or, at any rate, in the suite of that, here is an authentic fraction of anecdote which should be introduced. A certain Herr von Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin, occasionally mentioned here, stood in much Correspondence with the Crown-Prince in the years now following —Correspondence which was all published at the due distance of time, Suhm having, at his decease, left the Prince's Letters carefully assorted with that view, and furnished with a Prefatory "Character of the Prince Royal (*Portrait du Prince Royal, par M. de Suhm*)," of which Preface this is a small paragraph, relating to the Siege of Philipsburg, offering us a momentary glance into one fibre of the futile War now going on there. Of Suhm, and how exact he was, we shall know a little by-and-by. Of "Prince von Lichtenstein," an Austrian man and soldier of much distinction afterward, we have only to say that he came to Berlin next year on Diplomatic business, and that probably enough he had been eye-witness to the little fact—fact credible perhaps without much proving. We are sorry there is no date to it, no detail to give it whereabout and fixity in our conception; the poor little Anecdote, though indubitable, has to hang vaguely in the air. However, these words, "Lines of Philipsburg and Crown-Prince," do

[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 79.

approximately date it—bring it between 7th July and 18th July, when the Siege ended. Ten days to guess upon, of which this very first, July 7th, the day of the Prince's arrival, is as likely as another. Herr von Suhm writes (not for publication till after Friedrich's death and his own):

"It was remarked in the Rhine Campaign of 1734 that this Prince has a great deal of intrepidity (*beaucoup de valeur*). On one occasion among others" (perhaps this very day, riding home from Waghäusel between the Lines), "when he had gone to reconnoitre the Lines of Philipsburg, with a good many people about him, passing, on his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot from the Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down several trees from his side, during all which he walked his horse along at the old pace, precisely as if nothing were happening, nor in his hand upon the bridle was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who gave attention to the matter remarked, on the contrary, that he did not discontinue speaking very tranquilly to some Generals who accompanied him, and who admired his bearing in a kind of danger with which he had not yet had occasion to familiarize himself. It is from the Prince von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote."[1]

On the 15th arrived his Majesty in person, with the old Dessauer, Buddenbrock, Derschau, and a select suite, in hopes of witnessing remarkable feats of war now that the crisis of Philipsburg was coming on. Many princes were assembled there in the like hope: Prince of Orange (honeymoon well ended[2]), a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back; Princes of Baden, Darmstadt, Waldeck: all manner of Princes and distinguished personages, Fourscore Princes of them by tale, the eyes of Europe being turned on this matter, and on old Eugene's guidance of it. Prince Fred, of England, even he had a notion of coming to learn war.

[1] *Correspondence de Frédéric II. avec M. de Suhm* (Berlin, 1787); Avant-propos, p. xviii. (written 28th April, 1740). The *Correspondence* is all in *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xvi., 247–408), but the Suhm Preface not.

[2] Had wedded Princess Anne, George II.'s eldest, 25th (14th) March, 1734, to the joy of self and mankind in England here.

It was about this time, not many weeks ago, that Fred, now falling into much discrepancy with his Father, and at a loss for a career to himself, appeared on a sudden in the Antechamber at St. James's one day, and solemnly demanded an interview with his Majesty, which his indignant Majesty, after some conference with Walpole, decided to grant. Prince Fred, when admitted, made three demands : 1°. To be allowed to go upon the Rhine Campaign, by way of a temporary career for himself : 2°. That he might have something definite to live upon, a fixed revenue being suitable in his circumstances ; 3°. That, after those sad Prussian disappointments, some suitable Consort might be chosen for him, heart and household lying in such waste condition. Poor Fred, who of us knows what of sense might be in these demands? Few creatures more absurdly situated are to be found in this world. To go where his equals were, and learn soldiering a little, might really have been useful. Paternal Majesty received Fred and his Three Demands with fulminating look ; answered, to the first two, nothing, to the third, about a Consort, "Yes, you shall ; but be respectful to the Queen ; and now off with you ! away ! "[1]

Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him : young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse ; young Lyttelton of Hagley, our old Soissons friend, not to mention others of worse type, to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is important for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than "write madrigals" in this world : infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has ; he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth ; and he is the Fire-ship those older hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman, and for the elder ones concerned with him ! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign, nor indeed ever to any thing except to writing madrigals, and being very futile, dissolute, and miserable with what of talent Nature had given

[1] Coxe's *Walpole*, i., 322.

him. Let us pity the poor Constitutional Prince. Our Fritz was only in danger of losing his life, but what is that to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fire-ship to his Majesty's Opposition?

Friedrich Wilhelm staid a month campaigning here: graciously declined Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in Headquarters, under a roof and within built walls; preferred a tent among his own people, and took the common hardships—with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterward found.

In these weeks, the big Czarina, who has set a price (100,000 rubles, say £15,000) upon the head of poor Stanislaus, hears that his Prussian Majesty protects him, and thereupon signifies in high terms that she, by her Feldmarschall Münnich, will come across the frontiers and seize the said Stanislaus, to which his Prussian Majesty answers positively, though in proper Diplomatic tone, "Madam, I will in no wise permit it!" Perhaps his Majesty's remarkablest transaction here on the Rhine was this concerning Stanislaus; for Seckendorf the Feldzeugmeister was here also, on military function, not forgetful of the Diplomacies, who busily assailed his Majesty, on the Kaiser's part, in the same direction: "Give up Stanislaus, your Majesty! How ridiculous (*lächerlich*) to be perhaps ruined for Stanislaus!" but without the least effect now or afterward.

Poor Stanislaus, in the beginning of July, got across into Preussen, as we intimated, and there he continued, safe against any amount of rubles and Feldmarschalls, entreaties and menaces. At Angerburg, on the Prussian frontier, he found a steadfast veteran, Lieutenant General von Katte, Commandant in those parts (Father of a certain poor Lieutenant whom we tragically knew of long ago!) which veteran gentleman received the Fugitive Majesty[1] with welcome in the King's name, and assurances of an honorable asylum till the times and roads should clear again for his fugitive Majesty. Fugitive Majesty, for whom the roads and times were very dark at present, went to Marienwerder; talked of going "to Pillau

[1] *Militair Lexikon*, ii., 254.

for a sea-passage," of going to various places ; went finally to Königsberg, and there—with a considerable Polish Suite of Fugitives, very moneyless and very expensive, most of them, who had accumulated about him—set up his abode. There, for almost two years – in fact, till this War ended—the Fugitive Polish Majesty continued, Friedrich Wilhelm punctually protecting him, and even paying him a small Pension (£50 a month), France, the least it could do for the Grandfather of France, allowing a much larger one—larger, though still inadequate. France has left its Grandfather strangely in the lurch here, with "100,000 rubles on his head." But Friedrich Wilhelm knows the sacred rites, and will do them ; continues deaf as a door-post alike to the menaces and the entreaties of Kaiser and Czarina, strictly intimating to Münnich what the Laws of Neutrality are, and that they must be observed, which, by his Majesty's good arrangements, Münnich, willing enough to the contrary, had it been feasible, found himself obliged to comply with. Prussian Majesty, like a King and a gentleman, would listen to no terms about dismissing or delivering up, or otherwise failing in the sacred rites to Stanislaus, but honorably kept him there till the times and routes cleared themselves again.[1] A plain piece of duty, punctually done ; the beginning of it falls here in the Camp at Philipsburg, July–August, 1734 ; in May, 1736, we shall see some glimpse of the end.

His Prussian Majesty in Camp at Philipsburg—so distinguished a volunteer doing us the honor to encamp here—"was asked to all the Councils of War that were held," say the Books. And he did attend, the Crown-Prince and he, on important occasions ; but, alas ! there was, so to speak, nothing to be consulted of. Fascines and hurdles lay useless ; no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. On the third day after his Majesty's arrival, July 18th, Philipsburg, after a stiff defense of six weeks, growing hopeless of relief, had to surrender ; French then proceeded to repair Philipsburg, no attempt on Eugene's part, to molest them there. If they try

[1] Förster, ii , 132, 134–136.

ulterior operations on this side the River, he counter-tries, and that is all.

Our Crown-Prince, somewhat of a judge in after years, is maturely of opinion that the French Lines were by no means inexpugnable ; that the French Army might have been ruined under an attack of the proper kind.[1] Their position was bad ; no room to unfold themselves for fight except with the Town's cannon playing on them all the while ; only one Bridge to get across by in case of coming to the worse ; defeat of them probable, and ruin to them inevitable in case of defeat. But Prince Eugene, with an Army little to his mind (Reichs Contingents not to be depended on, thought Eugene), durst not venture : "Seventeen victorious Battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?"

It is probable the old Dessauer, had he been Generalissimo, with this same Army—in which, even in the Reichs part of it, we know Ten Thousand of an effective character—would have done some stroke upon the French ; but Prince Eugene would not try. Much dimmed from his former self, this old hero ; age now 73 ; a good deal wearied with the long march through Time. And this very Summer, his Brother's Son, the last male of his House, had suddenly died of inflammatory fever ; left the old man very mournful : "Alone, alone, at the end of one's long march ; laurels have no fruit, then?" He stood cautious, on the defensive, and in this capacity is admitted to have shown skillful management.

But Philipsburg being taken, there is no longer the least event to be spoken of ; the Campaign passed into a series of advancings, retreatings, facings, and then right-about facings —painful manœuvrings on both sides of the Rhine and on the Neckar—without result farther to the French, without memorability to either side. About the middle of August Friedrich Wilhelm went away ; health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations and mere distressing phenomena. Crown-Prince Friedrich and a select party escorted his Majesty to Maintz, where was a Dinner of unusual sublimity by the Kurfürst there ;[2] Dinner done, his

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i., 167. [2] 15th August (Fassmann, p. 511.)

Majesty stepped on board "the Electoral Yacht," and in this fine hospitable vehicle went sweeping through the Binger Loch rapidly down toward Wesel, and the Crown-Prince and party returned to their Camp, which is upon the Neckar at this time.

Camp shifts about, and Crown-Prince in it: to Heidelberg, to Waiblingen, Weinheim; close to Maintz at one time; but it is not worth following; nor in Friedrich's own Letters, or in other documents, is there, on the best examination, any thing considerable to be gleaned respecting his procedures there. He hears of the ill success in Italy, Battle of Parma, at the due date, with the natural feelings; speaks with a sorrowful gayety of the muddy fatigues, futilities here on the Rhine; has the sense, however, not to blame his superiors unreasonably. Here, from one of his Letters to Colonel Camas, is a passage worth quoting for the credit of the writer. With Camas, a distinguished Prussian Frenchman, whom we mentioned elsewhere, still more with Madam Camas in time coming, he corresponded much, often in a fine filial manner:

"The present Campaign is a school, where profit may be reaped from observing the confusion and disorder which reigns in this Army: it has been a field very barren in laurels; and those who have been used, all their life, to gather such, and on Seventeen distinguished occasions have done so, can get none this time." Next year we all hope to be on the Moselle, and to find that a fruitfuler field. * * * "I am afraid, dear Camas, you think I am going to put on the cothurnus; to set up for a small Eugene, and, pronouncing with a doctoral tone what each should have done and not have done, condemn and blame to right and left. No, my dear Camas; far from carrying my arrogance to that point, I admire the conduct of our Chief, and do not disapprove that of his worthy Adversary; and far from forgetting the esteem and consideration due to persons who, scarred with wounds, have by years and long service gained a consummate experience, I shall hear them more willingly than ever as my teachers, and try to learn from them how to arrive at honor, and what is the shortest road into the secret of this Profession."[1]

[1] "Camp at Heidelberg, 11th September, 1734" (*Œuvres*, xvi., 131).

This other to Lieutenant Gröben, three weeks earlier in date, shows us a different aspect, which is at least equally authentic, and may be worth taking with us. Groben is Lieutenant—I suppose still of the Regiment Goltz, though he is left there behind; at any rate, he is much a familiar with the Prince at Ruppin; was ringleader, it is thought, in those midnight pranks upon parsons, and the other escapades there;[1] a merry man, eight years older than the Prince, with whom it is clear enough he stands on a very free footing. Philipsburg was lost a month ago; French are busy repairing it, and manœuvring, with no effect, to get into the interior of Germany a little. Weinheim is a little Town on the north side of the Neckar, a dozen miles or so from Mannheim, out of which and into which the Prussian Corps goes shifting from time to time, as Prince Eugene and the French manœuvre to no purpose in that Rhine-Neckar Country. "*Herdek Teremtetem*," it appears, is a bit of Hungarian swearing; should be *Ordek teremtete*, and means "The Devil made you!"

"Weinheim, 17th August, 1734.

"*Herdek Teremtetem!* 'Went with them, got hanged with them,'[2] said the Bielefeld Innkeeper. So will it be with me, poor devil, for I go dawdling about with this Army here, and the French will have the better of us. We want to be over the Neckar again" (to the South or Philipsburg side), "and the rogues won't let us. What most provokes me in the matter is that, while we are here in such a wilderness of trouble, doing our utmost, by military labors and endurances, to make ourselves heroic, thou sittest, thou devil, at home!

"Duc de Bouillon has lost his equipage; our Hussars took it at Landau" (other side the Rhine a while ago). "Here we stand in mud to the ears; fifteen of the Regiment Alt-Baden have sunk altogether in the mud. Mud comes of a waterspout, or sudden cataract of rain there was in these Heidelberg Countries; two villages, Fuhrenheim and Sandhausen, it swam away, every stick of them (*ganz und gar*).

"Captain von Stojentin, of Regiment Flans," one of our eight Regiments here, "has got wounded in the head in an

[1] Büsching, v., 20.

[2] "*Mitgegangen, mitgehangen;*" Letter is in German.

affair of honor; he is still alive, and it is hoped he will get through it.

"The Drill-Demon has now got into the Kaiser's people too: Prince Eugene is grown heavier with his drills than we ourselves. He is often three hours at it, and the Kaiser's people curse us for the same, at a frightful rate. Adieu. If the Devil don't get thee, he ought. Therefore *vale*.[1]

FRIEDRICH."

No laurels to be gained here, but plenty of mud and laborious hardship, met, as we perceive, with youthful stoicism of the derisive, and perhaps of better forms. Friedrich is Twenty-two and some months when he makes his first Campaign. The general physiognomy of his behavior in it we have to guess from these few indications. No doubt he profited by it on the military side, and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even "the confusions of this Army," and what comes of them to Armies! For the rest, the society of Eugene, Lichtenstein, and so many Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish, they were here as the *alphabet* of it to him—important for years coming. Nay, it is not doubted the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management—"Army left seven days without bread" for one instance—gave him afterward the highly important notion that such Army could be beaten if necessary!

Wilhelmina says his chief comrade was Margraf Heinrich, the *Ill* Margraf, who was *cut* by Friedrich in after years for some unknown bad behavior. Margraf Heinrich "led him into all manner of excesses," says Wilhelmina—probably in the language of exaggeration. He himself tells her, in one of his *Letters*, a day or two before Papa's departure, "The Camp is soon to be close on Maintz; nothing but the Rhine between Maintz and our right wing, where my place is; and,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 181.

so soon as Serenissimus goes" (*Le Sérénissime*, so he irreverently names Papa), "I mean to be across for some sport," '— no doubt the Ill Margraf with me! With the Elder Margraf, little Sophie's Betrothed, whom he called "big clown" in a Letter we read, he is at this date in open quarrel—"*brouillé à toute outrance* with the mad Son-in-law, who is the wildest wild-beast of all this Camp."[2]

Wilhelmina's Husband had come in the beginning of August, but was not so happy as he expected; considerably cut out by the Ill Heinrich. Here is a small adventure they had, mentioned by Friedrich, and copiously recorded by Wilhelmina—adventure on some River, which we could guess, if it were worth guessing, to have been the Neckar, not the Rhine. French had a fortified post on the farther side of this River; Crown-Prince, Ill Margraf, and Wilhelmina's Husband were quietly looking about them, riding up the other side; Wilhelmina's Husband decided to take a pencil-drawing of the French post, and paused for that object. Drawing was proceeding unmolested, when his foolish Baireuth Hussar, having an excellent rifle (*arquebuse rayée*) with him, took it into his head to have a shot at the French sentries at long range. His shot hit nothing, but it awakened the French animosity, as was natural; the French began diligently firing, and might easily have done mischief. My Husband, volleying out some rebuke upon the blockhead of a Hussar, finished his drawing in spite of the French bullets, then rode up to the Crown-Prince and Ill Margraf, who had got their share of what was going, and were in no good humor with him. Ill Margraf rounded things into the Crown-Prince's ear in an unmannerly way, with glances at my Husband; who understood it well enough, and promptly coerced such ill-bred procedures, intimating, in a polite impressive way, that they would be dangerous if persisted in, which reduced the Ill Margraf to a spiteful but silent condition. No other harm was done at that time; the French bullets all went awry, or "even fell short, being sucked in by the river," thinks Wilhelmina.[3]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii, part 1st, p. 4 (13th Aug.). [2] Ib.

[3] Wilhelmina, ii., 208, 209; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii, part 1st, p. 19.

A more important feature of the Crown-Prince's life in these latter weeks is the news he gets of his Father. Friedrich Wilhelm, after quitting the Electoral Yacht, did his reviewing at Wesel, at Bielefeld, all his reviewing in those Rhine and Weser Countries, then turned aside to pay a promised visit to Ginkel, the Berlin Dutch Embassador, who has a fine House in those parts, and there his Majesty has fallen seriously ill. Obliged to pause at Ginkel's, and then at his own Schloss of Moyland for some time ; does not reach Potsdam till the 14th September,[1] and then in a weak, worsening, and altogether dangerous condition, which lasts for months to come. Wrecks of gout, they say, and of all manner of nosological mischief ; falling to dropsy. Case desperate, think all the Newspapers, in a cautious form, which is Friedrich Wilhelm's own opinion pretty much, and that of those better informed. Here are thoughts for a Crown-Prince well affected to his Father, yet suffering much from him which is grievous. To by-standers one now makes a different figure : "A Crown-Prince who may be King one of these days, whom a little adulation were well spent upon!" From within and from without come agitating influences ; thoughts which must be rigorously repressed, and which are not wholly repressible. The soldiering Crown-Prince, from about the end of September, for the last week or two of this Campaign, is secretly no longer quite the same to himself or to others.

Glimpse of Lieutenant Chasot, and of other Acquisitions.

We have still two little points to specify, or to bring up from the rearward whither they are fallen, in regard to this Campaign, after which the wearisome Campaign shall terminate, Crown-Prince leading his Ten Thousand to Frankfurt, toward their winter-quarters in Westphalia, and then himself running across from Frankfurt (October 5th) to see Wilhelmina for a day or two on the way homeward—with much pleasure to all parties, my readers and me included!

First point is, That, some time in this Campaign, probably toward the end of it, the Crown-Prince, Old Dessauer, and

[1] Fassman, p. 512–533 : September, 1734–January, 1735.

some others with them, "procured passports," went across, and "saw the French Camp," and what new phenomena were in it for them—where, when, how, or with what impression left on either side, we do not learn. It was not much of a Camp for military admiration, this of the French.[1] There were old soldiers of distinction in it here and there; a few young soldiers diligently studious of their art; and a great many young fops of high birth and high ways, strutting about "in red-heeled shoes," with "Commissions got from Court" for this War, and nothing of the soldier but the epaulettes and plumages—apt to be "insolent" among their poorer comrades. From all parties, young and old, even from that insolent red-heel party, nothing but the highest finish of politeness could be visible on this particular occasion. Doubtless all passed in the usual satisfactory manner, and the Crown-Prince got his pleasant excursion, and materials, more or less, for after-thought and comparison; but as there is nothing whatever of it on record for us but the bare fact, we leave it to the reader's imagination—fact being indubitable, and details not inconceivable to lively readers. Among the French dignitaries doing the honors of their Camp on this occasion, he was struck by the General's Adjutant, a "Count de Rottembourg" (properly *von Rothenburg*, of German birth, kinsman to the Rothenburg whom we have seen as French Embassador at Berlin long since), a promising young Soldier, whom he did not lose sight of again, but acquired in due time to his own service, and found to be of eminent worth there. A Count von Schmettau, two Brothers von Schmettau, here in the Austrian service, superior men, Prussian by birth, and very fit to be acquired by-and-by, these the Crown-Prince had already noticed in this Rhine Campaign, having always his eyes open to phenomena of that kind.

The *second* little point is of date perhaps two months anterior to that of the French Camp, and is marked sufficiently in this Excerpt from our confused manuscripts.

Before quitting Philipsburg, there befell one slight advent-

[1] *Mémoires de Noailles* (passim).

ure, which, though it seemed to be nothing, is worth recording here. One day, date not given, a young French Officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, though much flurried at the moment, came across as involuntary deserter, flying from a great peril in his own camp. The name of him is Chasot, Lieutenant of such and such a Regiment: "Take me to Prince Eugene!" he entreats, which is done. Peril was this: A high young gentleman, one of those fops in red heels, ignorant, and capable of insolence to a poorer comrade of studious turn, had fixed a duel upon Chasot. Chasot ran him through in fair duel; dead, and is thought to have deserved it. "But Duc de Boufflers is his kinsman: run, or you are lost!" cried every body. The Officers of his Regiment hastily redacted some certificate for Chasot, hastily signed it, and Chasot ran, scarcely waiting to pack his baggage.

"Will not your Serene Highness protect me?" "Certainly," said Eugene; gave Chasot a lodging among his own people, and appointed one of them, Herr Brender by name, to show him about, and teach him the nature of his new quarters. Chasot, a brisk, ingenuous young fellow, soon became a favorite, eager to be useful where possible, and very pleasant in discourse, said every body.

By-and-by—still at Philipsburg, as would seem, though it is not said—the Crown-Prince heard of Chasot; asked Brender to bring him over. Here is Chasot's own account, through which, as through a small eyelet-hole, we peep once more, and for the last time, direct into the Crown-Prince's Campaign-life on this occasion:

"Next morning at ten o'clock, the appointed hour, Brender having ordered out one of his horses for me, I accompanied him to the Prince, who received us in his Tent, behind which he had, hollowed out to the depth of three or four feet, a large Dining-room, with windows, and a roof," I hope of good height, "thatched with straw. His Royal Highness, after two hours' conversation, in which he had put a hundred questions to me" (a Prince desirous of knowing the facts), "dismissed us, and at parting bade me return often to him in the evenings.

"It was in this Dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, the day after next, that the Prussian guard introduced a Trumpet from Monsieur d'Asfeld" (French Commander-in-Chief since Berwick's death), "with my three horses, sent over from the French Army. Prince Eugene, who was present, and in good humor, said, 'We must sell those horses—they

don't speak German ; Brender will take care to mount you some way or other.' Prince Lichtenstein immediately put a price on my horses, and they were sold on the spot at three times their worth. The Prince of Orange, who was of this Dinner" (slightly crookbacked witty gentleman, English honeymoon well over), "said to me in half-whisper, 'Monsieur, there is nothing like selling horses to people who have dined well.'

"After this sale I found myself richer than I had ever been in my life. The Prince Royal sent me, almost daily, a groom and led horse, that I might come to him, and sometimes follow him in his excursions. At last he had it proposed to me by M. de Brender, and even by Prince Eugene, to accompany him to Berlin," which of course I did, taking Ruppin first. "I arrived at Berlin from Ruppin in 1734, two days after the marriage of Friedrich Wilhelm, Margraf of Schwedt" (Ill Margraf's elder Brother, wildest wild-beast of this Camp), "with the Princess Sophie"—that is to say, 12th of November ; Marriage having been on the 10th, as the Books teach us. Chasot remembers that on the 14th "the Crown-Prince gave in his Berlin mansion a dinner to all the Royal Family" in honor of that auspicious wedding.[1]

Thus is Chasot established with the Crown-Prince. He will turn up fighting well in subsequent parts of this History, and again dueling fatally, though nothing of a quarrelsome man, as he asserts.

Crown-Prince's Visit to Baireuth on the way home.

October 4th, the Crown-Prince has parted with Prince Eugene, not to meet again in this world—"an old hero gone to the shadow of himself," says the Crown-Prince[2]—and is giving his Prussian War-Captains a farewell dinner at Frankfurt on the Mayn, having himself led the Ten Thousand so far toward Winter-quarters, and handing them over now to their usual commanders. They are to winter in Westphalia, these Ten Thousand, in the Paderborn-Münster Country, where they are nothing like welcome to the Ruling Powers, nor are intended to be so, Kur-Köln (proprietor there) and his Brother

[1] Kurd von Schlözer: *Chasot* (Berlin, 1856), p. 20–22. A pleasant little Book, tolerably accurate, and of very readable quality.

[2] *Œuvres* (*Mem. de Brandebourg*), i., 167.

of Bavaria having openly French leanings. The Prussian Ten Thousand will have to help themselves to the essential, therefore, without welcome, and things are not pleasant; and the Ruling Powers, by protocoling, still more the Commonalty if it try at mobbing,[1] can only make them worse. Indeed, it is said the Ten Thousand, though their bearing was so perfect otherwise, generally behaved rather ill in their marches over Germany during this War, and always worst, it was remarked by observant persons, in the countries (Bamberg and Würzburg, for instance) where their Officers had in past years been in recruiting troubles, whereby observant persons explained the phenomenon to themselves. But we omit all that, our concern lying elsewhere. "Directly after dinner at Frankfurt," the Crown-Prince drives off, rapidly as his wont is, toward Baireuth. He arrives there on the morrow; "October 5th," says Wilhelmina, who again illuminates him to us, though with oblique lights, for an instant.

Wilhelmina was in low spirits—weak health; add funeral of the Prince of Culmbach (killed in the Battle of Parma), illness of Papa, and other sombre events—and was by no means content with the Crown-Prince on this occasion. Strangely altered since we met him in July last! It may be, the Crown-Prince, looking with an airy buoyancy of mind toward a certain Event probably near, has got his young head inflated a little, and carries himself with a height new to this beloved Sister; but probably the sad humor of the Princess herself has a good deal to do with it. Alas! the contrast between a heart knowing secretly its own bitterness, and a friend's heart conscious of joy and triumph, is harsh and shocking to the former of the two! Here is the Princess's account, with the subtrahend, twenty-five or seventy-five per cent., *not* deducted from it:

"My Brother arrived the 5th of October. He seemed to me put out (*décontenancé*); and to break off conversation with me, he said he had to write to the King and Queen. I ordered him pen and paper. He wrote in my room, and spent

[1] "28th March, 1735" (Fassmann, p. 547); Buchholz, i., 136.

more than a good hour in writing a couple of Letters of a line or two each. He then had all the Court, one after the other, introduced to him ; said nothing to any of them ; looked merely with a mocking air at them ; after which we went to dinner.

"Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing (*turlupiner*) whatever he saw, and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, the words 'little Prince,' 'little Court.' I was shocked, and could not understand how he had changed so suddenly toward me. The etiquette of all Courts in the Empire is, that nobody who has not at the least the rank of Captain can sit at a Prince's table : my Brother put a Lieutenant there who was in his suite, saying to me, 'A King's Lieutenants are as good as a Margraf's Ministers.' I swallowed this incivility, and showed no sign.

"After dinner, being alone with me, he said"—turning up the flippant side of his thoughts, truly, in a questionable way —"'Our Sire is going to end (*tire à sa fin*) ; he will not live out this month. I know I have made you great promises, but I am not in a condition to keep them. I will leave you the Half of the sum which my predecessor (*feu Roi*) lent you ; I think you will have every reason to be satisfied with that.' I answered that my regard for him had never been of an interested nature ; that I would never ask any thing of him but the continuance of his friendship ; and did not wish one sou, if it would in the least inconvenience him. 'No, no,' said he, 'you shall have those 100,000 thalers ; I have destined them for you. People will be much surprised,' continued he, 'to see me act quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as common as pebbles at Berlin ; but they will find I know better. I mean to increase my Army, and to leave all other things on the old footing. I will have every consideration for the Queen my Mother, and will sate her (*rassasierai*) with honors ; but I do not mean that she shall meddle in my affairs ; and if she try it, she will find so.'" What a speech ; what an outbreak of candor in the young man, preoccupied with his own great thoughts and difficulties, to the exclusion of any other person's!

"I fell from the clouds on hearing all that, and knew not if I was sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this Country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me : 'When your goose (*benêt*) of a Father-in-Law dies, I advise you to break up the whole Court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private gentleman's establish-

ment, in order to pay your debts. In real truth, you have no need of so many people; and you must try also to reduce the wages of those whom you can not help keeping. You have been accustomed to live at Berlin with a table of four dishes; that is all you want here; and I will invite you now and then to Berlin, which will spare table and housekeeping.'

"For a long while my heart had been getting big; I could not restrain my tears at hearing all these indignities. 'Why do you cry?' said he: 'Ah! ah! you are in low spirits, I see. We must dissipate that dark humor. The music waits us; I will drive that fit out of you by an air or two on the flute. He gave me his hand, and led me into the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord, which I inundated (*inondai*) with my tears. Marwitz" (my artful Demoiselle d'Atours, perhaps too artful in time coming) "placed herself opposite me, so as to hide from the others what disorder I was in."[1]

For the last two days of the visit Wilhelmina admits her Brother was a little kinder; but on the fourth day there came by estafette a Letter from the Queen, conjuring him to return without delay, the King growing worse and worse. Wilhelmina, who loved her Father, and whose outlooks in case of his decease appeared to be so little flattering, was overwhelmed with sorrow. Of her Brother, however, she strove to forget that strange outbreak of candor, and parted with him as if all were mended between them again. Nay, the day after his departure, there goes a beautifully affectionate Letter to him, which we could give if there were room:[2] "the happiest time I ever in my life had;" "my heart so full of gratitude and so sensibly touched;" "every one repeating the words 'dear Brother' and 'charming Prince Royal'"—a Letter in very lively contrast to what we have just been reading—a Prince Royal not without charm, in spite of the hard practicalities he is meditating, obliged to meditate!

As to the outbreak of candor, offensive to Wilhelmina and us, we suppose her report of it to be in substance true, though of exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone, and it is worth the reader's notice, with these deductions. The truth is, our charming Princess is always liable to a certain subtra-

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 216–218. [2] *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 23.

hend. In 1744, when she wrote those *Mémoires* "in a Summer-house at Baireuth," her Brother and she, owing mainly to go-betweens acting on the susceptible female heart, were again in temporary quarrel (the longest and worst they ever had), and hardly on speaking terms, which of itself made her heart very heavy; not to say that Marwitz, the too artful Demoiselle, seemed to have stolen her Husband's affections from the poor Princess, and made the world look all a little grim to her. These circumstances have given their color to parts of her Narrative, and are not to be forgotten by readers.

The Crown-Prince—who goes by Dessau, lodging for a night with the Old Dessauer, and writes affectionately to his Sister from that place, their Letters crossing on the road—gets home on the 12th to Potsdam. October 12th, 1734, he has ended his Rhine Campaign in that manner, and sees his poor Father with a great many other feelings besides those expressed in the dialogue at Baireuth.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS; END OF WAR.

IT appears Friedrich met a cordial reception in the sick-room at Potsdam, and, in spite of his levities to Wilhelmina, was struck to the heart by what he saw there. For months to come he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppin, eager to minister to his sick Father when military leave is procurable. Other fact about him, other aspect of him, in those months, is not on record for us.

Of his young Madam, or Princess Royal, peaceably resident at Berlin or at Schönhausen, and doing the vacant officialities, formal visitings, and the like, we hear nothing; of Queen Sophie and the others, nothing; anxious, all of them, no doubt, about the event at Potsdam, and otherwise silent to us. His Majesty's illness comes and goes; now hope, and again almost none. Margraf of Schwedt and his young Bride, we already know, were married in November, and Lieutenant

Chasot (two days old in Berlin) told us there was Dinner by the Crown-Prince to all the Royal Family on that occasion, poor Majesty out at Potsdam languishing in the back-ground meanwhile.

His Carnival the Crown-Prince passes naturally at Berlin. We find he takes a good deal to the French Embassador, one Marquis de la Chétardie, a showy, restless character, of fame in the Gazettes of that time, who did much intriguing at Petersburg some years hence, first in a signally triumphant way, and then in a signally untriumphant, and is not now worth any knowledge but a transient accidental one. Chétardie came hither about Stanislaus and his affairs ; tried hard, but in vain, to tempt Friedrich Wilhelm into interference ; is naturally anxious to captivate the Crown-Prince in present circumstances.

Friedrich Wilhelm lay at Potsdam, between death and life, for almost four months to come, the Newspapers speculating much on his situation, political people extremely anxious what would become of him—or, in fact, when he would die, for that was considered the likely issue. Fassmann gives dolorous clippings from the *Leyden Gazette*, all in a blubber of tears, according to the then fashion, but full of impertinent curiosity withal. And from the Seckendorf private Papers there are Extracts of a still more inquisitive and notable character, Seckendorf and the Kaiser having an intense interest in this painful occurrence.

Seckendorf is not now himself at Berlin, but running much about on other errands ; can only see Friedrich Wilhelm, if at all, in a passing way ; and even this will soon cease ; and, in fact, to us it is by far the most excellent result of this French-Austrian War, that it carries Seckendorf clear away, who now quits Berlin and the Diplomatic line, and obligingly goes out of our sight henceforth. The old Ordnance-Master, as an Imperial General of rank, is needed now for War-service, if he has any skill that way. In those late months he was duly in attendance at Philipsburg and the Rhine Campaign in a subaltern torpid capacity, like Brunswick-Bevern and the others, ready for work had there been any ; but next season

he expects to have a Division of his own, and to do something considerable. In regard to Berlin and the Diplomacies, he has appointed a Nephew of his, a Seckendorf Junior, to take his place there—to keep the old machinery in gear, if nothing more, and furnish copious reports during the present crisis. These reports of Seckendorf Junior—full of eavesdroppings, got from a *Kammermohr* (Nigger Lackey) who waits in the sick-room at Potsdam, and is sensible to bribes—have been printed, and we mean to glance slightly into them. But as to Seckendorf Senior, readers can entertain the fixed hope that they have at length done with him; that in these our premises we shall never see him again; nay, shall see him, on extraneous dim fields, far enough away, smarting and suffering, till even we are almost sorry for the old knave!

Friedrich Wilhelm's own prevailing opinion is that he can not recover. His bodily sufferings are great: dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked; no bed that he can bear to lie on; oftenest rolls about in a Bath chair; very heavy-laden indeed, and I think of tenderer humor than in former sicknesses. To the Old Dessauer he writes, few days after getting home to Potsdam, "I am ready to quit the world, as Your Dilection knows, and has various times heard me say. One ship sails faster, another slower, but they come all to one haven. Let it be with me, then, as the Most High has determined for me."[1] He has settled his affairs, Fassmann says, so far as possible; settled the order of his funeral, How he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier, and what regiment or regiments it is that are to do the triple volley over him by way of finis and long farewell. His soul's interests too—we need not doubt, he is in deep conference, in deep consideration about these, though nothing is said on that point. A serious man always, much feeling what immense facts he was surrounded with; and here is now the summing up of all facts. Occasionally, again, he has hopes; orders up "two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room," since

[1] Orlich: *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i., 14. "From the Dessauer Archives; date, 21st September, 1734."

he can not get out to them ; or old Generals, Buddenbrock, Waldau, come and take their pipe there, in reminiscence of a Tabagie. Here, direct from the fountain-head, or Nigger Lackey bribed by Seckendorf Junior, is a notice or two :

"*Potsdam, September* 30*th*, 1734. Yesterday, for half an hour, the King could get no breath : he keeps them continually rolling him about" in his Bath chair "over the room, and cries, '*Luft, Luft* (Air, air) !'

"*October* 2*d*. The King is not going to die just yet, but will scarcely see Christmas. He gets on his clothes ; argues with the Doctors ; is impatient ; won't have people speak of his illness ; is quite black in the face ; drinks nothing but *Moll*" (which we suppose to be small bitter beer) ; "takes physic ; writes in bed.

"*October* 5*th*. The Nigger tells me things are better. The King begins to bring up phlegm ; drinks a great deal of oatmeal water" (*Hafergrützwasser*, comfortable to the sick) ; "says to the Nigger 'Pray diligently all of you ; perhaps I shall not die !'"

October 5th : this is the day the Crown-Prince arrives at Baireuth, to be called away by express four days after. How valuable, at Vienna or elsewhere, our dark friend the Lackey's medical opinion is, may be gathered from this other Entry, three weeks farther on—enough to suffice us on that head :

"The Nigger tells me he has a bad opinion of the King's health. If you roll the King a little fast in his Bath chair, you hear the water jumble in his body"—with astonishment ! "King gets into passions ; has beaten the pages" (may we hope, our dark friend among the rest ?), "so that it was feared apoplexy would take him."

This will suffice for the physiological part ; let us now hear our poor friend on the Crown-Prince and his arrival :

"*October* 12*th*. Return of the Prince Royal to Potsdam ; tender reception. *October* 21*st*. Things look ill in Potsdam. The other leg is now also begun running, and above a quart (*maas*) of water has come from it. Without a miracle the King can not live," thinks our dark friend. "The Prince Royal is truly affected (*véritablement attendri*) at the King's situation ;

has his eyes full of water—has wept the eyes out of his head; has schemed in all ways to contrive a commodious bed for the King; wouldn't go away from Potsdam. King forced him away; he is to return Saturday afternoon. The Prince Royal has been heard to say, 'If the King will let me live in my own way, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years.' King always calls him Fritzchen. But Fritzchen," thinks Seckendorf Junior, "knows nothing about business. The King is aware of it; and said in the face of him one day, 'If thou begin at the wrong end with things, and all go topsyturvy after I am gone, I will laugh at thee out of my grave!'"[1]

So Friedrich Wilhelm, laboring amid the mortal quicksands, looking into the Inevitable in various moods. But the memorablest speech he made to Fritzchen or to any body at present was that covert one about the Kaiser and Seckendorf, and the sudden flash of insight he got, from some word of Seckendorf's, into what they had been meaning with him all along. Riding through the Village of Priort, in debate about Vienna politics of a strange nature, Seckendorf said something which illuminated his Majesty, dark for so many years, and showed him where he was. A ghastly horror of a country yawning indisputable there, revealed to one as if by momentary lightning in that manner! This is a speech which all the Embassadors report, and which was already mentioned by us in reference to that opprobrious Proposal about the Crown-Prince's Marriage, "Marry with England, after all; never mind breaking your word!" Here is the manner of it, with time and place:

"Sunday last," Sunday, 17th October, 1734, reports Seckendorf Junior, through the Nigger or some better witness, "the King said to the Prince Royal, 'My dear Son, I tell thee I got my death at Priort. I entreat thee, above all things in the world, don't trust those people (*denen Leuten*), however many promises they make. That day, it was April 17th, 1733, there was a man said something to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger round in my heart.'"[1]

Figure that, spoken from amid the dark, sick whirlpools, the mortal quicksands in Friedrich Wilhelm's voice clangor-

[1] Seckendorf (*Baron*): *Journal Secret*, cited in Förster, ii., 142.

ously plaintive ; what a wild sincerity, almost pathos is in it ; and whether Fritzchen, with his eyes all bewept even for what Papa had suffered in that matter, felt lively gratitudes to the House of Austria at this moment!

It was four months after, "21st January, 1735,"[1] when the King first got back to Berlin to enlighten the eyes of the Carnival a little, as his wont had been. The crisis of his Majesty's illness is over, present danger gone ; and the Carnival people, not without some real gladness, though probably with less than they pretend, can report him well again, which is far from being the fact, if they knew it. Friedrich Wilhelm is on his feet again, but he never more was well ; nor has he forgotten that word at Priort, "like the turning of a dagger in one's heart;" and, indeed, gets himself continually reminded of it by practical commentaries from the Vienna Quarter.

In April Prince Lichtenstein arrives on Embassy with three requests or demands from Vienna : "1°. That besides the Ten Thousand due by Treaty, his Majesty would send his Reichs-Contingent"—*not* comprehended in those Ten Thousand, thinks the Kaiser. "2°. That he would have the goodness to dismiss Marquis de la Chétardie the French Embassador, as a plainly superfluous person at a well-affected German Court in present circumstances"—person excessively dangerous, should the present Majesty die, Crown-Prince being so fond of that Chétardie. "3°. That his Prussian Majesty do give up the false Polish Majesty Stanislaus, and no longer harbor him in East Preussen or elsewhere;" the whole of which demands his Prussian Majesty refuses, the latter two especially, as something notably high on the Kaiser's part, or on any mortal's, to a free Sovereign and Gentleman. Prince Lichtenstein is eloquent, conciliatory ; but it avails not. He has to go home empty-handed ; manages to leave with Herr von Suhm, who took care of it for us, that Anecdote of the Crown-Prince's behavior under cannon-shot from Philipsburg last year, and does nothing else recordable in Berlin.

[1] Fassmann, p 533.

The Crown-Prince's hopes were set with all eagerness on getting to the Rhine Campaign next ensuing, nor did the King refuse for a long while, but still less did he consent, and in the end there came nothing of it. From an early period of the year Friedrich Wilhelm sees too well what kind of campaigning the Kaiser will now make. At a certain Wedding-dinner where his Majesty was, precisely a fortnight after his Majesty's arrival in Berlin, Seckendorf Junior has got, by eavesdropping, this utterance of his Majesty's: "The Kaiser has not a groschen of money. His Army in Lombardy is gone to Twenty-four thousand men; will have to retire into the Mountains. Next campaign" (just coming) "he will lose Mantua and the Tyrol. God's righteous judgment it is: a War like this! Comes of flinging old principles overboard—of meddling in business that was none of yours;" and more of a plangent alarming nature.[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm sends back his Ten Thousand according to contracts; sends, over and above, a beautiful stock of "copper pontoons" to help the Imperial Majesty in that River Country, says Fassmann; sends also a supernumerary Troop of Hussars, who are worth mentioning, "Sixscore horse of Hussar-type," under one Captain Ziethen, a taciturn, much-enduring, much-observing man, whom we shall see again: these are to be diligently helpful, as is natural; but they are also, for their own behoof, to be diligently observant, and learn the Austrian Hussar methods, which his Majesty last year saw to be much superior. Nobody that knows Ziethen doubts but he learned; Hussar-Colonel Baronay, his Austrian teacher here, became too well convinced of it when they met on a future occasion.[2] All this his Majesty did for the ensuing campaign; but as to the Crown-Prince's going thither, after repeated requests on his part, it is at last signified to him, deep in the season, that it can not be: "Won't answer for a Crown-Prince to be sharer in such a Campaign; be patient,

[1] Förster, ii., 144 (and *date* it from *Militair Lexikon*, ii., 54).

[2] *Life of Ziethen* (veridical but inexact, by the Frau von Blumenthal, a kinswoman of his; English translation very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), p. 54.

my good Fritzchen, I will find other work for thee."[1] Fritzchen is sent into Preussen to do the Reviewings and Inspections there, Papa not being able for them this season, and strict manifold Inspection in those parts being more than usually necessary, owing to the Russian-Polish troubles. On this errand, which is clearly a promotion, though in present circumstances not a pleasant one for the Crown-Prince, he sets out without delay, and passes there the equinoctial and autumnal season in a much more useful way than he could have done in the Rhine Campaign.

In the Rhine-Moselle Country and elsewhere the poor Kaiser does exert himself to make a Campaign of it, but without the least success. Having not a groschen of money, how could he succeed? Noailles, as foreseen, manœuvres him, hitch after hitch, out of Italy; French are greatly superior, more especially when Montemar, having once got Carlos crowned in Naples and put secure, comes to assist the French: Kaiser has to lean for shelter on the Tyrol Alps, as predicted. Italy, all but some sieging of strong places, may be considered as lost for the present.

Nor on the Rhine did things go better. Old Eugene, "the shadow of himself," had no more effect this year than last; nor, though Lacy and Ten Thousand Russians came as allies, Poland being all settled now, could the least good be done. Reichs-Feldmarschall Karl Alexander of Würtemberg did "burn a Magazine" (probably of hay among better provender) by his bomb-shells on one occasion. Also the Prussian Ten Thousand, Old Dessauer leading them, General Röder having fallen ill, burned something: an Islet in the Rhine, if I recollect, "Islet of Lorch, near Bingen," where the French had a post, which and whom the Old Dessauer burnt away. And then Seckendorf, at the head of Thirty Thousand, he, after long delays, marched to Trarbach in the interior Moselle Country, and got into some explosive sputter of battle with Belleisle one afternoon—some say, rather beating Belleisle;

[1] Friedrich's Letter, 5th September, 1735; Friedrich Wilhem's Answer next day (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, 93–95).

but a good judge says it was a mutual flurry and terror they threw one another into.[1] Seckendorf meant to try again on the morrow; but there came an estafette that night, "Preliminaries signed (Vienna, 3d October, 1735); try no farther!"[2] And this was the second Rhine Campaign, and the end of the Kaiser's French War. The Sea-Powers, steadily refusing money, diligently run about, offering terms of arbitration; and the Kaiser, beaten at every point, and reduced to his last groschen, is obliged to comply. He will have a pretty bill to pay for his Polish-Election frolic, were the settlement done! Fleury is pacific, full of bland candor to the Sea-Powers; the Kaiser, after long higgling upon articles, will have to accept the bill.

The Crown-Prince, meanwhile, has a successful journey into Preussen; sees new interesting scenes, Salzburg Emigrants, exiled Polish Majesties; inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicuity, a dexterity, and completeness that much pleases Papa. Fractions of the Reports sent home exist for us; let the reader take a glance of one only, the first of the series, dated *Marienwerder* (just across the Weichsel, fairly out of Polish Preussen and into our own), 27th September, 1735, and addressed to the "Most All-gracious King and Father," abridged for the reader's behoof:

* * "In Polish Preussen, lately the Seat of War, things look hideously waste; one sees nothing but women and a few children; it is said the people are mostly running away," owing to the Russian-Polish procedures there in consequence of the blessed Election they have had. King August, whom your Majesty is not in love with, has prevailed at this rate of expense. King Stanislaus, protected by your Majesty in spite of Kaisers and Czarinas, waits in Königsberg till the Peace, now supposed to be coming, say what is to become of him: once in Königsberg, I shall have the pleasure to see him. "A detachment of five-and-twenty Saxon Dragoons of the

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i., 168.

[2] "Cessation" is to be, 5th November for Germany, 15th for Italy; "Preliminaries" were, Vienna, "3d October," 1735 (Schöll, ii., 245).

Regiment Arnstedt, marching toward Dantzig, met me : their horses were in tolerable case ; but some are piebald, some sorrel, and some brown among them," which will be shocking to your Majesty, "and the people did not look well." * *

"Got hither to Marienwerder last night ; have inspected the two Companies which are here, that is to say, Lieutenant Col. Meier's and Rittmeister Hans's. In very good trim, both of them ; and though neither the men nor their horses are of extraordinary size, they are handsome, well-drilled fellows, and a fine set of stiff-built horses (*gedrungenen Pferden*). The fellows sit them like pictures (*reiten wie die Puppen*) ; I saw them do their wheelings. Meier has some fine recruits —in particular two ;" nor has the Rittmeister been wanting in that respect. "Young horses," too, are coming well on, sleek of skin. In short, all is right on the military side.[1]

Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into with a sharp, intelligent eye ; gave praise, gave censure in the right place ; put various things on a straight footing, which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self ; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, wherever he meets them. What a joy to Papa : "Here, after all, is one that can replace me in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art, and will continue it when I am gone !"

Yes, your Majesty, it is a Prince Royal wise to recognize your Majesty's rough wisdom on all manner of points ; will not be a Devil's *friend*, I think, any more than your Majesty was. Here, truly, are rare talents ; like your Majesty and unlike ; and has a steady swiftness in him, as of an eagle, over and above ! Such powers of practical judgment, of skillful action, are rare in one's twenty-third year. And still rarer, have readers noted what a power of holding his peace this young man has ! Fruit of his sufferings, of the hard life he has had. Most important power, under which all other useful ones will more and more ripen for him. This Prince already knows his own mind on a good many points ; pri-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 97.

vately, amid the world's vague clamor jargoning round him to no purpose, he is capable of having *his* mind made up into definite Yes and No, so as will surprise us one day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive,[1] was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind in those months and afterward. Here are talents, here are qualities, visibly the Friedrich Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved type: what a blessing we did not cut off that young Head at the Kaiser's dictation in former years!

At Königsberg, as we learn in a dim indirect manner, the Crown-Prince sees King Stanislaus twice or thrice—not formally, lest there be political offense taken, but incidentally at the houses of third parties—and is much pleased with the old gentleman, who is of cultivated good-natured ways, and has surely many curious things, from Charles XII. downward, to tell a young man.[2] Stanislaus has abundance of useless refugee Polish Magnates about him, with their useless crowds of servants, and no money in pocket; Königsberg all on flutter with their draperies and them, "like a little Warsaw," so that Stanislaus's big French Pension, moderate Prussian monthly allowance, and all resources, are inadequate; and, in fact, in the end, these Magnates had to vanish, many of them, without settling their accounts in Königsberg.[3] For the present they wait here, Stanislaus and they, till Fleury and the Kaiser, shaking the urn of doom in abstruse treaty after battle, decide what is to become of them.

Friedrich returned to Dantzig; saw that famous City, and late scene of War, tracing with lively interest the footsteps of Münnich and his Siege operations, some of which are much blamed by judges, and by this young soldier among the rest. There is a pretty Letter of his from Dantzig turning mainly on those points—letter written to his young Brother-in-law, Karl of Brunswick, who is now become Duke there; Grand-

[1] His Letter, 24th Oct., 1735 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 99).

[2] Came 8th October, went 21st; Ib., p. 98.

[3] *History of Stanislaus.*

father and Father both dead ;[1] and has just been blessed with an Heir, to boot. Congratulation on the birth of this Heir is the formal purport of the Letter, though it runs ever and anon into a military strain. Here are some sentences in a condensed form :

"*Dantzig, 26th October*, 1735. * * Thank my dear Sister for her services. I am charmed that she has made you papa with so good a grace. I fear you won't stop there, but will go on peopling the world"—one knows not to what extent—" with your amiable race. Would have written sooner, but am just returning from the depths of the barbarous Countries, and having been charged with innumerable commissions which I did not understand too well, had no good possibility to think or to write.

" I have viewed all the Russian labors in these parts ; have had the assault on the Hagelsberg narrated to me ; been on the grounds ; and own I had a better opinion of Marshal Münnich than to think him capable of so distracted an enterprise.[2] * * Adieu, my dear Brother. My compliments to the amiable young Mother. Tell her, I beg you, that her proof-essays are master-pieces (*coups d'essai sont des coups de maître*)." * * Your most," &c., " FRÉDÉRIC."

The Brunswick Master-piece achieved on this occasion grew to be a man and Duke, famous enough in the Newspapers in time coming : Champagne, 1792 ; Jena, 1806 ; George IV.'s Queen Caroline ; these and other distracted phenomena (pretty much blotting out the earlier better sort) still kept him hanging painfully in men's memory. From his birth, now in this Prussian Journey of our Crown-Prince, to his death-stroke on the Field of Jena, what a Seventy-one years !

Fleury and the Kaiser, though it is long before the signature and last finish can take place, are come to terms of settle-

[1] Grandfather, 1st March, 1735 ; Father (who lost the *Lines of Ettlingen* lately in our sight), 3d September, 1735. Suprà, p. 60.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii , part 2d, p. 31. Pressed for time, and in want of battering cannon, he attempted to seize this Hagelsberg, one of the outlying defenses of Dantzig by nocturnal storm ; lost two thousand men, and retired *without* doing " what was flatly impossible," thinks the Crown-Prince. See Mannstein, p. 77–79, for an account of it.

ment at the Crown-Prince's return, and it is known in political circles what the Kaiser's Polish-Election damages will probably amount to. Here are, in substance, the only conditions that could be got for him :

"1°. Baby Carlos, crowned in Naples, can not be pulled out again : Naples, the Two Sicilies, are gone without return. That is the first loss ; please Heaven it be the worst ! On the other hand, Baby Carlos will, as some faint compensation, surrender to your Imperial Majesty his Parma and Piacenza appanages, and you shall get back your Lombardy—all but a scantling which we fling to the Sardinian Majesty, who is a good deal huffed, having had possession of the Milanese these two years past, in terms of his bargain with Fleury. Pacific Fleury says to him, 'Bargain can not be kept, your Majesty ; please to quit the Milanese again, and put up with this scantling.'

"2°. The Crown of Poland, August III. has got it, by Russian Bombardings and other measures : Crown shall stay with August—all the rather, as there would be no dispossessing him at this stage. He was your Imperial Majesty's Candidate ; let him be the winner there, for your Imperial Majesty's comfort.

"3°. And then as to poor Stanislaus ? Well, let Stanislaus be Titular Majesty of Poland for life, which indeed will do little for him ; but, in addition, we propose that, the Dukedom of Lorraine being now in our hands, Majesty Stanislaus have the life-rent of Lorraine to subsist upon ; and—and that Lorraine fall to us of France on his decease ! 'Lorraine ?' exclaim the Kaiser, and the Reich, and the Kaiser's intended Son-in-law, Franz, Duke of Lorraine. There is indeed a loss and a disgrace, a heavy item in the Election damages !

"4°. As to Duke Franz there is a remedy. The old Duke of Florence, last of the Medici, is about to die childless : let the now Duke of Lorraine, your Imperial Majesty's intended Son-in-law, have Florence instead. And so it had to be settled. 'Lorraine ? To Stanislaus –to France ?' exclaimed the poor Kaiser, still more the poor Reich, and poor Duke Franz. This was the bitterest cut of all ; but there was no getting past it. This too had to be allowed, this item for the Election breakages in Poland. And so France, after nibbling for several centuries, swallows Lorraine whole. Duke Franz attempted to stand out ; remonstrated much

with Kaiser and Hofrath, at Vienna, on this unheard-of proposal, but they told him it was irremediable; told him at last (one Bartenstein, a famed Aulic official, told him), 'No Lorraine, no Archduchess, your Serenity!' and Franz had to comply. Lorraine is gone; cunning Fleury has swallowed it whole. 'That was what he meant in picking this quarrel!' said Teutschland, mournfully. Fleury was very pacific, candid in aspect to the Sea-Powers and others, and did not crow afflictively, did not say what he had meant.

"5°. One immense consolation for the Kaiser, if for no other, is, France guarantees the Pragmatic Sanction, though with very great difficulty, spending a couple of years chiefly on this latter point, as was thought.[1] How it kept said guarantee will be seen in the sequel."

And these were the damages the poor Kaiser had to pay for meddling in Polish Elections, for galloping thither in chase of his shadows. No such account of broken windows was ever presented to a man before. This may be considered as the consummation of the Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, or at least its igniting and exploding point. His Duel with the Termagant has at last ended, in total defeat to him on every point. Shadow-Hunt does not end, though it is now mostly vanished —exploded in fire. Shadow-Hunt is now gone all to Pragmatic Sanction, as it were; that now is the one thing left in Nature for a Kaiser, and that he will love and chase as the summary of all things. From this point he steadily goes down, and at a rapid rate, getting into disastrous Turk Wars with as little preparation for War or Fact as a life-long Hunt of *Shadows* presupposes; Eugene gone from him, and nothing but Seckendorfs to manage for him; and sinks to a low pitch indeed. We will leave him here; shall hope to see but little more of him.

In the summer of 1736, in consequence of these arrangements—which were completed so far, though difficulties on Pragmatic Sanction and other points retarded the final signature for many months longer—the titular Majesty Stanislaus girt himself together for departure toward his new Dominion or Life-rent; quitted Königsberg; traversed Prussian Poland,

[1] Treaty on *it* not signed till 18th November, 1738 (Schöll, ii., 246).

safe this time, "under escort of Lieutenant General von Katte" (our poor Katte of Cüstrin's Father) "and fifty cuirassiers;" reached Berlin in the middle of May, under flowerier aspects than usual. He traveled under the title of "Count" Something, and alighted at the French Embassador's in Berlin; but Friedrich Wilhelm treated him like a real Majesty, almost like a real Brother; had him over to the Palace; rushed out to meet him there, I forget how many steps beyond the proper limits, and was hospitality itself and munificence itself; and, in fact, that night and all the other nights "they smoked above thirty pipes together" for one item. May 21st, 1736,[1] Ex-Majesty Stanislaus went on his way again toward France, toward Meudon, a quiet Royal House in France, till Lunéville, Nanci, and their Lorraine Palaces are quite ready. There, in these latter, he at length does find resting-place, poor innocent insipid mortal, after such tossings to and fro; and M. de Voltaire, and others of mark, having sometimes enlivened the insipid Court there, Titular King Stanislaus has still a kind of remembrance among mankind.

Of his Prussian Majesty we said that, though the Berlin populations reported him well again, it was not so. The truth is, his Majesty was never again well. From this point, age only forty-seven, he continues broken in bodily constitution; clogged more and more with physical impediments; and his History, personal and political withal, is as that of an old man finishing his day. To the last he pulls steadily, neglecting no business, suffering nothing to go wrong. Building operations go on at Berlin, pushed more than ever, in these years, by the rigorous Derschau, who has got that in charge. No man of money or rank in Berlin but Derschau is upon him, with heavier and heavier compulsion to build, which is felt to be tyrannous, and occasions an ever-deepening grum-

[1] Förster (i., 227), following loose Pöllnitz (ii., 478), dates it 1735: a more considerable error, if looked into, than is usual in Herr Förster, who is not an ill-informed nor inexact man, though, alas! in respect of method (that is to say, *want* of visible method, indication, or human arrangement), probably the most confused of all the Germans!

ble among the moneyed classes. At Potsdam his Majesty himself is the Builder, and gives the Houses away to persons of merit.[1]

Nor is the Army less an object—perhaps almost more. Nay, at one time, old Kur-Pfalz being reckoned in a dying condition, Friedrich Wilhelm is about ranking his men, prepared to fight for his rights in Jülich and Berg; Kaiser having openly gone over, and joined with France against his Majesty in that matter. However, the old Kur-Pfalz did not die, and there came nothing of fight in Friedrich Wilhelm's time. But his History on the political side is henceforth mainly a commentary to him on that "word" he heard in Priort, "which was as if you had turned a dagger in my heart!" With the Kaiser he is fallen out: there arise unfriendly passages between them, sometimes sarcastic on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, in reference to this very War now ended. Thus, when complaint rose about the Prussian misbehaviors on their late marches (misbehaviors notable in Countries where their recruiting operations had been troubled), the Kaiser took a high severe tone, not assuaging, rather aggravating the matter; and, for his own share, winded up by a strict prohibition of Prussian recruiting in any and every part of the Imperial Dominions, which Friedrich Wilhelm took extremely ill. This is from a Letter of his to the Crown-Prince, and after the first gust of wrath had spent itself: "It is a clear disadvantage, this prohibition of recruiting in the Kaiser's Countries. That is our thanks for the Ten Thousand men sent him, and for all the deference I have shown the Kaiser at all times; and by this you may see that it would be of no use if one even sacrificed one's self to him. So long as they need us, they continue to flatter; but no sooner is the strait thought to be over, and help not wanted, than they pull off the mask, and have not the least acknowledgment. The considerations that will occur to you on this matter may put it in your power to be prepared against similar occasions in time coming."[2]

[1] Pöllnitz, ii., 469.

[2] 6th February, 1736; (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 102.

Thus, again, in regard to the winter-quarters of the Ziethen Hussars. Prussian Majesty, we recollect, had sent a Supernumerary Squadron to the last Campaign on the Rhine. They were learning their business, Friedrich Wilhelm knew, but also were fighting for the Kaiser: that was what the Kaiser knew about them. Somewhat to his surprise, in the course of next year, Friedrich Wilhelm received from the Vienna War-Office a little Bill of 10,284 florins (£1028 8s.), charged to *him* for the winter-quarters of these Hussars. He at once paid the little Bill, with only this observation: "Heartily glad that I can help the Imperial *Ærarium* with that £1028 8s.; with the sincerest wishes for hundred thousand-fold increase to it in said *Ærarium*, otherwise it won't go very far!"[1]

At a later period, in the course of his disastrous Turk War, the Kaiser, famishing for money, set about borrowing a million gulden (£100,000) from the Banking House Splittgerber and Daun at Berlin. Splittgerber and Daun had not the money, could not raise it: "Advance us that sum, in their name, your Majesty," proposes the Vienna Court: "There shall be three per cent. bonus, interest six per cent., and security beyond all question!" To which fine offer his Majesty answers, addressing Seckendorf Junior: "Touching the proposal of my lifting the Bankers Splittgerber and Daun up behind me with a million gulden, to assist in that loan of theirs, said proposal, as I am not a merchant accustomed to deal in profits and percentages, can not in that form take effect. Out of old friendship, however, I am, on Theiro Imperial Majesty's request, extremely ready to pay down, once and away (*à fond perdu*), a couple of million gulden, provided the Imperial Majesty will grant me *the conditions* known to your Uncle" (*fulfillment* of that now oldish Jülich and Berg promise, namely!), "which are *fair*. In such case the thing shall be rapidly completed!"[2]

In a word, Friedrich Wilhelm falls out with the Kaiser more and more; experiences more and more what a Kaiser this has been toward him. Queen Sophie has fallen silent in the His-

[1] Letter to Seckendorf (*Senior*): Förster, ii., 150.

[2] Förster, ii., 151 (without *date* there).

tory-Books ; both the Majesties may look remorsefully, but perhaps best in silence, over the breakages and wrecks this Kaiser has brought upon them. Friedrich Wilhelm does not meanly hate the Kaiser : good man, he sometimes pities him ; sometimes, we perceive, has a touch of authentic contempt for him. But his thoughts in that quarter, premature old age aggravating them, are generally of a tragic nature, not to be spoken without tears ; and the tears have a flash at the bottom of them, when he looks round on Fritz and says, "There is one, though, that will avenge me!" Friedrich Wilhelm, to the last a broad, strong phenomenon, keeps wending downward, homeward, from this point ; the Kaiser too, we perceive, is rapidly consummating his enormous Spectre-Hunts and Duels with Termagants, and before long will be at rest. We are well-nigh done with both these Majesties.

The Crown-Prince, by his judicious obedient procedures in these Four Years at Ruppin, at a distance from Papa, has, as it were, completed his *Apprenticeship*, and, especially by this last Inspection Journey into Preussen, may be said to have delivered his *Proof-Essay* with a distinguished success. He is now out of his Apprenticeship, entitled to lift his Indentures whenever need shall be. The rugged old Master can not but declare him competent, qualified to try his own hand without supervision : after all those unheard-of confusions, like to set the shop on fire at one time, it is a blessedly-successful Apprenticeship! Let him now, theoretically at least, in the realms of Art, Literature, Spiritual Improvement, do his *Wanderjahre* over at Reinsberg, still in the old region—still well apart from Papa, who agrees best *not* in immediate contact—and be happy in the new Domesticities and larger opportunities provided for him there, till a certain *time* come, which none of us are in haste for.

BOOK X.

AT REINSBERG.

1736–1740.

CHAPTER I.

MANSION OF REINSBERG.

On the Crown-Prince's Marriage, three years ago, when the *Amt* or Government-District *Ruppin*, with its incomings, was assigned to him for revenue, we heard withal of a Residence getting ready. Hint had fallen from the Prince that Reinsberg, an old Country-seat, standing with its Domain round it in that little Territory of Ruppin, and probably purchasable as was understood, might be pleasant, were it once his and well put in repair, which hint the kind paternal Majesty instantly proceeded to act upon. He straightway gave orders for the purchase of Reinsberg; concluded said purchase, on fair terms, after some months bargaining;[1] and set his best Architect, one Kemeter, to work, in concert with the Crown-Prince, to new-build and enlarge the decayed Schloss of Reinsberg into such a Mansion as the young Royal Highness and his Wife would like.

Kemeter has been busy all this while—a solid, elegant, yet frugal builder; and now the main body of the Mansion is complete or nearly so, the wings and adjuncts going steadily forward; Mansion so far ready that the Royal Highnesses

[1] 23d October, 1733, order given; 16th March, 1734, purchase completed (Preuss, i., 75).

can take up their abode in it, which they do this Autumn, 1736, and fairly commence Joint Housekeeping in a permanent manner. Hitherto it has been intermittent only; hitherto Crown-Princess has resided in their Berlin Mansion or in her own Country House at Schönhausen; husband not habitually with her except when on leave of absence from Ruppin, in Carnival time or for shorter periods. At Ruppin his life has been rather that of a bachelor, or husband abroad on business, up to this time; but now at Reinsberg they do kindle the sacred hearth together—"6th August, 1736," the date of that important event. They have got their Court about them, dames and cavaliers more than we expected; they have arranged the furnitures of their existence here on fit scale, and set up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing. Majesty and Queen come out on a visit to them next month,[1] raising the sacred hearth into its first considerable blaze, and crowning the operation in a human manner.

And so there has a new epoch arisen for the Crown-Prince and his Consort—a new and much improved one. It lasted into the fourth year, rather improving all the way; and only Kingship, which, if a higher sphere, was a far less pleasant one, put an end to it. Friedrich's happiest time was this at Reinsberg; the little Four Years of Hope, Composure, realizable Idealism: an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic, appointed him in a life-pilgrimage consisting otherwise of realisms oftenest contradictory enough, and sometimes of very grim complexion. He is master of his work, he is adjusted to the practical conditions set him; conditions once complied with, daily work done, he lives to the Muses, to the spiritual improvements, to the social enjoyments; and has, though not without flaws of ill weather—from the Tobacco Parliament perhaps rather less than formerly, and from the Finance quarter perhaps rather more—a sunny time. His innocent insipidity of a Wife, too, appears to have been happy. She had the charm of youth, of good looks; a wholesome, perfect loyalty of character withal, and did not "take to pouting," as was once apprehended of her, but pleasantly gave and

[1] 4th September, 1736 (Ib.).

received of what was going. This poor Crown-Princess, afterward Queen, has been heard, in her old age, reverting, in a touching transient way, to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard from her in any kind of days, but these doubtless were the best of her life.

Reinsberg, we said, is in the *Amt* Ruppin, naturally under the Crown-Prince's government at present: the little Town or Village of Reinsberg stands about ten miles north of the Town Ruppin—not quite a third part as big as Ruppin is in our time, and much more pleasantly situated. The country about is of comfortable, not unpicturesque character, to be distinguished almost as beautiful in that region of sand and moor. Lakes abound in it; tilled fields, heights called "hills;" and wood of fair growth—one reads of "beech avenues," of "high linden avenues"—a country rather of the ornamented sort before the Prince with his improvements settled there. Many lakes and lakelets in it, as usual hereabouts; the loitering waters straggle all over that region into meshes of lakes. Reinsberg itself, Village and Schloss, stands on the edge of a pleasant Lake, last of a mesh of such, the *summary*, or outfall of which, already here a good strong brook or stream, is called the *Rhein*, Rhyn, or Rein, and gives name to the little place. We heard of the Rein at Ruppin: it is there counted as a kind of river, still more twenty miles farther down, where it falls into the Havel, on its way to the Elbe. The waters, I think, are drab-colored, not peat-brown; and here, at the source, or outfall from that mesh of lakes, where Reinsberg is, the country seems to be about the best; sufficient, in picturesqueness and otherwise, to satisfy a reasonable man.

The little Town is very old, but, till the Crown-Prince settled there, had no peculiar vitality in it. I think there are now some potteries, glass manufactories: Friedrich Wilhelm, just while the Crown-Prince was removing thither, settled a first Glass-work there, which took good root, and rose to eminence in the crystal, Bohemian crystal, white glass, cut glass, and other commoner lines, in the Crown-Prince's time.[1]

[1] *Beschreibung des Lustschlosses, &c., zu Reinsberg* (Berlin, 1778). Author a "Lieutenant Hennert," thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

Reinsberg stands on the east or southeast side of its pretty Lake: Lake is called "the *Grinerick See*" (as all those remote Lakes have their names); Mansion is between Town and Lake—a Mansion fronting, we may say, four ways, for it is of quadrangular form, with a wet moat from the Lake begirding it, and has a spacious court for interior; but the principal entrance is from the Town side; for the rest, the Building is ashlar on all sides, front and rear; stands there, handsomely abutting on the Lake with two Towers, a Tower at each angle, which it has on that lakeward side; and looks, over Reinsberg, and its steeple rising amid friendly umbrage which hides the house-tops, toward the rising sun. Townward there is room for a spacious esplanade; and then for the stables, outbuildings, well masked, which still farther shut off the Town. To this day Reinsberg stands with the air of a solid respectable Edifice; still massive, rain-tight, though long since deserted by the Princeships—by Friedrich nearly sixscore years ago, and nearly threescore by Prince Henri, a Brother of Friedrich's, who afterward had it. Last accounts I got were of talk there had risen of planting an extensive *Normal School* there, which promising plan had been laid aside again for the time.

The old Schloss, residence of the Bredows and other feudal people for a long while, had good solid masonry in it, and around it orchards, pot-herb gardens, which Friedrich Wilhelm's Architects took good care to extend and improve, not to throw away: the result of their art is what we see, a beautiful Country House, what might be called a Country Palace with all its adjuncts, and at a rate of expense which would fill English readers of this time with amazement. Much is admirable to us as we study Reinsberg, what it had been, what it became, and how it was made, but nothing more so than the small modicum of money it cost. To our wondering thought it seems as if the shilling in those parts were equal to the guinea in these, and the reason, if we ask it, is by no means flattering altogether. "Change in the value of money?" Alas! reader, no; that is not above the fourth part of the phenomenon. Three fourths of the phenomenon

are change in the methods of administering money—difference between managing it with wisdom and veracity on both sides, and managing it with unwisdom and mendacity on both sides, which is very great indeed, and infinitely sadder than any one in these times will believe! But we can not dwell on this consideration. Let the reader take it with him as a constant accompaniment in whatever work of Friedrich Wilhelm's or of Friedrich his Son's he now or at any other time may be contemplating. Impious waste, which means disorder and dishonesty, and loss of much other than money to all parties—disgusting aspect of human creatures, master and servant working together as if they were not human—will be spared him in those foreign departments, and in an English heart thoughts will arise, perhaps, of a wholesome tendency, though very sad, as times are.

It would but weary the reader to describe this Crown-Prince Mansion, which, by desperate study of our abstruse materials, it is possible to do with auctioneer minuteness. There are engraved *Views* of Reinsberg and its Environs, which used to lie conspicuous in the portfolios of collectors, which I have not seen.[1] Of the House itself, engraved Frontages (*Façades*), Ground-plans, are more accessible; and along with them, descriptions which are little descriptive—wearisomely detailed, and as it were dark by excess of light (auctioneer light) thrown on them. The reader sees, in general, a fine symmetrical Block of Buildings standing in rectangular shape in the above locality—about two hundred English feet each the two longer sides measure, the Townward and the Lakeward, on their outer front; about a hundred and thirty each the two shorter, or a hundred and fifty taking in their towers just spoken of. The fourth or Lakeward side, however, which is one of the longer pair, consists mainly of "Colonnade"—spacious Colonnade, "with vases and statues," catching up the outskirts of said towers, and handsomely uniting every thing.

Beyond doubt, a dignified, substantial pile of stone-work, all of good proportions. Architecture every where of cheerfully

[1] See Hennert, just cited, for the titles of them.

serious, solidly graceful character; all of sterling ashlar; the due *risalites* (projecting spaces) with their attics and statues atop, the due architraves, cornices, and corbels; in short, the due opulence of ornament being introduced, and only the due. Genuine sculptors, genuine painters, artists have been busy; and, in fact, all the suitable fine arts, and all the necessary solid ones, have worked together with a noticeable fidelity, comfortable to the very beholder to this day. General height is about forty feet; two stories of ample proportions; the towers overlooking them are sixty feet in height. Extent of outer frontage, if you go all round, and omit the Colonnade, will be five hundred feet and more; this, with the rearward face, is a thousand feet of room frontage: fancy the extent of lodging space; for "all the kitchens and appurtenances are underground," the "left front" (which is a new part of the Edifice) rising comfortably over these. Windows I did not count, but they must go high up into the Hundreds. No end to lodging space. Nay, in a detached side edifice subsequently built, called Cavalier House, I read of there being, for one item, "fifty lodging-rooms," and for another "a theatre." And if an English Duke of Trumps were to look at the bills for all this, his astonishment would be extreme, and perhaps, in a degree, painful and salutary to him.

In one of these Towers the Crown-Prince has his Library: a beautiful apartment; nothing wanting to it that the arts could furnish; "ceiling done by Pesne" with allegorical geniuses and what not; looks out on mere sky, mere earth and water in an ornamental state; silent as in Elysium. It is there we are to fancy the Correspondence written, the Poetries and literary industries going on. There, or stepping down for a turn in the open air, or sauntering meditatively under the Colonnade, with its statues and vases (where weather is no object), one commands the Lake, with its little tufted Islands, "Remus Island" much famed among them, and "high beech woods" on the farther side. The Lake is very pretty, all say, lying between you and the sunset, with perhaps some other lakelet or solitary pool in the wilderness, many miles away, "revealing itself as a cup of molten gold"

at that interesting moment. What the Book-Collection was in the interior, I know not except by mere guess.

The Crown-Princess's Apartment, too, which remained unaltered at the last accounts had of it,[1] is very fine: take the ante-room for specimen: "This fine room," some twenty feet height of ceiling, "has six windows, three of them, in the main front, looking toward the Town, the other three toward the Interior Court. The light from these windows is heightened by mirrors covering all the piers (*Schäfte*, interspaces of the walls) to an uncommonly splendid pitch, and shows the painting of the ceiling, which again is by the famous Pesne, to much perfection. The Artist himself, too, has managed to lay on his colors there so softly, and with such delicate skill, that the light-beams seem to prolong themselves in the painted clouds and air as if it were the real sky you had overhead." There in that cloud-region "Mars is being disarmed by the Love-goddesses, and they are sporting with his weapons. He stretches out his arm toward the Goddess, who looks upon him with fond glances. Cupids are spreading out a draping." That is Pesne's luxurious performance in the ceiling. "Weapon-festoons, in basso-relievo, gilt, adorn the walls of this room; and two Pictures, also by Pesne, which represent, in life size, the late King and Queen" (our good friends Friedrich Wilhelm and his Sophie) "are worthy of attention. Over each of the doors you find in low relief the Profiles of Hannibal, Pompey, Scipio, Cæsar, introduced as Medallions."

All this is very fine, but all this is little to another ceiling in some big Saloon elsewhere—Music-saloon, I think: Black Night making off, with all her sickly dews, at one end of the ceiling, and at the other end the Steeds of Phœbus bursting forth, and the glittering shafts of Day, with Cupids, Love-goddesses, War-gods, not omitting Bacchus and his vines, all getting beautifully awake in consequence—a very fine room indeed; used as a Music-Saloon, or I know not what, and the ceiling of it almost an ideal, say the connoisseurs.

Endless gardens, pavilions, grottoes, hermitages, orangeries, artificial ruins, parks, and pleasances surround this favored spot

[1] From Hennert, namely, in 1778.

and its Schloss ; nothing wanting in it that a Prince's establishment needs, except, indeed, it be hounds, for which this Prince never had the least demand.

Except the old Ruppin duties, which imply continual journeyings thither, distance only a morning's ride—except these, and occasional commissions from Papa, Friedrich is left master of his time and pursuits in this new Mansion. There are visits to Potsdam, periodical appearances at Berlin, some Correspondence to keep the Tobacco Parliament in tune. But Friedrich's taste is for the Literatures, Philosophies : a young Prince bent seriously to cultivate his mind ; to attain some clear knowledge of this world, so all-important to him. And he does seriously read, study, and reflect a good deal ; his main recreations, seemingly, are Music, and the converse of well-informed friendly men. In Music we find him particularly rich. Daily, at a fixed hour of the afternoon, there is concert held, the reader has seen in what kind of room ; and if the artists entertained here for that function were enumerated (high names not yet forgotten in the Musical world), it would still more astonish readers. I count them to the number of Twenty or Nineteen, and mention only that "the two Brothers Graun" and "the two Brothers Benda" were of the lot, suppressing four other Fiddlers of eminence, and "a Pianist who is known to every body."[1] The Prince has a fine sensibility to Music ; does himself, with thrilling adagios on the flute, join in these harmonious acts ; and, no doubt, if rightly vigilant against the Nonsenses, gets profit, now and henceforth, from this part of his resources.

He has visits, calls to make on distinguished persons within reach ; he has much Correspondence of a Literary or Social nature. For instance, there is Suhm, the Saxon Envoy, translating *Wolf's Philosophy* into French for him ; sending it in fascicles, with endless Letters to and from upon it, which were then highly interesting, but are now dead to every reader. The Crown-Prince has got a Post-Office established at Reinsberg ; leathern functionary of some sort comes lumbering

[1] Hennert, p. 21.

round, southward, "from the Mecklenburg quarter twice a week, and goes by Fehrbellin," for the benefit of his Correspondences. Of his calls in the neighborhood we mean to show the reader one sample before long, and only one.

There are lists given us of the Prince's "Court" at Reinsberg, and one reads, and again reads, the dreariest unmemoable accounts of them, but can not, with all one's industry, attain any definite understanding of what they were employed in, day after day, at Reinsberg; still more are their salaries and maintenance a mystery to us in that frugal establishment. There is Wolden for Hofmarschall, our old Cüstrin friend; there is Colonel Senning, old Marlborough Colonel with the wooden leg, who taught Friedrich his drilling and artillery practices in boyhood, a fine sagacious old gentleman this latter. There is a M. Jordan, Ex-Preacher, an ingenious Prussian-Frenchman, still young, who acts as "Reader and Librarian," of whom we shall hear a good deal more. "Intendant" is Captain (Ex-Captain) Knobelsdorf, a very sensible accomplished man, whom we saw once at Baireuth, who has been to Italy since, and is now returned with beautiful talents for Architecture: it is he that now undertakes the completing of Reinsberg,[1] which he will skillfully accomplish in the course of the next three years. Twenty Musicians on wind and string; Painters, Antoine Pesne but one of them; Sculptors, Glume and others of eminence; and Hof-Cavaliers to we know not what extent: how was such a Court kept up, in harmonious free dignity, and no halt in its finances, or mean pinch of any kind visible? The Prince did get in debt, but not deep, and it was mainly for the tall recruits he had to purchase. His money-accounts are by no means fully known to me, but I should question if his expenditure (such is my guess) ever reached £3,000 a year, and am obliged to reflect more and more, as the ancient Cato did, what an admirable revenue frugality is!

Many of the Cavaliers, I find, for one thing, were of the Regiment Goltz; that was one evident economy. "Rittmeister von Chasot," as the Books call him—readers saw that Chasot

[1] Hennert, p. 29.

flying to Prince Eugene, and know him since the Siege of Philipsburg. He is not yet Rittmeister, or Captain of Horse, as he became, but is of the Ruppin Garrison; Hof-Cavalier; "attended Friedrich on his late Prussian journey," and is much a favorite when he can be spared from Ruppin. Captain Wylich, afterward a General of mark; the Lieutenant Buddenbrock who did the parson-charivari at Ruppin, but is now reformed from those practices: all these are of Goltz. Colonel Keyserling, not of Goltz, nor in active military duty here, is a friend of very old standing; was officially named as "Companion" to the Prince a long while back, and got into trouble on his account in the disastrous Ante-Cüstrin or Flight Epoch. One of the Prince's first acts, when he got pardoned after Cüstrin, was to beg for the pardon of this Keyserling, and now he has him here, and is very fond of him: a Courlander of good family, this Keyserling; of good gifts too, which, it was once thought would be practically sublime; for he carried off all manner of college prizes, and was the Admirable Crichton of Königsburg University and the Graduates there. But in the end they proved to be gifts of the vocal sort rather, and have led only to what we see—a man, I should guess, rather of buoyant vivacity than of depth or strength in intellect or otherwise—excessively buoyant, ingenious; full of wit, kindly exuberance; a loyal-hearted, gay-tempered man, and much a favorite in society as well as with the Prince. If we were to dwell on Reinsberg, Keyserling would come prominently forward.

Major von Stille, ultimately Major-General von Stille, I should also mention—near twenty years older than the Prince; a wise, thoughtful soldier (went, by permission, to the Siege of Dantzig lately, to improve himself); a man capable of rugged service when the time comes. His military writings were once in considerable esteem with professional men, and still impress a lay reader with favorable notions toward Stille as a man of real worth and sense.[1]

[1] *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse:* a posthumous Book, *anterior* to the Seven-Years War.

Of Monsieur Jordan and the Literary Set.

There is, of course, a Chaplain in the Establishment—a Reverend "M Deschamps," who preaches to them all—in French, no doubt. Friedrich never hears Deschamps; Friedrich is always over at Ruppin on Sundays, and there "himself reads a Sermon to the Garrison" as part of the day's duties—reads finely, in a melodious, feeling manner, says Formey, who can judge: "even in his old days he would incidentally," when some Emeritus Parson, like Formey, chanced to be with him, "roll out choice passages from Bossuet, from Massillon," in a voice and with a look which would have been perfection in the pulpit, thinks Formey.[1]

M. Jordan, though he was called "*Lecteur* (Reader)," did not read to him, I can perceive, but took charge of the Books; busied himself honestly to be useful in all manner of literary or quasi-literary ways. He was, as his name indicates, from the French refugee department: a recent acquisition, much valued at Reinsberg. As he makes a figure afterward, we had better mark him a little.

Jordan's parents were wealthy religious persons, in trade at Berlin; this Jordan (Charles Etienne, age now thirty-six) was their eldest son. It seems they had destined him from birth, consulting their own pious feeling merely, to be a Preacher of the Gospel; the other sons, all of them reckoned clever too, were brought up to secular employments. And preach he, this poor Charles Etienne, accordingly did, what best Gospel he had, in an honest manner, all say, though never with other than a kind of reluctance on the part of Nature, forced out of her course. He had wedded, been clergyman in two successive country places, when his wife died, leaving him one little daughter, and a heart much overset by that event. Friends, wealthy Brothers probably, had pushed him out into the free air in these circumstances: "Take a Tour; Holland, England; feel the winds blowing, see the sun shining, as in times past: it will do you good!"

Jordan, in the course of his Tour, came to composure on several points. He found that by frugality, by wise manage-

[1] *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen* (2de édition, Paris, 1757), i, 37.

ment of some peculium already his, his little Daughter and he might have quietness at Berlin, and the necessary food and raiment ; and, on the whole, that he would altogether cease preaching, and settle down there among his Books in a frugal manner, which he did, and was living so when the Prince, searching for that kind of person, got tidings of him. And here he is at Reinsberg, bustling about in a brisk, modestly frank, and cheerful manner, well liked by every body—by his Master very well and ever better, who grew into real regard, esteem, and even friendship for him, and has much Correspondence, of a freer kind than is common to him, with little Jordan, so long as they lived together. Jordan's death, ten years hence, was probably the one considerable pain he had ever given his neighbors in this the ultimate section of his life.

I find him described at Reinsberg as a small nimble figure, of Southern French aspect ; black, uncommonly bright eyes, and a general aspect of adroitness, modesty, sense, sincerity ; good prognostics, which on acquaintance with the man were pleasantly fulfilled.

For the sake of these considerations, I fished out from the Old-Book Catalogues and sea of forgetfulness some of the poor Books he wrote, especially a *Voyage Littéraire*,[1] Journal of that first Sanitary Excursion or Tour he took to get the clouds blown from his mind—a *Literary Voyage* which awakens a kind of tragic feeling, being itself dead, and treating of matters which are all gone dead—so many immortal writers, Dutch chiefly, whom Jordan is enabled to report as having effloresced, or being soon to effloresce, in such and such forms, of Books important to be learned : leafy, blossomy Forest of Literature, waving glorious in the then sunlight to Jordan ; and it lies all now, to Jordan and us, not withered only, but abolished—compressed into a film of indiscriminate *peat*. Consider what that *peat* is made of, O celebrated or uncelebrated reader, and take a moral from Jordan's Book ! Other merit, except indeed clearness and commendable brevity, the *Voyage*

[1] *Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire fait, en* MDCCXXXIII., *en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande* (2de édition, à La Haye, 1736).

Littéraire or other little Books of Jordan's have not now. A few of his Letters to Friedrich, which exist, are the only writings with the least life in them, and this an accidental life, not momentous to him or us. Dryasdust informs me, "Abbé Jordan, alone of the Crown-Prince's cavaliers, sleeps in the Town of Reinsberg, not in the Schloss;" and if I ask Why? there is no answer. Probably his poor little Daughterkin was beside him there?

We have to say of Friedrich's Associates that generally they were of intelligent type, each of them master of something or other, and capable of rational discourse upon that at least. Integrity, loyalty of character, was indispensable; good-humor, wit, if it could be had, were much in request. There was no man of shining distinction there, but they were the best that could be had, and that is saying all. Friedrich can not be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates. With one single exception, to be noticed shortly, there is not one of them whom we should now remember except for Friedrich's sake; uniformly they are men whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner. One man of shining parts he had, and one only; no man ever of really high and great mind. The latter sort are not so easy to get; rarely producible on the soil of this Earth! Nor is it certain how Friedrich might have managed with one of this sort, or he with Friedrich, though Friedrich unquestionably would have tried, had the chance offered; for he loved intellect as few men on the throne or off it ever did, and the little he could gather of it round him often seems to me a fact tragical rather than otherwise.

With the outer Berlin social world, acting and reacting, Friedrich has his connections, which obscurely emerge on us now and then. Literary Eminences, who are generally of Theological vesture; any follower of Philosophy, especially if he be of refined manners withal, or known in fashionable life, is sure to attract him, and gains ample recognition at Reinsberg or on Town visits. But the Berlin Theological or Lit-

erary world at that time, still more the Berlin Social, like a sunk, extinct object, continues very dim in those old records, and, to say truth, what features we have of it do not invite to miraculous efforts for farther acquaintance. Venerable Beausobre, with his *History of the Manicheans*[1] and other learned things—we heard of him long since, in Toland and the Republican Queen's time, as a light of the world; he is now fourscore, grown white as snow; very serene, polite, with a smack of French noblesse in him, perhaps a smack of affectation traceable too. The Crown-Prince, on one of his Berlin visits, wished to see this Beausobre; got a meeting appointed in somebody's rooms "in the French College," and waited for the venerable man; venerable man entered, loftily serene as a martyr Preacher of the Word, something of an ancient Seigneur de Beausobre in him too; for the rest, soft as sunset, and really with fine radiances, in a somewhat twisted state, in that good old mind of his. "What have you been reading lately, M. de Beausobre?" said the Prince, to begin conversation. "Ah! Monseigneur, I have just risen from reading the sublimest piece of writing that exists." "And what?" "The exordium of St. John's Gospel: *In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was*—" which somewhat took the Prince by surprise, as Formey reports, though he rallied straightway, and got good conversation out of the old gentleman, to whom, we perceive, he writes once or twice,[2] a copy of his own verses to correct on one occasion, and is very respectful and considerate.

Formey tells us of another French sage personally known to the Prince since Boyhood, for he used to be about the Palace doing something. This is one La Croze, Professor of, I think, "Philosophy" in the French College: sublime Mon-

[1] *Histoire critique de Manichée et du Manichéisme:* wrote also *Remarques, &c., sur le Nouveau Testament*, which were once famous; *Histoire de la Réformation*, &c., &c. He is Beausobre *Senior;* there were two Sons (one of them born in second wedlock, after Papa was 70), who were likewise given to writing. See Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i., 33–39.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 121–126. Dates are all of 1737, the last of Beausobre's years.

ster of Erudition at that time; forgotten now, I fear, by every body—swag-bellied, short of wind; liable to rages, to utterances of a coarse nature; a decidedly ugly, monstrous, and rather stupid kind of man. Knew twenty languages in a coarse inexact way; attempted deep kinds of discourse in the lecture-room and elsewhere, but usually broke off into endless welters of anecdote, not always of cleanly nature; and after every two or three words, a desperate sigh, not for sorrow, but on account of flabbiness and fat. Formey gives a portraiture of him, not worth copying farther. The same Formey, standing one day somewhere on the streets of Berlin, was himself, he can not doubt, *seen* by the Crown-Prince in passing, "who asked M. Jordan who that was," and got answer: is not that a comfortable fact? Nothing farther came of it; respectable Ex-Parson Formey, though ever ready with his pen, being, indeed, of very vapid nature, not wanted at Reinsberg, as we can guess.

There is M. Achard, too, another Preacher, supreme of his sort in the then Berlin circles, to whom or from whom a Letter or two exist—Letters worthless, if it were not for one dim indication: that, on inquiry, the Crown-Prince had been consulting this supreme Achard on the difficulties of Orthodoxy,[1] and had given him texts, or a text to preach from. Supreme Achard did not abolish the difficulties for his inquiring Prince, who complains respectfully that "his faith is weak," and leaves us dark as to particulars. This Achard passage is almost the only hint we have of what might have been an important chapter: Friedrich's Religious History at Reinsberg. The expression "weak faith" I take to be meant not in mockery, but in ingenuous regret and solicitude; much painful fermentation, probably, on the religious question in those Reinsberg years! But the old "*Gnadenwahl*" business, the Free-Grace controversy, had taught him to be cautious as to what he uttered on those points. The fermentation, therefore, had to go on under cover; what the result of it was is notorious enough, though the steps of the process are not in any point known.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi, p. 112–117: date March–June, 1736.

Enough now of such details. Outwardly or inwardly there is no History, or almost none, to be had of this Reinsberg Period, the extensive records of it consisting, as usual, mainly of chaotic nugatory matter, opaque to the mind of readers. There is copious Correspondence of the Crown-Prince, with at least dates to it for most part; but this, which should be the main resource, proves likewise a poor one, the Crown-Prince's Letters, now or afterward, being almost never of a deep or intimate quality, and seldom turning on events or facts at all, and then not always on facts interesting, on facts clearly apprehensible to us in that extinct element.

The Thing, we know always, *is* there, but vision of the Thing is only to be had faintly, intermittently. Dim inane twilight, with here and there a transient *spark* falling somewhither in it; you do at last, by desperate persistence, get to discern outlines, features: "The Thing can not *always* have been No-thing," you reflect! Outlines, features; and perhaps, after all, those are mostly what the reader wants on this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES.

One of Friedrich's grand purposes at Reinsberg, to himself privately the grandest there, which he follows with constant loyalty and ardor, is that of scaling the heights of the Muses' Hill withal—of attaining mastership, discipleship in Art, and Philosophy; or in candor let us call it, what it truly was, that of enlightening and fortifying himself with clear knowledge, clear belief on all sides, and acquiring some spiritual panoply in which to front the coming practicalities of life. This, he feels well, will be a noble use of his seclusion in those still places, and it must be owned he struggles and endeavors toward this with great perseverance by all the methods in his power, here, or wherever afterward he might be.

Here at Reinsberg, one of his readiest methods, his pleasantest if not his usefulest, is that of getting into correspond-

ence with the chief spirits of his time, which accordingly he forthwith sets about after getting into Reinsberg, and continues, as we shall see, with much assiduity. Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament—his Letters to them exist, and could be given in some quantity, but it is better not. They are intrinsically the common Letters on such occasions: "O sublime demi-god of literature, how small are princely distinctions to such a glory as thine; thou who enterest within the vail of the temple, and issuest with thy face shining!" To which the response is "Hm, think you so, most happy, gracious, illustrious Prince, with every convenience round you, and such prospects ahead? Well, thank you at any rate; and, as the Irish say, more power to your Honor's Glory!" This really is nearly all that said Sets of Letters contain; and, except perhaps the Voltaire Set, none of them give symptoms of much capacity to contain more.

Certainly there was no want of Literary Men discernible from Reinsberg at that time, and the young Prince corresponds with a good many of them: temporal potentate saluting spiritual from the distance in a way highly interesting to the then parties, but now without interest, except of the reflex kind, to any creature. A very cold and empty portion, this, of the Friedrich Correspondence, standing there to testify what his admiration was for literary talent, or the great reputation of such, but in itself uninstructive utterly, and of freezing influence on the now living mind. Most of those French lights of the then firmament are gone out—forgotten altogether, or recognized, like Rollin and others, for polished dullards, University big-wigs, and long-winded commonplace persons, deserving nothing but oblivion. To Montesquieu—not yet called "Baron de Montesquieu" with *Esprit de Lois*, but "M. de Secondat" with (Anonymous) *Lettres Persanes*, and already known to the world for a person of sharp, audacious eyesight—it does not appear that Friedrich addressed any Letter now or afterward. No notice of Montesquieu, nor of some others, the absence of whom is a little unexpected. Probably it was want of knowledge mainly, for his appetite was

not fastidious at this time ; and certainly he did hit the centre of the mark, and get into the very kernel of French literature, when, in 1736, hardly yet established in his new quarters, he addressed himself to the shining Figure known to us as "Arouet Junior" long since, and now called *M. de Voltaire*, which latter is still a name notable in Friedrich's History and that of mankind. Friedrich's first Letter, challenging Voltaire to correspondence, dates itself 8th August, 1736, and Voltaire's answer—the Reinsberg Household still only in its second month—was probably the brightest event which had yet befallen there.

On various accounts, it will behoove us to look a good deal more strictly into this Voltaire, and, as his relations to Friedrich and to the world are so multiplex, endeavor to disengage the real likeness of the man from the circumambient noise and confusion, which, in his instance, continue very great. "Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich," says Sauerteig once : "what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century ! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich ; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. Other fruit we have not from it, to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and what *can* be faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed 'Realized Voltairism'—admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humor—is not that pretty much the net historical product of the Eighteenth Century? The rest of its history either pure somnambulism or a mere Controversy to the effect, 'Realized Voltairism? How soon shall it be realized, then? Not at once, surely?' So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are—they, for want of better—the two Original Men of their Century ; the chief, and, in a sense, the sole products of their Century. They alone remain to us as still living results from it, such as they are ; and the rest, truly, *ought* to depart and vanish (as they are now doing), being mere ephemera, contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay, and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these Two were," with more of the like sort from Sauerteig.

M. de Voltaire, who used to be M. François-Marie Arouet, was at this time about forty,[1] and had gone through various fortunes ; a man, now and henceforth, in a high degree conspicuous, and questionable to his fellow-creatures. Clear knowledge of him ought, at this stage, to be common, but unexpectedly it is not. What endless writing and biographying there has been about this man, and which one still reads with a kind of lazy satisfaction due to the subject, and to the French genius in that department ! But the man himself, and his environment and practical aspects, what the actual physiognomy of his life, and of him can have been, is dark from beginning to ending, and much is left in an ambiguous, undecipherable condition to us. A proper history of Voltaire, in which should be discoverable, luminous to human creatures, what he was, what element he lived in, what work he did, this is still a problem for the genius of France.

His Father's name is known to us ; the name of his Father's profession, too, but not clearly the nature of it ; still less his Father's character, economic circumstances, physiognomy spiritual or social—not the least possibility granted you of forming an image, however faint, of that notable man and household, which distinguished itself to all the earth by producing little François into the light of this sun. Of Madame Arouet, who, or what, or how she was, nothing whatever is known. A human reader, pestered continually with the Madame Denises, Abbé Mignots, and enigmatic nieces and nephews, would have wished to know, at least, what children, beside François, Madame Arouet had : once for all, how many children ? Name them, with year of birth, year of death, according to the church registers : they all, at any rate, had that degree of history ! No, even that has not been done. Beneficent correspondents of my own make answer, after some research, No register of the Arouets any where to be had. The very name VOLTAIRE, if you ask whence came it, there is no

[1] Born 20th February, 1694 ; the younger of two sons : Father, "François Arouet, a Notary of the Châtelet, ultimately Treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts ; " Mother, "Marguerite d'Aumart, of a noble family of Poitou."

answer, or worse than none. The fit "History" of this man, which might be one of the shining Epics of his Century, and the lucid summary and soul of any *History* France then had, but which would require almost a French demi-god to do it, is still a great way off, if on the road at all! For present purposes, we select what follows from a well-known hand:

"*Youth of Voltaire* (1694–1725).—French Biographers have left the Arouet Household very dark for us; meanwhile, we can perceive, or guess, that it was moderately well in economic respects; that François was the second of the Two Sons; and that old Arouet, a steady, practical, and perhaps rather sharp-tempered old gentleman, of official legal habits and position, 'Notary of the Châtelet' and something else, had destined him for the Law Profession, as was natural enough to a son of M. Arouet, who had himself succeeded well in Law, and could there, best of all, open roads for a clever second son. François accordingly sat 'in chambers,' as we call it, and his fellow-clerks much loved him—the most amusing fellow in the world—sat in chambers, even became an advocate, but did not in the least take to advocateship; took to poetry, and other airy dangerous courses, speculative, practical, causing family explosions and rebukes, which were without effect on him—a young fool, bent on sportful pursuits instead of serious; more and more shuddering at Law, to the surprise and indignation of M. Arouet Senior. Law, with its wigs and sheepskins, pointing toward high honors and deep flesh-pots, had no charms for the young fool; he could not be made to like Law.

"Whereupon arose explosions, as we hint—family explosions on the part of M. Arouet Senior, such that friends had to interfere, and it was uncertain what would come of it. One judicious friend, 'M. Caumartin,' took the young fellow home to his house in the country for a time, and there, incidentally, brought him acquainted with old gentlemen deep in the traditions of Henri Quatre and the cognate topics, which much inflamed the young fellow, and produced big schemes in the head of him.

"M. Arouet Senior stood strong for Law, but it was becoming daily more impossible. Madrigals, dramas (not without actresses), satirical wit, airy verse, and all manner of adventurous speculation, were what this young man went upon, and was getting more and more loved for; introduced, even, to

the superior circles, and recognized there as one of the brightest young fellows ever seen, which tended, of course, to confirm him in his folly, and open other outlooks and harbors of refuge than the paternal one.

"Such things, strange to M. Arouet Senior, were in vogue then, wicked Regent d'Orléans having succeeded sublime Louis XIV., and set strange fashions to the Quality. Not likely to profit this fool François, thought M. Arouet Senior, and was much confirmed in his notion when a rhymed Lampoon against the Government having come out (*Les J'ai vu*, as they call it[1]), and become the rage, as a clever thing of the kind will, it was imputed to the brightest young fellow in France, M. Arouet's Son, who, in fact, was not the Author, but was not believed on his denial, and saw himself, in spite of his high connections, ruthlessly lodged in the Bastille in consequence. 'Let him sit,' thought M. Arouet Senior, and 'come to his senses there!' He sat for eighteen months (age still a little above twenty), but privately employed his time, not in repentance or in serious legal studies, but in writing a Poem on his Henri Quatre. 'Epic Poem,' no less; *La Ligue*, as he then called it, which it was his hope the whole world would one day fall in love with, as it did. Nay, in two years more he had done a Play, *Œdipe* the renowned name of it, which 'ran for forty-eight nights' (18th November, 1718, the first of them), and was enough to turn any head of such age. Law may be considered hopeless, even by M. Arouet Senior.

"Try him in the Diplomatic line; break these bad habits and connections, thought M. Arouet, at one time, and sent him to the French Embassador in Holland—on good behavior, as it were, and by way of temporary banishment. But neither did this answer. On the contrary, the young fellow got into scrapes again; got into amatory intrigues—young lady visiting you in men's clothes, young lady's mother inveigling, and I know not what; so that the Embassador was glad to send him home again unmarried; marked, as it were, 'Glass, with care!' And the young lady's mother printed his Letters, not the least worth reading; and the old M. Arouet seems now to have flung up his head, to have settled some small allowance on him, with peremptory no hope of more, and said, 'Go your own way, then, foolish junior; the elder shall

[1] "I have seen (*J'ai vu*)" this ignominy occur, "I have seen" that other, to the amount of a dozen or two, "and am not yet twenty." Copy of it, and guess as to authorship, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, i., 321.

be my son.' M. Arouet disappears at this point, or nearly so, from the history of his son François, and I think must have died in not many years. Poor old M. Arouet closed his old eyes without the least conception what a prodigious ever-memorable thing he had done unknowingly in sending this François into the world, to kindle such universal 'dry dung-heap of a rotten world,' and set it blazing! François, his Father's synonym, came to be representative of the family, after all, the elder Brother also having died before long. Except certain confused niece and nephew personages, progeny of the sisters, François has no more trouble or solacement from the paternal household. François meanwhile is his Father's synonym, and signs Arouet Junior, 'François Arouet l. j. (*le jeune*).'

"'All of us Princes, then, or Poets!' said he, one night, at supper, looking to right and left; the brightest fellow in the world, well fit to be Phœbus Apollo of such circles, and great things now ahead of him. Dissolute Regent d'Orléans, politest, most debauched of men, and very witty, holds the helm; near him Dubois, the Devil's Cardinal, and so many bright spirits. All the Luciferous Spiritualism there is in France is lifting anchor, under these auspices, joyfully toward new latitudes and Isles of the Blessed. What may not François hope to become? 'Hmph!' answers M. Arouet Senior steadily, so long as he lives. Here are one or two subsequent phases, epochs or turning-points, of the young gentleman's career.

"*Phasis First* (1725–1728).—The accomplished Duc de Sulli (Year 1725, day not recorded) is giving in his hotel a dinner, such as usual, and a bright, witty company is assembled,—the brightest young fellow in France sure to be there, and with his electric coruscations illuminating every thing, and keeping the table in a roar, to the delight of most; not to that of a certain splenetic, ill-given Duc de Rohan, grandee of high rank, great haughtiness, and very ill behavior in the world, who feels impatient at the notice taken of a mere civic individual, Arouet Junior. '*Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui parle si haut*, Who is this young man, that talks so loud, then?' exclaims the proud, splenetic Duke. 'Monseigneur,' flashes the young man back upon him in an electric manner, 'it is one who does not drag a big name about with him, but who secures respect for the name he has!' Figure that, in the penetrating grandly-clangorous voice (*voix sombre et majestueuse*), and the momentary flash of eyes that attended

it. Duc de Rohan rose in a sulphurous frame of mind, and went his ways. What date? You ask the idle French Biographer in vain; see only, after more and more inspection, that the incident is true, and with labor date it summer of the Year 1725. Treaty of Utrecht itself, though all the Newspapers and Own Correspondents were so interested in it, was perhaps but a foolish matter to date in comparison!

"About a week after, M. Arouet Junior was again dining with the Duc de Sulli, and a fine company as before. A servant whispers him that somebody has called, and wants him below. 'Can not come,' answers Arouet; 'how can I, so engaged?' Servant returns after a minute or two: 'Pardon, Monsieur; I am to say, it is to do an act of beneficence that you are wanted below!' Arouet lays down his knife and fork; descends instantly to see what act it is. A carriage is in the court, and hackney-coach near it: 'Would Monsieur have the extreme goodness to come to the door of the carriage in a case of necessity? At the door of the carriage, hands seize the collar of him, hold him as in a vice; diabolic visage of Duc de Rohan is visible inside, who utters, looking to the hackney-coach, some '*Voilà*, Now then!' whereupon the hackney-coach opens, gives out three porters or hired bullies with the due implements: scandalous actuality of horsewhipping descends on the back of poor Arouet, who shrieks and execrates to no purpose, nobody being near. 'That will do,' says Rohan at last, and the gallant ducal party drive off; young Arouet, with torn frills and deranged hair, rushing up stairs again in such a mood as is easy to fancy. Every body is sorry, inconsolable—every body shocked; nobody volunteers to help in avenging. 'Monseigneur de Sulli, is not such atrocity done to one of your guests an insult to yourself?' asks Arouet. 'Well, yes, perhaps, but—' Monseigneur de Sulli shrugs his shoulders and purposes nothing. Arouet withdrew, of course, in a most blazing condition, to consider what he could, on his own strength, do in this conjuncture.

"His Biographer Duvernet says he decided on doing two things—learning English and the small-sword exercise.[1] He

[1] *La Vie de Voltaire,* par M** (à Genève, 1786), p. 55–57; or p. 60—of no great mark otherwise. He got into Revolution trouble afterward, 63, in his *second* form of the Book. The "M**" is an Abbé Duvernet, but escaped with his head, and republished his Book, swollen out somewhat by new "Anecdotes" and republican bluster in this second instance, signing himself T. J. D. V - - - (Paris, 1797). A vague but not

retired to the country for six months, and perfected himself in these two branches. Being perfect, he challenged Duc de Rohan in the proper manner, applying ingenious compulsives willed to secure acceptance of the challenge. Rohan accepted, not without some difficulty, and compulsion at the Theatre or otherwise—accepted, but withal confessed to his wife. The result was, no measuring of swords took place; and Rohan, only blighted by public opinion, or incapable of further blight that way, went at large, a convenient *Lettre de Cachet* having put Arouet again in the Bastille, where for six months Arouet lodged a second time, the innocent, not the guilty, making, we can well suppose, innumerable reflections on the phenomena of human life. Imprisonment once over, he hastily quitted for England, shaking the dust of ungrateful France off his feet, resolved to change his unhappy name for one thing.

"Smelfungus, denouncing the torpid fatuity of Voltaire's Biographers, says he never met with one Frenchman, even of the Literary classes, who could tell him whence this Name Voltaire originated. '*A petite terre*, small family estate,' they said, and sent him hunting through Topographies far and wide, to no purpose. Others answered, 'Volterra in Italy; some connection with Volterra,' and seemed even to know that this was but fatuity. 'In ever-talking, ever-printing Paris, is it as in Timbuctoo, then, which neither prints nor has any thing to print?' exclaims poor Smelfungus. He tells us at last the name *Voltaire* is a mere Anagram of *Arouet l. j.*; you try it—A.R.O.U.E.T. L.J. = V.O.L.T.A.I.R.E—and perceive at once, with obligations to Smelfungus, that he has settled this small matter for you, and that you can be silent upon it forever thenceforth.

"The anagram Voltaire, gloomily settled in the Bastille in this manner, can be reckoned a very famous, wide-sounding outer result of the Rohan impertinence and blackguardism, but it is not worth naming beside the inner intrinsic result of banishing Voltaire to England at this point of his course. England was full of Constitutionality and Freethinking—Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living—very free indeed. England, one is astonished to see, has its royal republican ways of doing—something Roman in it, from Peerage down to Plebs—strange and curious to the eye of M. de

dark or mendacious little Book, with traces of real *eyesight* in it, by one who had personally known Voltaire, or at least seen and heard him.

Voltaire. Sciences flourishing; Newton still alive, white with fourscore years, the venerable hoary man; Locke's Gospel of Common Sense in full vogue, or even done into verse by incomparable Mr. Pope for the cultivated upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics, what a surprising 'liberty' allowed or taken! Never was a freer turn of thinking. And (what to M. de Voltaire is a pleasant feature) it is Freethinking with ruffles to its shirt and rings on its fingers; never yet, the least, dreaming of the shirtless or *sansculottic* state that lies ahead for it! That is the palmy condition of English Liberty when M. de Voltaire arrives there.

"In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is a mind driven by hard suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant comparisons and remembrances, as if you had elaborately plowed and pulverized the mind of this Voltaire to receive with its utmost avidity and strength of fertility whatever seed England may have for it. That was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. The question, Is this man to grow up a Court Poet; to do legitimate dramas, lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, the like never seen; Princes and Princesses recognizing him as plainly divine, and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as his task in life? is answered in the negative. No; and it is not quite to decorate and comfort your 'dry dungheap' of a world, or the fortunate cocks that scratch on it, that the man Voltaire is here, but to shoot lightnings into it, and set it ablaze one day! That was an important alternative; truly of world-importance to the poor generations that now are; and it was settled, in good part, by this voyage to England, as one may surmise. Such is sometimes the use of a dissolute Rohan in this world, for the gods make implements of all manner of things.

"M. de Voltaire (for we now drop the Arouet altogether, and never hear of it more) came to England—when? Quitted England—when? Sorrow on all fatuous Biographers, who spend their time not in laying permanent foundation-stones, but in fencing with the wind! I at last find indisputably it was in 1726 that he came to England,[1] and he himself tells us that he quitted it 'in 1728.' Spent, therefore, some two years there in all—last year of George I.'s reign, and first of George II.s. But mere inanity and darkness visible reign in all his

[1] Got out of the Bastille, with orders to leave France, "20th April" of that year (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, i., 40 n.).

Biographies over this period of his life, which was, above all others, worth investigating: seek not to know it; no man has inquired into it, probably no competent man now ever will. By hints in certain Letters of the period we learn that he lodged, or at one time lodged, in 'Maiden Lane, Covent Garden'—one of those old Houses that yet stand in Maiden Lane; for which small fact let us be thankful. His own Letters of the period are dated now and then from 'Wandsworth.' Allusions there are to Bolingbroke; but the Wandsworth is not Bolingbroke's mansion, which stood in Battersea; the Wandsworth was one Edward Fawkener's: a man somewhat admirable to young Voltaire, but extinct now, or nearly so, in human memory. He had been a Turkey Merchant, it would seem, and nevertheless was admitted to speak his word in intellectual, even in political circles, which was wonderful to young Voltaire. This Fawkener, I think, became Sir Edward Fawkener, and some kind of 'Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland;' I judge it to be the same Fawkener; a man highly unmemorable now, were it not for the young Frenchman he was hospitable to. Fawkener's and Bolingbroke's are perhaps the only names that turn up in Voltaire's *Letters* of this English Period, over which generally there reigns, in the French Biographies, inane darkness, with an intimation, half involuntary, that it *should* have been made luminous, and would if perfectly easy.

"We know, from other sources, that he had acquaintance with many men in England, with all manner of important men: Notes to Pope in Voltaire-English, visit of Voltaire to Congreve, Notes even to such as Lady Sundon in the interior of the Palace, are known of. The brightest young fellow in the world did not want for introductions to the highest quarters in that time of political alliance and extensive private acquaintance between his Country and ours; and all this he was the man to improve, both in the trivial and the deep sense. His bow to the divine Princess Caroline and suite, could it fail in graceful reverence or what else was needed? Dexterous right words in the right places, winged with *esprit* so called . that was the man's supreme talent, in which he had no match, to the last. A most brilliant, swift, far-glancing young man, disposed to make himself generally agreeable. For the rest, his wonder, we can see, was kept awake—wonder readily inclining, in his circumstances, toward admiration. The stereotype figure of the Englishman, always the same, which turns up in Voltaire's *Works*, is worth noting in this

respect—a rugged, surly kind of fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic without complaint, standing oddly inexpugnable in that natural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech in him now and then, something which goes beyond laughter and articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two, what they call 'humor' in their dialect: this is pretty much the *reverse* of Voltaire's own self, and therefore all the welcomer to him; delineated always with a kind of mockery, but with evident love. What excellences are in England, thought Voltaire: no Bastile in it, for one thing!" Newton's Philosophy annihilated the vortexes of Descartes for him; Locke's Toleration is very grand (especially if all is uncertain, and *you* are in the minority); then Collins, Wollaston, and Company—no vile Jesuits here, strong in their mendacious malodorous stupidity, despicablest yet most dangerous of creatures, to check freedom of thought! Illustrious Mr. Pope, of the *Essay on Man*, surely he is admirable, as are Pericles Bolingbroke, and many others. Even Bolingbroke's high-lackered brass is gold to this young French friend of his: through all which admirations and exaggerations, the progress of the young man toward certain very serious attainments and achievements is conceivable enough.

"One other man, who ought to be mentioned in the Biographies, I find Voltaire to have made acquaintance with in England—a German M. Fabrice, one of several Brothers called Fabrice or Fabricius, concerning whom, how he had been at Bender, and how Voltaire picked *Charles Douze* from the memory of him, there was already mention—the same Fabrice who held poor George I. in his arms while they drove, galloping, to Osnabrück that night *in extremis*, not needing mention again. The following is more to the point.

"Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not forget that of economics; his Poem *La Ligue*—surreptitiously printed, three years since, under that title (one Desfontaines, a hungry Ex-Jesuit, the perpetrator)[1]—he now took in hand for his own benefit: washed it clean of its blots; christened it *Henriade*, under which name it is still known over all the world, and printed it; published it here, by subscription, in 1726: one of the first things he undertook. Very splendid subscription, headed by Princess Caroline, and much favored by the opulent of quality, which yielded an unknown but very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and

[1] 1723, *Vie*, par T. J. D. V. (that is, "M**" in the *second* form), p. 59

grounded not only the world-renown, but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire: for the fame of the 'new epic,' as this *Henriade* was called, soon spread into all lands; and such fame, and other agencies on his behalf, having opened the way home for Voltaire, he took this sum of Thousands Sterling along with him, laid it out judiciously in some city lottery or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled the amount; after which he invested it in Corn trade, Army Clothing, Barbary trade, Commissariat Bacon trade, all manner of well-chosen trades, being one of the shrewdest financiers on record, and never from that day wanted abundance of money, for one thing, which he judged to be extremely expedient for a literary man, especially in times of Jesuit and other tribulation. 'You have only to watch,' he would say, 'what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio are offered; if you exert any judgment, it is easy to gain there: do not the stupidest of mortals gain there by intensely attending to it?"

"Voltaire got almost nothing by his Books, which he generally had to disavow, and denounce as surreptitious supposititious scandals when some sharp-set Bookseller, in whose way he had laid the savory article as bait, chose to risk his ears for the profit of snatching and publishing it—next to nothing by his Books, but by his fine finance-talent otherwise he had become possessed of ample moneys, which were so cunningly disposed, too, that he had resources in every Country, and no conceivable combination of confiscating Jesuits and dark fanatic Official Persons could throw him out of a livelihood, whithersoever he might be forced to run: a man that looks facts in the face, which is creditable of him. The vulgar call it avarice and the like, as their way is; but M. de Voltaire is convinced that effects will follow causes, and that it well beseems a lonely Ishmaelite, hunting his way through the howling wildernesses and confused ravenous populations of this world, to have money in his pocket. He died with a revenue of some £7000 a year, probably as good as £20,000 at present; the richest literary man ever heard of hitherto, as well as the remarkablest in some other respects. But we have to mark the second phasis of his life" (in which Friedrich now sees him), "and how it grew out of this first one.

"*Phasis Second* (1728–1733).—Returning home as if quietly triumphant, with such a talent in him, and such a sanction put upon it and him by a neighboring Nation and by all the world, Voltaire was warmly received in his old aristocratic

circles by cultivated France generally, and now, in 1728, in his thirty-second year, might begin to have definite outlooks of a sufficiently royal kind in Literature and otherwise. Nor is he slow, far from it, to advance, to conquer and enjoy. He writes successful literature, falls in love with women of quality, encourages the indigent and humble, eclipses, and, in case of need, tramples down the too proud. He elegizes poor Adrienne Lecouvreur, the Actress—our poor friend the Comte de Saxe's female friend, who loyally emptied out her whole purse for him, £30,000 in one sum, that he might try for Courland, and whether he could fall in love with her of the Swollen Cheek there, which proved impossible—elegizes Adrienne, we say, and even buries her under cloud of night: ready to protect unfortunate females of merit, especially theatrical females, having much to do in the theatre, which we perceive to be the pulpit or real preaching-place of cultivated France in those years. All manner of verse, all manner of prose, he dashes off with surprising speed and grace: showers of light spray for the moment, and always some current of graver enterprise, *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* or the like, going on beneath it; for he is a most diligent, swift, unresting man, and studies and learns amazingly in such a rackety existence. Victorious enough in some senses; defeat, in Literature, never visited him. His Plays, coming thick on the heels of one another, rapid, brilliant pieces, are brilliantly received by the unofficial world, and ought to dethrone dull Crébillon, and the sleepy potentates of Poetry that now are, which, in fact, is their result with the public, but not yet in the highest courtly places: a defect much to be condemned and lamented.

"Numerous enemies arise, as is natural, of an envious, venomous description: this is another ever-widening shadow in the sunshine. In fact, we perceive he has, besides the inner obstacles and griefs, two classes of outward ones: there are Lions on his path, and also Dogs. Lions are the Ex-Bishop of Mirepoix, and certain other dark Holy Fathers or potent orthodox Official Persons. These, though Voltaire does not yet declare his heterodoxy (which, indeed, is but the *ortho*-doxy of the cultivated private circles), perceive well enough, even by the *Henriade*, and its talk of 'tolerance,' horror of 'fanaticism,' and the like, what this one's '*doxy* is, and how dangerous he, not a mere mute man of quality, but a talking spirit with winged words, may be, and they much annoy and terrify him by their roaring in the distance; which roaring can not, of course, convince; and since it is not permitted to

kill, can only provoke a talking spirit into still deeper strains of heterodoxy for his own private behoof. These are the Lions on his path: beasts conscious to themselves of good intentions, but manifesting from Voltaire's point of view, it must be owned, a physiognomy unlovely to a degree. 'Light is superior to darkness, I should think,' meditates Voltaire; 'power of thought to the want of power! The *Ane de Mirepoix* (Ass of Mirepoix),[1] pretending to use me in this manner, is it other, in the court of Rhadamanthus, than transcendent Stupidity, with transcendent Insolence superadded?' Voltaire grows more and more heterodox, and is ripening toward dangerous utterances, though he strives to hold in.

"The Dogs upon his path, again, are all the disloyal envious persons of the Writing Class whom his success has offended, and, more generally, all the dishonest hungry persons who can gain a morsel by biting him, and their name is legion—it must be owned, about as ugly a Doggery ('*infâme Canaille* he might well reckon them) as has, before or since, infested the path of a man. They are not hired and set on, as angry suspicion might suggest, but they are covertly somewhat patronized by the Mirepoix or orthodox Official class. Scandalous Ex-Jesuit Desfontaines, Thersites Fréron—these are but types of an endless Doggery, whose names and works should be blotted out; whose one claim to memory is, that the riding man so often angrily sprang down, and tried horsewhipping them into silence: a vain attempt. The individual hound flies howling, abjectly petitioning and promising, but the rest bark all with new comfort, and even *he* starts again straightway. It is bad travelling in these woods with such Lions and such Dogs. And then the sparsely scattered *Human* Creatures (so we may call them in contrast, persons of Quality for most part) are not always what they should be. The grand mansions you arrive at in this waste, howling solitude, prove sometimes essentially Robber-towers: and there may be Armida Palaces and divine-looking Armidas, where your ultimate fate is still worse.

"'*Que le monde est rempli d'enchanteurs, je ne dis rien d'enchanteresses!*'

[1] Poor joke of Voltaire's, continually applied to this Bishop or Ex-Bishop, who was thought, generally, a rather tenebrific man for appointment to the *Feuille des Bénéfices* (charge of nominating Bishops, keeping King's conscience, &c.), and who, in that capacity, signed himself *Ane.* (by no means "*Ane*," but "*Ancien*, Whilom") *de Mirepoix*, to the enragement of Voltaire often enough.

To think of it, the solitary Ishmaelite journeying, never so well mounted, through such a wilderness, with lions, dogs, human robbers, and Armidas all about him, himself lonely, friendless under the stars, one could pity him withal, though that is not the feeling he solicits, nor gets hitherto, even at this impartial distance.

"One of the beautiful creatures of Quality—we hope, not an Armida—who came athwart Voltaire in these times was a Madame du Châtelet, distinguished from all the others by a love of mathematics and the pure sciences, were it nothing else. She was still young, under thirty; the literary man still under forty. With her Husband, to whom she had brought a child or couple of children, there was no formal quarrel, but they were living apart, neither much heeding the other, as was by no means a case without example at that time: Monsieur soldiering and philandering about, in garrison or elsewhere; Madame, in a like humor, doing the best for herself in the high circle of society to which he and she belonged—most wearisome barren circles to a person of thought, as both she and M. de Voltaire emphatically admitted to one another on first making acquaintance. But is there no help?

"Madame had tried the pure sciences and philosophies in Books, but how much more charming when they come to you as a Human Philosopher, handsome, magnanimous, and the wittiest man in the world? Young Madame was not regularly beautiful, but she was very piquant, radiant, adventurous; understood other things than the pure sciences, and could be abundantly coquettish and engaging. I have known her scuttle off, on an evening, with a couple of adventurous young wives of Quality, to the remote lodging of the witty M. de Voltaire, and make his dim evening radiant to him.[1] Then, again, in public crowds, I have seen them obliged to dismount, to the peril of Madame's diamonds, there being a jam of carriages, and no getting forward for half the day. In short, they are becoming more and more intimate, to the extremest degree, and, scorning the world, thank Heaven that they are mutually indispensable. Can not get away from this scurvy wasp's-nest of a Paris, thought they, and live to ourselves and our Books?

Madame was of high quality—one of the Breteuils—but was poor in comparison, and her Husband the like. An old

[1] One of Voltaire's Letters.

Château of theirs, named Cirey, stands in a pleasant enough little valley in Champagne, but so dilapidated, gaunt, and vacant, nobody can live in it. Voltaire, who is by this time a man of ample moneys, furnishes the requisite cash; Madame and he, in sweet symphony, concert the plans: Cirey is repaired, at least parts of it are, into a boudoir of the gods, regardless of expense; nothing ever seen so tasteful, so magnificent; and the two repair thither to study, in peace, what sciences, pure and other, they have a mind to. They are recognized as lovers by the Parisian public, with little audible censure from any body there, with none at all from the easy Husband, who occasionally even visits Cirey, if he be passing that way, and is content to take matters as he finds them, without looking below the surface;[1] for the Ten Commandments are at a singular pass in cultivated France at this epoch. Such illicit idyllic form of life has been the form of Voltaire's since 1733," for some three years now, when Friedrich and we first made acquaintance with him. "It lasted above a dozen years more; an illicit marriage after its sort, and subject only to the liabilities of such. Perhaps we may look in upon the Cirey Household ourselves at some future time, and —" This Editor hopes not!

"Madame admits that for the first ten years it was, on the whole, sublime; a perfect Eden on Earth, though stormy now and then.[2] After ten years it began to grow decidedly dimmer, and in the course of few years more it became undeniably evident that M. de Voltaire 'did not love me as formerly;' in fact, if Madame could have seen it, M. de Voltaire was growing old, losing his teeth, and the like, and did not care for anything as formerly, which was a dreadful discovery, and gave rise to results by-and-by.

"In this retreat at Cirey, varied with flying visits to Paris,

[1] See (whoever is curious) Madame de Grafigny: *Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet* (Paris, 1820). A six months of actual Letters written by poor Grafigny, while sheltering at Cirey, Winter and Spring, 1738–1739; straitened there in various respects – extremely ill off for fuel, among other things. Rugged practical Letters, shadowing out to us, unconsciously oftenest, and like a very mirror, the splendid and the sordid, the seamy side and the smooth, of Life at Cirey, in her experience of it. Published, fourscore years after, under the above title.

[2] *Lettres Inédites de Madame la Marquise du Chastelet; auxquelles on a joint une Dissertation* (&c. of hers): Paris, 1806.

and kept awake by multifarious Correspondences, the quantity of Literature done by the two was great and miscellaneous: by Madame chiefly in the region of the pure sciences, in Newtonian Dissertations, competitions for Prizes, and the like: really sound and ingenious Pieces, entirely forgotten long since; by Voltaire in serious Tragedies, Histories, in light Sketches and deep Dissertations; mockery getting ever wilder with him; the satirical vein, in prose and verse, amazingly copious, and growing more and more heterodox, as we can perceive. His troubles from the ecclesiastical or Lion kind in the Literary forest, still more from the rabid Doggery in it, are manifold, incessant; and it is pleasantly notable, during these first ten years, with what desperate intensity, vigilance, and fierceness Madame watches over all his interests, and liabilities, and casualties great and small, leaping with her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedences and consequences alike; flying with the spirit of an angry brood-hen, at the face of mastiffs in defence of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's. To which Voltaire replies, as he well may, with eloquent gratitude—with Verses to the divine Emilie, with Gifts to her, verses and gifts the prettiest in the world—and industriously celebrates the divine Emilie to herself and all third parties.

"An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and, in the end, somewhat termagant female figure, this divine Emilie. Her temper, radiant rather than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion; nor was M. de Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him the wrong way. I have heard their domestic symphony was liable to furious flaws—let us hope at great distances apart; that 'plates' in presence of the lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to fly from end to end of the dinner-table, nay, they mention 'knives' (though only in the way of oratorical action); and Voltaire has been heard to exclaim, the sombre and majestic voice of him risen to a very high pitch, '*Ne me regardez tant de ces yeux hagards et louches* (Don't fix those haggard sidelong eyes on me in that way)!' mere shrillness of pale rage presiding over the scene. But we hope it was only once in the quarter, or seldomer, after which the element would be clearer for some time. A lonesome literary man, who has got a Brood Phœnix to preside over him, and fly at the face of gods and men for him in that manner, ought to be grateful.

"Perhaps we shall one day glance, personally, as it were,

into Cirey with our readers." Not with this Editor or his! "It will turn out beyond the reader's expectation. Tolerable illicit resting-place, so far as the illicit can be tolerable, for a lonesome Man of Letters, who goes into the illicit. Helpfulness, affection, or the flattering image of such, are by no means wanting: squalls of infirm temper are not more frequent than in the most licit establishments of a similar sort. Madame, about this time, has a swift Palfrey, '*Rossignol* (Nightingale)' the name of him, and gallops fairy-like through the winding valleys, being an ardent rider, and well-looking on horseback. Voltaire's study is inlaid with—the Grafigny knows all what—mere china tiles, gilt sculptures, marble slabs, and the supreme of taste and expense: study fit for the Phœbus Apollo of France, so far as Madame could contrive it. Takes coffee with Madame in the Gallery about noon. And his bed-room, I expressly discern,[1] looks out upon a running brook, the murmur of which is pleasant to one."

Enough, enough. We can perceive what kind of Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself, and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model Epic, *Henriade;* model History, *Charles Douze;* sublime Tragedies, *César*, *Alzire*, and others, which readers still know, though with less enthusiasm, are blooming fresh in Friedrich's memory and heart: such Literature as man never saw before; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures—a Reform of human Thought itself; a new "Gospel," good tidings or God's Message, by this man, which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a new *Ba'spel*, or Devil's Message of bad tidings! A sublime enough Voltaire; radiant enough over at Cirey yonder; to all lands a visible Phœbus Apollo, climbing the eastern steeps, with arrows of celestial "new light" in his quiver; capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope!

[1] *Letters of Voltaire.*

And so there begins from this point a lively Correspondence between Friedrich and Voltaire, which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life, and is a conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks, and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers.[1] It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be; the reverse, indeed, on both sides; but it has unfortunately become a very dull one to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit; on the contrary (if you read intensely, and bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest; but the substance of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then, and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again: the common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say! As an illustration of Two memorable Characters, and of their Century, showing on what terms the Sage Plato of the Eighteenth Century and his Tyrant Dionysius correspond, and what their manners are to one another, it may long have a kind of interest to mankind; otherwise it has not much left.

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much *other* had Friedrich too been! But the

[1] (Preuss) *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxi., xxii., xxiii., Berlin, 1853), who supersedes the lazy French Editors in this matter.

Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for every body's finding, and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich; so that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable—considerable, but not derived from this express Correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's Printed *Works*, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet, and Priest of this Working King; no better off for a spiritual Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him—perhaps had already outgrown, having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow from substance—outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally with much contempt in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humor toward Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect, and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another, which may be taken as a notable feature of Friedrich's History, and gives rise to passages between Voltaire and him which will make much noise in time coming.

Here, meanwhile, faithfully presented, though in condensed form, is the starting of the Correspondence—First Letter of it, and first Response: two Pieces which were once bright as the summer sunrise on both sides, but are now fallen very dim, and have much needed condensation and abridgment by omission of the unessential, so lengthy are they, so extinct and almost dreary to us! Sublime "Wolf" and his 'Philosophy,' how he was hunted out of Halle with it long since, and now shines from Marburg, his "Philosophy" and he supreme among mankind: this, and other extinct points, the reader's fancy will endeavor to rekindle in some slight measure:

To M. de Voltaire, at Cirey (from the Crown-Prince).

"Berlin, 8th August, 1736.

"Monsieur,—Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you personally, you are not the less known to me through your Works. They are treasures of the mind, if I may so express myself, and they reveal to the reader new beauties at every fresh perusal. I think I have recognized in them the character of their ingenious Author, who does honor to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute on the comparative merits of the Moderns and the Ancients should be revived, the modern great men will owe it to you, and to you only, that the scale is turned in their favor. With the excellent quality of Poet you join innumerable others more or less related to it. Never did Poet before put Metaphysics into rhythmic cadence: to you the honor was reserved of doing it first.

"This taste for Philosophy manifested in your writings induces me to send you a translated Copy of the *Accusation and the Defense of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days, who, for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism. Such is the destiny of great men; their superior genius exposes them to the poisoned arrows of calumny and envy. I am about getting a Translation made of the *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*"—Translation done by an Excellency Suhm, as has been hinted—"from the pen of the same Author. I will send it to you when it is finished; and I am sure that the force of evidence in all his propositions, and their close geometrical sequence, will strike you.

"The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote themselves to the Arts and Sciences makes me hope that you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you find worthy of your instructions: it is so I would call your intercourse by Correspondence of Letters, which can not be other than profitable to every thinking being. * *

* * "beauties without number in your works. Your *Henriade* delights me. The tragedy of *Cæsar* shows us sustained characters; the sentiments in it are magnificent and grand, and one feels that Brutus is either a Roman, or else an Englishman (*ou un Romain ou un Anglais*). Your *Alzire*, to the graces of novelty, adds" * *

"Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess all your Writings," even those not printed hitherto. "Pray,

Monsieur, do communicate them to me without reserve. If there be among your Manuscripts any that you wish to conceal from the eyes of the public, I engage to keep them in the profoundest secrecy. I am unluckily aware that the faith of Princes is an object of little respect in our days; nevertheless, I hope you will make an exception from the general rule in my favor. I should think myself richer in the possession of your Works than in that of all the transient goods of Fortune. These the same chance grants and takes away; your Works one can make one's own by means of memory, so that they last us while it lasts. Knowing how weak my own memory is, I am in the highest degree select in what I trust to it.

"If Poetry were what it was before your appearance, a strumming of wearisome idyls, insipid eclogues, tuneful nothings, I should renounce it for ever;" but in your hands it becomes ennobled—a melodious "course of morals, worthy of the admiration and the study of cultivated minds (*des honnêtes gens*). You"—in fine, "you inspire the ambition to follow in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said to myself, '*Malheureux*, throw down a burden which is above thy strength! One can not imitate Voltaire without being Voltaire!'

"It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those advantages of birth, those vapors of grandeur, with which vanity would solace us! They amount to little, properly to nothing (*pour mieux dire, à rien*). Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences, and it is the part of Princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah! would Glory but make use of me to crown your successes! My only fear would be lest this Country, little fertile in laurels, proved unable to furnish enough of them.

"If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, may I at least hope one day to see the man whom I have admired so long now from afar, and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I am, with all the esteem and consideration due to those who, following the torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labors to the Public, Monsieur, your affectionate friend, FRÉDÉRIC, P. R. of Prussia." [1]

By what route or conveyance this Letter went I can not say. In general, it is to be observed, these Friedrich-Voltaire

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi., 6.

Letters—liable perhaps to be considered contraband at *both* ends of their course—do not go by the Post, but by French-Prussian Ministers, by Hamburg Merchants, and other safe subterranean channels. Voltaire, with enthusiasm, and no doubt promptly, answers within three weeks:

To the Crown-Prince at Reinsberg (from Voltaire).

"Cirey, 26th August, 1736.

"Monseigneur,—A man must be void of all feeling who were not infinitely moved by the Letter which your Royal Highness has deigned to honor me with. My self-love is only too much flattered by it; but my love of Mankind, which I have always nourished in my heart, and which, I venture to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me a very much purer pleasure to see that there is now in the world a Prince who thinks as a man—a *Philosopher* Prince, who will make men happy.

"Permit me to say, there is not a man on the earth but owes thanks for the care you take to cultivate by sound philosophy a soul that is born for command. Good kings there never were except those that had begun by seeking to instruct themselves; by knowing good men from bad; by loving what was true; by detesting persecution and superstition. No Prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back the golden age into his Countries! And why do so few Princes seek this glory? You feel it, Monseigneur, it is because they all think more of their Royalty than of Mankind. Precisely the reverse is your case; and unless, one day, the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshiped by your People, and loved by the whole world. Philosophers, worthy of the name, will flock to your States; thinkers will crowd round that throne, as the skillfulest artisans do to the city where their art is in request. The illustrious Queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in search of the Arts; reign you, Monseigneur, and the Arts will come to seek you.

"May you only never be disgusted with the Sciences by the quarrels of their Cultivators! a race of men no better than Courtiers; often enough as greedy, intriguing, false, and cruel as these," and still more ridiculous in the mischief they do. "And how sad for mankind that the very Interpreters of Heaven's commandments, the Theologians, I mean, are some-

times the most dangerous of all! professed messengers of the Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure ideas and pernicious behavior, their soul blown out with mere darkness, full of gall and pride in proportion as it is empty of truths. Every thinking being who is not of their opinion is an Atheist, and every King who does not favor them will be damned. Dangerous to the very throne, and yet intrinsically insignificant:" best way is, leave their big talk and them alone: speedy collapse will follow. * * *

"I can not sufficiently thank your Royal Highness for the gift of that little Book about Monsieur Wolf. I respect Metaphysical ideas; rays of lightning they are in the midst of deep night. More, I think, is not to be hoped from Metaphysics. It does not seem likely that the First principles of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in some little holes of an immense Building know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told his secret to one of us. If any body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Beautiful in your Royal Highness to protect such a man. And how beautiful it will be to send me his chief Book, as you have the kindness to promise! "The Heir of a Monarchy, from his palace, attending to the wants of a recluse far off! Condescend to afford me the pleasure of that Book, Monsieur. * *

"What your Royal Highness thinks of Poetry is just: verses that do not teach men new and touching truths do not deserve to be read." As to my own poor verses—But, after all, "that *Henriade* is the writing of an Honest Man; fit, in that sense, that it find grace with a Philosopher Prince.

"I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished Pieces. You shall be my public, Monsieur; your criticisms will be my reward: it is a price few Sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your secrecy; your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should indeed consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to your Royal Highness! One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins; a Prince such as you is a much more singular object, worthier of a long journey! But the friendship" (divine Emilie's) "which keeps me in this retirement does not permit my leaving it. No doubt you think with Julian, that great and much-calumniated man, who said, 'Friends should always be preferred to Kings.'

"In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be

assured, Monseigneur, my wishes will continually be for you —that is to say, for a whole People's happiness. My heart will rank itself among your subjects ; your glory will ever be dear to me. I shall wish. May you always be like yourself, and may other Kings be like you ! I am, with profound respect, your Royal Highness's most humble "VOLTAIRE." [1]

The Correspondence, once kindled, went on apace, and soon burst forth, finding nourishment all round, into a shining little household fire, pleasant to the hands and hearts of both parties. Consent of opinions on important matters is not wanting, nor is emphasis in declaring the same. The mutual admiration, which is high—high and intrinsic on Friedrich's side ; and on Voltaire's, high if in part *extrinsic*—by no means wants for emphasis of statement : superlatives, tempered by the best art, pass and repass. Friedrich, reading Voltaire's immortal Manuscripts, confesses with a blush, before long, that he himself is a poor Apprentice that way. Voltaire, at sight of the Princely Productions, is full of admiration, of encouragement ; does a little in correcting, solecisms of grammar chiefly—a little, by no means much. But it is a growing branch of employment, now and henceforth almost the one reality of function Voltaire can find for himself in this beautiful Correspondence. For, "Oh what a Crown-Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human nature, and realize the dream of sages—Philosophy upon the Throne!" And on the other side, "Oh what a Phœbus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the Nightmares—sowing the Earth with orient pearl, to begin with!" in which fine duet, it must be said, the Prince is perceptibly the truer singer, singing within compass and from the heart, while the Phœbus shows himself acquainted with art, and warbles in seductive quavers, now and then beyond the pitch of his voice. We must own, also, Friedrich proves little seducible ; shows himself laudably indifferent to such siren singing ; perhaps more used to flattery, and knowing by experience how little meal is to be made of chaff. Voltaire, in an ungrateful France, naturally plumes himself a good deal on such recognition by a Foreign Rising

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi., 10.

Sun ; and, of the two, though so many years the elder, is much more like losing head a little.

Elegant gifts are dispatched to Cirey—gold-amber trinkets for Madame, perhaps an amber ink-holder for Monsieur : priceless at Cirey as gifts of the very gods. By-and-by a messenger goes express : the witty Colonel Keyserling, witty but experienced, whom we once named at Reinsberg ; he is to go and see with his eyes, since his Master can not. What a messenger there ; ambassador from star to star ! Keyserling's report at Reinsberg is not given, but we have Grafigny's, which is probably the more impartial. Keyserling's embassy was in the end of next year,[1] and there is plenty of airy writing about it and him in these Letters.

Friedrich has translated the name *Keyserling* (diminutive of *Kaiser*) into "Cæsarion ;" and I should have said he plays much upon names, and also upon things at Reinsberg in that style, and has a good deal of airy symbolism and cloudwork ingeniously painted round the solidities of his life there, especially a "Bayard Order," as he calls it—Twelve of his selectest Friends made into a Chivalry Brotherhood, the names of whom are all changed, "Cæsarion" one of them, with dainty devices, and mimetic procedures of the due sort, which are not wholly mummery, but have a spice of reality, to flavor them to a serious young heart ; for the selection was rigorous, superior merit and behavior a strict condition ; and, indeed, several of these Bayard Chevaliers proved notable practicable Champions in time coming ; for example, Captain Fouquet, of whom we have heard before in the dark Cüstrin days. This is a mentionable feature of the Reinsberg life, and of the young Prince's character there ; pleasant to know of from this distance, but not now worth knowing more in detail.

The Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence contains much incense—due whiffs of it, from Reinsberg side, to the "divine Emilie," Voltaire's quasi better-half or worse half, who responds always in her divinest manner to Reinsberg, eager for more acquaintance there. The Du Châtelets had a Lawsuit in Brabant—very inveterate, perhaps a hundred years old or

[1] 3d November, 1737 (as we gather from the Correspondence).

more—with the "House of Honsbrouck:"[1] this, not to speak of other causes, flights from French peril and the like, often brought Voltaire and his Dame into those parts, and gave rise to occasional hopes of meeting with Friedrich, which could not take effect. In more practical style, Voltaire solicits of him, "Could not your Royal Highness perhaps graciously speak to some of those Judicial Big-wigs in Brabant, and flap them up a little!" which Friedrich I think did, by some good means. Happily, by one means or other, Voltaire got the Lawsuit ended—1740, we might guess, but the time is not specified—and Friedrich had a new claim, had there been need of new, to be regarded with worship by Madame.[2] But the proposed meeting with Madame could never take effect, not even when Friedrich's hands were free. Nay, I notice at last Friedrich had privately determined it never should, Madame evidently an inconvenient element to him—a young man not wanting in private power of eyesight, and able to distinguish chaff from meal! Voltaire and he will meet; meet, and also part; and there will be passages between them; and the reader will again hear of this Correspondence of theirs where it has a biographical interest. We are to conceive it, at present, as a principal light of life to the young heart at Reinsberg; a cheerful new fire, almost an altar-fire, irradiating the common dusk for him there.

Of another Correspondence, beautifully irradiative for the young heart, we must say almost nothing—the Correspondence with Suhm. Suhm, the Saxon Minister, whom we have occasionally heard of, is an old Friend of the Crown-Prince's, dear and helpful to him: it is he who is now doing those *Translations* of *Wolf*, of which Voltaire lately saw specimen—translating *Wolf* at large for the young man's behoof. The young man, restless to know the best Philosophy going, had tried reading of Wolf's chief Book; found it too abstruse in Wolf's German; wherefore Suhm translates; sends it to him

[1] *Lettres Inédites de Voltaire* (Paris, 1826), p. 9.

[2] Record of all this, left, like innumerable other things there, in an intrinsically dark condition, lies in Voltaire's *Letters* not much worth hunting up into clear daylight, the process being so difficult to a stranger.

in limpid French, fascicle by fascicle, with commentaries; young man doing his best to understand and admire—gratefully, not too successfully, we can perceive. That is the staple of the famous *Suhm Correspondence*—staple which nobody could now bear to be concerned with.

Suhm is also helpful in finance difficulties, which are pretty frequent; works out subventions, loans under a handsome form from the Czarina's and other Courts, which is an operation of the utmost delicacy; perilous, should it be heard of at Potsdam; wherefore Suhm and the Prince have a covert language for it, and affect still to be speaking of "Publishers" and "new Volumes" when they mean Lenders and Bank-Drafts. All these loans, I will hope, were accurately paid one day, as that from George II. was in "rouleaus of new gold." We need not doubt the wholesale charm and blessing of so intimate a Correspondence to the Crown-Prince; and, indeed, his real love of the amiable Suhm, as Suhm's of him, comes beautifully to light in these Letters, but otherwise they are not now to be read without weariness, even dreariness, and have become a biographical reminiscence merely.

Concerning Graf von Manteufel, a third Literary Correspondent, and the only other considerable one, here, from a German Commentator on this matter, is a Clipping that will suffice:

"Manteufel was Saxon by birth, long a Minister of August the Strong, but quarreled with August, owing to some frail female, it is said, and had withdrawn to Berlin a few years ago. He shines there among the fashionable philosophical classes; underhand, perhaps does a little in the volunteer political line withal, being a very busy pushing gentleman—tall of stature, 'perfectly handsome at the age of sixty;'[1] great partisan of Wolf and the Philosophies, awake to the Orthodoxies too—writes flowing elegant French, in a softly trenchant, somewhat too all-knowing style—high manners traceable in him, but nothing of the noble loyalty, natural politeness, and pious lucency of Suhm. One of his Letters to Friedrich has this slightly impertinent passage; Friedrich, just

[1] Formey: *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i., 39-45.

getting settled in Reinsberg, having transiently mentioned 'the quantity of fair sex' that had come about him there:

"'*Berlin, 26th August*, 1736 (to the Crown-Prince). * * I am well persuaded your Royal Highness will regulate all that to perfection, and so manage that your fair sex will be charmed to find themselves with you at Reinsberg, and you charmed to have them there. But permit me, your Royal Highness, to repeat in this place what I one day took the liberty of saying here at Berlin: Nothing in the world would better suit the present interests of your Royal Highness and of us all, than some Heir of your Royal Highness's making! Perhaps the tranquil convenience with which your Royal Highness at Reinsberg can now attend to that object will be of better effect than all those hasty and transitory visits at Berlin were; at least I wish it with the best of my heart. I beg pardon, Monseigneur, for intruding thus into every thing which concerns your Royal Highness;' in truth, I am a rather impudent, busy-bodyish fellow, with superabundant dashing manner, speculation, utterance, and shall get myself ordered out of the Country by my present correspondent by-and-by. 'Being ever,' with due enthusiasm, 'MANTEUFEL.'"[1]

"To which Friedrich's Answer is of a kind to put a gag in the foul mouth of certain extraordinary Pamphleteerings that were once very copious in the world, and, in particular, to set at rest the Herr Dr. Zimmermann and his poor puddle of calumnies and credulities, got together in that weak pursuit of physiology under obscene circumstances,

which is the one good result I have gathered from the Manteufel Correspondence," continues our German friend, whom I vote with. Or, if the English reader never saw those Zimmermann or other doglike Pamphleteerings and surmisings, let this Excerpt be mysterious and superfluous to the thankful English reader.

On the whole, we conceive to ourselves the abundant nature of Friedrich's Correspondence, literary and other, and what kind of event the transit of that Post functionary "from Fehrbellin northward," with his leathern bags, "twice a week," may have been at Reinsberg in those years.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv., 487; Friedrich's Answer is Reinsberg, 23d September (Ib., 489).

CHAPTER III.

CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL.

THURSDAY, 25th October, 1736, the Crown-Prince, with Lieutenant Buddenbrock and an attendant or two, drove over into Mecklenburg, to a Village and serene Schloss called Mirow, intending a small act of neighborly civility there, on which perhaps an English reader of our time will consent to accompany him. It is but some ten or twelve miles off in a northerly direction, Reinsberg being close on the frontier there—a pleasant enough morning's drive, with the October sun shining on the silent heaths, on the many-colored woods and you.

Mirow is an Appanage for one of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz junior branches, Mecklenburg-Strelitz being itself a junior compared to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin of which, and its infatuated Duke, we have heard so much in times past. Mirow and even Strelitz are not in a very shining state—but indeed we shall see them, as it were, with eyes. And the English reader is to note especially those Mirow people, as perhaps of some small interest to him if he knew it. The Crown-Prince reports to Papa, in a satirical vein, not ungenially, and with much more freedom than is usual in those Reinsberg Letters of his :

To his Prussian Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 26th October, 1736.

* * "Yesterday I went across to Mirow. To give my Most All-Gracious Father an idea of the place, I can not liken it to any thing higher than Gross-Kreutz" (term of comparison lost upon us ; say *Garrat*, at a venture, or the *Clachan of Aberfoyle*) : "the one house in it, that can be called a house, is not so good as the Parson's there. I made straight for the Schloss, which is pretty much like the Garden-house in Berlin, only there is a rampart round it ; and an old Tower, considerably in ruins, serves as a Gateway to the House.

"Coming on the Drawbridge, I perceived an old stocking-

knitter disguised as Grenadier, with his cap, cartridge-box, and musket laid to a side, that they may not hinder him in his knitting-work. As I advanced, he asked 'whence I came, and whitherward I was going?' I answered that 'I came from the Post-house, and was going over this Bridge;' whereupon the Grenadier, quite in a passion, ran to the Tower, where he opened a door, and called out the Corporal. The Corporal seemed to have hardly been out of bed, and in his great haste had not taken time to put on his shoes nor quite button his breeches With much flurry, he asked us 'where we were for, and how we came to treat the Sentry in that manner?' Without answering him at all, we went our way toward the Schloss.

"Never in my life should I have taken this for a Schloss, had it not been that there were two glass lamps fixed at the door-posts, and the figures of two Cranes standing in front of them by way of Guards. We made up to the House, and after knocking almost half an hour to no purpose, there peered out at last an exceedingly old woman, who looked as if she might have nursed the Prince of Mirow's father. The poor woman, at sight of strangers, was so terrified she slammed the door to in our faces. We knocked again, and seeing there could nothing be made of it, went round to the stables, where a fellow told us 'the young Prince, with his Consort, was gone to Neu-Strelitz, a couple of miles off' (ten miles English), and the Duchess his Mother, who lives here, had given him, to make the better figure, all her people along with him, keeping nobody but the old woman to herself.'

"It was still early, so I thought I could not do better than profit by the opportunity, and have a look at Neu-Strelitz. We took post-horses, and got thither about noon. Neu-Strelitz is properly a Village, with only one street in it, where Chamberlains, Chancery-men, Domestics all lodge, and where there is an Inn. I can not better describe it to my Most All-Gracious Father than by that street in Gumbinnen where you go up to the Town-hall, except that no house here is white-washed. The Schloss is fine, and lies on a lake, with a big garden—pretty much like Reinsberg in situation.

"The first question I asked here was for the Prince of Mirow; but they told me he had just driven off again to a place called Kanow, which is only a couple of miles English from Mirow, where we had been. Buddenbrock, who is acquainted with Neu-Strelitz, got me, from a chamberlain, something to eat, and in the meanwhile that Böhme came in who

was Adjutant in my Most All-Gracious Father's Regiment" (not of Goltz, but King's presumably): "Böhme did not know me till I hinted to him who I was. He told me, 'The Duke of Strelitz was an excellent seamster;' fit to be Tailor to your Majesty in a manner, had not Fate been cruel, 'and that he made beautiful dressing-gowns (*cassaquins*) with his needle.' This made me curious to see him; so we had ourselves presented as Foreigners, and it went off so well that nobody recognized me. I can not better describe the Duke than by saying he is like old Stahl" (famed old medical man at Berlin, dead last year, physiognomy not known to actual readers), "in a blonde Abbé's periwig. He is extremely silly (*blöde*); his Hofrath Altrock tells him, as it were, every thing he has to say." About fifty, this poor Duke; shrunk into needlework, for a quiet life, amid such tumults from Schwerin and elsewhere.

"Having taken leave we drove right off to Kanow, and got thither about six. It is a mere Village, and the Prince's Pleasure-House (*Lusthaus*) here is nothing better than an ordinary Hunting Lodge, such as any Forest-keeper has. I called in at the Miller's, and had myself announced" at the *Lusthaus* "by his maid; upon which the Major-Domo (*Haus Hofmeister*) came over to the Mill, and complimented me, with whom I proceeded to the Residenz"—that is, back again to Mirow, "where the whole Mirow Family were assembled. The Mother is a Princess of Schwartzburg, and still the cleverest of them all:" still under sixty; Good old Mother, intent that her poor Son should appear to advantage when visiting the more opulent Serenities. "His Aunt also," mother's sister, "was there. The Lady Spouse is small; a Niece to the Prince of Hildburghausen, who is in the Kaiser's service: she was in the family-way, but (*aber*) seemed otherwise to be a very good Princess.

"The first thing they entertained me with was the sad misfortune come upon their best Cook, who, with the cart that was bringing the provisions, had overset and broken his arm, so that the provisions had all gone to nothing. Privately I have had inquiries made; there was not a word of truth in the story. At last we went to table, and, sure enough, it looked as if the Cook and his provisions had come to some mishap, for certainly in the three Crowns at Potsdam" (worst inn, one may guess, in the satirical vein) "there is better eating than here.

"At table there was talk of nothing but of all the German Princes who are not right in their wits (*nicht recht klug*)," as

Mirow himself, your Majesty knows, is reputed to be! "There was Weimar,[1] Gotha, Waldeck, Hoym, and the whole lot of them, brought upon the carpet; and after our good Host had got considerably drunk, we rose, and he lovingly promised me that 'he and his whole Family would come and visit Reinsberg.' Come he certainly will, but how I shall get rid of him God knows.

"I most submissively beg pardon of my Most All-Gracious Father for this long Letter, and"—we will terminate here.[2]

Dilapidated Mirow and its inmates, portrayed in this satirical way, except as a view of Serene Highnesses fallen into Sleepy Hollow, excites little notice in the indolent mind, and that little rather pleasantly contemptuous than really profitable. But one fact ought to kindle momentary interest in English readers: the young foolish Herr, in this dilapidated place, is no other than our "Old Queen Charlotte's" Father that is to be, a kind of Ancestor of ours, though we little guessed it! English readers will scan him with new curiosity when he pays that return visit at Reinsberg, which he does within the fortnight:

To his Prussian Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 8th November, 1736.

* * "that my most All-Gracious Father has had the graciousness to send us some Swans. My Wife also has been exceedingly delighted at the fine Present sent her." * * "General Prætorious," Danish Envoy, with whose Court there is some tiff of quarrel, "came hither yesterday to take leave of us; he seems very unwilling to quit Prussia.

"This morning, about three o'clock, my people woke me with word that there was a Stafette come with Letters"—from your Majesty or Heaven knows whom! "I spring up in all haste, and, opening the Letter, find it is from the Prince

[1] Wilhelmina's acquaintance; wedded, not without difficulty, to a superfluous Baireuth Sister in-law by Wilhelmina *Mémoires de Wilhelmina*, ii., 185–194); Grandfather of Goethe's Friend; is nothing like fairly out of his wits, only has a flea (as we may say) dancing occasionally in the ear of him. Perhaps it is so with the rest of these Serenities, here fallen upon evil tongues?

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 104–106.

of Mirow, who informs me that 'he will be here to-day at noon.' I have got all things in readiness to receive him, as if he were the Kaiser in person; and I hope there will be material for some amusement to my Most All-Gracious Father by next post." Next post is half a week hence:

To his Prussian Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 11th November.

* * "The Prince of Mirow's visit was so curious, I must give my Most All-Gracious Father a particular report of it. In my last I mentioned how General Prætorius had come to us; he was in the room when I entered with the Prince of Mirow. At sight of him Prætorius exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by every body, '*Voilà le Prince Cajuca!*'[1] Not one of us could help laughing; and I had my own trouble to turn it so that he did not get angry.

"Scarcely was the Prince got in, when they came to tell me, for his worse luck, that Prince Heinrich," the Ill Margraf, "was come—who accordingly trotted him out in such a way that we thought we should all have died with laughing. Incessant praises were given him, especially for his fine clothes, his fine air, and his uncommon agility in dancing; and, indeed, I thought the dancing would never end.

"In the afternoon, to spoil his fine coat"—a contrivance of the Ill Margraf's, I should think—"we stepped out to shoot at target in the rain: he would not speak of it, but one could observe he was in much anxiety about the coat. In the evening he got a glass or two in his head, and grew extremely merry; said at last 'He was sorry that, for divers state reasons and businesses of moment, he must of necessity return home,' which, however, he put off till about two in the morning. I think next day he would not remember very much of it.

"Prince Heinrich is gone to his Regiment again;" Prætorius too is off; and we end with the proper *Kow-Tow*.[2]

These Strelitzers, we said, are juniors to infatuated Schwerin, and poor Mirow is again junior to Strelitz; plainly one of the least opulent of Residences. At present it is Dower Appanage (*Wittwen-Sitz*) to the Widow of the late Strelitz of blessed memory: here, with her one Child, a boy now grown to what

[1] Nickname out of some Romance, fallen extinct long since.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii., part 3d, p. 109.

manhood we see, has the Serene Dowager lived these twenty-eight years past—a Schwarzburg by birth, "the cleverest head among them all." Twenty-eight years in dilapidated Mirow: so long has that Tailoring Duke, her eldest *stepson* (child of a prior wife), been Supreme Head of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; employed with his needle, or we know not how, collapsed finally into tailoring at this date. There was but one other son, this clever Lady's, twenty years junior, "Prince of Mirow" whom we now see. Karl Ludwig Friedrich is the name of this one, age now twenty-eight gone. He, ever since the third month of him, when the poor Serene Father died ("May, 1708"), has been at Mirow with Mamma, getting what education there was—not too successfully, as would appear. Eight years ago, "in 1726," Mamma sent him off upon his travels—to Geneva, Italy, France: he looked upon Vienna too; got a Lieutenant Colonelcy in the Kaiser's Service, but did not like it; soon gave it up and returned home to vegetate, perhaps to seek a wife, having prospects of succession in Strelitz. For the Serene Half-Brother proves to have no children: were *his* tailoring once finished in the world, our Prince of Mirow is Duke in Chief. On this basis he wedded last year: the little Wife has already brought him one child, a daughter, and has (as Friedrich notices) another under way, if it prosper. No lack of Daughters, nor of Sons by-and-by: eight years hence came the little Charlotte, subsequently Mother of England, much to her and our astonishment.[1]

The poor man did not live to be Duke of Strelitz; he died 1752, in little Charlotte's eighth year, Tailor Duke *surviving* him a few months. Little Charlotte's Brother did then succeed, and lasted till 1794; after whom a second Brother, father of the now Serene Strelitzes, who also is genealogically notable; for from him there came another still more famous Queen, Louisa of Prussia, beautiful to look upon, as "Aunt Charlotte" was not, in a high degree, and who showed herself a Heroine in Napoleon's time, as Aunt Charlotte never was

[1] Born (at Mirow) 19th May, 1744; married (London) 8th September, 1761; died 18th November, 1818 (Michaelis, ii., 445, 446; Hübner, t. 195; Œrtel, p. 43, 22).

called to do. Both Aunt and Niece were women of sense, of probity, propriety—fairly beyond the average of Queens. And as to their early poverty, ridiculous to this gold-nugget generation, I rather guess it may have done them benefits which the gold-nugget generation, in its Queens and otherwise, stands far more in want of than it thinks.

But enough of this Prince of Mirow, whom Friedrich has accidentally unearthed for us. Indeed, there is no farther History of him for or against. He evidently was not thought to have invented gunpowder by the public. And yet who knows but, in his very simplicity, there lay something far beyond the Ill Margraf to whom he was so quizzable! Poor downpressed brother mortal, somnambulating so pacifically in Sleepy Hollow yonder, and making no complaint!

He continued, though soon with less enthusiasm, and in the end very rarely, a visitor of Friedrich's during this Reinsberg time. Patriotic English readers may as well take the few remaining vestiges too before quite dismissing him to Sleepy Hollow. Here they are, swept accurately together from that Correspondence of Friedrich with Papa:

"*Reinsberg*, 18*th November*, 1736. * * report most submissively that the Prince of Mirow has again been here, with his Mother, Wife, Aunt, Hofdames, Cavaliers, and entire Household, so that I thought it was the Flight into Egypt. I begin to have a fear of these good people, as they assured me they would have such pleasure in coming often!"

"*Reinsberg*, 1*st February*, 1737." Let us give it in the Original, too, as a specimen of German spelling:

"*Der Printz von Mihrau ist vohr einigen thagen hier gewessen und haben wier einige Wasser schwermer in der See ihm zu Ehren gesmissen, seine frau ist mit einer thoten Printzesin nieder geKomen. Der General schulenburg ist heute hier gekommen und wirdt morgen.*" That is to say,

"The Prince of Mirow was here a few days ago, and we let off, in honor of him, a few water-rockets over the Lake: his Wife has been brought to bed of a dead Princess. General Schulenburg" (with a small *s*) "came hither to-day, and tomorrow will" * *

"*Reinsberg*, 28*th March*, 1737. * * Prince von Mirow

was here yesterday, and went shooting birds with us : he can not see rightly, and shoots always with help of an opera-glass."

"*Reinsberg*, 20*th October*, 1737. The Prince of Mirow was with us last Friday, and babbled much in his high way ; among other things, white-lied to us that the Kaiserinn gave him a certain porcelain snuff-box he was handling, but on being questioned more tightly he confessed to me he had bought it in Vienna."[1]

And so let him somnambulate yonder till the Two Queens, like winged Psyches, one after the other, manage to emerge from him.

Friedrich's Letters to his Father are described by some Prussian Editors as "very attractive, *sehr anziehende Briefe*," which to a Foreign reader, seems a strange account of them —letters very hard to understand completely, and rather insignificant when understood. They turn to Gifts sent to and sent from, "swans," "hams," with the unspeakable thanks for them ; on recruits of so many inches ; on the visitors that have been ; they assure us that "there is no sickness in the Regiment," or tell expressly how much—wholly small facts ; nothing of speculation, and of ceremonial pipe-clay a great deal. We know already under what nightmare conditions Friedrich wrote to his Father ! The attitude of the Crown-Prince, sincerely reverent and filial, though obliged to appear ineffably so, and, on the whole, struggling under such mountains of encumbrance, yet loyally maintaining his equilibrium, does at last acquire, in these Letters, silently a kind of beauty to the best class of readers. But that is nearly their sole merit. By far the most human of them, that on the first Visit to Mirow, the reader has now seen, and may thank us much that we show him no more of them.[2]

[1] *Briefe an Vater*, p. 71 (*caret in Œuvres*), p. 85–114. See Ib., 6th November, 1737, for faint trace of a visit, and 25th September, 1739, for another still fainter, the last there is.

[2] *Friedrich des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, 1838). Reduced in size by suitable omissions and properly spelled, but with little other elucidation for a stranger : in *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 1–123 (Berlin, 1856).

CHAPTER IV.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

WHILE these Mirow visits are about their best, and much else at Reinsberg is in comfortable progress, Friedrich's first year there just ending, there come accounts from England of quarrels broken out between the Britannic Majesty and his Prince of Wales—Discrepancies risen now to a height, and getting into the very Newspapers—the Rising Sun too little under the control of the Setting, in that unquiet Country!

Prince Fred of England did not get to the Rhine Campaign, as we saw: he got some increase of Revenue, a household of his own, and finally a Wife, as he had requested—a Sachsen-Gotha Princess, who, peerless Wilhelmina being unattainable, was welcome to Prince Fred. She is in the family-way, this summer 1737, a very young lady still; result thought to be due—When? Result being potential Heir to the British Nation, there ought to have been good calculation of the time when; but apparently nobody had well turned his attention that way; or, if Fred and Spouse had, as is presumable, Fred had given no notice to the Paternal Majesty: "Let Paternal Majesty, always so cross to me, look out for himself in that matter." Certain it is, Fred and Spouse, in the beginning of August, 1737, are out at Hampton Court; potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th, in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court, the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry or by forethought, instead of dashing off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person—unwarned, unprovided, where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night—safely.

as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway ; never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment—unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be : Papa doubts not it was malice aforethought, all of it. "Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!" thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since, the very Newspapers, and coffee-houses, and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit—one visit to the poor young Mother, so soon as proper. Coming out from the visit, Prince Fred, obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace in front of St. James's, and there knelt down on the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to "beg a Mother's blessing," and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed tenor ; drove off, and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred ; but, in truth, I do not know, nor even much care.[1] What a noise in England about nothing at all! What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish "rising sun" not restrainable there by the setting or shining one, opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations like a very mad object!

But in a month or two there comes worse news out of England, falling heavy on the heart of Prussian Majesty—news that Queen Caroline herself is dead[2]—Died as she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance, sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy,

[1] Lord Hervey : *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii., 362–370, 409.

[2] "Sunday evening, 1st December (20th Nov.), 1737." Ib., p. 510-539.

and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal ; fidgeted and flustered a good deal ; much put about, poor foolish little soul. The dying Caroline recommended *him* to Walpole ; advised his Majesty to marry again. "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses* (No, I'll have mistresses) !" sobbed his Majesty, passionately. "*Ah ! mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas* (that does not hinder) !" answered she, from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline, with her flighty, vaporing little King : seldom had foolish husband so wise a wife. "Dead !" thought Friedrich Wilhelm, looking back, through the whirlwinds of life, into sunny young scenes far enough away : "Dead !" Walpole continued to manage the little King, but not for long, England itself rising in objection. Jenkins's Ear, I understand, is lying in cotton, and there are mad inflammable strata in that Nation, capable of exploding at a great rate.

From the Eastern regions our Newspapers are very full of events : War with the Turk going on there ; Russia and Austria both doing their best against the Turk. The Russians had hardly finished their Polish-Election fighting when they decided to have a stroke at the Turk—Turk always an especial eye-sorrow to them since that "Treaty of the Pruth," and Czar Peter's sad rebuff there : Münnich marched direct out of Poland through the Ukraine, with his eye on the Crimea and furious business in that quarter. This is his second Campaign there, this of 1737, and furious business has not failed. Last year he stormed the Lines of Perecop ; tore open the Crimea ; took Azoph, he or Lacy under him ; took many things : this year he had laid his plans for Oczakow : takes Oczakow—fiery event, blazing in all the Newspapers, at Reinsberg and elsewhere, concerning which will the reader accept this condensed testimony by an eye-witness ?

"*Oczakow, 13th July*, 1737. Day before yesterday Feldmarschall Münnich got to Oczakow, as he had planned"—strong Turkish Town in the nook between the Black Sea and the estuary of the Dnieper—"with intention to besiege it.

Siege-train, stores of every sort, which he had set afloat upon the Dnieper in time enough, were to have been ready for him at Oczakow. But the flotilla had been detained by shallows, by waterfalls; not a boat was come, nor could any body say when they were coming. Meanwhile nothing is to be had here; the very face of the earth the Turks have burned: not a blade of grass for cavalry within eight miles, nor a stick of wood for engineers; not a hole for covert, and the ground so hard you can not raise redoubts on it: Münnich perceives he must attempt, nevertheless.

"On his right, by the sea-shore, Münnich finds some remains of gardens, palisades; scrapes together some vestige of shelter there (five thousand, or even ten thousand pioneers working desperately all that first night, 11th July, with only half success), and on the morrow commences firing with what artillery he has. Much outfired by the Turks inside; his enterprise as good as desperate, unless the Dnieper flotilla come soon. July 12th, all day firing continues, and all night; Turks extremely furious: about an hour before daybreak we notice burning in the interior; 'some wooden house kindled by us; town got on fire yonder;' and, praise to Heaven, they do not seem to succeed in quenching it again. Münnich turns out in various divisions, intent on trying something, had he the least engineer furniture; hopes desperately there may be promise for him in that internal burning still visible.

"In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate stalwart Scotch gentleman, whom we shall know better; Münnich himself is to the right: Could not one try it by scalade; keep the internal burning free to spread, at any rate? 'Advance within musket-shot, General Keith!' orders Münnich's Aid-de-Camp, cantering up. 'I have been this good while within it,' pointing to his dead men. Aid-de-Camp canters up a second time: 'Advance within half musket-shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!' Keith does so; sends, with his respects to Feldmarschall Münnich, his remonstrance against such a waste of human life. Aid-de-Camp canters up a third time: 'Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a scalade; hopes General Keith will do his best to co-operate!' 'Forward, then!' answers Keith; advances close to the glacis; finds a wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture. Keith waits there two hours, his men, under fire all the while, trying this and that to get across; Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner; till at length Keith's men, and all men, tire of such

a business, and roll back in great confusion out of shot-range. Münnich gives himself up for lost. And, indeed, says Mannstein, had the Turks sallied out in pursuit at that moment, they might have chased us back to Russia. But the Turks did not sally. And the internal conflagration is not quenched; far from it; and about nine A.M., their Powder Magazine, conflagration reaching it, roared aloft into the air, and killed seven thousand of them."[1]

So that Oczakow was taken, sure enough; terms, life only; and every remaining Turk packs off from it, some "twenty thousand inhabitants, young and old," for one sad item. A very blazing semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles, where General Keith will be better known one day.

Russian War with the Turk: that means withal, by old Treaties, aid of thirty thousand men from the Kaiser to Russia. Kaiser, so ruined lately, how can he send thirty thousand, and keep them recruited in such distant expedition? Kaiser, much meditating, is advised it will be better to go frankly into the Turk on his own score, and try for slices of profit from him in this game. Kaiser declares war against the Turk; and, what is still more interesting to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Berlin Circles, Seckendorf is named General of it. Feldzeugmeister, now Feldmarschall Seckendorf, envy may say what it will, he has marched this season into the Lower Donau Countries—going to besiege Widdin they say—at the head of a big Army (on paper, almost a hundred and fifty thousand, light troops and heavy), virtually Commander-in-Chief, though nominally our fine young friend, Franz of Lorraine, bears the title of Commander, whom Seckendorf is to dry-nurse in the way sometimes practiced. Going to besiege Widdin they say: so has the poor Kaiser been advised. His wise old Eugene is now gone;[2] I fear his advisers—a youngish Feldzeugmeister, Prince of Hildburghausen, the chief favorite among them—are none of the wisest. All Protestants, we observe, these favorite Hildburghausens, Schmettaus, Seckendorfs of his; and Vienna is an orthodox papal Court;

[1] Mannstein, p. 151–156.

[2] Died 30th April, 1736.

and there is a Hofkriegsrath (Supreme Council of War), which has ruined many a General, poking too meddlesomely into his affairs! On the whole, Seckendorf will have his difficulties. Here is a scene, on the Lower Donau, different enough from that at Oczakow, not far from contemporaneous with it. The Austrian Army is at Kolitz, a march or two beyond Belgrad:

"*Kolitz, 2d July*, 1737. This day, the Army not being on march, but allowed to rest itself, Grand-Duke Franz went into the woods to hunt. Hunting up and down, he lost himself; did not return at evening; and, as the night closed in and no Generalissimo visible, the Generalissimo *ad Latus* (such the title they had contrived for Seckendorf) was in much alarm. Generalissimo *ad Latus* ordered out his whole force of drummers, trumpeters: to fling themselves, postwise, deeper and deeper into the woods all round; to drum there, and blow, in ever-widening circle, in prescribed notes, and with all energy, till the Grand-Duke were found. Grand-Duke being found, Seckendorf remonstrated, rebuked—a thought too earnestly, some say, his temper being flurried"—voice snuffling somewhat in alt, with lisp to help—"so that the Grand-Duke took offense; flung off in a huff; and always looked askance on the Feldmarschall from that time,"[1] quitting him altogether before long, and marching with Khevenhüller, Wallis, Hildburghausen, or any of the subordinate Generals rather. Probably Widdin will not go the road of Oczakow, nor the Austrians prosper like the Russians this summer.

Pöllnitz in Tobacco Parliament, and in certain Berlin circles foolishly agape about this new Feldmarschall, maintains always Seckendorf will come to nothing, which his Majesty zealously contradicts—his Majesty and some short-sighted private individuals still favorable to Seckendorf.[2] Exactly one week after that singular drum and trumpet operation on Duke Franz, the last of the Medici dies at Florence,[3] and Serene Franz, if he knew it, is Grand-Duke of *Tuscany*, according to bargain; a

[1] See *Lebensgeschichte des Grafen von Schmettau* (by his Son; Berlin, 1806), i., 27.

[2] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii., 497–499.

[3] 9th July (*Fastes de Louis XV.*, p. 304).

matter important to himself chiefly, and to France, who, for Stanislaus and Lorraine's sake, has had to pay him some £200,000 a year during the brief intermediate state.

Of Berg and Jülich again; and of Luiscius with the One Razor.

These remote occurrences are of small interest to his Prussian Majesty in comparison with the Pfalz affair, the Cleve-Jülich succession, which lies so near home. His Majesty is uncommonly anxious to have this matter settled, in peace if possible. Kaiser and Reich, with the other Mediating Powers, go on mediating, but when will they decide? This year the old Bishop of Augsburg, one Brother of the older Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip, dies; nothing now between us and the event itself but Karl Philip alone, who is verging toward eighty: the decision, to be peaceable, ought to be speedy! Friedrich Wilhelm, in January last, sent the expert Degenfeld, once of London, to old Karl Philip, and has him still there, with the most conciliatory offers: "Will leave your Sulzbachs a part, then; will be content with part instead of the whole, which is mine if there be force in sealed parchment; will do any thing for peace!" to which the old Kur-Pfalz, foolish old creature, is steadily deaf; answers vaguely, negatively always, in a polite manner, pushing his Majesty upon extremities painful to think of. "We hate war, but can not quite do without justice, your Serenity," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm: "must it be the eighty thousand iron ramrods, then?" Obstinate Serenity continues deaf; and Friedrich Wilhelm's negotiations, there at Mannheim, over in Holland, and through Holland with England, not to speak of Kaiser and Reich close at hand, become very intense—vehemently earnest, about this matter, for the next two years, the details of which, inexpressibly uninteresting, shall be spared the reader.

Summary is, these Mediating Powers will be of no help to His Majesty; not even the Dutch will, with whom he is specially in friendship; nay, in the third year it becomes fatally manifest, the chief Mediating Powers, Kaiser and France, listening rather to political convenience than to the claims of justice, go direct in Kur-Pfalz's favor; by formal Treaty of

their own,[1] France and the Kaiser settle "that the Sulzbachers shall, as a preliminary, get provisional possession on the now Serenity's decease, and shall continued undisturbed for two years, till Law decide between his Prussian Majesty and them." Two years; Law decide; and we know what are the *nine points* in a Law case! This, at last, proved too much for his Majesty. Majesty's abstruse dubitations, meditations on such treatment by a Kaiser and others, did then, it appears, gloomily settle into fixed private purpose of trying it by the iron ramrods when old Kur-Pfalz should die—of marching with eighty thousand men into the Cleve countries, and *so* welcoming any Sulzbach or other guests that might arrive. Happily, old Kur-Pfalz did not die in his Majesty's time: survived his Majesty several years; so that the matter fell into other hands, and was settled very well near a century after.

Of certain wranglings with the little Town of Herstal—Prussian Town (part of the Orange Heritage, once *King Pepin's* Town, if that were any matter now) in the Bishop of Liège's neighborhood, Town highly insignificant otherwise—we shall say nothing here, as they will fall to be treated; and be settled at an after stage. Friedrich Wilhelm was much grieved by the contumacies of that paltry little Herstal, and by the Bishop of Liège's high-flown procedures in countenancing them, especially in a recruiting case that had fallen out there, and brought matters to a head.[2] The Kaiser, too, was afflictively high in countenancing the Bishop, for which both Kaiser and Bishop got due payment in time. But his Prussian Majesty would not kindle the world for such a paltriness, and so left it hanging in a vexatious condition. Such things, it is remarked, weigh heavier on his now infirm Majesty than they were wont. He is more subject to fits of hypochondria—to talk of abdicating. "All gone wrong!" he would say, if any little flaw rose about recruiting or the like. "One might go

[1] "Versailles, 13th January, 1739" (Orlich: *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege*, i., 13); Mauvillon, ii., 405–446; &c.

[2] "December, 1738," is crisis of the recruiting case (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63); "17th February, 1739," Bishop's high-flown appearance in it (Ib., 67); Kaiser's in consequence, "10th April, 1739."

and live at Venice were one rid of it!"[1] and his deep-stung clangorous growl against the Kaiser's treatment of him bursts out from time to time, though he oftenest pities the Kaiser, too, seeing him at such a pass with his Turk War and otherwise.

It was in this Pfalz business that Herr Luiscius, the Prussian Minister in Holland, got into trouble, of whom there is a light dash of outline portraiture by Voltaire, which has made him memorable to readers. This "fat King of Prussia," says Voltaire, was a dreadfully avaricious fellow, unbeautiful to a high degree in his proceedings with mankind:

"He had a Minister at the Hague called Luiscius, who certainly, of all Ministers of Crowned Heads, was the worst paid. This poor man, to warm himself, had made some trees be felled in the Garden of Honslardik, which belonged at that time to the House of Prussia; he thereupon received dispatches from the King, intimating that a year of his salary was forfeited. Luiscius, in despair, cut his throat with probably the one razor he had (*seul rasoir qu'il eût*); an old valet came to his assistance, and, unhappily saved his life. In after years I found his Excellency at the Hague, and have occasionally given him an alms at the door of the *Vieille Cour* (Old Court), a Palace belonging to the King of Prussia, where this poor Embassador had lived a dozen years. It must be owned, Turkey is a republic in comparison to the despotism exercised by Friedrich Wilhelm."[2]

Here truly is a witty sketch, consummately dashed off as nobody but Voltaire could, "round as Giotto's O," done at one stroke, of which the prose facts are only as follows: Luiscius, Prussian Resident, not distinguished by salary or otherwise, had, at one stage of these negotiations, been told, from head-quarters, He might, in casual extra-official ways, if it seemed furthersome, give their High Mightinesses the hope, or notion, that his Majesty did not intend actual war about that Cleve-Jülich Succession, being a pacific Majesty, and unwilling

[1] Förster (place *lost*).

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire* (*Vie Privée*, or what they now call *Mémoires*), ii., 15.

to involve his neighbors and mankind. Luiscius, instead of casual hint, delicately dropped in some good way, had proceeded by direct declaration—frank assurance to the High Mightinesses that there would be no war, which had never been quite his Majesty's meaning, and perhaps was now becoming rather the reverse of it. Disavowal of Luiscius had to ensue thereupon, who produced defensively his instruction from head-quarters, but got only rebukes for such heavy-footed, clumsy procedure, so unlike Diplomacy with its shoes of felt, and, in brief, was turned out of the Diplomatic functions as unfit for it, and appointed to manage certain Orange Properties, fragments of the Orange Heritage which his Majesty still has in those Countries. This misadventure sank heavily on the spirits of Luiscius, otherwise none of the strongest-minded of men. Nor did he prosper in managing the Orange Properties: on the contrary, he again fell into mistakes; got soundly rebuked for injudicious conduct there —"cutting trees," planting trees, or whatever it was—and this produced such an effect on Luiscius that he made an attempt on his own throat, distracted mortal, and was only stopped by somebody rushing in. "It was not the first time he had tried that feat," says Pöllnitz, "and been prevented; nor was it long till he made a new attempt, which was again frustrated; and always afterward his relations kept him close in view;" Majesty writing comfortable forgiveness to the perturbed creature, and also "settling a pension on him"—adequate, we can hope, and not excessive—"which Luiscius continued to receive at the Hague so long as he lived." These are the prose facts; not definitely dated to us, but perfectly clear otherwise.[1]

Voltaire, in his Dutch excursions, did sometimes, in after years, lodge in that old vacant Palace, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague, where he gracefully celebrates the decayed, forsaken state of matters; dusky vast rooms with dim gilding; forgotten libraries "veiled under the biggest spider-webs in Europe;" for the rest, an uncommonly quiet place, convenient

[1] Pöllnitz, ii., 495, 496; the "*new* attempt" seems to have been "June, 1739" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, in mense, p. 331).

for a writing man, besides costing nothing. A son of this Luiscius, a good young lad, it also appears, was occasionally Voltaire's amanuensis there; him he did recommend zealously to the new King of Prussia, who was not deaf on the occasion. This, in the fire of satirical wit, is what we can transiently call "giving alms to a Prussian Excellency"—not now excellent, but pensioned and cracked; and the reader perceives, Luiscius had probably more than one razor, had not one been enough, when he did the rash act! Friedrich employed Luiscius Junior with no result that we hear of farther, and seems to have thought Luiscius Senior an absurd fellow, not worth mentioning again; "ran away from the Cleve Country" (probably some mad-house there) "above a year ago, I hear; and what is the matter where such a crack-brain end?"[1]

CHAPTER V.

VISIT AT LOO.

The Pfalz question being in such a predicament, and Luiscius diplomatiziing upon it in such heavy-footed manner, his Majesty thinks a Journey to Holland, to visit one's Kinsfolk there, and incidentally speak a word with the High Mightinesses upon Pfalz, would not be amiss. Such journey is decided on, Crown-Prince to accompany: Summer of 1738: a short visit, quite without fuss; to last only three days; mere sequel to the Reviews held in those adjacent Cleve Countries, so that the Gazetteers may take no notice. All which was done accordingly: Crown-Prince's first sight of Holland; and one of the few reportable points of his Reinsberg life and not quite without memorability to him and us.

On the 8th of July, 1738, the Review Party got upon the road for Wesel: all through July they did their reviewing in those Cleve Countries, and then struck across for the Palace of Loo in Geldern, where a Prince of Orange, countable kins-

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Letter to Friedrich, 7th October, 1740), lxii., 261; and Friedrich's answer (wrong dated), ib., 265: *Preuss*, xxii., 33.

man to his Prussian Majesty, and a Princess still more nearly connected—English George's Daughter, own Niece to his Prussian Majesty—are in waiting for this distinguished honor. The Prince of Orange we have already seen, for a moment once, at the Siege of Philipsburg four years ago, when the sale of Chasot's horses went off so well. "Nothing like selling horses when your company have dined well," whispered he to Chasot, at that time, since which date we have heard nothing of his Highness.

He is not a beautiful man—he has a crooked back, and features conformable—but is of prompt, vivacious nature, and does not want for sense and good-humor. Paternal George, the gossips say, warned his Princess, when this marriage was talked of, "You will find him very ill-looking, though!" "And if I found him a baboon—" answered she, being so heartily tired of St. James's. And, in fact, for any thing I have heard, they do well enough together. She is George II.'s eldest Princess; next elder to our poor Amelia, who was once so interesting to us! What the Crown-Prince now thought of all that, I do not know; but the Books say, poor Amelia wore the willow, and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast all her days after, which were many—grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment: "eyelids like upper *lips*," for one item; but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time!

His Majesty's reception at Loo was of the kind he liked—cordial, honorable, unceremonious—and these were three pleasant days he had. Pleasant for the Crown-Prince too, as the whole Journey had rather been; Papa, with covert satisfaction, finding him a wise creature after all, and "more serious" than formerly. "Hm, you don't know what things are in that Fritz!" his Majesty murmured sometimes in these later years, with a fine light in his eyes.

Loo itself is a beautiful Palace: "Loo, close by the Village Appledoorn, is a stately brick edifice, built with architectural regularity; has finely-decorated rooms, beautiful gardens, and

round are superb alleys of oak and linden."[1] There saunters pleasantly our Crown-Prince for these three days; and one glad incident I do perceive to have befallen him there: the arrival of a Letter from Voltaire—Letter much expected, which had followed him from Wesel, and which he answers here, in this brick Palace, among the superb avenues and gardens.[2]

No doubt a glad incident, irradiating, as with a sudden sunburst in gray weather, the commonplace of things. Here is news worth listening to—news as from the empyrean! Free interchange of poetries and proses, of heroic sentiments and opinions, between the Unique of Sages and the Paragon of Crown-Princes: how charming to both! Literary business, we perceive, is brisk on both hands; at Cirey the *Discours sur l' Homme* ("Sixth *Discours*" arrives in this packet at Loo, surely a deathless piece of singing); nor is Reinsberg idle: Reinsberg is copiously doing verse—such verse!—and in prose, very earnestly, an "*Anti-Machiavel*," which soon afterward filled all the then world, though it has now fallen so silent again. And at Paris, as Voltaire announces with a flourish, "M. de Maupertuis's excellent Book, *Figure de la Terre*,[3] is out;" M. de Maupertuis, home from the Polar regions and from measuring the Earth there—the sublimest miracle in Paris society at present. Might build, new-build, an *Academy of Sciences* at Berlin for your Royal Highness one day? suggests Voltaire on this occasion; and Friedrich, as we shall see, takes the hint. One passage of the Crown-Prince's Answer is in these terms, fixing this Loo Visit to its date for us, at any rate:

"*Loo, in Holland, 6th August*, 1738. * * I write from a place where there lived once a great man" (William III. of England, our Dutch William), "which is now the Prince of

[1] Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, viii., 69.

[2] *Œuvres*, xxi., 203, the Letter, "Cirey, June, 1738;" Ib., 222, the Answer to it, "Loo, 6th August, 1738."

[3] Paris, 1838: Maupertuis's "measurement of a degree," in the utmost North, 1736–7 (to prove the Earth flattened there). Vivid Narrative; somewhat gesticulative, but duly brief: the only Book of that great Maupertuis which is now readable to human nature.

Orange's House. The demon of Ambition sheds its unhappy poison over his days. He might be the most fortunate of men, and he is devoured by chagrins in his beautiful Palace here, in the middle of his gardens and of a brilliant Court. It is pity, in truth; for he is a Prince with no end of wit (*infiniment d'esprit*), and has respectable qualities. Not Stadtholder, unluckily; that is where the shoe pinches; the Dutch are on the Republican tack, and will not have a Stadtholder at present. No help for it in one's beautiful gardens and avenues of oak and linden.

"I have talked a great deal about Newton with the Princess"—about Newton; never hinted at Amelia: not permissible!—"from Newton we passed to Liebnitz, and from Leibnitz to the late Queen of England," Caroline lately gone, "who, the Prince told me, was of Clarke's sentiment" on that important theological controversy now dead to mankind. And of Jenkins and his Ear did the Princess say nothing? That is now becoming a high phenomenon in England. But readers must wait a little.

Pity that we can not give these two Letters in full; that no reader, almost, could be made to understand them, or to care for them when understood. Such the cruelty of Time upon this Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence and some others, which were once so rosy, sunny, and are now fallen drearily extinct, studiable by Editors only! In itself the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, we can see, was charming; very blossomy at present; businesses increasing; mutual admiration now risen to a great height—admiration sincere on both sides, most so on the Prince's; and extravagantly expressed on both sides, most so on Voltaire's.

Crown-Prince becomes a Freemason, and is harangued by Monsieur de Bielfeld.

His Majesty, we said, had three pleasant days at Loo, discoursing, as with friends, on public matters, or even more private matters, in a frank, unconstrained way. He is not to be called "Majesty" on this occasion; but the fact, at Loo, and by the leading Mightinesses of the Republic, who come copiously to compliment him there, is well remembered. Talk there

was, with such leading Mightinesses, about the Jülich and Berg question, aim of this Journey; earnest enough private talk with some of them; but it availed nothing, and would not be worth reporting now to any creature, if we even knew it. In fact, the Journey itself remains mentionable chiefly by one very trifling circumstance and then by another, not important either, which followed out of that. The trifling circumstance is, That Friedrich, in the course of this Journey, became a Freemason; and the unimportant sequel was, That he made acquaintance with one Bielfeld on the occasion, who afterward wrote a Book about him, which was once much read, though never much worth reading, and is still citable, with precaution, now and then.[1] Trifling circumstance of Freemasonry, as we read in Bielfeld and in many Books after him, befell in manner following.

Among the dinner-guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Bückeburg—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation, whose territory lies on the Weser, leading to Dutch connections, and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe in a high fantastic style: he was a dinner-guest; and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those years, in England first of all, and was now hovering about a good deal in Germany and other countries, pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog-meteor of phosphureted hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog-meteor, foolish putrescent will-o'-wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be: Tomfoolery and *Kinderspiel*, what else? Whereupon ingenious Bückeburg, who was himself a Mason, a man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defense, and was so respectful, eloquent, dexterous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown-Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Bückeburg aside, talked farther on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction, his

[1] Monsieur le Baron de Bielfeld: *Lettres Familières et Autres*, 1763; second edition, 2 vols à Leide, 1767, is the one we use here.

wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made up between them that Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic Brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them on the Crown-Prince's road homeward—say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be—and there make the Crown-Prince a Mason.[1]

This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all; dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighborhood during the Cleve Review time; "probably at Minden, 17th July;" and all was settled into fixed program before Loo came in sight.[2] Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw it, and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind, and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular.

He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough), The Durchlaucht of Lippe-Bückeburg had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge, of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg: these, with "Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tyler"—Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind—were to have the honor of initiating the Crown-Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair-time; all manner of traders, peddlers, showmen rendezvousing; many neighboring Nobility too, as was still the habit.

[1] Bielfeld, i., 14–16; Preuss, i., iii.; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i., 41.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 201: Friedrich's Letter to this Durchlaucht, "Comte de Schaumbourg-Lippe" he calls him; date, "Moyland, 26th July, 1738:" Moyland, a certain *Schloss* or habitable Mansion of his Majesty's, a few miles north of Mörs, in the Cleve Country, where his Majesty used often to pause, and where (what will be much more remarkable to readers) the Crown-Prince and Voltaire had their first meeting two years hence.

"Such a bulk of light luggage?" said the Custom-house people at the Gate, but were pacified by slipping them a ducat; upon which we drove to "Korn's Hotel" (if any body now knew it), and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hotel, says Bielfeld, but can be put up with; worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear!

Prussian Majesty and suite, under universal cannon salvos, arrived Sunday the 12th, to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august Son-in-law and Daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: "Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure, that shall be the night; at Korn's Hotel late enough!" And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th–15th August, 1738, the light luggage trunks have yielded their stage properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tyler (Kielmannsegge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbor on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers; he is lying dead drunk hours ago; could not overhear a cannon battery, he. And soon after midnight the Crown-Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate, and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown-Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanor of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so "intrepid," and "possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instants." Extremely genial air, and so young; looks younger even than his years; handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; "his large blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet, and gracious." Eligible Mason indeed. Had better make dispatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him!

Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand, with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with Masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present, and the Crown-Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

His Majesty came on Sunday; goes on Wednesday, home now at a stretch; and, we hope, has had a good time of it here these three days. Daughter Charlotte and her Serene Husband, well with their subjects, well with one another, are doing well; have already two little Children—a Boy the elder, of whom we have heard: Boy's name is Karl, age now three; sprightly, reckoned very clever by the fond parents, who has many things to do in the world by-and-by: to attack the French Revolution, and be blown to pieces by it on the Field of Jena for final thing! That is the fate of little Karl, who frolics about here so sunshiny and ingenuous at present.

Karl's Grandmother, the Serene Dowager Duchess, Friedrich's own Mother-in-law, his Majesty and Friedrich would also of course see here. Fine younger Sons of hers are coming forward; the reigning Duke beautifully careful about the furtherance of these Cadets of the House. Here is Prince Ferdinand, for instance, just getting ready for the Grand Tour; goes in a month hence:[1] a fine, eupeptic, loyal young fellow, who, in twenty years more, will be Chatham's Generalissimo, and fight the French to some purpose. A Brother of his, the next elder, is now fighting the Turks for his Kaiser; does not like it at all, under such Seckendorfs and War Ministries as there are. Then, elder still, eldest of all the Cadets, there is Anton Ulrich, over at Petersburg for some years past, with out-looks high enough: to wed the Mecklenburg Princess there (Daughter of the unutterable Duke), and be as good as Czar of all the Russias one day. Little to his profit, poor soul! These, historically ascertain-

[1] Manvillon (*Fils*, son of him whom we cite otherwise): *Geschichte Ferdinands Herzogs von Braunschweig-Lüneburg* (Leipzig, 1794), i., 17-25.

able, are the aspects of the Brunswick Court during those three days of Royal Visit in Fair-time, and may serve to date the Masonic Transaction for us, which the Crown-Prince has just accomplished over at Korn's.

As for the Transaction itself, there is intrinsically no harm in this initiation, we will hope, but it behooves to be kept well hidden from Papa. Papa's good opinion of the Prince has sensibly risen in the course of this Journey : "So rational, serious, not dangling about among the women as formerly ;" and what a shock would this of Korn's Hotel be, should Papa hear of it! Poor Papa, from officious tale-bearers he hears many things ; is in distress about Voltaire, about Heterodoxies ; and summoned the Crown-Prince, by express, from Reinsberg on one occasion lately, over to Potsdam, "to take the Communion" there, by way of case-hardening against Voltaire and Heterodoxies! Think of it, human readers! We will add the following stray particulars, more or less illustrative of the Masonic Transaction, and so end that trifling affair.

The Captain Wartensleben, fellow recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased, and is consequently Uncle, Half-Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Wartensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants ; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly so, of the Crown-Prince ; succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsberg not many months after this, Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. Of Bielfeld comes a Book, slightly citable ; from no other of the Brethren, or their Feat at Korn's, comes (we may say) any thing whatever. The Crown-Prince prosecuted his Masonry at Reinsberg or elsewhere occasionally for a year or two, but was never ardent in it, and very soon after his Accession left off altogether : "Child's-play and *ignus fatuus* mainly!" A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron ; but he never once entered the place, and only his Portrait (a welcomely good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment.

Harmless "fire," but too "fatuous;" mere flame-circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how!

With Lippe-Bückeburg there ensued some Correspondence, high enough on his Serenity's side, but it soon languished on the Prince's side; and in private Poetry, within a two years of this Brunswick scene, we find Lippe used proverbially for a type-specimen of Fools[1]—a windy, fantastic individual, overwhelmed in Finance difficulties too! Lippe continued writing, but "only Secretaries now answered him" from Berlin. A son of his, son and successor, something of a Quixote, too, but notable in Artillery practice and otherwise, will turn up at a future stage.

Nor is Bielfeld with his Book a thing of much moment to Friedrich or to us. Bielfeld too has a light airy vein of talk; loves Voltaire and the Philosophies in a light way; knows the arts of Society, especially the art of flattering; and would fain make himself agreeable to the Crown-Prince, being anxious to rise in the world. His Father is a Hamburg Merchant, Hamburg "Sealing-wax Manufacturer," not ill off for money; Son has been at Schools, high schools, under tutors, posture-masters; swashes about on those terms, with French *esprit* in his mouth, and lace-ruffles at his wrists; still under thirty; showy enough, sharp enough; considerably a coxcomb, as is still evident. He did transiently get about Friedrich, as we shall see, and hoped to have sold his heart to good purpose there; was by-and-by employed in slight functions, not found fit for grave ones. In the course of some years he got a title of Baron, and sold his heart more advantageously to some rich Widow or Fräulein, with whom he retired to Saxony, and there lived on an Estate he had purchased, a stranger to Prussia thenceforth.

His Book (*Lettres Familières et Autres*, all turning on Friedrich), which came out in 1763, at the height of Friedrich's fame, and was much read, is still freely cited by Historians as an Authority; but the reading of a few pages suf-

[1] "Taciturne, Caton, avec mes bons parents,
Aussi fou que la Lippe avec les jeunes gens."
Œuvres, xi., 80 (*Discours sur la Fausseté*, written 1740).

ficiently intimates that these "Letters" never can have gone through a terrestrial Post-Office; that they are an afterthought, composed from vague memory and imagination, in that fine Saxon retreat; a sorrowful, ghost-like "*Travels of Anacharsis*," instead of living words by an eye-witness! Not to be cited "freely" at all, but sparingly and under conditions. They abound in small errors, in misdates, mistakes; small fictions even, and impossible pretensions: foolish mortal, to write down his bit of knowledge in that form! for the man, in spite of his lace ruffles and gesticulations, has brisk eyesight of a superficial kind; he *could* have done us this little service (apparently his one mission in the world, for which Nature gave him bed and board here); and he, the lace ruffles having gone into his soul, has been tempted into misdoing it! Bielfeld and Bielfeld's Book, such as they are, appear to be the one conquest Friedrich got of Freemasonry; no other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Koru's Hotel, crowning event of the Journey to Loo.

Seckendorf gets lodged in Grätz.

Feldmarschall Seckendorf, after unheard-of wrestlings with the Turk War and the Vienna War-Office (*Hofkriegsrath*), is sitting, for the last three weeks—where thinks the reader?—in the Fortress of Grätz, among the hills of Styria; a State Prisoner, not likely to get out soon! Seckendorf led forth in 1737 "such an Army, for number, spirit, and equipment," say the Vienna people, "as never marched against the Turk before," and it must be owned, his ill-success has been unparalleled. The blame was not altogether his; not chiefly his, except for his rash undertaking of the thing, on such terms as there were. But the truth is, that first scene we saw of him—an Army all gone out trumpeting and drumming into the woods to *find* its Commander-in-Chief—was an emblem of the Campaign in general. Excellent Army, but commanded by nobody in particular; commanded by a *Hofkriegsrath* at Vienna, by a Franz, Duke of Tuscany, by Feldmarschall Seckendorf, and by subordindates who were disobedient to him, which accordingly, almost without help of

the Turk and his disorderly ferocity, rubbed itself to pieces before long—roamed about, now hither now thither, with plans laid and then with plans suddenly altered, Captain being Chaos mainly; in swampy countries, by overflowing rivers, in hunger, hot weather, forced marches, till it was marched gradually off its feet, and the clouds of chaotic Turks who did finally show face had a cheap pennyworth of it. Never was such a campaign seen as this of Seckendorf in 1737, said mankind. Except, indeed, that the present one, Campaign of 1738, in those parts, under a different hand, is still worse, and the Campaign of 1739, under still a different, will be worst of all! Kaiser Karl and his Austrians do not prosper in this Turk War as the Russians do, who indeed have got a General equal to his task—Münnich, a famed master in the art of handling Turks and War Ministries: real father of Russian Soldiering, say the Russians still.[1]

Campaign 1737, with clouds of chaotic Turks now sabring on the skirts of it, had not yet ended, when Seckendorf was called out of it—on polite pretexts, home to Vienna—and the command given to another. At the gates of Vienna, in the last days of October, 1737, an Official Person, waiting for the Feldmarschall, was sorry to inform him that he, Feldmarschall Seckendorf, was under arrest—arrest in his own house, in the *Kohlmarkt* (Cabbage-market so-called), a captain and twelve musketeers to watch over him with fixed bayonets there; strictly private, till the *Hofkriegsrath* had satisfied themselves in a point or two. "Hmph!" snuffled he, with brow blushing slate-color, I should think, and gray eyes much alight. And ever since, for ten months or so, Seckendorf, sealed up in the Cabbage-market, has been fencing for life with the *Hofkriegsrath*, who want satisfaction upon "eighty-six" different "points," and make no end of chicaning to one's clear answers. And the Jesuits preach too, "A Heretic, born enemy of Christ and his Kaiser; what is the use of

[1] See *Manustein* for Münnich's plans with the Turk (methods and devices of steady Discipline in small numbers *versus* impetuous Ferocity in great); and Berenhorst (*Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, Leipzig, 1796), a first-rate Authority, for examples and eulogies of them.

questioning!" And the Heathen rage, and all men gnash their teeth, in this uncomfortable manner.

Answering done, there comes no verdict, much less any acquittal; the captain and twelve musketeers, three of them with fixed bayonets in one's very bed-room, continue. One evening, 21st July, 1738, glorious news from the seat of War —not *till* evening, as the Imperial Majesty was out hunting— enters Vienna; blowing trumpets; shaking flags: "Grand Victory over the Turks!" so we call some poor skirmish there has been; and Vienna bursting all into three times three, the populace get very high. Populace rush to the Kohlmarkt; break the Seckendorf windows, intent to massacre the Seckendorf, had not fresh military come, who were obliged to fire and kill one or two. "The house captain and his twelve musketeers of themselves did wonders; Seckendorf and all his domestics were in arms:" "*Jarnibleu*" for the last time! This is while the Crown-Prince is at Wesel, sound asleep, most likely, Loo and the Masonic adventure perhaps twinkling prophetically in his dreams.

At two next morning an Official Gentleman informs Seckendorf that he, for his part, must awaken and go to Grätz; and in one hour more (3 A.M.) the Official Gentleman rolls off with him, drives all day, and delivers his Prisoner at Grätz. "Not so much as a room ready there; Prisoner had to wait an hour in the carriage" till some summary preparation were made. Wall-neighbors of the poor Feldmarschall in his Fortress here were "a *Gold-Cook* (swindling Alchemist) who had gone crazy, and an Irish Lieutenant, confined thirty-two years for some love adventure, likewise pretty crazy: their noises in the night time much disturbed the Feldmarschall."[1] One human thing there still is in his lot, the Feldmarschall's old Gräfinn. True old dame, she, both in the Kohlmarkt and at Grätz, stands by him, "imprisoned along with him" if it must be so, ministering, comforting as only a true Wife can, and hope has not quite taken wing.

Rough old Feldmarschall, now turned of sixty, never made such a Campaign before as this of '37, followed by '38! There

[1] *Seckendorfs Leben*, ii., 170–277. See *Schmettau*, p. 27–59.

sits he, and will not trouble us any more during the present Kaiser's lifetime. Friedrich Wilhelm is amazed at these sudden cantings of Fortune's wheel, and grieves honestly as for an old friend: even the Crown-Prince finds Seckendorf punished unjustly, and is almost sorry for him after all that has come and gone.

The Ear of Jenkins re-emerges.

We must add the following, distilled from the English Newspapers, though it is almost four months after date:

"*London*, 1*st April*, 1738. In the English House of Commons, much more in the English Public, there has been furious debating for a fortnight past: Committee of the whole House examining witnesses, hearing counsel; subject, the Termagant of Spain and her West-Indian procedures: she, by her procedures somewhere, is always cutting out work for mankind! How English and other strangers, fallen in with in those seas, are treated by the Spaniards, readers have heard, nay, have chanced to see; and it is a fact painfully known to all nations—fact which England, for one nation, can no longer put up with. Walpole and the Official Persons would fain smooth the matter; but the West-India Interest, the City, all Mercantile and Navigation Interests are in dead earnest: Committee of the whole House, 'presided by Alderman Perry,' has not ears enough to hear the immensities of evidence offered; slow Public is gradually kindling to some sense of it. This had gone on for two weeks, when—what shall we say?—the *Ear of Jenkins* re-emerged for the second time, and produced important effects!

"Where Jenkins had been all this while, steadfastly navigating to and fro, steadfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not thinking too much of past labors, yet privately 'always keeping his lost Ear in cotton' (with a kind of ursine piety or other dumb feeling) no mortal now knows. But to all mortals it is evident he was home in London at this time, no doubt a noted member of Wapping society, the much-enduring Jenkins; and witnesses, probably not one, but many, had mentioned him to this Committee as a case eminently in point. Committee, as can still be read in its Rhadamanthine Journals, orders, '*Die Jovis*, 16° *Martii*, 1737–8, that Captain Robert Jenkins do attend this House imme-

diately ;' and then more specially, '17° *Martii*'—captious objections having risen in Official quarters, as we guess—'that Captain Robert Jenkins do attend upon Tuesday morning next.'[1] Tuesday next is 21st March—1st of April, 1738, by our modern Calendar—and on that day, not a doubt, Jenkins does attend: narrates that tremendous passage we already heard of, seven years ago, in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida, and produces his Ear wrapped in cotton, setting all on flame (except the Official persons) at sight of it."

Official persons, as their wont is in the pressure of debate, endeavored to deny, to insinuate in their vile Newspapers that Jenkins lost his Ear nearer home and not for nothing, as one still reads in the History Books.[2] Sheer calumnies, we now find. Jenkins's account was doubtless abundantly emphatic, but there is no ground to question the substantial truth of him and it. And so, after seven years of unnoticeable burning upon the thick skin of the English Public, the case of Jenkins accidentally burns through, and sets England bellowing; such a smart is there of it, not to be soothed by Official wet cloths, but getting worse and worse for the nineteen months ensuing. And, in short—but we will not anticipate!

CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN.

The Idyllium of Reinsberg, of which, except in the way of sketchy suggestion, there can be no history given, lasted less than four years, and is now coming to an end unexpectedly soon—a pleasant Arcadian Summer in one's life, though it has not wanted its occasional discords, flaws of ill weather in the general sunshine. Papa, always in uncertain health of late, is getting heavier of foot and of heart under his heavy burdens, and sometimes falls abstruse enough, liable to bewilderments from bad people and events—not much worth noticing here.[3]

[1] *Common Journ.*, xiii. (in diebus). [2] Coxe, Tindal (xx., 372), &c.

[3] See Pöllnitz, ii., 509–515; Friedrich's Letter to Wilhelmina ("Berlin, 20th January, 1739:" in *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 60–61); &c., &c.

But the Crown-Prince has learned to deal with all this; all this is of transient nature, and a bright long future seems to lie ahead at Reinsberg, brightened especially by the Literary Element, which, in this year 1739, is brisker than it had ever been. Distinguished Visitors, of a literary turn, look in at Reinsberg; the Voltaire Correspondence is very lively; on Friedrich's part there is copious production, various enterprise, in the form of prose and verse; thoughts even of going to press with some of it; in short, the Literary Interest rises very prominent at Reinsberg in 1739. Biography is apt to forget the Literature there (having her reasons), but must at last take some notice of it among the phenomena of the year.

To the young Prince himself, "courting tranquillity," as his door-lintel intimated,[1] and forbidden to be active except within limits, this of Literature was all along the great light of existence at Reinsberg, the supplement to all other employments or wants of employment there—to Friedrich himself, in those old days, a great and supreme interest, while again, to the modern Biographer of him, it has become dark and vacant —a thing to be shunned, not sought; so that the fact as it stood with Friedrich differs far from any description that can be given of the fact. Alas! we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand-new and brilliant, have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow rather than otherwise to existing mankind! Conscientious readers, who would represent to themselves the vanished scene at Reinsberg, in this point more especially, must make an effort.

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him, but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, that here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind, which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental.

[1] "*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti*" (Infra, p. 209).

Here is no introspection, morbid or other; no pathos or complaint; no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labor under; here, in rapid, prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious—here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, *steel*-bright kind of soul, very likely for a King's if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of Literature too; could have written Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it as he did to reigning; done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers at this day from his writing. From his *not* having written nothing he stands lower with the world, which seems hard measure, though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. "Nobody in these days," says my poor Friend, "has the least notion of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better probably that King Friedrich had written no Verses; nay, I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship any good!" which may be truer than it seems. Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes—they are thought very fine; but it is good, on various accounts, to keep them rather silent; strictly unvocal, except on call of real business, so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of themselves! Most things do not ripen at all except under ground; and it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you *speak* of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of by-standers, there is the *less* chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life. If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency, and were not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense—not much more to him than speaking with a will—than fantasying on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found

a certain leakage of verses which he was prompt to utter, and the case at Reinsberg or afterward is not so serious as we might imagine.

Pine's Horace and the Anti-Machiavel.

In the late months Friedrich had conceived one notable project, which demands a word in this place. Did modern readers ever hear of "John Pine, the celebrated English Engraver?" John Pine, a man of good scholarship, good skill with his burin, did "Tapestries of the House of Lords," and other things of a celebrated nature, famous at home and abroad; but his peculiar feat, which had commended him at Reinsberg, was an Edition of *Horace:* exquisite old *Flaccus* brought to perfection as it were; all done with vignettes, classical borderings, symbolic marginal ornaments, in fine taste and accuracy, the Text itself engraved, and all by the exquisite burin of Pine.[1] This Edition had come out last year, famous over the world, and was by-and-by, as rumor bore, to be followed by a *Virgil* done in the like exquisite manner.

The Pine *Horace*, part of the Pine *Virgil* too, still exist in the libraries of the curious, and are doubtless known to the proper parties, though much forgotten by others of us. To Friedrich, scanning the Pine phenomenon with interest then brand-new, it seemed an admirable tribute to classical genius, and the idea occurred to him, "Is not there, by Heaven's blessing, a living genius, classical like those antique Romans, and worthy of a like tribute?" Friedrich's idea was that, Voltaire being clearly the supreme of Poets, the *Henriade*, his supreme of Poems, ought to be engraved like *Flaccus*—text and all, with vignettes, tail-pieces, classical borderings beautifully symbolic and exact, by the exquisite burin of Pine, which idea the young hero-worshiper, in spite of his finance difficulties, had resolved to realize, and was even now busy with it since his return from Loo. "Such beautiful enthusiasm," say some readers; "and in behalf of that particular demigod!" Alas! yes; to Friedrich he was the best demigod then going, and Friedrich never had any doubt about him.

[1] "London, 1737" (*Biographie Universelle*, xxxiv., 465).

For the rest, this heroic idea could not realize itself, and we are happy to have nothing more to do with Pine or the *Henriade*. Correspondences were entered into with Pine, and some pains taken: Pine's high prices were as nothing; but Pine was busy with his *Virgil;* probably, in fact, had little stomach for the *Henriade;* "could not, for seven years to come, enter upon it;" so that the matter had to die away, and nothing came of it but a small *Dissertation*, or Introductory Essay, which the Prince had got ready, which is still to be found printed in Voltaire's Works [1] and in Friedrich's, if any body now cared much to read it. Preuss says it was finished "the 10th August, 1739," and that minute fact in Chronology, with the above tale of Hero-worship hanging to it, will suffice my readers and me.

But there is another literary project on hand which did take effect, much worthy of mention, this year, the whole world having risen into such a Chorus of *Te Deum* at sight of it next year. In this year falls what, at any rate, was a great event to Friedrich as a literary man, the printing of his first Book—assiduous writing of it with an eye to print. The Book is that "celebrated *Anti-Machiavel*," ever-praiseworthy refutation of Machiavel's *Prince*, concerning which there are such immensities of Voltaire correspondence, now become, like the Book itself, inane to all readers. This was the chosen soul's employment of Friedrich, the flower of life to him, at Reinsberg, through the year 1739. It did not actually get to press till Spring, 1740, nor actually come out till Autumn, by which time a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and circumstances; but we may as well say here what little is to be said of it for modern readers.

"The Crown-Prince, reading this bad Book of Machiavel's years ago, had been struck, as all honest souls, especially governors or apprentices to governing, must be, if they thought of reading such a thing, with its badness, its falsity, detestability, and came by degrees, obliquely fishing out Voltaire's opin-

[1] *Œuvres* xiii., 393–402.

ion as he went along, on the notion of refuting Machiavel, and did refute him the best he could; set down, namely, his own earnest contradiction to such ungrounded noxious doctrines, elaborating the same more and more into clear logical utterance, till they swelled into a little Volume, which, so excellent was it, so important to mankind, Voltaire and friends were clear for publishing. Published accordingly it was; goes through the press next summer (1740), under Voltaire's anxious superintendence; for the Prince has at length consented; and Voltaire hands the Manuscript, with mystery yet with hints, to a Dutch Bookseller, one Van Duren at the Hague, who is eager enough to print such an article.[1] Voltaire himself—such his magnanimous friendship, especially if one have Dutch Lawsuits, or business of one's own in those parts—takes charge of correcting; lodges himself in the 'Old Court' (Prussian Mansion, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague, where 'Luiscius,' figuratively speaking, may get an alms from us), and therefrom corrects, alters—corresponds with the Prince and Van Duren at a great rate; keeps correcting, altering, till Van Duren thinks he is spoiling it for sale, and privately determines to preserve the original Manuscript, and have an edition of that, with only such corrections as seem good to Van Duren: a treasonous step on this mule of a Bookseller's part, thinks Voltaire, but mulishly persisted in by the man. Endless correspondence, to right and left, ensues, intolerably wearisome to every reader. And, in fine, there came out, in Autumn next" —the Crown-Prince no longer a Crown-Prince by that time, but shining conspicuous under Higher Title—"not one *Anti-Machiavel* only, but a couple or a trio of *Anti-Machiavels:* as printed 'at the Hague;' as reprinted 'at London' or elsewhere, the confused Bibliography of which has now fallen very insignificant. First there was the Voltaire Text, Authorized Edition, 'end of September, 1740;' then came, in few weeks,

[1] Here, gathered from Friedrich's Letters to Voltaire, is the Chronology of the little Enterprise:

1738, *March* 21, *June* 17, "Machiavel a baneful man," thinks Friedrich. "Ought to be refuted by somebody?" thinks he (date not known).

1739, *March* 22, Friedrich thinks of doing it himself. Has done it; *December* 4: "a Book which ought to be printed," say Voltaire and the literary visitors.

1740, *April* 26, Book given up to Voltaire for printing. Printing finished; Book appears "end of *September*," when a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and position.

the Van Duren one; then, probably, a third, combining the two, the variations given as foot-notes: in short, I know not how many editions, translations, printings, and reprintings, all the world being much taken up with such a message from the upper regions, and eager to read it in any form.

"As to Friedrich himself, who of course says nothing of the *Anti-Machiavel* in public, he privately, to Voltaire, disowns all these editions, and intends to give a new one of his own, which shall be the right article; but never did it, having far other work cut out for him in the months that came. But how zealous the world's humor was in that matter, no modern reader can conceive to himself. In the frightful Compilation called *Helden-Geschichte*, which we sometimes cite, there are, excerpted from the then 'Bibliothèques' (*Nouvelle Bibliothèque* and another, shining Periodicals of the time, now gone quite dead), two 'reviews' of the *Anti-Machiavel*, which fill modern readers with amazement: such a *Domine dimittas* chanted over such an article! These details, in any other than the Biographical point of view, are now infinitely unimportant."

Truly, yes! The Crown-Prince's *Anti-Machiavel*, final correct edition (in two forms, Voltaire's as corrected, and the Prince's own as written), stands now in clear type,[1] and, after all that jumble of printing and counter-printing, we can any of us read it in a few hours, but, alas! almost none of us with the least interest, or, as it were, with any profit whatever; so different is present tense from past in all things, especially in things like these! It is sixscore years since the *Anti-Machiavel* appeared. The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and every body) stepping forth to say, with conviction, that Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the "born servant of his People" (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it) rather than otherwise: this naturally enough rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day, and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come

[1] Preuss: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, viii., 61–163.

and gone! Alas! in these sixscore years it has been found so easy to profess and speak even with sincerity! The actual Hero-Kings were long used to be silent, and the Sham Hero kind grow only the more desperate for us the more they speak and profess! This *Anti-Machiavel* of Friedrich's is a clear, distinct Treatise; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Machiavel. Nay, it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair, but that is all the conquest we get of it in these days. Treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

Perhaps, indeed, mankind is getting weary of the question altogether. Machiavel himself one now reads only by compulsion. "What is the use of arguing with any body that can believe in Machiavel?" asks mankind, or might well ask; and, except for editorial purposes, eschews any *Anti-Machiavel*, impatient to be rid of bane and antidote both. Truly the world has had a pother with this little Nicolo Machiavelli and his perverse little Book: pity almost that a Friedrich Wilhelm, taking his rounds at that point of time, had not had the "refuting" of him; Friedrich Wilhelm's method would have been briefer than Friedrich's! But let us hope the thing is now, practically, about completed. And as to the other question, "Was the Signor Nicolo serious in this perverse little Book, or did he only do it ironically, with a serious inverse purpose?" we will leave that to be decided, any time convenient, by people who are much at leisure in the world!

The printing of the *Anti-Machiavel* was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history, yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations; and afterward there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, "Is this King an *Anti*-Machiavel, then? Pfui!" of which—though Voltaire's voice, too, was heard in

it, in angry moments—we shall say nothing ; the reader, looking for himself, will judge by-and-by. And herewith enough of the *Anti-Machiavel*. Composition of the *Anti-Machiavel* and speculation of the Pine *Henriade* lasted, both of them, all through this Year 1739, and farther: from these two items, not to mention any other, readers can figure sufficiently how literary a year it was.

Friedrich in Preussen again ; at the Stud of Trakehnen. A tragically great Event coming on.

In July this year the Crown-Prince went with Papa on the Prussian Review journey.[1] Such attendance on Review journeys, a mark of his being well with Papa, is now becoming usual ; they are agreeable excursions, and can not but be instructive as well. On this occasion things went beautifully with him. Out in those grassy Countries, in the bright Summer, once more he had an unusually fine time, and two very special pleasures befell him. First was a sight of the Emigrants, our Salzburgers and other, in their flourishing condition, over in Lithuania yonder. Delightful to see how the waste is blossoming up again—busy men with their industries, their steady, pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful : horse-droves, cattle-herds, waving corn-fields—a very "*Schmalzgrube* (Butter-pit)" of those Northern parts, as it is since called.[2] The Crown-Prince's own words on this matter we will give ; they are in a Letter of his to Voltaire, perhaps already known to some readers ; and we can observe he writes rather copiously from those localities at present, and in a cheerful humor with every body.

"*Insterburg*, 27*th July*, 1739 (Crown-Prince to Voltaire). * * * Prussian Lithuania is a Country a hundred and twenty miles long, by from sixty to forty broad : [3] it was ravaged by Pestilence at the beginning of this Century, and they say Three Hundred Thousand people died of disease and famine"

[1] "Set out 7th July" (*Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, 67 n.).

[2] Büsching : *Erdbeschreibung*, ii., 1049.

[3] "Miles *English*," we always mean, *unless* &c.

—ravaged by Pestilence and the neglect of King Friedrich I., till my Father, once his hands were free, made personal survey of it, and took it up in earnest.

"Since that time," say twenty years ago, "there is no expense that the King has been afraid of in order to succeed in his salutary views. He made, in the first place, regulations full of wisdom; he rebuilt wherever the Pestilence had desolated: thousands of families, from the ends of Europe"—Seventeen Thousand Salzburgers for the last item—"were conducted hither; the Country repeopled itself; trade began to flourish again; and now, in these fertile regions, abundance reigns more than it ever did.

"There are above half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania; there are more towns than there ever were, more flocks than formerly, more wealth and more productiveness than in any other part of Germany. And all this that I tell you of is due to the King alone, who not only gave the orders, but superintended the execution of them; it was he that devised the plans, and himself got them carried to fulfillment; and spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises, nor recompense, to secure happiness and life to this half million of thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and felicity in the world.

"I hope this detail does not weary you. I depend on your humanity extending itself to your Lithuanian brethren as well as to your French, English, German, or other; all the more, as, to my great astonishment, I passed through villages where you hear nothing spoken but French. I have found something so heroic in the generous and laborious way in which the King addressed himself to making this desert flourish with inhabitants and happy industries and fruits, that it seemed to me you would feel the same sentiments in learning the circumstances of such a re-establishment.

"I daily expect news of you from Enghien" (in those Dutch-Lawsuit Countries). * * "The divine Emilie; * * the Duke" (D'Aremberg, Austrian Soldier of convivial turn, remote Welsh Uncle to a certain little Prince de Ligne, now spinning tops in those parts,[1] not otherwise interesting), "whom Apollo contends for against Bacchus. * * Adieu. *Ne m'oubliez pas, mon cher ami.*"[2]

[1] Born 23d May, 1735, this latter little Prince; lasted till 13th Dec., 1814 ("*danse, mais il ne marche pas*").

[2] *Œuvres*, xxi., 304, 305.

This is one pleasant scene to the Crown-Prince and us in those grassy localities. And now we have to mention that, about a fortnight later, at Königsberg one day, in reference to a certain Royal Stud or Horse-breeding Establishment in those same Lithuanian regions, there had a still livelier satisfaction happened him—satisfaction of a personal and filial nature. The name of this Royal Stud, inestimable on such ground, is Trakehnen—lies south of Tilsit, in an upper valley of the Pregel River—very extensive Horse Establishment, "with seven farms under it," say the Books, and all "in the most perfect order," they need hardly add, Friedrich Wilhelm being master of it. Well, the Royal Party was at Königsberg, so far on the road homeward again from those outlying parts, when Friedrich Wilhelm said one day to his Son, quite in a cursory manner, "I give thee that Stud of Trakehnen: thou must go back and look to it;" which struck Fritz quite dumb at the moment.

For it is worth near upon £2000 a year (12,000 thalers), a welcome new item in our impoverished budget; and it is an undeniable sign of Papa's good-humor with us, which is more precious still. Fritz made his acknowledgments, eloquent with looks, eloquent with voice, on coming to himself, and is, in fact, very proud of his gift, and celebrates it to his Wilhelmina, to Camas and others, who have a right to know such a thing, Grand useful gift, and handed over by Papa grandly in three business words, as if it had been a brace of game: "I give it thee, Fritz!"—a thing not to be forgotten. "At bottom Friedrich Wilhelm was not avaricious" (not a miser, only a man grandly abhorring waste, as the poor vulgar can not do); "not avaricious," says Pöllnitz once; "he made munificent gifts, and never thought of them more." This of Trakehnen perhaps there might be a whiff of coming Fate concerned in it withal: "I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee any thing, poor Fritz!" To the Prince and us it is very beautiful; a fine effulgence of the inner man of Friedrich Wilhelm. The Prince returned to Trakehnen on this glad errand; settled the business details there, and, after a few days, went home by

a route of his own, well satisfied with this Prussian Review journey, as we may imagine.

One sad thing there was, though Friedrich did not yet know how sad, in this Review journey—the new fit of illness that overtook his Majesty. From Pöllnitz, who was of the party, we have details on that head. In his Majesty's last bad illness, five years ago, when all seemed hopeless, it appears the surgeons had relieved him—in fact, recovered him, bringing off the bad humors in quantity—by an incision in the foot or leg. In the course of the present fatigues this old wound broke out again, which of course stood much in the way of his Majesty, and could not be neglected, as probably the causes of it were. A regimental surgeon, Pöllnitz says, was called in, who in two days healed the wound, and declared all to be right again, though, in fact, as we may judge, it was dangerously worse than before. "All well here," writes Friedrich; "the King has been out of order, but is now entirely recovered (*tout a fait remis*)."[1]

Much reviewing and heavy business followed at Königsberg, gift of Trakehnen and the departure of the Crown-Prince for Trakehnen winding it up. Directly on the heel of which his Majesty turned homeward, the Crown-Prince not to meet him till once at Berlin again. Majesty's first stage was at Pillau, where we have been. At Pillau, or next day at Dantzig, Pöllnitz observed a change in his Majesty's humor, which had been quite sunshiny all this journey hitherto. At Dantzig Pöllnitz first noticed it; but at every new stage it grew worse, evil accidents occurring to worsen it; and at Berlin it was worst of all; and, alas! his poor Majesty never recovered his sunshine in this world again! Here is Pollnitz's account of the journey homeward:

"Till now," till Pillau and Dantzig, "his Majesty had been in especially good humor; but in Dantzig his cheerfulness forsook him, and it never came back. He arrived about ten at night in that City" (Wednesday, 12th August, or thereby); "slept there, and was off again next morning at five. He

[1] "Königsberg, 30th July, 1739," to his Wife (*Œuvres*, xxvi., 6).

drove only fifty miles this day; stopped in Lupow" (coast-road through Pommern) "with Herr von Grumkow" (the late Grumkow's Brother), "Kammer President in this Pommern Province. From Lupow he went to a poor Village near Belgard, eighty miles farther"—last village on the great road, Belgard lying to left a little, on a side road—"and staid there overnight.

"At Belgard, next morning, he reviewed the Dragoon Regiment von Platen, and was very ill content with it; and nobody with the least understanding of that business but must own that never did Prussian Regiment manœuvre worse. Conscious themselves how bad it was, they lost head, and got into open confusion. The King did all that was possible to help them into order again. He withdrew thrice over, to give the Officers time to recover themselves; but it was all in vain. The King, contrary to wont, restrained himself amazingly, and would not show his displeasure in public. He got into his carriage, and drove away with the Fürst of Anhalt," Old Dessauer, "and Von Winterfeld," Captain in the Giant Regiment, "who is now Major General von Winterfeld,[1] not staying to dine with General von Platen, as was always his custom with Commandants whom he had reviewed. He bade Prince Wilhelm and the rest of us stay and dine; he himself drove away" toward the great road again, and some uncertain lodging there.

"We staid accordingly, and did full justice to the good cheer," though poor Platen would certainly look flustered, one may fancy. "But as the Prince was anxious to come up with his Majesty again, and knew not where he would meet him, we had to be very swift with the business.

"We found the King with Anhalt and Winterfeld by-and-by sitting in a village, in front of a barn, and eating a cold pie there, which the Fürst of Anhalt had chanced to have with him; his Majesty, owing to what he had seen on the parade-ground, was in the utmost ill-humor (*höchst übler Laune*). Next day, Saturday, he went a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and arrived in Berlin at ten at night—not expected there till the morrow, so that his rooms were locked, her Majesty being over in Monbijou, giving her children a Ball;"[2] and we can fancy what a frame of mind there was!

[1] Major General since 1734, of high fame; fell in fight, 7th September, 1757.

[2] Pollnitz, ii., 537.

Nobody, not at first even the Doctors, much heeded this new fit of illness, which went and came; "changed temper," deeper or less deep gloom of "bad humor," being the main phenomenon to by-standers. But the sad truth was, his Majesty never did recover his sunshine; from Pillau onward he was slowly entering into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse, and his journeyings and reviewings in this world were all done. Ten months hence Pöllnitz and others knew better what it had been!

CHAPTER VII.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

Friedrich had not been long home again from Trakehnen and Preussen when the routine of things at Reinsberg was illuminated by Visitors of brilliant and learned quality, some of whom, a certain Signor Algarotti for one, require passing mention here. Algarotti, who became a permanent friend or satellite, very luminous to the Prince, and was much about him in coming years, first shone out upon the scene at this time, coming unexpectedly, and from the Eastward as it chanced.

On his own score, Algarotti has become a wearisome literary man to modern readers; one of those half-remembered men whose Books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it you when given—treatises of a serious nature, *On the Opera*, setting forth, in earnest, the potential "moral uses" of the Opera, and dedicated to Chatham; *Neutonianismo per le Donne* (Astronomy for Ladies): the mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us; and we can not without effort nor with it, recall the brilliancy of Algarotti and them to his contemporary world.

Algarotti was a rich Venetian Merchant's Son, precisely about the Crown-Prince's age; shone greatly in his studies at Bologna and elsewhere; had writen Poesies (*Rime*); writ-

ten especially that *Newtonianism for the Dames* (equal to Fontenelle, said Fame, and orthodox Newtonian withal, not heterodox or Cartesian); and had shone, respected, at Paris, on the strength of it, for three or four years past: friend of Voltaire in consequence, of Voltaire and his Divine Emilie, and a welcome guest at Cirey; friend of the cultivated world generally, which was then laboring, Divine Emilie in the van of it, to understand Newton, and be orthodox in this department of things. Algarotti did fine Poesies, too, once and again; did Classical Scholarships, and much else: every where a clear-headed, methodically distinct, concise kind of man. A high style of breeding about him too; had powers of pleasing, and used them: a man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there, keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies, really with considerable prudence first and last.

He is somewhat of the Bielfeld type: a Merchant's Son, we observe, like Bielfeld, but a Venetian Merchant's, not a Hamburg's, and also of better natural stuff than Bielfeld; concentrated himself upon his task with more seriousness, and made a higher thing of it than Bielfeld, though, after all, it was the same task the two had. Alas! our "Swan of Padua" (so they sometimes called him) only sailed, paddling grandly, nowhither, as the Swan-Goose of the Elbe did, in a less stately manner. One can not well bear to read his Books! there is no light upon Friedrich to tempt us; better light than Bielfeld's there could have been, and much of it; but he prudently, as well as proudly, forbore such topics. He approaches very near fertility and geniality in his writings, but never reaches it. Dilettantism becomes serious and strenuous in those departments—Well, it was beautiful to young Friedrich and the world at that time, though it is not to us; Young Algarotti, Twenty-seven this year, has been touring about as a celebrity these four years past on the strength of his fine manners and *Newtonianism for the Dames*.

It was under escort of Baltimore, "an English Milord," recommended from Potsdam itself, that Algarotti came to Reinsberg: the Signor had much to do with English people

now and after. Where Baltimore first picked him up I know not; but they have been to Russia together; Baltimore by twelve years the elder of the two; and now, getting home toward England again, they call at Reinsberg in the fine Autumn weather, and considerably captivate the Crown-Prince, Baltimore playing chief in that as in other points. The visit lasted five days:[1] there was copious speech on many things; discussion about Printing of the *Anti-Machiavel;* Algarotti to get it printed in England, Algarotti to get Pine and his Engraved *Henriade* put under way, neither of which projects took effect: readers can conceive what a charming five days these were. Here, in the Crown-Prince's own words, are some brief glimmerings which will suffice us:

Reinsberg, 25*th Sept.*, 1739 (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * * "that nothing new has occurred in the Regiment, and we have few sick. Here has the English Milord, who was at Potsdam, passed through" (staid five days, though we call it passing, and suppress the Algarotti, Baltimore being indeed chief). "He is gone toward Hamburg, to take ship for England there. As I heard that my Most All-Gracious Father wished that I should show him courtesy, I have done for him what I could. The Prince of Mirow has also been here"—our old Strelitz friend. Of Baltimore nothing more to Papa. But to another Correspondent, to the good Suhm (who is now at Petersburg, and much in our intimacy, ready to transact loans for us, translate Wolf, or do what is wanted), there is this passage next day:

Reinsberg, 26*th September*, 1739 (to Suhm). "We have had Milord Baltimore here, and the young Algarotti, both of them men who, by their accomplishments, can not but conciliate the esteem and consideration of all who see them. We talked much of you" (Suhm), "of Philosophy, of Science, Art—in short, of all that can be included in the taste of cultivated people (*honnêtes gens*)."[2] And again to another, about two weeks hence:

Reinsberg, 10*th October*, 1739 (to Voltaire). "We have had Milord Baltimore and Algarotti here, who are going back to England. This Milord is a very sensible man (*homme très-sensé*), who possesses a great deal of knowledge, and thinks,

[1] 20–25th September, 1739 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv., p. xiv.).

[2] *Œuvres de Frèdèric*, xvi., 378.

like us, that sciences can be no disparagement to nobility, nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admired the genius of this *Anglais* as one does a fine face through a crape veil. He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; and as for his English, he pronounces it so quick, there is no possibility of following him. He calls a Russian 'a mechanical animal.' He says, 'Petersburg is the eye of Russia, with which it keeps civilized countries in sight; if you took this eye from it, Russia would fall again into barbarism, out of which it is just struggling.'[1] * * Young Algarotti, whom you know, pleased me beyond measure. He promised that he—" But Baltimore, promise or not, is the chief figure at present.

Evidently an original kind of figure to us, *cet Anglais*. And, indeed, there is already finished a rhymed *Epistle* to Baltimore, *Epître sur la Liberté* (copy goes in that same *Letter*, for Voltaire's behoof), which dates itself likewise October 10th, beginning,

"*L'esprit libre, Milord, qui règne en Angleterre,*"

which, though it is full of fine, sincere sentiments about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch.

What Baltimore said in answer to the *Epître* we do not know; probably not much; it does not appear he ever saw or spoke to Friedrich a second time. Three weeks after, Friedrich, writing to Algarotti, has these words: "I pray you make my friendships to Milord Baltimore, whose character and manner of thinking I truly esteem. I hope he has by this time got my *Epître* on the English Liberty of Thought."[2] And so Baltimore passes on, silent in History henceforth, though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times as a kind of type-figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun's disk I have made some inquiry about Baltimore, but found very little, perhaps enough:

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, 326, 327.

[2] 29th October, 1739, to Algarotti in London (*Œuvres* xviii., 5).

"He was Charles, Sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears—Sixth, and last but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Calvert (1618–1624), who colonized Maryland; last of them (1774) was the Son of this Charles—something of a fool, to judge by the face of him in Portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that Seventh Baltimore, printed one or two little Volumes ('now of extreme rarity'—can not be too rare), and winded up by standing an ugly Trial at Kingston Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate female), after which he retired to Naples, and there ended, 1774, the last of these Milords.[1]

"He of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles, but his Son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, age forty at this time, had traveled about the Continent a good deal: once, long ago, we imagined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) lounging about Lunéville and Lorraine along with Lyttelton in the Congress of Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough he got appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Fred, who was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people, in which situation Charles, Sixth Baron Baltimore, continued all his days after, and might have risen by means of Fred, as he was anxious enough to do, had both of them lived; but they both died, Baltimore first, in 1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent laborer in the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore, who, drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting out Bubb, and stands too well with our Royal Master, one secretly fears! Baltimore's finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; mostly an Absentee; Irish Estates not managed in the first style while one is busy in the Fred vineyard! 'The best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge,' Walpole calls him once, 'but not capable of conducting a party.'"[2] Oh no! and died, at any rate, Spring, 1751;[3] and we will not mention him farther.

Bielfeld, what he saw at Reinsberg and around.

Directly on the rear of these fine visitors came, by invitation, a pair of the Korn's Hotel people, Masonic friends, one

[1] Walpole (by Park): *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (London, 1806), v. 278.

[2] Walpole's *Letters to Mann* (London, 1843), ii., 175: 27th January, 1747. See ib., i., 82.

[3] *Peerage of Ireland* (London, 1768), ii., 172–174.

of whom was Bielfeld, whose dainty Installation Speech and ways of procedure had been of promise to the Prince on that occasion. "Baron von Oberg" was the other—Hanoverian Baron; the same who went into the wars, and was a "General von Oberg" twenty years hence? The same or another, it does not much concern us. Nor does the visit much, or at all, except that Bielfeld, being of writing nature, professes to give ocular account of it. Honest transcript of what a human creature actually saw at Reinsberg, and in the Berlin environment at that date, would have had a value to mankind; but Bielfeld has adopted the fictitious form, and pretty much ruined for us any transcript there is. Exaggeration, gesticulation, fantastic uncertainty afflict the reader, and prevent comfortable belief, except where there is other evidence than Bielfeld's.

At Berlin the beautiful straight streets, Linden Avenues (perhaps a better sample than those of our day), were notable to Bielfeld; bridges, statues very fine; grand esplanades, and such military drilling and parading as was never seen. He had dinner invitations, too, in quantity; likes this one and that (all in prudent asterisks)—likes Truchsess von Waldburg very much, and his strange mode of bachelor housekeeping, and the way he dines and talks among his fellow-creatures, or sits studious among his Military Books and Paper-litters. But all is loose, far-off sketching, in the style of *Anacharsis the Younger*, and makes no solid impression.

Getting to Reinsberg, to the Town, to the Schloss, he crosses the esplanade, the moat; sees what we know, beautiful square Mansion among its woods and waters, and almost nothing that we do not know, except the way the moat-bridge is lighted: "Bridge furnished," he says, "with seven Statues representing the seven Planets, each holding in her hand a glass lamp in the form of a globe," which is a pretty object in the night time. The House is now finished; Knobelsdorf rejoicing in his success; Pesne and others giving the last touch to some ceilings of a sublime nature. On the lintel of the gate is inscribed *Frederico Tranquillitatem Colenti* (To Frederick courting Tranquillity). The gardens, walks, hermitages,

grottoes, are very spacious, fine ; not yet completed—perhaps will never be. A Temple of Bacchus is just now on hand somewhere in those labyrinthic woods : "twelve gigantic Satyrs as caryatides, crowned by an inverted Punch-bowl for dome : " that is the ingenious Knobelsdorf's idea, pleasant to the mind. Knobelsdorf is of austere aspect ; austere, yet benevolent and full of honest sagacity ; the very picture of sound sense, thinks Bielfeld. M. Jordan is handsome, though of small stature ; agreeable expression of face ; eye extremely vivid ; brown complexion ; " bushy eyebrows, as well as beard, are black." [1]

Or did the reader ever hear of "M. Fredersdorf," Head Valet at this time? Fredersdorf will become, as it were, Privy-Purse, House-Friend, and domestic Factotum, and play a great part in coming years: "a tall, handsome man ;" much "silent sense, civility, dexterity ;" something "magnificently clever in him," thinks Bielfeld (now, or else twenty years afterward), whom we can believe.[2] He was a gift from General Schwerin, this Fredersdorf ; once a Private in Schwerin's regiment at Frankfurt on the Oder—excellent on the flute, for one quality. Schwerin, who had an eye for men, sent him to Friedrich in the Cüstrin time, hoping he might suit in fluting and otherwise, which he conspicuously did. Bielfeld's account, we must candidly say, appears to be an afterthought, but readers can make their profit of it, all the same.

As to the Crown-Prince and Princess, words fail to express their gracious perfections, their affabilities, polite ingenuities. Bielfeld's words do give us some pleasant shadowy conceivability of the Crown-Princess:

"Tall, and perfect in shape ; bust such as a sculptor might copy ; complexion of the finest ; features ditto ; nose, I confess, smallish and pointed, but excellent of that kind ; hair of the supremest flaxen, 'shining' like a flood of sunbeams when the powder is off it : a humane, ingenuous Princess ; little negligences in toilette or the like, if such occur, even these set her off, so ingenuous are they ; speaks little, but always to the purpose, in a simple, cheerful, and wise way ;

[1] Bielfeld (abridged), i., 45. [2] Bielfeld (abridged), i., p. 49.

dances beautifully ; heart (her soubrette assures me) is heavenly ; and 'perhaps no Princess living has a finer set of diamonds.'"

Of the Crown-Princess there is some pleasant shadow traced as on cobweb to this effect, but of the Crown-Prince there is no forming the least conception from what he says : this is mere cobweb, with Nothing elaborately painted on it. Nor do the portraits of the others attract by their verisimilitude. Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance, the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle, who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else : "he whirls in with uproar (*fracos*) like Boreas in the Ballet;" fowling-piece on shoulder, and in his "dressing-gown" withal, which is still stranger ; snatches off Bielfeld, unknown till that moment, to sit by him while dressing, and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and, indeed, almost ground and lofty tumbling for accompaniment, "talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, Architecture, Literature, and the Art of War" while he dresses. This gentleman was once Colonel in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army ; is now fairly turned of forty, and has been in troubles : we hope he is not *like* in the Bielfeld Portrait, otherwise how happy that we never had the honor of knowing him ! Indeed, the Crown-Prince's Household generally, as Bielfeld paints it in flourishes of panegyric, is but unattractive ; barren to the modern onlooker ; partly the Painter's blame, we doubt not. He gives details about their mode of dining, taking coffee, doing concert, and describes once an incidental drinking-bout got up aforethought by the Prince, which is probably in good part fiction, though not ill done. The fantastic sketchings, rigorously winnowed into the credible and actual, leave no great residue in that kind, but what little they do leave is of favorable and pleasant nature.

Bielfeld made a visit privately to Potsdam too : saw the giants drill ; made acquaintance with important Captains of theirs (all in *asterisks*) at Potsdam, with whom he dined, not in a too credible manner, and even danced. Among the asterisks we easily pick out Captain Wartensleben (of the Korn's Hotel operation), and Winterfeld, a still more important Captain, whom we saw dining on cold pie with his Majesty at a barn-door in Pommern not long since. Of the giants, or their life at Potsdam, Bielfeld's word is not worth hearing—worth suppressing rather—his knowledge being so small, and hung forth in so fantastic a way. This transient sight he had of his Majesty in person—this, which is worth something to us,

fact being evidently lodged in it. "After church-parade," Autumn Sunday afternoon (day uncertain, Bielfeld's date being fictitious, and even impossible), Majesty drove out to Wusterhausen, "where the quantities of game surpass all belief;" and Bielfeld had one glimpse of him:

"I saw his Majesty only, as it were, in passing. If I may judge by his Portraits, he must have been of a perfect beauty in his young time; but it must be confessed there is nothing left of it now. His eyes truly are fine, but the glance of them is terrible; his complexion is composed of the strongest tints of red, blue, yellow, green"—not a lovely complexion at all; "big head; the thick neck sunk between the shoulders; figure short and heavy (*courte et ramassée*)."[1]

"Going out to Wusterhausen," then, that afternoon, "October, 1739." How his Majesty is crushed down—quite bulged out of shape in that sad way by the weight of Time and its pressures; his thoughts, too, most likely, of a heavy-laden and abstruse nature! The old Pfalz Controversy has misgone with him—Pfalz, and so much else in the world; the world in whole, probably enough, near ending to him; the final shadows, sombre, grand, and mournful, closing in upon him!

Turk War ends; Spanish War begins. A Wedding in Petersburg.

Last news come to Potsdam in these days is, The Kaiser has ended his disastrous Turk War; been obliged to end it; sudden downbreak, and, as it were, panic terror having at last come upon his unfortunate Generals in those parts. Duke Franz was passionate to be out of such a thing—Franz, General Neipperg, and others; and now, "2d September, 1739," like lodgers leaping from a burning house, they are out of it. The Turk gets Belgrad itself, not to mention wide territories farther east—Belgrad without shot fired; nay, the Turk was hardly to be kept from hanging the Imperial Messenger (a General Neipperg, Duke Franz's old Tutor and chief Confidant, whom we shall hear more of elsewhere), whose passport was not quite right on this occasion! Never was a more disgraceful Peace. But also never had been worse fighting;

[1] Bielfeld, p. 35.

planless, changeful, powerless, melting into futility at every step; not to be mended by imprisonments in Grätz, and still harsher treatment of individuals. "Has all success forsaken me, then since Eugene died?" said the Kaiser; and snatched at this Turk Peace, glad to have it by mediation of France, and on any terms.

Has not this Kaiser lost his outlying properties at a fearful rate? Naples is gone; Spanish Bourbon sits in our Naples; comparatively little left for us in Italy; and now the very Turk has beaten us small; insolently fillips the Imperial nose of us, threatening to hang our Neipperg, and the like. Were it not for Anne of Russia, whose big horsewhip falls heavy on this Turk, he might almost get to Vienna again, for any thing we could do! A Kaiser worthy to be pitied, whom Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, does honestly pity—a Kaiser much beggared, much disgraced in late years, who has played a huge life-game, so long, diplomatizing, warring, and, except the Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, has nothing to retire upon.

The Russians protested, with astonishment, against such Turk Peace on the Kaiser's part; but there was no help for it. One ally is gone, the Kaiser has let go this Western skirt of the Turk; and "Thamas Kouli Khan" (called also Nadir Shah, famed Oriental slasher and slayer of that time) no longer stands upon the Eastern skirt, but "has entered India," it appears; the Russians—their cash, too, running low—do themselves make peace "about a month after," restoring Azoph and nearly all their conquests, putting off the ruin of the Turk till a better time.

War is over in the East, then, but another in the West, England against Spain (Spain and France to help), is about beginning. Readers remember how Jenkins's Ear re-emerged, Spring gone a year, in a blazing condition? Here, through *Sylvanus Urban* himself, are two direct glimpses, a twelvemonth nearer hand, which show us how the matter has been proceeding since:

"*London, 19th February*, 1739. The City Authorities," laying or going to lay "the foundation of the Mansion-House"

(Edifice now very black in our time), and doing other things of little moment to us, "had a Masquerade at the Guildhall this night. There was a very splendid appearance at the Masquerade; but among the many humorous and whimsical characters, what seemed most to engage attention was a Spaniard, who called himself 'Knight of the Ear;' as Badge of which Order he wore on his breast the form of a Star, with its points tinged in blood, and on the body of it an Ear painted, and in capital letters the word JENKINS encircling it. Across his shoulder there hung, instead of ribbon, a large Halter, which he held up to several persons dressed as English Sailors, who seemed in great terror of him, and, falling on their knees, suffered him to rummage their pockets, which done, he would insolently dismiss them with strokes of his halter. Several of the Sailors had a bloody Ear hanging down from their heads, and on their hats were these words, *Ear for Ear:* on others, *No Search or No Trade;* with the like sentences."[1] The conflagration evidently going on; not likely to be damped down again by ministerial art!

"*London, 19th March*, 1739." Grand Debate in Parliament on the late "Spanish Convention," pretended Bargain of redress lately got from Spain: Approve the Convention, or Not approve? "A hundred Members were in the House of Commons before seven this morning, and four hundred had taken their seats by ten, which is an unheard-of thing. Prince of Wales," Fred in person, "was in the gallery till twelve at night, and had his dinner sent to him. Sir Robert Walpole rose: 'Sir, the great pains that have been taken to influence all ranks and degrees of men in this Nation— * * But give me leave to'"—apply a wet cloth to Honorable Gentlemen: which he does, really with skill and sense. France and the others are so strong, he urges; England so unprepared; Kaiser at such a pass; "War like to be about the Palatinate Dispute" (our friend Friedrich Wilhelm's): 'Where is England to get allies?' and hours long of the like sort. A judicious wet cloth, which proved unavailing.

For "William Pitts" (so they spell the great Chatham that is to be) was eloquent on the other side: "Despairing Merchants," "Voice of England," and so on. And the world was all in an inflamed state. And Mr. Pulteney exclaimed, Palatinate?

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739, p. 103; our *dates*, as always, are N. S.

Allies? "We need no allies; the case of Mr. Jenkins will raise us volunteers every where!" And, in short, after eight months more of haggling and applying wet cloths, Walpole, in the name of England, has to declare war against Spain,[1] the public humor proving unquenchable on that matter—War, and no Peace to be "till our undoubted right" to roadway on the oceans of this Planet become permanently manifest to the Spanish Majesty.

Such the effect of a small Ear, kept about one in cotton, from ursine piety or other feelings. Has not Jenkins's Ear re-emerged with a vengeance? It has kindled a War; dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire, as will be too evident in the sequel! The *Ear of Jenkins* is a singular thing; might have mounted to be a Constellation, like *Berenice's Hair*, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of a poetic turn! Enough of *it* for the time being.

This Summer, Anton Ulrich, at Petersburg, did wed his Serene Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias, "July 14th, 1739," three months before that Drive to Wusterhausen, which we saw lately. Little Anton Ulrich, Cadet of Brunswick, our Friedrich's Brother-in-Law; a noticeably small man in comparison to such bulk of destiny, thinks Friedrich, though the case is not without example![2]

"Anton Ulrich is now five-and-twenty," says one of my Note-books; "a young gentleman with small stature, shining courage in battle, but somewhat shy and bashful; who has had his troubles in Petersburg society till the triumph came, and will have. Here are the stages of Anton Ulrich's felicity:

"*Winter*, 1732–3. He was sent for to Petersburg (his serene Aunt, the German Kaiserinn, and Kaiser Karl's diplomatists suggesting it there) with the view of his paying court to the young Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias, of whom we have often heard. February, 1733, he arrived on

[1] "3d November (23d October), 1739."

[2] A Letter of his to Suhm, touching on Franz of Lorraine and this Anton Ulrich.

this errand ; not approved of at all by the Mecklenburg Princess, by Czarina Anne, or any body there : what can be done with such an uncomfortable little creature? They gave him a Colonelcy of Cuirassiers : 'Drill there, and endure.'

"*Spring*, 1737. Much enduring, diligently drilling for four years past, he went this year to the Turk War under Münnich ; much pleased Münnich at Oczakow and elsewhere, who reports in the War-Office high things of him ; and, on whole—the serene Vienna people now again bestirring themselves, with whom we are in copartnery in this Turk Business —little Anton Ulrich is encouraged to proceed. Proceeds ; formally demands his Mecklenburg Princess ; and,

"*July* 14*th*, 1739, weds her, the happiest little man in all the Russias, and with the biggest destiny, if it prosper. Next year, too, there came a son and heir, whom they called Iwan, in honor of his Russian Great-grandfather. Shall we add the subsequent felicities of Anton Ulrich here, or wait till another opportunity?"

Better wait. This is all, and more than all, his Prussian Majesty, rolling out of Wusterhausen that afternoon, ever knew of them, or needed to know!

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

At Wusterhausen this Autumn there is game as usual, but little or no hunting for the King. He has to sit drearily within doors for most part, listening to the rustle of falling leaves, to dim Winter coming with its rains and winds. Field-sports are a rumor from without ; for him now no joyous sow-baiting, deer-chasing ; that, like other things, is past.

In the beginning of November he came to Berlin ; was worse there, and again was better ; strove to do the Carnival as had been customary, but in a languid, lamed manner. One night he looked in upon an evening party which General Schulenburg was giving : he returned home chilled, shivering ; could not, all night, be brought to heat again. It was the last

evening party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.[1] Lieutenant General Schulenburg, the same who doomed young Friedrich to death as President of the Court-Martial, and then wrote the Three Letters about him which we once looked into, illuminates himself in this manner in Berlin society: Carnival Season, 1740, weather fiercely cold. Maypole Schulenburg, the lean Aunt, Ex-Mistress of George I., over in London—I think she must now be dead? Or if not dead, why not? Memory, for the tenth time, fails me of the humanly unmemorable, whom perhaps even flunkeys should forget, and I will try it no more. The stalwart Lieutenant General will reappear on us once, twice at the utmost, and never again. He gave the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm is in truth very ill; tosses about all day, in and out of bed—bed and wheeled chair drearily alternating; suffers much; and again, in Diplomatic circles, the rumors are rife and sinister. Ever from this chill at Schulenburg's the medicines did him no good, says Pöllnitz: if he rallied, it was the effect of Nature, and only temporary. He does daily, with punctuality, his Official business, perhaps the best two hours he has of the four-and-twenty, for the time hangs heavy on him. His old Generals sit round his bed, talking, smoking, as it was five years ago; his Feekin and his children much about him, out and in: the heavy-laden, weary hours roll round as they can. In general, there is a kind of constant Tabaks Collegium, old Flans, Camas, Hacke, Pöllnitz, Derschau, and the rest by turns always there; the royal Patient can not be left alone, without faces he likes: other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man, and will smart for it if they enter: "At sight of him every pain grows painfuler!" the poor King being of poetic temperament, as we often say. Friends are encouraged to smoke, especially to keep up a stream of talk; if at any time he fall into a doze and they cease talking, the silence will awaken him.

He is worst off in the night; sleep very bad; and among his sore bodily pains, ennui falls very heavy to a mind so rest-

[1] Pöllnitz (ii., 537), who gives no date.

less. He can paint, he can whittle, chisel: at last they even mount him a table in his bed, with joiner's tools, mallets, glue-pots, where he makes small carpentry—the talk to go on the while; often, at night, is the sound of his mallet audible in the Palace Esplanade, and Berlin townsfolk pause to listen, with many thoughts of a sympathetic or at least inarticulate character: "*Hm, Weh, Ihro Majestät: ach Gott*, pale Death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings!" [1] Reverend Hera Roloff, whom they call Provost (*Probst*, Chief Clergyman) Roloff, a pious honest man and preacher, he, I could guess, has already been giving spiritual counsel now and then; later interviews with Roloff are expressly on record; for it is the King's private thought, ever and anon borne in upon him, that death itself is in this business.

Queen and children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, nor even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses, and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his Father; shudders at the thought of losing *him*. And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought, which the filial heart disowns with a kind of horror: "Down, thou impious thought!" We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him—to believe that real danger is still distant. His demeanor, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural—altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden; let us help to bear his burdens; let us hope the crisis is still far off!

Once, on a favorable evening, probably about the beginning of April, when he felt as if improving, Friedrich Wilhelm resolved to dress, and hold Tobacco Parliament again in a formal manner. Let us look in there through the eyes of Pöllnitz, who was of it, upon the last Tobacco Parliament:

[1] Pöllnitz, ii., 539.

"A numerous party—Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs and commandants of the Berlin Garrison are there; the old circle full; social human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the King. He does not himself smoke on this occasion, but he is unusually lively in talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and the Tobacco circle was proceeding through its phases, successful beyond common. All at once the Crown-Prince steps in, direct from Reinsberg[1]—an unexpected pleasure; at sight of whom the Tobacco circle, taken on the sudden, simultaneously started up and made him a bow. Rule is, in Tobacco Parliament you do not rise for any body; and they have risen, which struck the sick heart in a strange, painful way. 'Hm, the Rising Sun?' thinks he; 'rules broken through for the Rising Sun. But I am not dead yet, as you shall know!' ringing for his servants in great wrath, and had himself rolled out, regardless of protestations and excuses. 'Hither, you Hacke!' said he.

"Hacke followed, but it was only to return on the instant with the King's order 'that you instantly quit the Palace, all of you, and don't come back!' Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of no effect, or of less; they had to go on those terms; and Pöllnitz, making for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was twitched by a Gensdarme, 'No admittance!' And it was days before the matter would come round again, under earnest protestations from the one side, and truculent rebukes from the other."[2] Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty, and what a time in those localities!

With the bright Spring weather he seemed to revive; toward the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, every body thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month that he went; he said, "Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam, then (*ich werde in Potsdam sterben*)!" The May flowers came late; the weather was changeful, ungenial for the sick man: this winter of 1740 had been the coldest on record; it extended

[1] 12th April, 1740? (*Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 29); Pöllnitz is dateless.

[2] Pöllnitz (abridged), ii., 540.

itself into the very summer, and brought great distress of every kind, of which some oral rumor still survives in all countries. Friedrich Wilhelm heard complaints of scarcity among the people; admonitions to open his Corn-granaries (such as he aways has in store against that kind of accident); but he still hesitated and refused, unable to look into it himself, and fearing deceptions.

For the rest, he is struggling between death and life, in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly—strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world, which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm, and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King "never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage vow in spite of horrible examples every where; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?" To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head, "Did I behave ill, then; did I ever do injustice?" Roloff mentions Baron Schlubbut, the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. "He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!" Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well, is there any thing more? Out with it, then; better

now than too late!" Much oppression, forcing men to build in Berlin. "Oppression! was it not their benefit as well as Berlin's and the Country's? I had no interest in it other. Derschau, you who managed it?" and his Majesty turned to Derschau; for all the smoking generals and company are still here; nor will his Majesty consent to dismiss them from the presence, and be alone with Roloff: "What is there to conceal? They are people of honor, and my friends." Derschau, whose feats in the building way are not unknown even to us, answers with a hard face, It was all right and orderly; nothing out of square in his building operations. To which Roloff shakes his head: "A thing of public notoriety, Herr General." "I will prove every thing before a Court," answers the Herr General, with still harder face, Roloff still austerely shaking his head. Hm! And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? "Well, I will, I do; you, Feekin, write to your Brother (unforgivablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him." Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff. "No, after I am dead," persists the Son of Nature: that will be safer![1] An unwedgable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity, such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, "You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man."[2]

Roloff, I perceive, had several Dialogues with the King, and staid in Potsdam some days for that object. The above bit of jotting is from the Seckendorf Papers (probably picked up by Seckendorf Junior), and is dated only "May." Of the two Potsdam Preachers, one of whom is "Oesfeld, Chaplain of

[1] Wrote accordingly, "not able to finish without many tears:" honest, sensible Letter (though indifferently spelled), "Berlin, 1st June, 1740;" lies now in State Paper Office: "*Royal Letters*, vol. xciv., Prussia, 1689–1777."

[2] *Notata ex ore Roloffi* ("found among the Seckendorf Papers," no date but "May, 1740"), in Förster, ii., 154, 155; in a fragmentary state; completed in Pöllnitz, ii., 545–549.

the Giant Grenadiers," and the other is "Cochius, Calvinist Hofprediger," each published on his own score some Notes of dialogue and circumstance,[1] which are to the same effect so far as they concern us, and exhibit the same rugged Son of Nature looking with all his eyesight into the near Eternity, and sinking in a human and not inhuman manner amid the floods of Time. "Wa, Wa, what great God is this, that pulls down the strength of the strongest Kings!"

The poor King's state is very restless, fluctuates from day to day; he is impatient of bed; sleeps very ill; is up whenever possible; rolls about in his wheeled chair, and even gets into the air; at one time looking strong, as if there were still months in him, and anon sunk in fainting weakness, as if he had few minutes to live. Friedrich, at Reinsberg, corresponds very secretly with Dr. Eller; has other friends at Potsdam whose secret news he very anxiously reads. To the last he can not bring himself to think it serious.[2]

On Thursday, 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: He is to come quickly if he would see his Father again alive! The step may have danger too: but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied: the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his Father in his *rollwagen* (wheeled chair)—not dying, but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has, whose tongue

[1] Cochius the *Hofpredigers* (Calvinist Court-Chaplain's) *Account* of his Interviews (first of them "Friday 27th May, 1740, about 9 P.M.") followed by ditto from Oesfeld (Chaplain of the Giants), who usually accompanied Cochius, are in Seyfart, *Geschichte Friedrich des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1783–1788), i. (Beylage), 24–40. Seyfart was "Regiments-Auditor" in Halle: his Work, solid though stupid, consists nearly altogether of multifarious *Beylage* (Appendices) and *Notes*, which are creditably accurate, and often curious, and, as usual, have no Index for an unfortunate reader.

[2] Letter to Eller, 25th May, 1740 (*Œuvres*, xvi., 184).

is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom of English and other Horses are without parallel in those parts—without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing this blessed May day! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming or otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in History (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

At sight of his Son Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son, kneeling, sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! It was a scene to make all by-standers and even Philips weep. Probably the emotion hurt the old King; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral, a rude characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows—too long and rude for reprinting here.[1]

He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort, with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired, "*nicht plackeren*"), so many cannon salvos, and no fuss or flaunting ceremony: simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements: he views it from time to time; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it: "I shall sleep right well *there*," he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness: the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door; this detachment is to fall in here, that there,

[1] Copy of it, in Seyfart (ubi suprà), i., 19–24. Translated in Mauvillon (ii., 432–437); in &c., &c.

in the attitude of "cover arms" (musket inverted under left arm); and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding, wounded), a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort, Good Son of Nature: a dumb Poet, as I say always; most dumb, but real; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times. It was on this same Friday night that Cochius was first sent for; Cochius, and Oesfeld with him, "about nine o'clock."

For the next three days (Saturday to Monday), when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son, instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State—in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while, "Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!" And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavored to talk a little; could at least smoke, and look friendly, till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished Monday night), why not abdicate altogether, and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, "Pray for me; *Betet, Betet.*" And more than once, in deep tone, "Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!" The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This, too, is a characteristic trait: in a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it) which they often sang to him or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words: "Naked I came into the world, and naked shall

I go." "No," said he, always, with vivacity, at this passage, "not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on." Let us be exact, since we are at it; after which the singing proceeded again. "The late Graf Alexander von Wartenberg"—Captain Wartenberg, whom we know, and whose opportunities—"was wont to relate this."[1]

Tuesday, 31st May, "about one in the morning," Cochius was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. "I can remember nothing," said the King; "I can not pray; I have forgotten all my prayers." "Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart," said Cochius, and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. "Fare you well," said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; "most likely we shall not meet again in this world;" whereat Cochius burst into tears and withdrew. About four the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: "Poor little Ferdinand, adieu then, my little child!" This is the Father of that fine Louis Ferdinand who was killed at Jena, concerning whom Berlin, in certain emancipated circles of it, still speaks with regret. He, the Louis Ferdinand, had fine qualities, but went far a roving into Radicalism, into romantic love, into Champagne, and was cut down on the threshold of Jena, desperately fighting —perhaps happily for him.

From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. "Feekin, oh my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!" The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called, but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate, and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled chair and poor sick King; steps

[1] Büsching (in 1786); *Beyträge*, iv., 100.

aside to let him pass: "'It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*),' said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his night-cap, and a blue mantle thrown round him." He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you, old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau, my oldest friend—you, Colonel Hacke, faithfulest of Adjutant Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: "You have chosen the very worst," said Friedrich Wilhelm: "take that other; I will warrant him a good one!" The grim Old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. "Nay, nay, my friend," Friedrich Wilhelm said, "this is a debt we have all to pay."

The Official people, Queen, Friedrich, Minister Boden, Minister Podewils, and even Pöllnitz, being now all present, Friedrich Wilhelm makes his Declaration at considerable length, old General Bredow repeating it aloud,[1] sentence by sentence, the King's own voice being too weak, so that all may hear: "That he abdicates, gives up wholly, in favor of his good Son Friedrich; that foreign Embassadors are to be informed; that you are all to be true and loyal to my Son, as you were to me"—and what else is needful. To which the judicious Podewils makes answer, "That there must be a written Deed of this high Transaction executed, which shall be straightway set about; the Deed once executed, signed, and sealed, the high Royal will, in all points, takes effect." Alas! before Podewils has done speaking, the King is like falling into a faint; does faint, and is carried to bed: too unlikely any Deed of Abdication will be needed.

Ups and downs there still were—sore fluctuating labor, as the poor King struggles to his final rest this morning. He was at the window again when the *Wachtparade* (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for

[1] Pöllnitz, ii., 561.

the last time.[1] After which, new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about eleven o'clock when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed; Cochius prays with fervor, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. "Not so loud!" says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: "O vanity! O vanity!" said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. "Pray for me, pray for me, my trust is in the Savior!" he often said. His pains, his weakness are great, the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time he called for a mirror: that is certain; rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: "Not so worn out as I thought," is Pöllnitz's account, and the likeliest, though perhaps he said several things: "ugly face," "as good as dead already," and continued the inspection for some moments.[2] A grim, strange thing.

"Feel my pulse, Pitsch," said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: "tell me how long this will last." "Alas! not long," answered Pitsch. "Say not alas; but how do you (He) know?" "The pulse is gone!" "Impossible," said he, lifting his arm: "how could I move my fingers so if the pulse were gone?" Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)." These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room when the faint had deepened into death, and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labors, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff; I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan, and other species of

[1] Pauli, viii., 280. [2] Pöllnitz, ii., 564; Wilhelmina, ii., 321.

"Kings," alone attainable for the sunk flunkey populations of an Era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm, to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? "Would give," I have written; but alas! it ought to have been "*should* give." What *they* "would" give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballot-boxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downward and upward! Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died, aged fifty-two coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

On Saturday, 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin, on a raised place in the middle of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him; at his feet, on a black velvet *tabouret* (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries: Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit, a grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on that face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night the coffin-lid is screwed down; Twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; Four-and-twenty Corporals with wax torches, Four-and-twenty Sergeants with inverted halberds lowered: certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers—these perform the actual burial; carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists.[1] It is the end

[1] Pauli, viii., 281.

of the week, and the actual burial is done, hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

Filial piety by no means intends to defraud a loved Father of the Spartan ceremonial contemplated as obsequies by him; very far from it. Filial piety will conform to that with rigor, only adding what musical and other splendors are possible, to testify his love still more. And so, almost three weeks hence, on the 23d of the month, with the aid of Dresden Artists, of Latin Cantatas and other pomps (not inexcusable, though somewhat out of keeping), the due Funeral is done, no Corpse but a Wax Effigy present in it; and in all points, that of the Potsdam Grenadiers not forgotten, there was rigorous conformity to the Instruction left—in all points, even to the expensive funeral dinner, and drinking of the three appointed casks of wine, "the best wine in my cellar." Adieu, O King!

The Potsdam Grenadiers fired their three volleys (not "*plackering*," as I have reason to believe, but well); got their allowance, dinner liquor and appointed coin of money: it was the last service required of them in this world. That same night they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them, at a stroke, and ceased to exist as Potsdam Grenadiers. Colonels, Captains, all the Officers known to be of merit, were advanced, at least transferred. Of the common men, a minority, if not in human height and of worth otherwise, were formed into a new Regiment on the common terms: the stupid splay-footed eight-feet mass were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions; Irish Kirkman, and a few others, neither knock-kneed nor without head, were appointed *heydues*, that is, porters to the King's or other Palaces, and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner.

Here are still two things capable of being fished up from the sea of nugatory matter, and meditated on by readers till the following Books open.

The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears, looking back through the gulfs of the past upon such a Father, now rapt

away forever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory, the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong! This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with loyal admiration throughout: "We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father."[1] All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; "embraces his knees;" offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation; hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In your posts I have no thought of making change; in your posts, yes; and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the King that is sovereign!" which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer, and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after-hour the same night Friedrich went to Berlin—met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping: Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, "half-dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself." "These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!" said the new King. "*He* was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz; "he is now at rest." "True, he suffered; but he was here with us, and now—"[2]

[1] *Œuvres*, i., 175 (*Mém. de Brandebourg;* finished about 1747).

[2] Ranke (ii., 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still in manuscript, of Pöllnitz's *Memoiren*.

BOOK XI.

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE REINS IN HAND.

June—December, 1740.

CHAPTER I.

PHENOMENA OF FRIEDRICH'S ACCESSION.

In Berlin, from Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, day of the late King's death, till the Thursday following, the post was stopped and the gates closed; no estafette can be dispatched, though Dickens and all the Embassadors are busy writing. On the Thursday, Regiments, Officers, principal Officials having sworn, and the new King being fairly in the saddle, estafettes and post-boys shoot forth at the top of their speed; and Rumor, toward every point of the compass, apprises mankind what immense news there is.[1]

A King's Accession is always a hopeful phenomenon to the public, more especially a young King's, who has been talked of for his talents and aspirings—for his sufferings, were it nothing more—and whose *Anti-Machiavel* is understood to be in the press. Vaguely every where there has a notion gone abroad that this young King will prove considerable. Here at last has a Lover of Philosophy got upon the throne, and great philanthropies and magnanimities are to be expected, think rash editors and idle mankind. Rash editors in England and elsewhere, we observe, are ready to believe that Friedrich has not only disbanded the Potsdam Giants, but means to "reduce

[1] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 4th June, 1740.

the Prussian Army one half" or so, for ease (temporary ease, which we hope will be lasting) of parties concerned; and to go much upon emancipation, political rose-water, and friendship to humanity, as we now call it.

At his first meeting of Council, they say, he put this question: "Could not the Prussian Army be reduced to 45,000?" The excellent young man. To which the Council had answered, "Hardly, your Majesty! The Jülich-and-Berg affair is so ominous hitherto!" These may be secrets, and dubious to people out of doors, thinks a wise editor; but one thing patent to the day was this, surely symbolical enough: On one of his Majesty's first drives to Potsdam or from it, a thousand children—in round numbers a thousand of them, all with the *red string* round their necks, and liable to be taken for soldiers, if needed in the regiment of their Canton—"a thousand children" met this young King at a turn of his road, and with shrill unison of wail sang out, "Oh, deliver us from slavery"—from the red threads, your Majesty! Why should poor we be liable to suffer hardship for our Country or otherwise, your Majesty! Can no one else be got to do it? sang out the thousand children. And his Majesty assented on the spot, thinks the rash editor.[1] "Goose, Madam?" exclaimed a philanthropist projector once, whose scheme of sweeping chimneys by pulling a live goose down through them was objected to: "Goose, Madam? You can take two ducks, then, if you are so sorry for the goose!" Rash editors think there is to be a reign of Astræa Redux in Prussia by means of this young King, and forget to ask themselves, as the young King must by no means do, How far Astræa may be possible for Prussia and him?

At home, too, there is prophesying enough, vague hope enough, which for most part goes wide of the mark. This young King, we know, did prove considerable, but not in the way shaped out for him by the public; it was in far other ways! For no public in the least knows, in such cases; nor does the man himself know, except gradually and if he strive to learn. As to the public—"Doubtless," says a friend of

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1740), x, 318; Newspapers, &c.

mine, "doubtless it was the Atlantic Ocean that carried Columbus to America: lucky for the Atlantic, and for Columbus and us; but the Atlantic did not quite vote that way from the first; nay, *its* votes, I believe, were very various at different stages of the matter!" This is a truth which kings and men, not intending to be drift-logs or waste brine obedient to the Moon, are much called to have in mind withal, from perhaps an early stage of their voyage.

Friedrich's actual demeanor in these his first weeks, which is still decipherable if one study well, has in truth a good deal of the brilliant, of the popular, magnanimous; but manifests strong solid quality withal, and a head steadier than might have been expected. For the Berlin world is all in a rather Auroral condition; and Friedrich too is—the chains suddenly cut loose, and such hopes opened for the young man. He has great things ahead; feels in himself great things, and doubtless exults in the thought of realizing them. Magnanimous enough, popular, hopeful enough, with Voltaire and the highest of the world looking on; but yet he is wise, too; creditably aware that there are limits, that this is a bargain, and the terms of it inexorable. We discern with pleasure the old veracity of character shining through this giddy new element; that all these fine procedures are at least unaffected, to a singular degree true, and the product of nature, on his part; and that, in short, the complete respect for Fact, which used to be a quality of his, and which is among the highest and also rarest in man, has on no side deserted him at present.

A trace of airy exuberance, of natural exultancy, not quite repressible, on the sudden change to freedom and supreme power from what had gone before; perhaps that also might be legible, if in those opaque bead-rolls which are called Histories of Friedrich any thing human could with certainty be read! He flies much about from place to place; now at Potsdam, now at Berlin, at Charlottenburg, Reinsberg; nothing loth to run where business calls him, and appear in public: the gazetteer world, as we noticed, which has been hitherto a most mute world, breaks out here and there into a kind of husky jubilation over the great things he is daily doing, and

rejoices in the prospect of having a Philosopher King; which function the young man, only twenty-eight gone, can not but wish to fulfil for the gazetteers and the world. He is a busy man, and walks boldly into his grand enterprise of "making men happy," to the admiration of Voltaire and an enlightened public far and near.

Bielfeld speaks of immense concourses of people crowding about Charlottenburg, to congratulate, to solicit, to &c.; tells us how he himself had to lodge almost in out-houses in that royal village of hope. His emotions at Reinsberg, and every body's while Friedrich Wilhelm lay dying, and all stood like greyhounds on the slip; and with what arrow-swiftness they shot away when the great news came—all this he has already described at wearisome length in his fantastic semi-fabulous way.[1] Friedrich himself seemed moderately glad to see Bielfeld; received his high-flown congratulations with a benevolent yet somewhat composed air; and gave him afterward, in the course of weeks, an unexpectedly small appointment: To go to Hanover under Truchsess von Waldburg, and announce our Accession; which is but a simple, mostly formal service, yet perhaps what Bielfeld is best equal to.

The Britannic Majesty, or at least his Hanover people, have been beforehand with this civility; Baron Münchausen, no doubt by orders given for such contingency, had appeared at Berlin with the due compliment and condolence almost on the first day of the New Reign; first messenger of all on that errand; Britannic Majesty evidently in a conciliatory humor, having his dangerous Spanish War on hand. Britannic Majesty in person, shortly after, gets across to Hanover; and Friedrich dispatches Truchsess, with Bielfeld adjoined, to return the courtesy.

Friedrich does not neglect these points of good manners, along with which something of substantial may be privately conjoined. For example, if he had in secret his eye on Jülich and Berg, could any thing be fitter than to ascertain what the French will think of such an enterprise? What the French; and next to them, what the English—that is to say, Hanover-

[1] Bielfeld, i., 68–77; ib., 81.

ians, who meddle much in affairs of the Reich. For these reasons and others he likewise, probably with more study than in the Bielfeld case, dispatches Colonel Camas to make his compliment at the French Court, and in an expert way take soundings there. Camas, a fat, sedate, military gentleman of advanced years, full of observation, experience, and sound sense—"with one arm, which he makes do the work of two, and nobody can notice that the other arm resting in his coat-breast is of cork, so expert is he"—will do in this matter what is feasible; probably not much for the present. He is to call on Voltaire as he passes, who is in Holland again, at the Hague for some months back, and deliver him "a little cask of Hungary Wine," which probably his Majesty had thought exquisite; of which, and the other insignificant passages between them, we hear more than enough in the writing and correspondences of Voltaire about this time.

In such way Friedrich disposes of his Bielfelds, who are rather numerous about him now and henceforth. Adventurers from all quarters, especially of the literary type, in hopes of being employed, much hovered round Friedrich through his whole reign; but they met a rather strict judge on arriving: it can not be said they found it such a Goshen as they expected.

Favor, friendly intimacy, it is visible from the first, avails nothing with this young King; beyond and before all things he will have his work done, and looks out exclusively for the man ablest to do it. Hence Bielfeld goes to Hanover, to grin out euphuisms, and make graceful court-bows to our sublime little Uncle there. On the other hand, Friedrich institutes a new Knighthood, *Order of Merit* so-called; which, indeed, is but a small feat, testifying mere hope and exuberance as yet, and may even be made worse than nothing, according to the Knights he shall manage to have. Happily it proved a successful new Order in this last all-essential particular, and, to the end of Friedrich's life, continued to be a great and coveted distinction among the Prussians.

Beyond doubt this is a radiant enough young Majesty; entitled to hope, and to be the cause of hope. Handsome, to

begin with; decidedly well-looking, all say, and of graceful presence, though hardly five feet seven, and perhaps stouter of limb than the strict Belvidere standard.[1] Has a fine, free, expressive face; nothing of austerity in it; not a proud face, or not too proud, yet rapidly flashing on you all manner of high meanings.[2] Such a man, in the bloom of his years, with such a possibility ahead, and Voltaire and mankind waiting applausive! Let us try to select, and extricate into coherence and visibility out of those Historical dust-heaps, a few of the symptomatic phenomena, or physiognomic procedures of Friedrich in his first weeks of Kingship, by way of contribution to some Portraiture of his then inner-man.

Friedrich will make Men happy: Corn-Magazines.

On the day after his Accession, Officers and chief Ministers taking the Oath, Friedrich, to his Officers, "on whom he counts for the same zeal now which he had witnessed as their comrade," recommends mildness of demeanor from the higher to the lower, and that the common soldier be not treated with harshness when not deserved; and to his Ministers he is still more emphatic, in the like or a higher strain. Officially announcing to them, by Letter, that a new Reign has commenced, he uses these words, legible soon after to a glad Berlin public: "Our grand care will be, To further the Country's well-being, and to make every one of our subjects (*einen jeden unserer Unterthanen*) contented and happy. Our will is, not that you strive to enrich Us by vexation of Our subjects, but rather that you aim steadily as well toward the advantage of the Country as Our particular interest, forasmuch as we make no difference between these two objects," but consider them

[1] Height, it appears, was five feet five inches (Rhenish), which in English measure is five feet seven or a hairsbreadth less. Preuss, twice over, by a mistake unusual with him, gives "five feet two inches three lines" as the correct cipher (which it is of *Napoleon's* measure in *French* feet); then settles on the above dimensions from unexceptionable authority (Preuss *Buch für Jedermann*, i., 18; Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse*, i., 39 and 419).

[2] "Wille's Engraving after Pesne" (excellent, both Picture and Engraving) is reckoned the best Likeness in that form.

one and the same. · This is written, and gets into print within the month; and his Majesty, that same day (Wednesday, 2d June), when it came to personal reception, and actual taking of the Oath, was pleased to add in words, which also were printed shortly, this comfortable corollary: "My will henceforth is, If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my Countries should seem to go against each other, in that case, my will is, That the latter always be preferred."[1]

This is a fine dialect for incipient Royalty; and it is brand-new at that time. It excites an admiration in the then populations, which to us, so long used to it and to what commonly comes of it, is not conceivable at once. There can be no doubt the young King does faithfully intend to develop himself in the way of making men happy; but here, as elsewhere, are limits which he will recognize ahead, some of them perhaps nearer than was expected.

Meanwhile his first acts in this direction correspond to these fine words. The year 1740, still grim with cold into the heart of summer, bids fair to have a late poor harvest, and famine threatens to add itself to other hardships there have been. Recognizing the actualities of the case, what his poor Father could not, he opens the Public Granaries—a wise resource they have in Prussian countries against the year of scarcity; orders grain to be sold out, at reasonable rates, to the suffering poor; and takes the due pains, considerable in some cases, that this be rendered feasible every where in his dominions. "Berlin, 2d June," is the first date of this important order; fine program to his Ministers, which, we read, is no sooner uttered than some performance follows. An evident piece of wisdom and humanity, for which doubtless blessings of a very sincere kind rise to him from several millions of his fellow-mortals.

Nay, furthermore, as can be dimly gathered, this scarcity continuing, some continuous mode of management was set on foot for the Poor; and there is nominated, with salary, with

[1] Dickens, Dispatch, 4th June, 1740; Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840), p. 325—quoting from the Berlin Newspapers of 28th June and 2d July, 1740.

outline of plan and other requisites, as "Inspector of the Poor," to his own and our surprise, M. Jordan, late Reader to the Crown-Prince, and still much the intimate of his royal Friend. Inspector who seems to do his work very well. And in the November coming this is what we see; "One thousand poor old women, the destitute of Berlin, set to spin," at his Majesty's charges; vacant houses, hired for them in certain streets and suburbs, have been new-planked, partitioned, warmed; and spinning is there for any diligent female soul. There a thousand of them sit, under proper officers, proper wages, treatment; and the hum of their poor spindles, and of their poor inarticulate old hearts, is a comfort, if one chance to think of it. Of "distressed needlewomen" who can not sew, nor be taught to do it; who, in private truth, are mutinous maid-servants come at last to the net upshot of their anarchies—of these, or of the like incurable phenomena, I hear nothing in Berlin, and can believe that, under this King, Indigence itself may still have something of a human aspect, not a brutal or diabolic, as is commoner in some places! This is one of Friedrich's first acts, this opening of the Corn-magazines and arrangements for the Destitute;[1] and of this there can be no criticism. The sound of hungry pots set boiling on judicious principles; the hum of those old women's spindles in the warm rooms—gods and men are well pleased to hear such sounds, and accept the same as part, real though infinitesimally small, of the sphere-harmonies of this Universe!

Abolition of Legal Torture.

Friedrich makes haste, next, to strike into Law-improvements. It is but the morrow after this of the Corn-magazines, by *Kabinets-Ordre* (Act of Parliament, such as they can have in that Country, where the Three Estates sit all under one Three-cornered Hat, and the debates are kept silent, and only

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 367. Rödenbeck, *Tagebuch aus Friedrichs des Grossen Regentenleben* (Berlin, 1840), i., 2, 26 (2d June, October, 1740): a meritorious, laborious, though essentially chaotic Book, unexpectedly futile of result to the reader; settles for each Day of Friedrich's Reign, so far as possible, where Friedrich was and what doing; fatally wants all index, &c., as usual.

the upshot of them, more or less faithfully, is made public)—by Cabinet Order, 3d June, 1740, he abolishes the use of Torture in Criminal Trials.[1] Legal Torture, "Question," as they mildly call it, is at an end from this date. Not in any Prussian Court shall a "question" try for answer again by that savage method. The use of Torture had, I believe, fallen rather obsolete in Prussia, but now the very threat of it shall vanish—the threat of it, as we may remember, had reached Friedrich himself at one time. Three or four years ago, it is farther said, a dark murder happened in Berlin: Man killed one night in the open streets; murderer discoverable by no method, unless he were a certain *Candidatus* of Divinity to whom some trace of evidence pointed, but who sorrowfully persisted in absolute and total denial. This poor Candidatus had been threatened with the rack, and would most likely have at length got it, had not the real murderer been discovered, much to the discredit of the rack in Berlin. This Candidatus was only threatened; nor do I know when the last actual instance in Prussia was; but in enlightened France, and most other countries, there was as yet no scruple upon it. Barbier, the Diarist at Paris, some time after this tells us of a gang of thieves there who were regularly put to the torture; and "they blabbed too, *ils ont jasé*," says Barbier, with official jocosity.[2]

Friedrich's Cabinet Order, we need not say, was greeted every where, at home and abroad, by three rounds of applause, in which surely all of us still join, though the *per contra* also is becoming visible to some of us, and our enthusiasm grows less complete than formerly. This was Friedrich's first step in Law-Reform, done on his fourth day of Kingship. A long career in that kind lies ahead of him; in reform of Law, civil as well as criminal, his efforts ended with life only. For his love of Justice was really great; and the mendacities and wiggeries attached to such a necessary of life as Law found no favor from him at any time.

[1] Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840—a minor Book of Preuss's), p. 340. Rödenbeck, i., 14 ("3d June").

[2] Barbier, *Journal Historique du Règne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1849), ii., 338 (date "Dec., 1742").

Will have Philosophers about him, and a real Academy of Sciences.

To neglect the Philosophies, Fine Arts, interests of Human Culture, he is least of all likely. The idea of building up the Academy of Sciences to its pristine height, or far higher, is evidently one of those that have long lain in the Crown-Prince's mind, eager to realize themselves. Immortal Wolf, exiled but safe at Marburg, and refusing to return in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, had lately dedicated a Book to the Crown-Prince, indicating that perhaps, under a new Reign, he might be more persuadable. Friedrich makes haste to persuade; instructs the proper person, Reverend Herr Reinbeck, Head of the Consistorium at Berlin, to write and negotiate. "All reasonable conditions shall be granted" the Immortal Wolf; and Friedrich adds with his own hand as Postscript, "I request you (*Ihn*) to use all diligence about Wolf. A man that seeks truth, and loves it, must be reckoned precious in any human society; and I think you will make a conquest in the realm of truth if you persuade Wolf hither again."[1] This is of date June 6th; not yet a week since Friedrich came to be King. The Reinbeck-Wolf negotiation which ensued can be read in Büsching by the curious.[2] It represents to us a croaky, thrifty, long-headed old Herr Professor, in no haste to quit Marburg except for something better; "obliged to wear woolen shoes and leggins;" "bad at mounting stairs;" and otherwise needing soft treatment. Willing, though with caution, to work at an Academy of Sciences, but dubious if the French are so admirable as they seem to themselves in such operations. Veteran Wolf, one dimly begins to learn, could himself build a German Academy of Sciences to some purpose, if encouraged! This latter was probably the stone of stumbling in that direction. Veteran Wolf did not get to be President in the new Academy of Sciences, but was brought back, "streets all in triumph," to his old place at Halle, and there, with little other work that was heard of, but we hope

[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxvii., ii., 185), the Letter given.

[2] Büsching's *Beyträge* (§ Freyherr von Wolf), i., 63–137.

in warm shoes and without much mounting of stairs, lived peaceably victorious the rest of his days.

Friedrich's thoughts are not of a German home-built Academy, but of a French one; and for this he already knows a builder—has silently had him in his eye these two years past—Voltaire giving hint, in the *Letter* we once heard of at Loo. Builder shall be that sublime Maupertuis; scientific lion of Paris, ever since his feat in the Polar regions, and the charming Narrative he gave of it. "What a feat! what a book!" exclaimed the Parisian cultivated circles, male and female, on that occasion; and Maupertuis, with plenty of bluster in him carefully suppressed, assents in a grandly modest way. His Portraits are in the Print-shops ever since: one very singular Portrait, just coming out (at which there is some laughing): a coarse-featured, blusterous, rather triumphant-looking man, blusterous, though finely complacent for the nonce; in copious dressing-gown and fur cap; comfortably *squeezing* the Earth and her meridians flat (as if *he* had done it) with his left hand, and with the other, and its outstretched finger, asking mankind, "Are not you aware, then?" "Are not we!" answers Voltaire by-and-by, with endless waggeries upon him, though at present so reverent. Friedrich, in these same days, writes this Autograph, which who of men or lions could resist?

To Monsieur de Maupertuis at Paris.

(No date—datable, June, 1740.)

"My heart and my inclination excited in me, from the moment I mounted the throne, the desire of having you here, that you might put our Berlin Academy into the shape you alone are capable of giving it. Come, then, come and insert into this wild crab-tree the graft of the Sciences, that it may bear fruit. You have shown the Figure of the Earth to mankind; show also to a King how sweet it is to possess such a man as you.

"Monsieur de Maupertuis—*Votre très-affectionné*
"FÉDÉRIC" (*sic*).[1]

[1] *Œuvres*, xvii., i., 335. The fantastic "Fédéric," instead of "Frédéric," is, by this time, the common signature to French Letters.

This Letter—how could Maupertuis prevent some accident in such a case?—got into the Newspapers; glorious for Friedrich, glorious for Maupertuis; and raised matters to a still higher pitch. Maupertuis is on the road, and we shall see him before long.

And Every One shall get to Heaven in his own Way.

Here is another little fact which had immense renown at home and abroad in those summer months and long afterward.

June 22d, 1740, the *Geistliche Departement* (Board of Religion, we may term it) reports that the Roman-Catholic Schools, which have been in use these eight years past for children of soldiers belonging to that persuasion, "are, especially in Berlin, perverted, directly in the teeth of Royal Ordinance, 1732, to seducing Protestants into Catholicism:" annexed, or ready for annexing, "is the specific Report of Fiscal General to this effect," upon which, what would it please his Majesty to direct us to do?

His Majesty writes on the margin these words, rough and ready, which we give with all their grammatical blotches on them, indicating a mind made up on one subject, which was much more dubious then to most other minds than it now is:

"*Die Religionen Müsen* (müssen) *alle Tollerirt* (tolerirt) *werden, und Mus* (muss) *der Fiscal nuhr* (nur) *das Auge darauf haben, das* (dass) *keine der andern abrug Tuhe* (Abbruch thue), *den* (denn) *hier mus* (muss) *ein jeder nach seiner Fasson Selich* (Façon selig) *werden.*"[1]

Which in English might run as follows:

"All Religions must be tolerated (*Tollerated*), and the Fiscal must have an eye that none of them make unjust encroachment on the other; for in this country every man must get to Heaven his own way."

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 333; Rödenbeck, *in die.*

Wonderful words; precious to the then leading spirits, and which (the spelling and grammar being mended) flew abroad over all the world; the enlightened Public every where answering his Majesty, once more, with its loudest "Bravissimo!" on this occasion. With what enthusiasm of admiring wonder it is now difficult to fancy, after the lapse of sixscore years! And, indeed, in regard to all these worthy acts of Human Improvement which we are now concerned with, account should be held (were it possible) on Friedrich's behalf how extremely original, and bright with the splendor of new gold, they then were, and how extremely they are fallen dim by general circulation since that. Account should be held; and yet it is not possible; no human imagination is adequate to it, in the times we are now got into.

Free Press, and Newspapers the best Instructors.

Toleration, in Friedrich's spiritual circumstances, was perhaps no great feat to Friedrich; but what the reader hardly expected of him was Freedom of the Press, or an attempt that way! From England, from Holland, Friedrich had heard of Free Press, of Newspapers the best Instructors: it is a fact that he hastens to plant a seed of that kind at Berlin; sets about it "on the second day of his reign," so eager is he. Berlin had already some meagre *Intelligenz-Blatt* (Weekly or Thrice-Weekly Advertiser), perhaps two; but it is a real Newspaper, frondent with genial leafy speculation, and food for the mind, that Friedrich is intent upon; a "Literary-Political Newspaper," or were it even two Newspapers, one French, one German; and he rapidly makes the arrangements for it; dispatches Jordan, on the second day, to seek some fit Frenchman. Arrangements are soon made: a Bookselling Printer, Haude, Bookseller once to the Prince-Royal—whom we saw once in a domestic flash-of-lightning long ago[1]—is encouraged to proceed with the improved German article, *Mercury* or whatever they called it; vapid Formey, a facile pen, but not a forcible, is the Editor sought out by Jordan for the French one. And, in short, No. 1 of Formey shows

[1] *Antea*, Book vi., c. 7.

itself in print within a month ;[1] and Haude and he, Haude picking up some grand Editor in Hamburg, do their best for the instruction of mankind.

In not many months, Formey, a facile and learned, but rather vapid gentleman, demitted or was dismissed ; and the Journals coalesced into one, or split into two again, and went I know not what road or roads in time coming—none that led to results worth naming. Freedom of the Press, in the case of these Journals, was never violated, nor was any need for violating it. General Freedom of the Press Friedrich did not grant, in any quite Official or steady way ; but in practice, under him, it always had a kind of real existence, though a fluctuating, ambiguous one. And we have to note, through Friedrich's whole reign, a marked disinclination to concern himself with Censorship, or the shackling of men's poor tongues and pens : nothing but some officious report that there was offense to Foreign Courts, or the chance of offense, in a poor man's pamphlet, could induce Friedrich to interfere with him or it ; and, indeed, his interference was generally against his Ministers for having wrong informed him, and in favor of the poor Pamphleteer appealing at the fountain-head.[2] To the end of his life, disgusting Satires against him, *Vie Privée* by Voltaire, *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, and still worse Lies and Nonsenses, were freely sold at Berlin, and even bore to be printed there, Friedrich saying nothing, caring nothing. He had been known to burn Pamphlets publicly—one Pamphlet we shall ourselves see on fire yet—but it was without the least hatred to them, and for official reasons merely. To the last, he would answer his reporting Ministers, "*La presse est libre* (Free press, you must consider)!" grandly reluctant to meddle with the press, or go down upon the dogs barking at

[1] "2d July, 1740:" Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 330 ; and Formey, *Souvenirs*, i., 107, rectified by the exact Herr Preuss.

[2] Anonymous (Laveaux), *Vie de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse* (Strasbourg, 1787), iv., 82. A worthless now nearly forgotten Book, but competent on this point, if on any ; Laveaux (a handy fellow, fugitive Ex-Monk with fugitive Ex-Nun attached) having lived much at Berlin, always in the pamphleteering line.

his door. Those ill effects of Free Press (first stage of the ill effects) he endured in this manner, but the good effects seem to have fallen below his expectation. Friedrich's enthusiasm for freedom of the press, prompt enough, as we see, never rose to the extreme pitch, and it rather sank than increased as he continued his experiences of men and things. This of Formey and the two Newspapers was the only express attempt he made in that direction, and it proved a rather disappointing one. The two Newspapers went their way thenceforth, Friedrich sometimes making use of them for small purposes, once or twice writing an article himself of wildly quizzical nature, perhaps to be noticed by us when the time comes; but are otherwise, except for chronological purposes, of the last degree of insignificance to gods or men.

"Freedom of the Press," says my melancholic Friend, "is a noble thing; and in certain Nations, at certain epochs, produces glorious effects—chiefly in the revolutionary line, where that has grown indispensable. Freedom of the Press is possible where every body disapproves the least abuse of it; where the 'Censorship' is, as it were, exercised by all the world. When the world (as, even in the freest countries, it almost irresistibly tends to become) is no longer in a case to exercise that salutary function, and can not keep down loud unwise speaking, loud unwise persuasion, and rebuke it into silence whenever printed, Freedom of the Press will not answer very long among sane human creatures; and, indeed, in Nations not in an exceptional case, it becomes impossible amazingly soon!"

All these are phenomena of Friedrich's first week. Let these suffice as sample in that first kind. Splendid indications surely, and shot forth in swift enough succession, flash following flash, upon an attentive world. Betokening, shall we say, what internal sea of splendor, struggling to disclose itself, probably lies in this young King; and how high his hopes go for mankind and himself? Yes, surely; and introducing, we remark withal, the "New Era," of Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and so much else, with French Revolution, and a "world well suicided" hanging in the rear! Clearly enough,

to this young ardent Friedrich, foremost man of his Time, and capable of *doing* its inarticulate or dumb aspirings, belongs that questionable honor; and a very singular one it would have seemed to Friedrich had he lived to see what it meant!

Friedrich's rapidity and activity, in the first months of his reign, were wonderful to mankind; as, indeed, through life he continued to be a most rapid and active King. He flies about, mustering Troops, Ministerial Boards, passing Edicts, inspecting, accepting Homages of Provinces—decides and does, every day that passes, an amazing number of things. Writes many Letters too; finds moments even for some verses; and occasionally draws a snatch of melody from his flute.

His Letters are copiously preserved; but, as usual, they are in swift official tone, and tell us almost nothing. To his Sisters he writes assurances; to his friends, his Suhms, Duhans, Voltaires, eager invitations, general or particular, to come to him. "My state has changed," is his phrase to Voltaire and other dear intimates; a tone of pensiveness, at first even of sorrow and pathos traceable in it: "Come to me;" and the tone, in an old dialect, different from Friedrich's, might have meant, "Pray for me." An immense new scene is opened, full of possibilities of good and bad. His hopes being great, his anxieties, the shadow of them, are proportionate. Duhan (his good old Tutor) does arrive, Algarotti arrives, warmly welcomed both; with Voltaire there are difficulties; but surely he too will, before long, manage to arrive. The good Suhm, who had been Saxon Minister at Petersburg to his sorrow this long while back, got in motion soon enough; but, alas! his lungs were ruined by the Russian climate, and he did not arrive. Something pathetic still in those final *Letters* of Suhm. Passionately speeding on, like a spent steed struggling homeward, he has to pause at Warsaw, and in a few days dies there in a way mournful to Friedrich and us! To Duhan, and Duhan's children afterward, he was punctually, not too lavishly, attentive; in like manner to Suhm's Nephews, whom the dying man had recommended to him. We will now glance shortly at a second and contemporaneous phasis of Friedrich's affairs.

Intends to be Practical withal, and every inch a King.

Friedrich is far indeed from thinking to reduce his army, as the Foreign Editor imagines. On the contrary, he is, with all industry, increasing it. He changed the Potsdam Giants into four regiments of the usual stature; he is busy bargaining with his Brother-in-law of Brunswick, and with other neighbors, for still new regiments; makes up, within the next few months, Eight Regiments, an increase of, say, 16,000 men. It would appear he means to keep an eye on the practicalities withal; means to have a Fighting-Apparatus of the utmost potentiality, for one thing! Here are other indications.

We saw the Old Dessauer, in a sad hour lately, speaking beside the mark; and with what Olympian glance, suddenly tearless, the new King flashed out upon him, knowing nothing of "authority" that could reside in any Dessauer. Nor was that a solitary experience; the like befell wherever needed. Heinrich of Schwedt, the Ill Margraf, advancing with jocose countenance in the way of old comradeship in those first days, met unexpected rebuff, and was reduced to gravity on the sudden: "*Jetzt bin ich König*—My Cousin, I am now King!" a fact which the Ill Margraf could never get forgotten again. Lieutenant General Schulenburg too, the didactic Schulenburg, presuming on old familiarity, and willing to wipe out the misfortune of having once condemned us to death, which nobody is now upbraiding him with, rushes up from Landsberg, unbidden, to pay his congratulations and condolences, driven by irresistible exuberance of loyalty: to his astonishment, he is reminded (thing certain, manner of the thing not known), That an Officer can not quit his post without order; that he, at this moment, ought to be in Landsberg![1] Schulenburg has a hard old military face; but here is a young face too which has grown unexpectedly rigorous. Fancy the blank look of little Schulenburg, the light of him snuffed out in this manner on a sudden. It is said he had thoughts of resigning, so indignant was he: no doubt he went home to Landsberg gloomily reflective, with the pipe-clay of his mind in such a

[1] Stenzel, iv., 41; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*; &c.

ruinous condition. But there was no serious anger on Friedrich's part, and he consoled his little Schulenburg, soon after, by expediting some promotion he had intended him. "Terribly proud young Majesty this," exclaim the sweet voices. And, indeed, if they are to have a Saturnian Kingdom, by appearance it will be on conditions only!

Anticipations there had been that old unkindnesses against the Crown-Prince, some of which were cruel enough, might be remembered now; and certain people had their just fears, considering what account stood against them; others, *vice versâ*, their hopes. But neither the fears nor the hopes realized themselves; especially the fears proved altogether groundless. Derschau, who had voted Death in that Cöpenick Court-Martial upon the Crown-Prince, is continued in his functions, in the light of his King's countenance, as if nothing such had been. Derschau, and all others so concerned—not the least question was made of them, nor of what they had thought, or had done or said, on an occasion once so tragically vital to a certain man.

Nor is reward much regulated by past services to the Crown-Prince, or even by sufferings endured for him. "Shocking ingratitude!" exclaim the sweet voices here too, being of weak judgment, many of them! Poor Katte's Father, a faithful old Soldier, not capable of being more, he does, rather conspicuously, make Feldmarschall, make Reichsgraf; happy, could these honors be a consolation to the old man. The Münchows of Cüstrin—readers remember their kindness in that sad time; how the young boy went into petticoats again, and came to the Crown-Prince's cell with all manner of furnishings—the Münchows, father and sons, this young gentleman of the petticoats among them, he took immediate pains to reward by promotion: eldest son was advanced into the General Directorium; two younger sons to Majorship, to Captaincy, in their respective Regiments; him of the petticoats "he had already taken altogether to himself,"[1] and of him we shall see a glimpse at Wilhelmina's shortly, as a "milkbeard (*jeune morveux*)" in personal attendance on his Majesty. This was a notable exception.

[1] Preuss, i., 66.

And, in effect, there came good public service, eminent some of it, from these Münchows in their various departments. And it was at length perceived to have been, in the main, because they were of visible faculty for doing work that they had got work to do; and the exceptional case of the Münchows became confirmatory of the rule.

Lieutenant Keith, again, whom we once saw galloping from Wesel to save his life in that bad affair of the Crown-Prince's and his, was nothing like so fortunate. Lieutenant Keith, by speed on that Wesel occasion, and help of Chesterfield's Secretary, got across to England; got into the Portuguese service; and has there been soldiering very silently these ten years past—skin and body safe, though his effigy was cut in four quarters and nailed to the gallows at Wesel—waiting a time that would come. Time being come, Lieutenant Keith hastened home, appealed to his effigy on the gallows, and was made a Lieutenant Colonel merely, with some slight appendages, as that of *Stallmeister* (Curator of the Stables) and something else; income still straitened, though enough to live upon.[1] Small promotion, in comparison with hope, thought the poor Lieutenant, but had to rest satisfied with it, and struggle to understand that perhaps he was fit for nothing bigger, and that he must exert himself to do this small thing well. Hardness of heart in high places! Friedrich, one is glad to see, had not forgotten the poor fellow, could he have done better with him. Some ten years hence, quite incidentally, there came to Keith one morning a fine purse of money from his Majesty, one pretty gift in Keith's experience; much the topic in Berlin while a certain solemn English Gentleman happened to be passing that way (whom we mean to detain a little by-and-by), who reports it for us with all the circumstances.[2]

Lieutenant Spaen, too, had got into trouble for the Crown-Prince's sake, though we have forgotten him again; had "admitted Katte to interviews," or we forget what; had sat his

[1] Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 281.

[2] Sir Jonas Hanway: *Travels*, &c. (London, 1753), ii., 202. Date of the Gift is 1750.

"year in Spandau" in consequence; been dismissed the Prussian service, and had taken service with the Dutch. Lieutenant Spaen either did not return at all, or disliked the aspects when he did, and immediately withdrew to Holland again, which probably was wise of him. At a late period, King Friedrich, then a great King, on one of his Cleve Journeys, fell in with Spaen, who had become a Dutch General of rank, and was of good manners and style of conversation: King Friedrich was charmed to see him; became his guest for the night; conversed delightfully with him about old Prussian matters and about new, and in the colloquy never once alluded to that interesting passage in his young life and Spaen's.[1] Hard as polished steel! thinks Spaen perhaps; but, if candid, must ask himself withal, Are facts any softer, or the Laws of Kingship to a man that holds it? Keith silently did his Lieutenant Colonelcy with the appendages while life lasted: of the Page Keith, his Brother, who indeed had blabbed upon the Prince, as we remember, and was not entitled to be clamorous, I never heard that there was any notice taken, and figure him to myself as walking with shouldered firelock, a private Fusileer, all his life afterward, with many reflections on things by-gone.[2]

Old friendship, it would seem, is without weight in public appointments here: old friends are somewhat astonished to find this friend of theirs a King every inch! To old comrades, if they were useless, much more if they were worse than useless, how disappointing! "One wretched Herr" (name suppressed, but known at the time, and talked of, and whispered of), "who had, like several others, hoping to rise that way, been industrious in encouraging the Crown-Prince's vices as to women, was so shocked at the return he now met, that in despair he hanged himself in Löbejün" (Löbegun, Magdeburg Country): here is a case for the humane![3]

[1] Nicolai: *Anekdoten*, vi., 178.

[2] These and the other Prussian Keiths are all of Scotch extraction; the Prussians, in natural German fashion, pronounce their name *Kah-it* (English "*Kite*," with nothing of the *y* in it), as may be worth remembering in a more important instance.

[3] Küster: *Characterzüge des &c. von Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), p 63.

Friend Keyserling himself, "Cæsarion" that used to be, can get nothing, though we love him much, being an idle topsy-turvy fellow with revenues of his own. Jordan, with his fine-drawn wit, French logics, *Literary Travels*, thin exactitude—what can be done for Jordan? Him also his new Majesty loves much; and knows that, without some official living, poor Jordan has no resource. Jordan, after some waiting and survey, is made "Inspector of the Poor;" busy this Autumn looking out for vacant houses, and arrangements for the thousand spinning-women; continues to be employed in mixed literary services (hunting up of Formey, for Editor, was one instance), and to be in much real intimacy. That also was perhaps about the real amount of amiable Jordan. To get Jordan a living by planting him in some office which he could not do; to warm Jordan by burning our royal bed for him, that had not entered into the mind of Jordan's royal friend. The Münchows he did promote; the Finks, sons of his Tutor Finkenstein—to these and other old comrades, in whom he had discovered fitness, it is no doubt abundantly grateful to him to recognize and employ it, as he notably does in these and in other instances. But before all things he has decided to remember that he is King; that he must accept the severe laws of that trust, and do *it*, or not have done any thing.

An inverse sign, pointing in the same way, is the passionate search he is making in Foreign Countries for such men as will suit him. In these same months, for example, he bethinks him of two Counts Schmettau, in the Austrian Service, with whom he had made acquaintance in the Rhine Campaign; of a Count Von Rothenburg, whom he saw in the French Camp there; and is negotiating to have them, if possible. The Schmettaus are Prussian by birth, though in Austrian Service; them he obtains under form of an Order home, with good conditions under it; they came, and proved useful men to him. Rothenburg, a shining kind of figure in Diplomacy as well as Soldiership, was Alsatian German, foreign to Prussia; but him too Friedrich obtained, and made much of, as will be seen by-and-by. And, in fact, the soul of all these noble tendencies in Friedrich, which surely are considerable, is even this,

That he loves men of merit, and does not love men of none; that he has an endless appetite for men of merit, and feels, consciously and otherwise, that they are the one thing beautiful, the one thing needful to him.

This, which is the product of all fine tendencies, is likewise their centre or focus out of which they start again, with some chance of fulfillment; and we may judge in how many directions Friedrich was willing to expand himself by the multifarious kinds he was inviting and negotiating for. Academicians —and not Maupertuis only, but all manner of mathematical geniuses (Euler whom he got, Gravesande, Muschenbroek whom he failed of); and Literary geniuses innumerable, first and last. Academicians, Musicians, Players, Dancers even; much more Soldiers and Civil-Service men: no man that carries any honest "*Can do*" about with him but may expect some welcome here, which continued through Friedrich's reign, and involved him in much petty trouble, not always successful in the lower kinds of it. For his Court was the cynosure of ambitious creatures on the wing, or inclined for taking wing, like a lantern kindled in the darkness of the world; and many owls impinged upon him, whom he had to dismiss with brevity.

Perhaps it had been better to stand by mere Prussian or German merit, native to the ground? Or, rather, undoubtedly it had! In some departments, as in the military, the administrative, diplomatic, Friedrich was himself among the best of judges; but in various others he had mainly (mainly, by no means blindly or solely) to accept noise of reputation as evidence of merit; and in these, if we compute with rigor, his success was intrinsically not considerable. The more honor to him that he never wearied of trying. "A man that does not care for merit," says the adage, "can not himself have any." But a King that does not care for merit, what shall we say of such a King!

Behavior to his Mother—to his Wife.

One other fine feature, significant of many, let us notice—his affection for his Mother. When his Mother addressed him

as "Your Majesty," he answered, as the Books are careful to tell us, "Call me Son; that is the Title of all others most agreeable to me!" words which, there can be no doubt, came from the heart. Fain would he shoot forth to greatness in filial piety as otherwise; fain solace himself in doing something kind to his Mother; generously, lovingly, though again with clear view of the limits. He decrees for her a Title higher than had been customary, as well as more accordant with his feelings; not "Queen Dowager," but "Her Majesty the Queen Mother." He decides to build her a new Palace; "under the Lindens" it is to be, and of due magnificence: in a month or two he had even got bits of the foundation dug, and the Houses to be pulled down bought or bargained for,[1] which enterprise, however, was renounced, no doubt with consent, as the public aspects darkened. Nothing in the way of honor, in the way of real affection heartily felt and demonstrated, was wanting to Queen Sophie in her widowhood. But, on the other hand, of public influence no vestige was allowed, if any was ever claimed; and the good kind Mother live in her Monbijou, the centre and summit of Berlin society, and restricted herself wisely to private matters. She has her domesticities, family affections, readings, speculations; gives evening parties at Monbijou. One glimpse of her in 1742 we get, that of a perfectly private royal Lady, which, though it has little meaning, yet as it is authentic, coming from Büsching's hand, may serve as one little twinkle in that total darkness, and shall be left to the reader and his fancy:

A Count Henkel, a Thüringian gentleman, of high speculation, high pietistic ways, extremely devout, and given even to writing of religion, came to Berlin about some Silesian properties—a man, I should think, of lofty melancholic aspect; and, in severe type, somewhat of a lion, on account of his Book called "*Death-bed Scenes* in four Volumes." Came to Berlin; and on the 15th August, 1742, toward evening (as the ever-punctual Büsching, looking into Henkel's Papers, gives it), "was

[1] Rödenbeck, p. 15 (30th June—23d August, 1740); and correct Stenzel (iv., 44).

presented to the Queen Mother, who retained him to supper; supper not beginning till about ten o'clock. The Queen Mother was extremely gracious to Henkel, but investigated him a good deal, and put a great many questions," not quite easy to answer in that circle, "as, Why he did not play? What he thought of comedies and operas? What Preachers he was acquainted with in Berlin? Whether he too was a Writer of Books?" (covertly alluding to the *Death-bed Scenes*, notes Büsching), "and abundance of other questioning. She also recounted many fantastic anecdotes (*viel Abenteuerliches*) about Count von Zinzendorf" (Founder of *Herrnhuth*, far-shining spiritual Paladin of that day, whom her Majesty thinks rather a spiritual Quixote); "and declared that they were strictly true."[1] Upon which, *exit* Henkel, borne by Büsching, and our light is snuffed out.

This is one momentary glance I have met with of Queen Sophie in her Dowager state. The rest, though there were seventeen years of it in all, is silent to mankind and me; and only her death, and her Son's great grief about it, so great as to be surprising, is mentioned in the Books.

Actual painful sorrow about his Father, much more any new outburst of weeping and lamenting, is not on record after that first morning. Time does its work, and in such a whirl of occupations sooner than elsewhere; and the loved Dead lie silent in their mausoleum in our hearts—serenely sad as Eternity, not in loud sorrow as of Time. Friedrich was pious as a Son, however he might be on other heads. To the last years of his life, as from the first days of his reign, it was evident in what honor he held Friedrich Wilhelm's memory; and the words "my Father," when they turned up in discourse, had in that fine voice of his a tone which the observers noted. "To his Mother he failed no day, when in Berlin, however busy, to make his visit, and he never spoke to her except hat in hand."

With his own Queen Friedrich still consorts a good deal in these first times; is with her at Charlottenberg, Berlin, Potsdam, Reinsberg, for a day or two, as occasion gives; sometimes at Reinsberg for weeks running, in the intervals of war

[1] Büsching's *Beyträge*, iv., 27.

and business, glad to be at rest amid his old pursuits, by the side of a kind, innocent being familiar to him. So it lasts for a length of time. But these happy intervals, we can remark, grow rarer : whether the Lady's humor, as they became rarer, might not sink withal, and produce an acceleration in the rate of decline? She was thought to be capable of "pouting (*faire la fachée*)" at one period! We are left to our guesses ; there is not any where the smallest whisper to guide us. Deep silence reigns in all Prussian Books. To feel or to suspect yourself neglected, and to become *more* amiable thereupon (in which course alone lies hope), is difficult for any Queen! Enough, we can observe these meetings, within two or three years, have become much rarer, and perhaps about the end of the third or fourth year they altogether cease, and pass merely into the formal character, in which state they continued fixed, liable to no uncertainty, and were transacted, to the end of Friedrich's life, with inflexible regularity as the annual reviews were. This is a curious section of his life, which there will be other opportunities of noticing. But there is yet no thought of it any where, nor for years to come, though fables to the contrary were once current in Books.[1]

No Change in his Father's Methods or Ministries.

In the old mode of Administration, in the Ministries, Government Boards, he made no change. These administrative methods of his wise Father's are admirable to Friedrich, who knows them well, and they continue to be so. These men of his Father's, them also Friedrich knows, and that they were well chosen. In methods or in men, he is inclined to make the minimum of alteration at present. One Finance Hofrath of a projecting turn, named Eckart, who had abused the last weak years of Friedrich Wilhelm, and much afflicted mankind by the favor he was in, this Eckart Friedrich appointed a commission to inquire into ; found the public right in regard to Eckart, and dismissed him with ignominy, not with much other punishment. Minister Boden, on the contrary, high in

[1] Laveaux ; &c.

the Finance Department, who had also been much grumbled at, Friedrich found to be a good man ; and Friedrich not only retained Boden, but advanced him, and continued to make more and more use of him in time coming. His love of perfection in work done, his care of thrift, seemed almost greater than his late Father's had been, to the disappointment of many. In the other Departments, Podewils, Thulmeyer and the rest, went on as heretofore, only in general with less to do, the young King doing more himself than had been usual. Valori, "*mon gros Valori* (my fat Valori)," French Minister here, whom we shall know better, writes home of the new King of Prussia : "He begins his government, as by all appearance he will carry it on, in a highly satisfactory way ; every where traits of benevolence, sympathy for his subjects, respect shown to the memory of the Deceased" [1]—no change made where it evidently is not for the better.

Friedrich's "Three principal Secretaries of State," as we should designate them, are very remarkable. Three Clerks he found, or had known of, somewhere in the Public Offices, and now took, under some advanced title, to be specially his own Private Clerks : three vigorous, long-headed young fellows, "Eichel, Schumacher, Lautensack" the obscure names of them ;[2] out of whom, now and all along henceforth, he got immensities of work in that kind. They lasted all his life, and, of course, grew ever more expert at their function. Close, silent ; exact as machinery ; ever ready, from the smallest clear hint, marginal pencil-mark, almost from a glance of the eye, to clothe the Royal Will in official form, with the due rugged clearness and thrift of words. "Came punctually at four in the morning in summer, five in winter ;" did daily the day's work, and kept their mouths well shut. A very notable Trio of men, serving his Majesty and the Prussian Nation as Principal Secretaries of State on those cheap terms—nay, almost as Houses of Parliament with Standing-Committees

[1] *Mémoires des Négociations du Marquis de Valori* (à Paris, 1820), i., 20 ("June 13th, 1740"). A valuable Book, which we shall often have to quote : edited in a lamentably ignorant manner.

[2] Rödenbeck, 15th June, 1740.

and appendages, so many *Acts* of Parliament, admittedly rather wise, being passed daily by his Majesty's help and theirs! Friedrich paid them rather well; they saw no society; lived wholly to their work and to their own families. Eichel alone of the Three was mentioned at all by mankind, and that obscurely; an "abstruse, reserved, long-headed kind of man;" and "made a great deal of money in the end," insinuates Büsching,[1] no friend of Friedrich's or his.

In superficial respects, again, Friedrich finds that the Prussian King ought to have a King's Establishment, and maintain a decent splendor among his neighbors, as is not quite the case at present. In this respect he does make changes. A certain quantity of new Pages, new Goldsticks; some considerable, not too considerable, new-furbishing of the Royal Household—as it were, a fair coat of new paint, with gilding not profuse—brought it to the right pitch for this King. About "a hundred and fifty" new figures of the Page and Goldstick kind is the reckoning given.[2] So many of these; and there is an increase of 16,000 to one's Army going on: that is the proportion noticeable. In the facts, as his Father left them, Friedrich persisted all his life; in the semblances or outer vestures he changed, to this extent for the present. These are the Phenomena of Friedrich's Accession noted by us.

Readers see there is radiance enough, perhaps slightly in excess, but of intrinsically good quality, in the Aurora of this new Reign. A brilliant, valiant young King; much splendor of what we would call a *golden* or soft nature (visible in those "New-Era" doings of his, in those strong affections to his Friends); and also, what we like almost better in him, something of a *steel-bright* or stellar splendor (meaning clearness of eyesight, intrepidity, severe loyalty to fact), which is a fine addition to the softer element, and will keep *it*, and its philanthropies, and magnanimities well under rule. Such a man is rare in this world; how extremely rare such a man born King! He is swift and he is persistent; sharply discerning,

[1] *Beyträge*, v., 238, &c.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 353.

fearless to resolve and perform ; carries his great endowments lightly, as if they were not heavy to him. He has known hard misery, been taught by stripes ; a light stoicism sits gracefully on him.

"What he will grow to?" Probably to something considerable. Very certainly to something far short of his aspirations—far different from his own hopes, and the world's concerning him. It is not we, it is Father Time that does the controlling and fulfilling of our hopes, and strange work he makes of them and us. For example, has not Friedrich's grand "New-Era," inaugurated by him in a week, with the leading spirits all adoring, issued since in French Revolution and a "world well suicided," the leading spirits much thrown-out in consequence! New Era has gone to great lengths since Friedrich's time, and the leading spirits do not now adore it, but yawn over it, or worse, which changes to us the then aspect of Friedrich, and his epoch and his aspirations, a good deal. On the whole, Friedrich will go his way, Time and the leading spirits going theirs, and, like the rest of us, will grow to what he can. His actual size is not great among the Kingdoms ; his outward resources are rather to be called small. The Prussian Dominion at that date is, in extent, about Four fifths of an England Proper, and perhaps not One fifth so fertile ; subject Population is well under Two Millions and a Half ; Revenue not much above One Million Sterling[1] —very small, were not thrift such a *vectigal*.

This young King is magnanimous ; not much to be called ambitious, or not in the vulgar sense almost at all, strange as it may sound to readers. His hopes at this time are many, and among them, I perceive, there is not wanting, secretly, in spite of his experiences, some hope that he himself may be a good deal "happier" than formerly. Nor is there any ascetic humor, on his part, to forbid trial. He is much determined

[1] The exact statistic cipher is, at Friedrich's Accession : *Prussian Territories*, 2275 square miles German (56,875 English) ; *Population*, 2,240,000 ; *Annual Revenue*, 7,371,707 thalers 7 groschen (£1,105,756 without the pence). See Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i., 49 ; Stenzel, iii., 692 ; &c.

to try. Probably enough, as we guess and gather, his agreeablest anticipations, at this time, were of Reinsberg: How, in the intervals of work well done, he would live there wholly to the Muses; have his chosen spirits round him, his colloquies, his suppers of the gods. Why not? There might be a King of Intellects conceivable withal; protecting, cherishing, practically guiding the chosen Illuminative Souls of this world. A new Charlemagne, the smallest new Charlemagne of Spiritual type, with *his* Paladins round him; how glorious, how salutary in the dim generations now going! These too were hopes which proved signally futile. Rigorous Time could not grant these at all; granted, in his own hard way, other things instead. But, all along, the Life-element, the Epoch, though Friedrich took it kindly and never complained, was ungenial to such a man.

"Somewhat of a rotten Epoch, this, into which Friedrich has been born, to shape himself and his activities, royal and other!" exclaims Smelfungus once: "In an older earnest Time, when the eternally awful meanings of this Universe had not yet sunk into dubieties to any one, much less into levities or into mendacities, into huge hypocrisies carefully regulated, so luminous, vivid, and ingenuous a young creature had not wanted divine manna in his Pilgrimage through Life. Nor, in that case, had he come out of it in so lean a condition. But the highest man of us is born brother to his Contemporaries; struggle as he may, there is no escaping the family likeness. By spasmodic indignant contradiction of them, by stupid compliance with them, you will inversely resemble, if you do not directly; like the starling, you can't get out! Most surely, if there do fall manna from Heaven in the given Generation, and nourish in us reverence and genial nobleness day by day, it is blessed and well. Failing that, in regard to our poor spiritual interests, there is sure to be one of two results: mockery, contempt, disbelief, what we may call *short-diet* to the length of very famine (which was Friedrich's case), or else slow poison, carefully elaborated and provided by way of daily nourishment.

"Unhappy souls, these same! The slow-poison has gone deep into them. Instead of manna, this long while back they have been living on mouldy corrupt meats sweetened by

sugar-of-lead ; or perhaps, like Voltaire, a few individuals prefer hunger as the cleaner alternative ; and in contemptuous, barren, mocking humor, not yet got the length of geniality or indignation, snuff the east-wind by way of spiritual diet. Pilgriming along on such nourishment, the best human soul fails to become very ruddy! Tidings about Heaven are fallen so uncertain, but the Earth and her joys are still interesting : 'Take to the Earth and her joys ; let your soul go out, since it must ; let your five senses and their appetites be well alive.' That is a dreadful 'Sham-Christian Dispensation' to be born under! You wonder at the want of heroism in the Eighteenth Century. Wonder rather at the degree of heroism it had ; wonder how many souls there still are to be met with in it of some effective capability, though dieting in that way —nothing else to be had in the shops about. Carterets, Belleisles, Friedrichs, Voltaires, Chathams, Franklins, Choiseuls : there is an effective stroke of work, a fine fire of heroic pride, in this man and the other, not yet extinguished by spiritual famine or slow-poison, so robust is Nature, the mighty Mother!

"But, in general, that sad Gospel, 'Souls extinct, Stomachs well alive!' is the credible one, not articulately preached, but practically believed by the abject generations, and acted on as it never was before. What immense sensualities there were is known, and also (as some small offset, though that has not yet begun in 1740) what immense quantities of Physical Labor and contrivance were got out of mankind, in that Epoch and down to this day, as if, having lost its heaven, it had struck desperately down into the Earth ; as if it were a *beaver*-kind, and not a mankind any more. We had once a Barbarossa, and a world all grandly true. But from that to Karl VI., and *his* Holy Romish Reich in such a state of 'Holiness—'" I here cut short my abstruse Friend.

Readers are impatient to have done with these miscellaneous preludings, and to be once definitely under way, such a Journey lying ahead. Yes, readers, a Journey indeed! And, at this point, permit me to warn you that, where the ground, where Dryasdust and the Destinies, yield anything humanly illustrative of Friedrich and his Work, one will have to linger, and carefully gather it, even as here. Large tracts occur, bestrewn with mere pedantisms, diplomatic cobwebberies, learned marine-stores, and inhuman matter, over which we

shall have to skip empty-handed: this also was among the sad conditions of our Enterprise, that it has to go now too slow and again too fast; not in proportion to natural importance of objects, but to several inferior considerations withal. So busy has perverse Destiny been on it; perverse Destiny, edacious Chance; and the Dryasdusts too, and Nightmares, in Prussia as elsewhere, we know how strong they are!

Friedrich's character in old age has doubtless its curious affinities, its disguised identities, with these prognostic features and indications of his youth; and to our readers—if we do ever get them to the goal of seeing Friedrich a little with their own eyes and judgments—there may be pleasant contrasts and comparisons of that kind in store one day. But the far commoner experience (which also has been my own), here is Smelfungus's stern account of that.

"My friend, you will be luckier than I if, after ten years, not to say, in a sense, twenty years, thirty years, of reading and rummaging in those sad Prussian Books, ancient and new (which often are laudably authentic too, and exact as to details), you can gather any character whatever of Friedrich, in any period of his life, or conceive him as a Human Entity at all! It is strange, after such thousand-fold writing, but it is true, his History is considerably unintelligible to mankind at this hour; left chaotic, enigmatic in a good many points, the military part of it alone being brought to clearness, and rendered fairly conceivable and credible to those who will study. And as to the Man himself, or what his real Physiognomy can have been— Well, it must be owned, few men were of such *rapidity* of face and aspect, so difficult to seize the features of. In his action, too, there was such rapidity, such secrecy, suddenness; a man that could not be read, even by the candid, except as in flashes of lightning. And then the anger of by-standers, *un*candid, who got hurt by him; the hasty malevolences, the stupidities, the opacities—enough, in modern times, what is saying much, perhaps no man's motives, intentions, and procedure have been more belied, misunderstood, misrepresented during his life. Nor, I think, since that, have many men fared worse, by the Limner or Biographic class, the favorable to him and the unfavorable, or been so smeared of and blotched of, and reduced to a mere

blur and dazzlement of crosslights, incoherences, incredibilities, in which nothing, not so much as a human nose, is clearly discernible by way of feature!" Courage, reader, nevertheless; on the above terms, let us march according to promise.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOMAGINGS.

Young Friedrich, as his Father had done, considers it unnecessary to be crowned. Old Friedrich, first of the name, and of the King series, we did see crowned, with a pinch of snuff tempering the solemnities. That Coronation once well done suffices all his descendants hitherto. Such an expense of money—of diluted mendacity too! Such haranguing, gesturing, symbolic fugling, all grown half-false: avoid lying, even with your eyes, or knees, or the coat upon your back, so far as you easily can!

Nothing of Coronation; but it is thought needful to have the *Huldigungen* (Homagings) done, the Fealties sworn; and the young Majesty in due course goes about, or gives directions, now here, now there, in his various Provinces, getting that accomplished. But even in that Friedrich is by no means strait-laced or punctilious; does it commonly by Deputy; only in three places, Königsberg, Berlin, Cleve, does he appear in person. Mainly by deputy; and always with the minimum of fuss, and no haranguing that could be avoided. Nowhere are the old *Stände* (Provincial Parliments) assembled, now or afterward: sufficient for this and for every occasion are the "Permanent Committees of the *Stände;*" nor is much speaking, unessential for dispatch of business, used to these.

"*Stände*—of Ritterschaft mainly, of Gentry small and great—existed once in all those Countries, as elsewhere," says one Historian; "and some of them, in Preussen, for example, used to be rather loud, and inclined to turbulence, till the curb from a judicious bridle-hand would admonish them. But for a long while past—especially since the Great Elector's time, who got an 'Excise Law' passed, or the foundations of a good

Excise Law laid ;[1] and, what with Excise, and what with Domain-Farms, had a fixed Annual Budget, which he reckoned fair to both parties—they have been dying out for want of work, and under Friedrich Wilhelm may be said to have gone quite dead. What work was left for them? Prussian Budget is fixed, many things are fixed ; why talk of them farther? The Prussian King, nothing of a fool, like certain others "—which, indeed, is the cardinal point, though my Author does not say so—" is respectfully aware of the facts round him, and can listen to the rumors too, so far as he finds good. The King sees himself terribly interested to get into the right course in all things, and avoid the wrong one! Probably he does, in his way, seek 'wise Advice concerning the arduous matters of the Kingdom ;' nay, I believe he is diligent to have it of the wisest : who knows if *Stände* would always give it wiser, especially *Stände* in the haranguing condition?" Enough, they are not applied to. There is no Freedom in that Country. "No Freedom to speak of," continues he ; "but I do a little envy them their Fixed Budget and some other things. What pleasure there can be in having your household arrangements tumbled into disorder every new Year by a new-contrived scale of expenses for you I never could ascertain!"

Friedrich is not the man to awaken Parliamentary sleeping-dogs well settled by his Ancestors. Once or twice, out of Preussen, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, there was heard some whimper, which sounded like the beginning of a bark. But Friedrich Wilhelm was on the alert for it : Are you coming in with your *Nie Pozwalam* (your *Liberum Veto*), then? None of your Polish vagaries here! "*Tout le pays sera ruiné* (the whole Country will be ruined)," say you? (Such had been the poor Marshal or Provincial *Speaker's* Remonstrance on one occasion) : "I don't believe a word of that. But I do believe the Government by *Junkers*" (Country Squires) "and *Nie Pozwalam* will be ruined," as it is fully meant to be! "I am establishing the King's Sovereignty like a rock of bronze (*Ich stabilire die Souverainetät wie einen Rocher von Bronze*)," some extremely strong kind of rock![2] This was one of Friedrich

[1] Preuss, iv., 432 ; and *Thronbesteigung*, p. 379–383.

[2] Förster, b. iii. (Urkundenbuch, i., 50); Preuss, iv., 420 n. "*Nie Pozwalam*" (the formula of *Liberum Veto*) signifies, "I Don't Permit!"

Wilhelm's marginalia in response to such a thing; and the mutinous whimper died out again. Parliamentary Assemblages are sometimes Collective Wisdoms, but by no means always so. In Magdeburg we remember what trouble Friedrich Wilhelm had with his unreasonable Ritters. Ritters there, in their assembled capacity, had the Reich behind them, and could not be dealt with like Preussen; but Friedrich Wilhelm, by wise slow methods, managed Magdeburg too, and reduced it to silence, or to words necessary for dispatch of business.

In each Province, a Permanent Committee—chosen, I suppose, by King and Knights assenting; chosen I know not how, but admitted to be wisely chosen—represents the once Parliament or *Stände*, and has its potency for doing good service in regard to all Provincial matters, from roads and bridges upward, and is impotent to do the least harm. Roads and bridges, Church matters, repartition of the Land-dues, Army matters—in fact, they are an effective non-haranguing Parliament to the King's Deputy in every such Province, well calculated to illuminate and forward his subaltern *Amt*men and him. Nay, we observe it is oftenest in the way of gifts and solacements that the King articulately communicates with these Committees or their Ritterschafts. Projects for draining of Bogs, for improved Highways, for better Husbandry; loans granted them, Loan-Banks established for the Province's behoof—no need of parliamentary eloquence on such occasions, but of something far different.

It is from this quiescent, or busy but noiseless kind of *Stände* and Populations that Friedrich has his *Huldigung* to take, and the operation, whether done personally or by deputy, must be an abundantly simple one. He, for his part, is fortunate enough to find every where the Sovereignty *established*; "rock of bronze" not the least shaken in his time. He will graciously undertake, by Written Act, which is read before the *Stände*, King or King's Deputy witnessing there, "To maintain the privileges" of his *Stände* and Populations; the *Stände* answer, on oath, with lifted hand, and express invocation of Heaven, That they will obey him as true subjects: and so—doubtless with something of dining superadded, but no

whisper of it put on record—the *Huldigung* will every where very quietly transact itself.

The *Huldigung* itself is nothing to us, even with Friedrich there, as at Königsberg, Berlin, Cleve, the three exceptional places, to which, nevertheless, let us briefly attend him, for the sake of here and there some direct glimpse we may get of the then Friedrich's actual physiognomy and ways. Other direct view, or the chance of such, is not conceded us out of those sad Prussian books, which are very full on this of the *Huldigung*, if silent on so many other points.[1]

Friedrich accepts the Homages, personally, in Three Places.

To Königsberg is his first excursion on this errand. Preussen has perhaps, or may be suspected of having, some remnants of sour humors left in it, and remembrances of *Stände* with haranguings, and even mutinies: there, if any where, the King in person may do good on such an occasion. He left Berlin July 7th, bound thitherward; here is Note of that first Royal Tour, specimen of several hundreds such, which he had to do in the course of the next Forty-five years:

"Friend Algarotti, charming talker, attended him; who else, official and non-official, ask not. The Journey is to be circuitous; to combine various businesses, and also to have its amusements. They went by Cüstrin; glancing at old known Country, which is at its greenest in this season. By Cüstrin, across the Neumark, into Pommern; after that by an intricate winding route; reviewing regiments, inspecting garrisons, now here, now there; doing all manner of inspections; talking I know not what; oftenest lodging with favored Generals, if it suited. Distance to Königsberg, by the direct road, is about 500 miles; by this winding one it must have been 800: Journey thither took nine days in all. Obliquely through Pommern, almost to the coast of the Baltic; their ultimatum there a place called Köslin, where they reviewed with strictness—omitting Colberg, a small Sea-Fortress not far rearward, time being short. Thence into West Preussen, into Polish Territory, and swiftly across that, keeping Dantzig and its noises wide enough to the left; one night in Po-

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 382.

land; and the next they are in Ost-Preussen, place called Liebstadt—again on home-ground, and diligently reviewing there.

"The review at Liebstadt is remarkable in this, That the regiments, one regiment especially, not being what was fit, a certain Grenadier-Captain got cashiered on the spot; and the old Commandant himself was soon after pensioned, and more gently sent his ways. So strict is his Majesty. Contrariwise, he found Lieutenant General von Katte's Garrison at Angerburg, next day, in a very high perfection, and Colonel Posadowsky's regiment specially so, with which latter gentleman he lodged that night, and made him farther happy by the *Order of Merit:* Colonel Posadowsky, Garrison of Angerburg, far off in East Preussen, Chevalier of the Order of Merit henceforth, if we ever meet him again. To the good old Lieutenant General von Katte, who no doubt dined with them, his Majesty handed, on the same occasion, a patent of Feldmarschall; intends soon to make him Graf; and did it, as readers know. Both Colonel and General attended him thenceforth, still by a circuitous route, to Königsberg, to assist in the solemnities there. By Gumbinnen, by Trakehnen —the Stud of Trakehnen: that also his Majesty saw, and made review of; not without emotion, we can fancy, as the sleek colts were trotted out on those new terms! At Trakehnen, Katte and the Colonel would be his Majesty's guests for the night they staid. This is their extreme point eastward; Königsberg now lies a good way west of them. But at Trakehnen they turn; and Saturday, 16th July, 1740, after another hundred miles or so, along the pleasant valley of the Pregel, get to Königsberg, ready to begin business on Monday morning—on Sunday if necessary."[1]

On Sunday there did a kind of memorability occur: The *Huldigungs-Predigt* (Homage Sermon) by a reverend Herr Quandt, chief Preacher there, which would not be worth mentioning except for this circumstance, That his Majesty exceedingly admired Quandt, and thought him a most Demosthenic genius, and the best of all the Germans. Quandt's text was in these words: "*Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou Son of Jesse: Peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee.*"[2] Quandt began, in a sono-

[1] From Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 382, 385; Rödenbeck, p. 16, &c.

[2] *First Chronicles*, xii., 18.

rous voice, raising his face with respectful enthusiasm to the King, "Thine are we, O Friedrich, and on thy side, thou son of Friedrich Wilhelm;" and so went on: sermon brief, sonorous, compact, and sticking close to its text. Friedrich stood immovable, gazing on the eloquent Demosthenic Quandt with admiration heightened by surprise; wrote of Quandt to Voltaire; and, with sustained enthusiasm, to the Public long afterward; and to the end of his days was wont to make Quandt an exception, if perhaps almost the only one, from German barbarism, and disharmony of mind and tongue; so that poor Quandt can not ever since get entirely forgotten, but needs always to be raked up again, for this reason when others have ceased: an almost melancholy adventure for poor Quandt and Another!

The *Huldigung* was rather grand; Harangue and Counter-harangue permitted to the due length, and proper festivities following; but the *Stände* could not manage to get into vocal covenanting or deliberating at all; Friedrich, before leaving Berlin, had answered their hint or request that way in these words: "We are likewise graciously inclined to give to the said *Stände*, before their Homaging, the same assurance which they got from our Herr Father's Majesty, who is now with God," general assurance that their and every body's "Rights shall be maintained" (as we see they are), "with which it is hoped (*hoffentlich*) they will be content, and get to peace upon this matter (*sich dabei beruhigen werden*)."[1] It will be best for them!

Friedrich gave away much corn here—that is, opened his Corn-Granaries on charitable terms, and took all manner of measures, here as in other places, for relief of the scarcity there was. Of the illuminations, never so grand, the reader shall hear nothing. A "Torch-Procession of the Students" turned out a pretty thing: Students marching with torches, with fine wind-music, regulated enthusiasm, fine succinct Address to his Majesty, and all the world escorting, with its "Live Forever!" Friedrich gave the students "a *Trink-Gelag* (Banquet of Liquors)," how arranged I do not know; and to the

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 380.

Speaker of the Address, a likely young gentleman with *Von* to his name, he offered an Ensigncy of Foot ("in Camas's Fusileer Regiment"—Camas now gone to Paris, embassing), which was joyfully accepted. Joyfully accepted; and it turned out well for all parties; the young gentleman having risen, where merit was the rule of rising, and became Graf and Lieutenant General in the course of the next fifty years.[1]

Huldigung and Torch-Procession over, the Royal Party dashed rapidly off next morning (21st July), homeward by the shortest route; and, in three days more, by Frankfurt on the Oder (where a glimpse of General Schwerin, a favorite General, was to be had), were safe in Berlin; received with acclamation, nay, with "blessings and even tears" some say, after this pleasant Fortnight's Tour. General Schwerin, it is rumored, will be made Feldmarschall straightway; the Münchows are getting so promoted, as we said; edicts are coming out, much business speeding forward, and the tongues of men keep wagging.

Berlin *Huldigung*—and, indeed, by Deputy, that of nearly all the other Towns—was on Tuesday, August 2d. At Berlin his Majesty was present in the matter; but, except the gazing multitudes, and hussar regiments ranked in the Schloss-Platz and streets adjoining, there was little of notable in it; the upholstery arrangements thrifty in the extreme. His Majesty is prone to thrift in this of the Huldigung, as would appear, perhaps regarding the affair as scenic merely. Here, besides this of Berlin, is another instance just occurring. It appears the Quedlinburg people, shut out from the light of the actual Royal Countenance, can not do their Homaging by Deputy without at least a Portrait of the King and of the Queen. How manage? asks the Official Person. "Have a Couple of Daubs done in Berlin, three guineas a piece; send them these," answers the King![2]

Here, in the Berlin Schloss, scene the Large Hall within doors,

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 387.

[2] "*On doit faire barbouiller de mauraises copies à Berlin, la pièce à* 20 *écus.*—Fr." Preuss, ii. (Urkundenbuch, s. 222).

there is a "platform raised three steps, and on this, by way of a kind of throne, an arm-chair covered with old black velvet," the whole surmounted by a canopy also of old black velvet; not a sublime piece of upholstery, but reckoned adequate. Friedrich mounted the three steps; stood before the old chair, his Princes standing promiscuously behind it; his Ritters in quantity, in front and to right and left, on the floor. Some Minister of the Interior explains suitably, not at too great length, what they are met for; some junior Official, junior but of quality, responded briefly, for himself and his order, to the effect, "Yea, truly:" the *Huldigungs-Urkunde* (Deed of Homage) was then read by the proper Clerk, and the Ritters all swore—audibly, with lifted hands. This is the Ritter Huldigung.

His Majesty then steps out to the Balcony for Oath and Homage of the general Population. General population gave its oath, and "three great shouts over and above." "*Es lebe der König!*" thrice, with all their throats. Upon which a shower of Medals, "Homage-Medals," gold and silver (quantity not mentioned), rained down upon them in due succession, and were scrambled for in the usual way. "His Majesty," they write, and this is perhaps the one point worth notice, "his Majesty, contrary to custom and to etiquette, remained on the Balcony some time after the ceremony, perhaps a full half-hour"—silent there, "with his look fixed attentively on the immeasurable multitude before the Schloss, and seemed sunk in deep reflection (*Betrachtung*)"—an almost awfully eloquent though inarticulate phenomenon to his Majesty, that of those multitudes scrambling and huzzaing there![1]

These, with the Cleve one, are all the Homagings Friedrich was personally present at; the others he did by Deputy, all in one day (2d August), and without fuss. Scenic matters these, in which, except where he can, as in the Königsberg case, combine inspections and grave businesses with them, he takes no interest. However, he is now, for the sake chiefly of in-

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 389.

spections and other real objects, bent on a Journey to Cleve —the fellow of that to Königsberg: Königsberg, Preussen, the easternmost outlying wing of his long straggling Dominions; and then Cleve-Jülich, its counterpart on the southwestern side—there also, with such contingencies hanging over Cleve-Jülich, it were proper to make some mustering of the Frontier garrisons and affairs.[1] His Majesty so purposes; and we purpose again to accompany, not for inspection and mustering, but for an unexpected reason. The grave Journey to Cleve has an appendage, or comic side-piece, hanging to it; more than one appendage, which the reader must not miss! Before setting out, read these two Fractions, snatched from the Diplomatist Waste-bag; looking well, we gain there some momentary view of Friedrich on the business side. Of Friedrich, and also of Another:

Sunday, 14th August, 1740, Dickens, who has been reporting hitherto in a favorable, though in a languid exoteric manner, not being in any height of favor, England or he, had express Audience of his Majesty, being summoned out to Potsdam for that end: "Sunday evening, about 7 P. M.," Majesty intending to be off on the Cleve Journey to-morrow. Let us accompany Dickens. Readers may remember George II. has been at Hanover for some weeks past, Bielfeld diligently grinning euphemisms and courtly graciosities to him; Truchsess hinting, on opportunity, that there are perhaps weighty businesses in the rear, which, however, on the Britannic side, seem loth to start. Britannic Majesty is much at a loss about his Spanish War, so dangerous for kindling France and the whole world upon him. In regard to which, Prussia might be so important for or against. This, in compressed form, is what Dickens witnesses at Potsdam that Sunday evening from 7. P. M.:

"Audience lasted above an hour: King turned directly upon business; wishes to have 'Categorical Answers' as to Three Points already submitted to his Britannic Majesty's consideration. Clear footing indispensable between us. What

[1] In regard to the Day of *Huldigung* at Cleve, which happily is not of the least moment to us, Preuss (*Thronbesteigung*, p. 390) and *Helden-Geschichte* (i. 423) seem to be in flat contradiction.

you want of me? say it, and be plain. What I want of you is, These three things:

"1°. Guarantee for Jülich and Berg. All the world knows *whose* these Duchies are. Will his Britannic Majesty guarantee me there? And if so, How, and to what lengths will he proceed about it?

"2°. Settlement about Ost-Friesland. Expectancy of Ost-Friesland, soon to fall heirless, which was granted *me* long since, though Hanover makes hagglings, counter-claimings: I must have some Settlement about that.

"3°. The like about those perplexities in Mecklenburg. No difficulty there if we try heartily, nor is there such pressing haste about it.

"These are my three claims on England; and I will try to serve England as far in return, if it will tell me how. 'Ah! beware of throwing yourself into the arms of France!' modestly suggests Dickens. 'Well, if France will guarantee me those Duchies, and you will not do any thing?' answers his Majesty, with a fine laugh: 'England I consider my most natural friend and ally; but I must know what there is to depend on there. Princes are ruled by their interest; can not follow their feelings. Let me have an explicit answer, say at Wesel, where I am to be on the 24th,'" ten days hence. Britannic Majesty is at Hanover, and can answer within that time. "This he twice told me, Wesel, 24th,' in the course of our interview. Permit me to recommend the matter to your Lordship"—my Lord Harrington, now attending the Britannic Majesty.

"During the whole audience," adds Dickens, "the King was in extreme good humor, and not only heard with attention all the considerations I offered, but was not the least offended at any objections I made to what he said. It is undoubtedly the best way to behave with frankness to him." These last are Dickens's own words; let them modestly be a memorandum to your Lordship. This King goes himself direct to the point, and straightforwardness, as a primary condition, will profit your lordship with him.[1]

Most true advice, this, and would perhaps be followed, were it quite easy. But things are very complicated. And the Britannic Majesty, much plagued with Spanish War and Parliamentary noises in that unquiet Island, is doubtless glad to get away to Hanover for a little, and would fain be on holiday

[1] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 17th August, 1740.

in these fine rural months, which is not well possible either. Jenkins's Ear, rising at last like a fiery portent, has kindled the London Fog over yonder in a strange way, and the murky stagnancy is all getting on fire ; the English intent, as seldom any Nation was, to give the Spaniards an effectual beating, which they hope they can, though unexpected difficulties will occur ; and, in the mean while, what a riddle of potentialities for his poor Majesty to read, and pick his way from !

Bielfeld, in spite of all this, would fain be full of admiration for the Britannic Majesty. Confesses he is below the middle size—in fact, a tiny little creature—but then his shape is perfect ; leg much to be commended, which his majesty knows, standing always with one leg slightly advanced, and the Order of the Garter on it, that mankind may take notice. Here is Bielfeld's description faithfully abridged :

"Big blue eyes, perhaps rather of parboiled character, though proud enough ; eyes flush with his face or more, rather *in relief* than on a level with it,"—*à fleur de tête*, after the manner of a fish, if one might say so, and betokening such an intellect behind them ! "Attitude constrained, leg advanced in that way ; his courtiers call it majestic. Biggish mouth, strictly shut in the crescent or horse-shoe form (*fermée en croissant*) ; curly wig (*à nœuds*, reminding you of lamb's wool, color not known) ; eyebrows, however, you can see are ashy-blond ; general tint is fundamentally livid ; but when in good case, the royal skin will take tolerably bright colors (*prend d' assez belles couleurs*). As to the royal mind and understanding, what shall Bielfeld say ? That his Majesty sometimes makes ingenious and just remarks, and is laudably serious at all times, and can majestically hold his tongue, and stand with advanced leg, and eyes rather more than flush. Sense of his dignity is high, as it ought to be ; on great occasions you see pride and a kind of joy mantling in the royal countenance. Has been known to make explosions, and to be very furious to Prince Fred and others, when pricked into ; but, my friend, what mortal is exempt from failings ? Majesty reads the English Newspapers every morning in bed, which are often biting. Majesty has his Walmoden, a Hanoverian Improper-Female, Countess of Yarmouth so-called ; quiet, autumnal, fair-complexioned, stupid, who is much a comfort to him. She keeps out of mischief, political or other, and gives Bielfeld a gracious nod now and then." [1] Harrington is here

[1] Bielfeld, i., 158.

too; and Britannic Majesty and he are busy governing the English Nation on these terms. We return now to the Prussian Majesty.

About six weeks after that of Dickens—Cleve Journey and much else now ended—Prätorius, the Danish Envoy, whom we slightly knew at Reinsberg once, gives this testimony, writing home to an Excellency at Copenhagen, whose name we need not inquire into:

"To give your Excellency a just idea of the new Government here, I must observe that hitherto the King of Prussia does as it were every thing himself; and that, excepting the Finance Minister von Boden, who preaches frugality, and finds for that doctrine uncommon acceptance, almost greater even than in the former reign, his Majesty allows no counseling from any Minister; so that Herr von Podewils, who is now the working hand in the department of Foreign Affairs, has nothing given him to do but to expedite the orders he receives from the Cabinet, his advice not being asked upon any matter; and so it is with the other Ministers. People thought the loss of Herr von Thulmeyer," veteran Foreign Minister whom we have transiently heard of in the Double-Marriage time, and perhaps have even seen at London or elsewhere,[1] "would be irreparable, so expert was he, and a living archive in that business; however, his post seems to have vanished with himself. His salary is divided between Herr von Podewils," whom the reader will sometimes hear of again, "Kriegsrath (Councilor of War) von Ilgen," son of the old gentleman we used to know, "and Hofrath Sellentin, who is *Rendant of the Legations-Kasse*" (Embassadors' Paymaster, we could guess, Embassador Body having specialty of cash assigned it, comparable with the specialty of value received from it in this strict frugal Country), neither of which two latter names shall the reader be troubled with farther. "A good many resolutions and responses by the King I have seen: they combine laconic expression with an admirable business eye (*Geschäftsblick*). Unhappily"—at least for us in the Diplomatic line, for your Excellency and me unhappily— "there is nobody about the King who possesses his complete confidence, or whom we can make use of in regard to the necessary introductions and preliminary movements. Hereby it comes that—as

[1] Died 4th August (Rödenbeck, p. 20).

certain things can only be handled with cautious foresight and circumlocution, and in the way of beginning wide—an Embassador here is more thrown out of his course than in any other Court, and knows not, though his object were steadily in sight, what road to strike into for getting toward it."[1]

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH MAKES AN EXCURSION, NOT OF DIRECT SORT, INTO THE CLEVE COUNTRIES.

King Friedrich did not quite keep his day at Wesel; indeed, this 24th was not the first day, but the last of several he had appointed to himself for finis to that Journey in the Cleve Countries—Journey rather complex to arrange. He has several businesses ahead in those parts, and, as usual, will group them with good judgment and thrift of time; not inspections merely, but amusements, meetings with friends, especially French friends: the question is, how to group them with skill, so that the necessary elements may converge at the right moment, and one shot kill three or four birds. This is Friedrich's fine way, perceptible in all these Journeys. The French friends, flying each on his own track, with his own load of impediments, Voltaire with his Madame for instance, are a difficult element in such problem; and there has been, and is, much scheming and corresponding about it, within the last month especially.

Voltaire is now at Brussels with his Du Châtelet, prosecuting that endless "lawsuit with the House of Honsbruck," which he, and we, are both desirous to have done with. He is at the Hague, too, now and then; printing, about to print, the *Anti-Machiavel;* corresponding to right and left, quarreling with Van Duren the Printer; lives, while there, in the *Vieille Cour*, in the vast dusky rooms with faded gilding, and grand old Bookshelves "with the biggest spider-webs in Europe." Brussels is his place for Law-Consultations, general family residence; the Hague and that old spider-web

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 377 (2d October, 1740).

Palace for correcting Proof-sheets ; doing one's own private studies, which we never quite neglect. Fain would Friedrich see him, fain he Friedrich ; but there is a divine Émilie, there is a Maupertuis, there are—in short, never were such difficulties in the cooking of an egg, with water boiling ; and much vain correspondence has already been on that subject, as on others equally extinct—correspondence which is not pleasant at this time, the rather as no reader can, without endless searching, even understand it—correspondence left to us, not in the cosmic, elucidated, or legible state ; left mainly as the Editorial rubbish-wagons chose to shoot it—like a tumbled quarry, like the ruins of a sacked city ; avoidable by readers who are not forced into it ![1] Take the following select bricks as sample, which are of some use ; the general Heading is,

King Friedrich to M. de Voltaire (at the Hague, or at Brussels).

"*Charlottenburg, 12th June*, 1740.—* * My dear Voltaire, resist no longer the eagerness I have to see you. Do in my favor whatever your humanity allows. In the end of August I go to Wesel, and perhaps farther. Promise that you will come and join me ; for I could not live happy, nor die tranquil, without having embraced you ! Thousand compliments to the Marquise," divine Émilie. "I am busy with both hands" (Corn-Magazines, Free Press, Abolition of Torture, and much else) ; "working at the Army with one hand, at the People and the Fine Arts with the other."

"*Berlin, 5th August*, 1740.—* * I will write to Madame du Châtelet in compliance with your wish ;" mark it, reader ! "To speak to you frankly concerning her journey, it is Voltaire, it is you, it is my Friend that I desire to see ; and the divine Émilie with all her divinity is only the Accessory of the Apollo Newtonized.

"I can not yet say whether I shall travel" (incognito into foreign parts a little) "or not travel ;" there have been rumors,

[1] Herr Preuss's edition (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vol. xxi., xxii , xxiii.) has come out since the above was written : it is agreeably exceptional, being, for the first time, correctly printed, and the editor himself having mostly understood it, though the reader still can not, on the terms there allowed.

perhaps private wishes; but— * * "Adieu, dear friend; sublime spirit, first-born of thinking beings. Love me always sincerely, and be persuaded that none can love and esteem you more than I. *Vale.* FÉDÉRIC."

"*Berlin, 6th August*" (which is next day).—"You will have received a Letter from me dated yesterday; this is the second I write to you from Berlin; I refer you to what was in the other. If it must be (*faut*) that Émilie accompany Apollo, I consent; but if I could see you alone, that is what I would prefer. I should be too much dazzled; I could not stand so much splendor all at once; it would overpower me. I should need the veil of Moses to temper the united radiance of your two divinities." * * In short, don't bring her, if you please.

"*Remusberg*" (poetic for *Reinsberg*), "*8th August*, 1740.— * * My dear Voltaire, I do believe Van Duren costs you more trouble and pains than you had with *Henri Quatre*. In versifying the Life of a Hero, you wrote the history of your own thoughts; but in coercing a scoundrel, you fence with an enemy who is not worthy of you." To punish him, and cut short his profits, "*print*, then, as you wish" (your own edition of the *Anti-Machiavel*, to go along with his, and trip the feet from it). "*Faites rouler la presse;* erase, change, correct; do as you see best; your judgment about it shall be mine." "In eight days I leave for"—(where, thinks the reader? "*Dantzig*" deliberately print all the Editors, careful Preuss among them; overturning the terrestrial azimuths for us, and making day night!)—"for Leipzig, and reckon on being at Frankfort on the 22d. In case you could be there, I expect, on my passage, to give you lodging! At Cleve or in Holland, I depend for certain on embracing you."[1]

Intrinsically the Friedrich correspondence at this time, with Voltaire especially, among many friends now on the wing toward Berlin and sending letters, has—if you are forced into struggling for some understanding of it, and do get to read parts of it with the eyes of Friedrich and Voltaire—has a certain amiability, and is nothing like so waste and dreary as it looks in the chaotic or sacked-city condition. Friedrich

[1] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx., p. 5, 19-21; Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxii., 226, &c. (not worth citing, in comparison).

writes with brevity, oftenest on practicalities (the *Anti-Machiavel*, the coming Interview, and the like), evidently no time to spare; writes always with considerable sincerity; with friendliness, much admiration, and an ingenuous vivacity, to M. de Voltaire. Voltaire, at his leisure in Brussels or the Old-Palace and its spider-webs, writes much more expansively; not with insincerity he either; with endless airy graciosities, and ingenious twirls, and touches of flattering unction, which latter, he is aware, must not be laid on too thick. As thus:

In regard to the *Anti-Machiavel*—Sire, deign to give me your permissions as to the scoundrel of a Van Duren; well worth while, Sire—"*it* is a monument for the latest posterity; the only Book worthy of a King for these Fifteen hundred years."

This is a strongish trowelful, thrown on direct, with adroitness; and even this has a kind of sincerity. Safer, however, to do it in the oblique or reflex way—by Embassador *Camas*, for example:

"I will tell you boldly, Sir" (you M. de Camas), "I put more value on this Book (*Anti-Machiavel*) than on the Emperor Julian's *Cæsar*, or on the *Maxims* of Marcus Aurelius"—I do indeed, having a kind of property in it withal![1]

In fact, Voltaire too is beautiful in this part of the Correspondence, but much in a twitter—the Queen of Sheba, not the sedate Solomon, in prospect of what is coming. He plumes himself a little, we perceive, to his D'Argentals and French Correspondents on this sublime intercourse he has got into with a Crowned Head, the cynosure of mankind: Perhaps even you, my best friend, did not quite know me, and what merits I had! Plumes himself a little, but studies to be modest withal; has not much of the peacock, and of the turkey has nothing, to his old friends; all which is very naïve and transparent, natural and even pretty, on the part of M. de Voltaire as the weaker vessel. For the rest, it is cer-

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxii., 280 (To Camas, 18th October, 1740).

tain Maupertuis is getting under way at Paris toward the Cleve rendezvous. Brussels, too, is so near these Cleve Countries—within two days good driving—if only the times and routes would rightly intersect?

Friedrich's intention is by no means for a straight journey toward Cleve: he intends for Baireuth first, then back from Baireuth to Cleve, making a huge southward *elbow* on the map, with Baireuth for apex or turning-point: in this manner he will make the times suit, and have a convergence at Cleve. To Baireuth—who knows if not farther? All summer there has gone fitfully a rumor that he wished to see France; perhaps Paris itself incognito? The rumor, which was heard even at Petersburg,[1] is now sunk dead again; but privately, there is no doubt, a glimpse of the sublime French Nation would be welcome to Friedrich. He could never get to Traveling in his young time; missed his Grand Tour altogether, much as he wished it; and he is capable of pranks! Enough, on Monday morning, 15th August, 1740,[2] Friedrich and Suite leave Potsdam early enough; go by Leipzig, by the route already known to readers, through Coburg and the Voigtland regions; Wilhelmina has got warning, sits eagerly expecting her Brother in the Hermitage at Baireuth, gladdest of shrill sisters, and full of anxieties how her Brother would now be. The traveling party consisted, besides the King, of seven persons: Prince August Wilhelm, King's next Brother, Heir-apparent if there come no children, now a brisk youth of eighteen; Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, Old Dessauer's eldest, what we may call the "Young Dessauer;" Colonel von Borck, whom we shall hear of again; Colonel von Stille, already heard of (grave men of fifty, these two); milk-beard Münchow, an Adjutant, youngest of the promoted Münchows; Algarotti, indispensable for talk; and Fredersdorf, the House-steward and domestic Factotum, once Private in Schwerin's Regiment, whom Biel-

[1] Raumer's *Beiträge* (English Translation, London, 1837), p. 15 (Finch's Dispatch, 24th June, 1740).

[2] Rödenbeck, p. 15, slightly in error: see Dickens's Interview, *suprà*, p. 50.

feld so admired at Reinsberg, foreseeing what he would come to. One of Friedrich's late acts was to give Factotum Fredersdorf an Estate of Land (small enough, I fancy, but with country-house on it) for solace to the leisure of so useful a man—studious of chemistry too, as I have heard. Seven in all, besides the King.[1] Direct toward Baireuth, incognito, and at the top of their speed. Wednesday, 17th, they actually arrive. Poor Wilhelmina, she finds her Brother changed—become a King, in fact, and sternly solitary; alone in soul, even as a King must be![2]

"Algarotti, one of the first *beaux-esprits* of this age," as Wilhelmina defines him—Friend Algarotti, the young Venetian gentleman of elegance, in dusky skin, in very white linen and frills, with his fervid black eyes, "does the expenses of the conversation." He is full of elegant logic, has speculations on the great world and the little, on Nature, Art, Papistry, Anti-Papistry, and takes up the Opera in an earnest manner, as capable of being a school of virtue and the moral sublime. His respectable Books on the Opera and other topics are now all forgotten, and crave not to be mentioned. To me he is not supremely beautiful, though much the gentleman in manners as in ruffles, and ingeniously logical—rather yellow to me, in mind as in skin, and with a taint of obsolete Venetian Macassar. But to Friedrich he is thrice dear, who loves the sharp facetted cut of the man, and does not object to his yellow or Extinct-Macassar qualities of mind. Thanks to that wandering Baltimore for picking up such a jewel and carrying him Northward! Algarotti himself likes the North: here in our hardy climates—especially at Berlin, and were his loved Friedrich *not* a King—Algarotti could be very happy in the liberty allowed. At London, where there is no King, or none to speak of, and plenty of free Intelligences, Carterets, Lyttletons, young Pitts and the like, he is also well, were it not for the horrid smoke upon one's linen, and the little or no French of those proud Islanders.

Wilhelmina seems to like him here; is glad, at any rate,

[1] Rödenbeck, p. 19 (and for Chamberlain Fredersdorf's estate, p. 15).

[2] Wilhelmina, ii., 322, 323.

that he does the costs of conversation, better or worse. In the rest is no hope. Stille, Borck, are accomplished military gentlemen, but of tacit nature, reflective, practical rather than discursive, and do not waste themselves by incontinence of tongue. Stille, by his military Commentaries, which are still known to soldiers that read, maintains some lasting remembrance of himself; Borck we shall see engaged in a small bit of business before long. As to Münchow, the *jeune morveux* of an Aidecamp, he, though his manners are well enough, and he wears military plumes in his hat, is still an unfledged young creature, "bill still yellow," so to speak, and marks himself chiefly by a visible hankering after that troublesome creature Marwitz, who is always coquetting. Friedrich's conversation, especially to me Wilhelmina, seems "*guindé*, set on stilts;" likewise there are frequent cuts of banter in him; and it is painfully evident he distinguishes my Sister of Anspach and her foolish Husband, whom he has invited over hither in a most eager manner, beyond what a poor Wilhelmina with her old love can pretend to. Patience, my shrill Princess, Beauty of Baireuth and the world, let us hope all will come right again! My shrill Princess—who has a melodious strength like that of war-fifes, too—knows how to be patient, and veils many things, though of a highly unhypocritical nature.

These were Three great Days at Baireuth; Wilhelmina is to come soon, and return the visit at Berlin. To wait upon the King, known though incognito, "the Bishop of Bamberg" came driving over:[1] Schönborn, Austrian Kanzler, or who? His old City we once saw (and plenty of hanged malefactors swinging round it, during that *Journey to the Reich*); but the Bishop himself never to our knowledge, Bishop being absent then. I hope it is the same Bishop of Bamberg whom a friend of Büsching's, touring there about that same time, saw dining in a very extraordinary manner, with mediæval trumpeters, "with waiters in spurs and buff-belts;[2] if it is not, I have not the slightest shadow of acquaintance with him—there have

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 419.

[2] Büsching's *Beyträge;* Schlosser (*History of the Eighteenth Century*) also quotes the scene.

been so many Bishops of Bamberg with whom one wishes to have none! On the third day Friedrich and his company went away toward Würzburg, and Wilhelmina was left alone with her reflections. "I had so much to say to him: I had got nothing said at all;" alas! it is ever so. "The King was so changed, grown so much bigger (*grandi*), you could not have known him again;" stands finely erect and at full breadth, every inch a King; his very stature, you would say, increased. Adieu, my Princess, pearl of Princesses; all readers will expect your return-visit at Berlin, which is to be soon.

Friedrich strikes off to the left, and has a View of Strasburg for Two Days.

Through Würzburg, Frankfurt on the Mayn, speeds Friedrich; Wilhelmina and mankind understand that it is homeward and to Cleve; but at Frankfurt, in deepest privacy, there occurs a sudden whirl southward—up the Rhine-Valley; direct toward Strasburg, for a sight of France in that quarter! So has Friedrich decided—not quite suddenly, on new Letters here, or new computations about Cleve, but by forethought taken at Baireuth, as rather appears. From Frankfurt to Strasburg, say 150 miles; from Strasburg home is not much farther than from Frankfurt home: it can be done, then; husht!

The incognito is to be rigorous: Friedrich becomes *Comte Dufour*, a Prussian-French gentleman; Prince August Wilhelm is Graf von Schaffgotsch, Algarotti is Graf von Pfuhl, Germans these two; what Leopold, the Young Dessauer, called himself—still less what the others, or whether the others were there at all, and not shoved on direct toward Wesel, out of the way as is likelier—can remain uncertain to readers and me. From Frankfurt, then, on Monday morning, 22d August, 1740, as I compute, through old known Philipsburg-Campaign country, and the lines of Ettlingen and Stollhofen; there the royal Party speeds eagerly (weather very bad, as appears); and it is certain they are at Kehl on Tuesday

evening, looking across the long Rhine Bridge, Strasburg and its steeples now close at hand.

This looks to be a romantic fine passage in the History of the young King, though in truth it is not, and proves but a feeble story either to him or us; concerning which, however, the reader, especially if he should hear that there exists precise Account of it, Two Accounts indeed, one from the King's own hand, will not fail of a certain craving to become acquainted with details. This craving, foolish rather than wise, we consider it thriftiest to satisfy at once, and shall give the King's *Narrative* entire, though it is a jingling, lean, scraggy Piece, partly rhyme, "in the manner of Bachaumont and La Chapelle;" written at the gallop a few days hence, and dispatched to Voltaire: "You," dear Voltaire, "wish to know what I have been about since leaving Berlin; annexed you will find a description of it," writes Friedrich.[1] Out of Voltaire's and other people's waste-baskets it has at length been fished up, patch by patch, and pasted together by victorious modern Editors, and here it is again entire. The other Narrative, which got into the Newspapers soon after, is likewise of authentic nature—Fassmann, our poor old friend, confirming it, if that were needful—and is happily in prose.[2] Holding these two Pieces well together, and giving the King's, faithfully translated, in a complete state, it will be possible to satisfy foolish cravings, and make this Strasburg Adventure luminous enough.

King Friedrich to Voltaire (from Wesel, 2d September, 1740), *chiefly in Doggerel, concerning the Run to Strasburg.*[3]

"I have just finished a journey intermingled with singular adventures, sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse. You

[1] *Œuvres*, xxii., 25 (Wesel, 2d September, 1740).

[2] Given in *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 420–423; see likewise Fassmann's *Merkwürdigster Regierungs-Antritt* (poor old Book on *Friedrich's Accession*); Preuss (*Thronbesteigung*, p. 395–400); &c., &c.

[3] Part of it, incorrect, in Voltaire, *Œuvres* (scandalous piece now called *Mémoires, once Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*), ii., 24–26; finally, in Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv., 156-161, the real and complete affair, as fished up by victorious Preuss and others.

know I had set out for Baireuth"—*Bruxelles* the beautiful French Editor wrote, which makes Egyptian darkness of the Piece!—"to see a Sister whom I love no less than esteem. On the road" (thither or thence, or likeliest *there*), "Algarotti and I consulted the map, to settle our route for returning by Wesel. Frankfurt on the Mayn comes always as a principal stage; Strasburg was no great roundabout: we chose that route in preference. The *incognito* was decided, names pitched upon" (Comte Dufour, and the others), "story we were to tell; in fine, all was arranged and concerted to a nicety as well as possible. We fancied we should get to Strasburg in three days" from Baireuth.

"But Heaven, which disposes of all things,	*Mais le ciel, qui de tout dispose,*
Differently regulated this thing.	*Régla différemment la chose.*
With lank-sided coursers,	*Avec de coursiers efflanqués,*
Lineal descendants from Rosinante,	*En ligne droite issus de Rosinante,*
With plowmen in the dress of postillions,	*Et des paysans en postillons masqués,*
Blockheads of impertinent nature;	*Butors de race impertinente,*
Our carriages sticking fast a hundred times in the road,	*Notre carosse en cent lieux accroché,*
We went along with gravity at a leisurely pace,	*Nous allons gravement, d'une allure indolente,*
Knocking against the crags.	*Gravitant contre les rochers.*
The atmosphere in uproar with loud thunder,	*Les airs émus par le bruyant tonnerre,*
The rain-torrents streaming over the Earth.	*Les torrents d'eau répandus sur la terre,*
Threatened mankind with the Day of Judgment [*very bad weather*],	*Du dernier jour menaçaient les humains;*
And in spite of our impatience	*Et malgré notre impatience,*
Four good days are, in penance,	*Quatre bons jours en pénitence*
Lost forever in these jumblings.	*Sont pour jamais perdus dans les charrains.*

"Had all our fatalities been limited to stoppages of speed on the journey, we should have taken patience; but, after frightful roads, we found lodgings still frightfuller.

"For greedy landlords	*Car des hôtes intéressés,*
Seeing us pressed by hunger	*De la faim nous voyant pressés,*
Did, in a more than frugal manner,	*D'une façon plus que frugale,*

In their infernal hovels,	*Dans une chaumière infernale,*
Poisoning instead of feeding,	*En nous empoisonnant, nous volaient nos écus.*
Steal from us our crowns.	
O age different" (in good cheer) "from that of Lucullus!	*O siècle différent des temps de Lucullus!*

"Frightful roads; short of victual, short of drink; nor was that all. We had to undergo a variety of accidents; and certainly our equipage must have had a singular air, for in every new place we came to they took us for something different.

"Some took us for kings,	*Les uns nous prenaient pour des rois,*
Some for pickpockets well disguised,	*D'autres pour des filous courtois,*
Others for old acquaintances.	*D'autres pour gens de connaissance.*
At times the people crowded out,	*Parfois le peuple s'attroupait,*
Looked us in the eyes,	*Entre les yeux nous regardait*
Like clowns impertinently curious	*En badauds curieux, remplis d'impertinence.*
"Our lively Italian" (Algarotti) "swore;	*Notre vif Italien jurait,*
For myself I took patience;	
The young Count" (my gay younger brother, eighteen at present) "quizzed and frolicked;	*Pour moi je prenais patience, Le jeune Comte folâtrait,*
The big Count" (heir-apparent of Dessau) "silently swung his head,	*Le grand Comte se dandinait,*
Wishing this fine journey to France,	*Et ce beau voyage de France*
In the bottom of his heart, most christianly at the devil.	*Dans le fond de son cœur chrétiennement damnait.*

"We failed not, however, to struggle gradually along; at last we arrived in that Strong-hold, where" (as preface to the War of 1734, known to some of us)—

"Where the garrison, too supple,	*Où la garnison, troupe flasque,*
Surrendered so piteously	*Se rendit si piteusement*
After the first blurt of explosion	*Après la première bourasque*
From the cannon of the French.	*Du canon français foudroyant.*

"You recognize Kehl in this description. It was in that fine Fortress—where, by the way, the breaches are still lying unrepaired" (Reich being a slow corpus in regard to such things)—"that the Postmaster, a man of more foresight than we, asked if we had got passports.

"No, said I to him; of passports	*Non, lui dis-je, des passe-ports*
We never had the whim.	*Nous n'eûmes jamais le folie.*
Strong ones I believe it would need	*Il en faudrait, je crois, de forts*
To recall, to our side of the limit,	*Pour ressusciter à la vie*
Subjects of Pluto, King of the Dead:	*De chez Pluton le roi des morts;*
But from the Germanic Empire	*Mais de l'empire germanique*
Into the gallant and cynical abode	*Au séjour galant et cynique*
Of Messieurs your pretty Frenchmen,	*De Messieurs vos jolis Français,*
A jolly and beaming air,	*Un air rebondissant et frais,*
Rubicund faces not ignorant of wine,	*Une face rouge et bachique,*
These are the passports which, legible if you look on us,	*Sont les passe-ports qu'en nos traits*
Our troop produces to you for that end.	*Vous produit ici notre clique.*

"No, Messieurs, said the provident Master of Passports, no salvation without passport. Seeing, then, that Necessity had got us in the dilemma of either manufacturing passports ourselves or not entering Strasburg, we took the former branch of the alternative and manufactured one, in which feat the Prussian arms which I had on my seal were marvelously furthersome."

This is a fact, as the old Newspapers and confirmatory Fassmann more directly apprise us. "The Landlord" (or Postmaster) "at Kehl having signified that there was no crossing without Passport," Friedrich, at first somewhat taken aback, bethought him of his watch-seal with the Royal Arms on it, and soon manufactured the necessary Passport, signeted in due form, which, however, gave a suspicion to the Innkeeper as to the quality of his Guest; after which, Tuesday evening, 23d August, "they at once got across to Strasburg," says my Newspaper Friend, "and put up at the *Sign of the Raven* there." Or, in Friedrich's own jingle:

"We arrived at Strasburg; and the Custom-house corsair, with his inspectors, seemed content with our evidences.

"These scoundrels spied us,	*Ces scélérats nous épiaient,*
With one eye reading our passport,	*D'un œil le passe-port lisaient,*
With the other ogling our purse.	*De l'autre lorgnaient notre bourse.*

Gold, which was always a resource,	*L'or, qui toujours fut de ressource,*
Which brought Jove to the enjoyment	*Par lequel Jupin jouissait*
Of Danae, whom he caressed ;	*De Danaé, qu'il caressait ;*
Gold, by which Cæsar governed	*L'or, par qui César gouvernait*
The world happy under his sway ;	*Le monde heureux sous son empire ;*
Gold, more a divinity than Mars or Love ;	*L'or, plus dieu que Mars et l'Amour,*
Wonder-working gold introduced us,	*Le même or sut nous introduire,*
That evening, within the walls of Strasburg.'[1]	*Le soir, dans les murs de Strasbourg.*

Sad doggerel ; permissible, perhaps, as a sample of the Friedrich manufacture, surely not otherwise! There remains yet more than half of it ; readers see what their foolish craving has brought upon them! Doggerel out of which no clear story, such story as there is, can be had ; though, except the exaggeration and contortion, there is nothing of fiction in it. We fly to the Newspaper, happily at least a prose composition, which begins at this point, and shall use the Doggerel henceforth as illustration only, or as repetition in the Friedrich-mirror of a thing *otherwise* made clear to us :

Having got into Strasburg and the *Raven Hotel*, Friedrich, now on French ground at last, or at least on Half-French, German-French, is intent to make the most of circumstances. The Landlord, with one of Friedrich's servants, is straightway dispatched into the proper coffee-houses to raise a supper-party of Officers ; politely asks any likely Officer "If he will not do a foreign Gentleman" (seemingly of some distinction, signifies Boniface) "the honor to sup with him at the Raven?" "No, by Jupiter!" answer the most, in their various dialects : "who is he, that we should sup with him?" Three, struck by the singularity of the thing, undertake, and with these we must be content. Friedrich—or call him M. le Comte Dufour, with Pfuhl, Schaffgotsch, and such escort as we see—politely apologizes on the entrance of these Officers : "Many pardons, gentlemen, and many thanks. Knowing nobody ; desirous of acquaintance ; since you are so good, how happy, by a little

[1] Given thus far, with several slight errors, in Voltaire, ii., 24–26 ; the remainder, long unknown, had to be fished up, patch by patch (Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv., 159–161).

informality, to have brought brave Officers to keep me company, whom I value beyond other kinds of men!"

The Officers found their host a most engaging gentleman: his supper was superb; plenty of wine, "and one red kind they had never tasted before, and liked extremely," of which he sent some bottles to their lodging next day. The conversation turned on military matters, and was enlivened with the due sallies. This foreign Count speaks French wonderfully; a brilliant man, whom the others rather fear: perhaps something more than a Count? The Officers, loth to go, remembered that their two battalions had to parade next morning; that it was time to be in bed: "I will go to your review," said the Stranger Count: the delighted Officers undertake to come and fetch him; they settle with him time and method; how happy!

On the morrow, accordingly, they call and fetch him; he looks at the review; review done, they ask him to supper for this evening: "With pleasure?" and "walks with them about the Esplanade, to see the guard march by." Before parting, he takes their names, writes them in his tablets; says with a smile, "He is too much obliged ever to forget them." This is Wednesday, the 24th of August, 1740; Field-Marshal Broglio is Commandant in Strasburg, and these obliging Officers are "of the regiment Piedmont;" their names on the King's tablets I never heard mentioned by any body (or never till the King's Doggerel was fished up again). Field-Marshal Broglio my readers have transiently seen afar off—"galloping with only one boot," some say "almost in his shirt," at the Ford of Secchia, in those Italian campaigns five years ago, the Austrians having stolen across upon him: he had a furious gallop, with no end of ridicule, on that occasion—is now Commandant here, and we shall have a great deal more to do with him within the next year or two.

"This same day, 24th, while I" (the Newspaper volunteer Reporter or Own Correspondent, seemingly a person of some standing, whose words carry credibility in the tone of them) "was with Field-Marshal Broglio, our Governor here, there came two gentlemen to be presented to him; 'German Cavaliers' they were called; who, I now find, must have been Prince of Prussia and Algarotti. The Field-Marshal" a rather high-stalking white-headed old military gentleman, bordering on seventy, of Piemontese air and breed, apt to be sudden and make flounderings, but the soul of honor, "was very polite to the two Cavaliers, and kept them to dinner. After

dinner there came a so-styled 'Silesian Nobleman,' who likewise was presented to the Field-Marshal, and affected not to know the other two : him I now find to have been the Prince of Anhalt."

Of his Majesty's supper with the Officers that Wednesday, we are left to think how brilliant it was. His Majesty, we hear farther, went to the Opera that night—the Polichinello, or whatever the "Italian *Comödie*" was—"and a little girl came to his box with two lottery-tickets, fifteen pence each, begging the foreign Gentleman for the love of Heaven to buy them of her ; which he did, tearing them up at once, and giving the poor creature four ducats," equivalent to two guineas, or say in effect even five pounds of the present British currency. The fame of this foreign Count and his party at The Raven is becoming very loud over Strasburg, especially in military circles. Our volunteer Own Correspondent proceeds (whom we mean to contrast with the Royal Doggerel by-and-by) :

"Next morning," Thursday, 25th August, "as the Marshal, with above two hundred Officers, was out walking on the Esplanade, there came a soldier of the Regiment Luxemburg, who, after some stiff fugling motions, of the nature of salutation partly, and partly demand for privacy, intimated to the Marshal surprising news : That this Stranger in The Raven was the King of Prussia in person ; he, the soldier, at present of the Regiment Luxemburg, had in other days, before he deserted, been of the Prussian Crown-Prince's regiment ; had consequently seen him in Berlin, Potsdam, and elsewhere a thousand times and more, and even stood sentry where he was : the fact is beyond dispute, your Excellency ! said this soldier." Whew !

Whereupon a certain Colonel, Marquis de Loigle, with or without a hint from Broglio, makes off for The Raven ; introduces himself, as was easy ; contrives to get invited to stay dinner, which also was easy. During dinner the foreign Gentleman expressed some wish to see their fortress. Colonel Loigle sends word to Broglio ; Broglio dispatches straightway an Officer and fine carriage : "Will the foreign Gentleman do me the honor ?" The foreign Gentleman, still struggling for incognito, declines the uppermost seat of honor in the carriage ; the two Officers, Loigle and this new one, insist on taking the inferior place. Alas ! the incognito is pretty much out. Calling at some coffee-house or the like on the road, a certain female, "Madame de Fienne," named the for-

eign Gentleman "Sire," which so startled him that, though he utterly declined such title, the two Officers saw well how it was.

"After survey of the works, the two attendant Officers had returned to the Field-Marshal, and about 4 P.M. the high Stranger made appearance there. But the thing had now got wind: 'King of Prussia here incognito!' The place was full of Officers, who came crowding about him: he escaped deftly into the Maréchal's own Cabinet; sat there an hour, talking to the Maréchal" (little admiring the Maréchal's talk, as we shall find), "still insisting on the incognito," to which Broglio, put out in his high paces by this sudden thing, and apt to flounder, as I have heard, was not polite enough to conform altogether. "What shall I do in this sudden case?" poor Broglio is thinking to himself: "must write to Court; perhaps try to detain—" Friedrich's chief thought naturally is, One can not be away out of this too soon. "Shan't we go to the Play, then, Monsieur le Maréchal? Play hour is come!" Own Correspondent of the Newspaper proceeds:

"The Maréchal then went to the Play, and all his Officers with him, thinking their royal prize was close at their heels. Maréchal and Officers fairly ahead, coast once clear, their royal prize hastened back to The Raven, paid his bill—hastily summoning Schaffgotsch and the others within hearing—shot off like lightning, and was seen in Strasburg no more. Algarotti, who was in the box with Broglio, heard the news in the House; regretful rumor among the Officers, 'He is gone!' In about a quarter of an hour Algarotti too slipped out, and vanished by extra post" straight toward Wesel, but could not overtake the King (whose road, in the latter part of it, went zigzag, on business as is likely), nor see him again till they met in that Town.[1]

This is the Prose Truth of those Fifty or Eight-and-forty hours in Strasburg, which were so mythic and romantic at that time. Shall we now apply to the Royal Doggerel again, where we left off, and see the other side of the picture? Once settled in The Raven, within Strasburg's walls, the Doggerel continues:

"You fancy well that there was now something to exercise my curiosity, and what desire I had to know the French nation in France itself.

[1] From *Helden-Geschichte* (i., 420–424), &c.

"There I saw at length those French,
Of whom you have sung the glories;
A people despised by the English,
Whom their sad rationality fills with black bile;
Those French, whom our Germans
Reckon all to be destitute of sense;
Those French, whose history consists of love-stories,
I mean the wandering kind of love, not the constant;
Foolish this people, headlong, high-going,
Which sings beyond endurance;
Lofty in its good fortune, crawling in its bad;
Of an unpitying extent of babble,
To hide the vacancy of its ignorant mind.
Of the trifling it is a tender lover;
The trifling alone takes possession of its brain.
People flighty, indiscreet, imprudent,
Turning like the weathercock to every wind.
Of the ages of the Cæsars those of the Louises are the shadow;
Paris is the ghost of Rome, take it how you will.
No, of those vile French you are not one;
You think; they do not think at all.

Là je vis enfin ces Français,
Dont vous avez chanté la gloire;
Peuple méprisé des Anglais,
Que leur triste raison remplit de bile noire;
Ces Français, que nos Allemands
Pensent tous privés de bon sens;
Ces Français, dont l'amour pourrait dicter l'histoire,
Je dis l'amour volage, et non l'amour constant;
Ce peuple fou, brusque et galant,
Chansonnier insupportable,
Superbe en sa fortune, en son malheur rampant,
D'un bavardage impitoyable,
Pour cacher le creux d'un esprit ignorant.
Tendre amant de la bagatelle,
Elle entre seule en sa cervelle;
Léger, indiscret, imprudent,
Comme une girouette il revire à tout vent.
Des siècles des Césars ceux des Louis sont l'ombre;
Rome efface Paris en tout sens, en tout point.
Non, des vils Français vous n'êtes pas du nombre;
Vous pensez, ils ne pensent point.

"Pardon, dear Voltaire, this definition of the French; at worst, it is only of those in Strasburg I speak. To scrape acquaintance, I had to invite some Officers on our arrival, whom of course I did not know.

"Three of them came at once,
Gayer, more content than kings;
Singing with rusty voice,
In verse, their amorous exploits,
Set to a hornpipe.

Trois d'eux s'en vinrent à la fois,
Plus gais, plus contents que des rois,
Chantant d'une voix enrouée,
En vers, leurs amoureux exploits,
Ajustés sur une bourrée.

"M. de la Crochardière and M. Malosa" (two names from the tablets, third wanting) "had just come from a dinner where the wine had not been spared.

"Of their hot friendship I saw the flame grow,	*De leur chaude amitié je vis croître la flamme,*
The universe would have taken us for perfect friends:	*L'univers nous eût pris pour des amis parfaits;*
But the instant of good-night blew out the business;	*Mais l'instant des adieux en détruisit la trame,*
Friendship disappeared without regrets,	*L'amitié disparut, sans causer des regrets,*
With the games, the wine, the table, and the viands.	*Avec le jeu, le vin, et la table, et les mets.*

"Next day, Monsieur the Gouverneur of the Town and Province, Maréchal of France, Chevalier of the Orders of the King, &c., &c.—Maréchal Duc de Broglio, in fact," who was surprised at Secchia in the late War—

"This general always surprised,	*Ce général toujours surpris,*
Whom with regret young Louis" (your king)	*Qu' à regret le jeune Louis*
"Saw without breeches in Italy,[1]	*Vit sans culottes en Italie,*
Galloping to hide away his life	*Courir pour dérober sa vie*
From the Germans, unpolite fighters—	*Aux Germains, guerriers impolis.*

this General wished to investigate your Comte Dufour—foreign Count, who, the instant he arrives, sets about inviting people to supper that are perfect strangers. He took the poor Count for a sharper, and prudently advised M. de la Crochardière not to be duped by him. It was unluckily the good Maréchal that proved to be duped.

"He was born for surprise.	*Il était né pour la surprise.*
His white hair, his gray beard,	*Ses cheveux blancs, sa barbe grise,*
Formed a reverend exterior.	*Formaient un sage extérieur.*
Outsides are often deceptive:	*Le dehors est souvent trompeur;*
He that, by the binding, judges	*Qui juge par la reliure*
Of a book and its author,	*D'un ouvrage et de son auteur*
May, after a page of reading	*Dans une page de lecture*
Chance to recognize his mistake.	*Peut reconnaître son erreur.*

[1] "With only one boot" was the milder rumor, which we adopted (*suprà*, vol. iii., p. 60); but this sadder one, too, was current; and "Broglio's breeches," or the vain aspiration after them, like a vanished ghost of breeches, often enough turn up in the old Pamphlets.

"That was my own experience ; for of wisdom I could find nothing except in his gray hair and decrepit appearance. His first opening betrayed him ; no great well of wit this Maréchal,

"Who, drunk with his own grandeur,	*Qui, de sa grandeur enivré,*
Informs you of his name and his titles,	*Décline son nom et ses titres,*
And authority as good as unlimited.	*Et son pouvoir à rien borné.*
He cited to me all the records	*Il me cita tous les registres*
Where his name is registered,	*Où son nom est enregistré ;*
Babbled about his immense power,	*Bavard de son pouvoir immense,*
About his valor, his talents	*De sa valeur, de ces talents*
So salutary to France :	*Si salutaires à la France :*
He forgot that, three years ago,[1]	*Il oubliait, passé trois ans,*
Men did not praise his prudence.	*Qu'on ne louait pas sa prudence.*

"Not satisfied with seeing the Maréchal, I saw guard mounted.

"By these Frenchmen, burning with glory,	*A ces Français brûlants de gloire,*
Who, on four sous a day,	*Dotés de quatre sous par jour,*
Will make of kings and of heroes the memory flourish :	*Qui des rois, des héros font fleurir la mémoire,*
Slaves crowned by the hands of Victory,	*Esclaves couronnés des mains de la victoire,*
Unlucky herds whom the court	*Troupeaux malheureux que le cour*
Tinkles hither and thither by the sound of fife and drum.	*Dirige au seul bruit du tambour.*

"That was my fated term. A deserter from our troops got eye on me, recognized me, and denounced me.

"This wretched gallows-bird got eye on me ;	*Ce malheureux pendard me vit,*
Such is the lot of all earthly things ;	*C'est le sort de toutes les choses ;*
And so of our fine mystery	*Ainsi de notre pot aux roses*
The whole secret came to light."	*Tout le secret se découvrit.*

Well, we must take this glimpse, such as it is, into the interior of the young man—fine, buoyant, pungent German spirit, road-ways for it very bad, and universal rain-torrents

[1] Six to a nearness—"15th September, 1734"—if your Majesty will be exact.

falling, yet with coruscations from a higher quarter—and you can forget, if need be, the "Literature" of this young Majesty, as you would a staccato on the flute by him! In after months, on new occasion rising, "there was no end to his jibings and bitter pleasantries on the ridiculous reception Broglio had given him at Strasburg," says Valori,[1] of which this Doggerel itself offers specimen.

"Probably the weakest Piece I ever translated?" exclaims one, who has translated several such. Nevertheless, there is a straggle of pungent sense in it, like the outskirts of lightning seen in that dismally wet weather which the Royal Party had. Its wit is very copious, but slashy, bantery, and proceeds mainly by exaggeration and turning topsyturvy; a rather barren species of wit. Of humor, in the fine poetic sense, no vestige. But there is surprising veracity—truthfulness unimpeachable, if you will read well. What promptitude, too—what funds for conversation, when needed! This scraggy Piece, which is better than the things people often talk to one another, was evidently written as fast as the pen could go. "It is done, if such a Hand could have *done* it, in the manner of Bachaumont and La Chapelle," says Voltaire scornfully, in that scandalous *Vie Privée*, of which phrase this is the commentary, if readers need one:

"Some seventy or eighty years before that date, a M. Bachaumont and a M. la Chapelle, his intimate, published in Prose, skipping off into dancings of Verse every now and then, 'a charming *Relation* of a certain *Voyage* or Home Tour' (whence or whither, or correctly when, this Editor forgets),[2] which they had made in partnership. '*Relation*' capable still of being read, if one were tolerably idle; it was found then to be charming by all the world, and gave rise to a new fashion

[1] *Mémoires*, i., 88.

[2] "First printed in 1665," say the Bibliographies, "but known to La Fontaine some time before." Good! Bachaumont, practically an important and distinguished person, not literary by trade, or indeed otherwise than by ennui, was he that had given (some fifteen years before) the Nickname *Fronde* (Bickering of Schoolboys) to the wretched Historical Object which is still so designated in French annals.

in writing, which Voltaire often adopts, and is supremely good at, and in which Friedrich, who is also fond of it, by no means succeeds so well."

Enough, Friedrich got to Wesel, back to his business, in a day or two, and had done, as we forever have, with the Strasburg Escapade and its Doggerel.

Friedrich finds M. de Maupertuis; not yet M. de Voltaire.

Friedrich got to Wesel on the 29th; found Maupertuis waiting there, according to appointment; an elaborately polite, somewhat sublimè scientific gentleman; ready to "ingraft on the Berlin crab-tree," and produce real apples and Academics there, so soon as the King, the proprietor, may have leisure for such a thing. Algarotti has already the honor of some acquaintance with Maupertuis. Maupertuis has been at Brussels, on the road hither; saw Voltaire and even Madame, which latter was rather a ticklish operation, owing to grudges and tiffs of quarrel that had risen, but it proved successful under the delicate guidance of Voltaire. Voltaire is up to oiling the wheels: "There you are, Monsieur, like the"—(don't name What, though profane Voltaire does, writing to Maupertuis a month ago)—"Three Kings running after you!" A new Pension to you from France; Russia outbidding France to have you; and then that *Letter* of Friedrich's, which is in all the Newspapers: "Three Kings"—you plainly great man, Trismegistus of the Sciences called Pure! Madame honors you, has always done: one word of apology to the high female mind; it will work wonders; come now![1]

No reader guesses in our time what a shining celestial body the Maupertuis, who is now fallen so dim again, then was to mankind. In cultivated French society there is no such lion as M. Maupertuis since he returned from flattening the Earth in the Arctic regions. "The Exact Sciences, what else is there to depend on?" thinks French cultivated society: "and has not Monsieur done a feat in that line?" Monsieur, with fine ex-

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxii., 216, 217, 230 (Hague, 21st July, 1740, and Brussels, 9th Aug., &c.).

military manners, has a certain austere gravity, reticent loftiness, and polite dogmatism, which confirms that opinion. A studious ex-military man—was Captain of Dragoons once, but too fond of study—who is conscious to himself, or who would fain be conscious, that he is, in all points, mathematical, moral, and other, the man. A difficult man to live with in society. Comes really near the limit of what we call genius, of originality, poetic greatness in thinking, but never once can get fairly over said limit, though always struggling dreadfully to do so. Think of it! A fatal kind of man, especially if you have made a lion of him at any time. Of his envies, deep-hidden splenetic discontents and rages, with Voltaire's return for them, there will be enough to say in the ulterior stages. He wears—at least ten years hence he openly wears, though I hope it is not yet so flagrant—"a red wig with yellow bottom (*crinière jaune*);" and as Flattener of the Earth, is, with his own flattish red countenance and impregnable stony eyes, a man formidable to look upon, though intent to be amiable if you do the proper homage. As to the quarrel with Madame take this Note, which may prove illustrative of some things by-and-by:

Maupertuis is well known at Cirey; such a lion could not fail there. All manner of Bernouillis, Clairauts, high mathematical people, are frequent guests at Cirey; reverenced by Madame, who, indeed, has had her own private Professor of Mathematics—one König, from Switzerland (recommended by those Bernouillis) diligently teaching her the Pure Sciences this good while back, not without effect, and has only just parted with him, when she left on this Brussels expedition. A *bon garçon*, Voltaire says; though otherwise, I think, a little noisy on occasion. There has been no end of Madame's kindness to him, nay, to his Brother and him, sons of a Theological Professorial Syriac-Hebrew kind of man at Berne who has too many sons; and I grieve to report that this heedless König has produced an explosion in Madame's feelings such as little beseemed him. On the road to Paris, namely, as we drove hitherward to the Honsbruck Lawsuit by way of Paris in Autumn last, there had fallen out some dispute about the monads, the *vis viva*, the infinitely little, between Madame

and König; dispute which rose *crescendo* in disharmonious duet, and "ended," testifies M. de Voltaire, "in a scene *très désagréable*." Madame, with an effort, forgave the thoughtless fellow, who is still rather young, and is without malice. But thoughtless König, strong in his opinion about the infinitely little, appealed to Maupertuis: "Am not I right, Monsieur?" "*He* is right, beyond question!" wrote Maupertuis to Madame; "somewhat dryly," thinks Voltaire; and the result is, there is considerable rage in one celestial mind ever since against another male one in red wig and yellow bottom, and they are not on speaking terms for a good many months past. Voltaire has his heart sore ("*j'en ai le cœur percé*") about it; needs to double-dose Maupertuis with flattery; and, in fact, has used the utmost diplomacy to effect some varnish of a reconcilement as Maupertuis passed on this occasion. As for König, who had studied in some Dutch University, he went by-and-by to be Librarian to the Prince of Orange; and we shall not fail to hear of him again—once more upon the infinitely little.[1]

Voltaire too, in his way, is fond of these mathematical people; eager enough to fish for knowledge, here as in all elements, when he has the chance offered: this is much an interest of his at present. And he does attain sound ideas, outlines of ideas, in this province, though privately defective in the due transcendency of admiration for it; was wont to discuss cheerily with König about *vis viva*, monads, gravitation, and the infinitely little; above all, bows to the ground before the red-wigged Bashaw, Flattener of the Earth, whom, for Madame's sake and his own, he is anxious to be well with. "Fall on your face nine times, ye esoteric of only Impure Science!" intimates Maupertuis to mankind. "By all means!" answers M de Voltaire, doing it with alacrity; with a kind of loyalty, one can perceive, and also with a hypocrisy grounded on love of peace. If that is the nature of the Bashaw, and one's sole mode of fishing knowledge from him, why not? thinks M. de Voltaire. His patience with M. de Maupertuis, first and last, was very great. But we shall find it explode at length, a dozen years hence, in a conspicuous manner!

"Maupertuis had come to us to Cirey, with Jean Bernouilli," says Voltaire; and thenceforth Maupertuis, who was born the most jealous of men, took me for the object of this pas-

[1] From *Œuvres de Voltaire*, ii., 126; lxxii. (20, 216, 230); lxiii. (229–239). &c., &c.

sion, which has always been very dear to him."[1] Husht, Monsieur! Here is a poor rheumatic kind of Letter, which illustrates the interim condition, after that varnish of reconcilement at Brussels:

Voltaire to M. de Maupertuis (at Wesel, waiting for the King, or with him rather).

"Brussels, 29th August (1740), 3*d year since the world flattened.*

"How the Devil, great Philosopher, would you have had me write to you at Wesel? I fancied you gone from Wesel, to seek the King of Sages on his Journey somewhere. I had understood, too, they were so delighted to have you in that fortified lodge (*bouge fortifié*) that you must be taking pleasure there, for he that gives pleasure gets it.

"You have already seen the jolly ambassador of the amiablest Monarch in the world"—Camas, a fattish man, on his road to Versailles (who called at Brussels here, with fine compliments, and a keg of Hungary Wine, as *you* may have heard whispered). "No doubt M. de Camas is with you. For my own share, I think it is after you that he is running at present. But in truth, at the hour while I say this, you are with the King;" a lucky guess: King did return to Wesel this very day. "The Philosopher and the Prince perceive already that they are made for each other. You and M. Algarotti will say, *Faciamus hic tria tabernacula;* as to me, I can only make *duo tabernacula*"—profane Voltaire!

"Without doubt I would be with you if I were not at Brussels; but my heart is with you all the same, and is the subject, all the same, of a King who is formed to reign over every thinking and feeling being. I do not despair that Madame du Châtelet will find herself somewhere on your route: it will be a scene in a fairy tale; she will arrive with a *sufficient reason*" (as your Leibnitz says) "and with *monads*. She does not love you the less though she now believes the universe a *plenum*, and has renounced the notion of *void*. Over her you have an ascendant which you will never lose. In fine, my dear Monsieur, I wish as ardently as she to embrace you the soonest possible. I recommend myself to your friendship in the Court, worthy of you, where you now are.—*Tout à vous*, somewhat rheumatic![2]

[1] *Vie Privée.*

[2] Voltaire, lxxii., p. 243.

Always an anxious, almost tremulous desire to conciliate this big, glaring geometrical bully in red wig. Through the sensitive transparent being of M. de Voltaire, you may see that feeling almost painfully busy in every Letter he writes to the Flattener of the Earth.

CHAPTER IV.

VOLTAIRE'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH FRIEDRICH.

At Wesel, in the rear of all this traveling and excitement, Friedrich falls unwell; breaks down there into an aguish, feverish distemper, which for several months after impeded his movements, would he have yielded to it. He has much business on hand, too—some of it of prickly nature just now—but is intent as ever on seeing Voltaire, among the first things. Diligently reading in the Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence (which is a sad jumble of misdates and opacities in the common editions),[1] this of the aguish condition frequently turns up: "Quartan ague," it seems, occasionally very bad; but Friedrich struggles with it—will not be cheated of any of his purposes by it.

He had a busy fortnight here—busier than we yet imagine. Much employment there naturally is of the usual Inspection sort, which fails in no quarter of his Dominions, but which may be particularly important here, in these disputed Berg-Jülich Countries, when the time of decision falls. How he does his Inspections we know; and there are still weightier matters afoot here, in a silent way, of which we shall have to speak before long, and all the world will speak. Business enough, parts of it grave and silent, going on, and the much that is public, miscellaneous, small; done, all of it, in a rapid, punctual, precise manner; and always, after the crowded day, some passages of Supper with the Sages, to wind up with on

[1] Preuss (the recent latest Editor, and the only well-informed one, as we said) prints with accuracy, but can not be *read* at all (in the sense of *understood*) without other light.

melodious terms. A most alert and miscellaneously busy young King, in spite of the ague.

It was in these Cleve Countries, and now as probably as afterward, that the light scene recorded in Laveaux's poor *History*, and in all the Anecdote-Books, transacted itself one day. Substance of the story is true, though the details of it go all at random—somewhat to this effect:

"Inspecting his Finance Affairs, and questioning the parties interested, Friedrich notices a certain Convent in Cleve which appears to have, payable from the Forest-dues, considerable revenues bequeathed by the old Dukes 'for masses to be said on their behalf.' He goes to look at the place; questions the Monks on this point, who are all drawn out in two rows, and have broken into *Te-Deum* at sight of him: Husht! 'You still say those Masses, then?' 'Certainly, your Majesty!' 'And what good does any body get of them?' 'Your Majesty, those old Sovereigns are to obtain Heavenly mercy by them, to be delivered out of Purgatory by them.' 'Purgatory? It is a sore thing for the Forests, all this while! And they are not yet out, those poor souls, after so many hundred years of praying?' Monks have a fatal apprehension, No. 'When will they be out, and the thing complete?' Monks can not say. 'Send me a courier whenever it *is* complete!' sneers the King, and leaves them to their *Te-Deum*."[1]

Mournful state of the Catholic Religion, so-called! How long must these wretched Monks go on doing their lazy, thrice-deleterious, torpid blasphemy, and a King, not histrionic, but real, merely signify that he laughs at them and it? Meseems a heavier whip than that of satire might be in place here, your Majesty? The lighter whip is easier. Ah! yes, undoubtedly! cry many men. But horrible accounts are

[1] C. Hildebrandt's Modern Edition of the (mostly dubious) *Anekdoten und Charakterzüge aus dem Leben Friedrichs des Grossen* (and a very ignorant and careless Edition it is; 6 vols. 12mo, Halberstadt, 1829), ii., 160; Laveaux (whom we already cited), *Vie de Frédéric;* &c., &c. Nicolai's *Anekdoten* alone, which are not included in this Hildebrandt Collection, are of sure authenticity; the rest, occasionally true, and often with a kind of *mythic* truth in them worth attending to, are otherwise of all degrees of dubiety, down to the palpably false and absurd.

running up, enough to sink the world at last, while the heavier whip is lazily withheld, and lazy blasphemy, fallen torpid, chronic, and quite unconscious of being blasphemous, insinuates itself into the very heart's-blood of mankind! Patience, however; the heavy whip too is coming, unless universal death be coming. King Friedrich is not the man to wield such whip. Quite other work is in store for King Friedrich; and Nature will not, by any suggestion of that terrible task, put him out in the one he has. He is nothing of a Luther, of a Cromwell; can look upon fakeers praying by their rotatory calabash as a ludicrous platitude, and grin delicately as above, with the approval of his wiser contemporaries. Speed to him on his own course!

What answer Friedrich found to his English proposals—answer due here on the 24th from Captain Dickens—I do not pointedly learn, but can judge of it by Harrington's reply to that Dispatch of Dickens's, which entreated candor and open dealing toward his Prussian Majesty. Harrington is at Herrenhausen, still with the Britannic Majesty there; both of them much at a loss about their Spanish War, and the French and other aspects upon it: "Suppose his Prussian Majesty were to give himself to France against us!" We will hope, not. Harrington's reply is to the effect, "Hum, drum: Berg and Jülich, say you? Impossible to answer; minds not made up here. What will his Prussian Majesty do for *us?*" Not much, I should guess, till something more categorical come from you! His Prussian Majesty is careful not to spoil any thing by over-haste, but will wait and try farther to the utmost whether England or France is the likelier bargain for him.

Better still, the Prussian Majesty is intent to do something for himself in that Berg-Jülich matter: we find him silently examining these Wesel localities for a proper "Intrenched Camp"—Camp say of 40,000, against a certain contingency that may be looked for—Camp which will much occupy the Gazetteers when they get eye on it. This is one of the concerns he silently attends to, on occasion, while riding about in the Cleve Countries. Then there is another small item of

business, important to do well, which is now in silence diligently getting under way at Wesel ; which also is of remarkable nature, and will astonish the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles. This is the affair with the Bishop of Liége, called also the Affair of Herstal, which his Majesty has had privately laid up in the corner of his mind as a thing to be done during this Excursion, of which the reader shall hear anon, to great lengths, were a certain small preliminary matter, Voltaire's Arrival in these parts, once off our hands.

Friedrich's First Meeting with Voltaire ! These other high things were once loud in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles, and had no doubt *they* were the World's History ; and now they are sunk wholly to the Nightmares, and all mortals have forgotten them, and it is such a task as seldom was to resuscitate the least memory of them, on just cause of a Friedrich or the like, so impatient are men of what is putrid and extinct ; and a quite unnoticed thing, Voltaire's First Interview, all readers are on the alert for it, and ready to demand of me impossibilities about it ! Patience, readers. You shall see it, without and within, in such light as there was, and form some actual notion of it, if you will co-operate. From the circumambient inanity of Old Newspapers, Historical shot-rubbish, and unintelligible Correspondences, we sift out the following particulars of this First Meeting, or actual Osculation of the Stars.

The Newspapers, though their eyes were not yet of the Argus quality now familiar to us, have been intent on Friedrich during this Baireuth-Cleve Journey, especially since that sudden eclipse of him at Strasburg lately, forming now one scheme of route for him, now another ; Newspapers, and even private friends, being a good deal uncertain about his movements. Rumor now ran, since his reappearance in the Cleve Countries, that Friedrich meant to have a look at Holland before going home. And that had, in fact, been a notion or intention of Friedrich's. "Holland ? We could pass through Brussels on the way, and see Voltaire ! " thought he.

In Brussels this was, of course, the rumor of rumors, as

Voltaire's Letters, visibly in a twitter, still testify to us. King of Prussia coming! Madame du Châtelet, the "Princess Tour" (that is, Tour-and-Taxis), all manner of high Dames, are on the tiptoe. Princess Tour hopes she shall lodge this unparalleled Prince in her Palace: "You, Madame?" answers the Du Châtelet, privately, with a toss of her head; "his Majesty, I hope, belongs more to M. de Voltaire and me: he shall lodge here, please Heaven!" Voltaire, I can observe, has sublime hostelry arrangements chalked out for his Majesty, in case he go to Paris—which he doesn't, as we know. Voltaire is all on the alert, awake to the great contingencies far and near; the Châtelet-Voltaire breakfast-table—fancy it on those interesting mornings, while the post comes round![1]

Alas! in the first days of September—Friedrich's Letter is dated "Wesel, 2d" (and has the *Strasburg Doggerel* inclosed in it)—the Brussels Postman delivers far other intelligence at one's door, very mortifying to Madame: "That his Majesty is fallen ill at Wesel; has an aguish fever hanging on him, and only hopes to come:" *Voilà*, Madame! Next Letter, Wesel, Monday, 5th Sept., is to the effect, "Do still much hope to come; to-morrow is my trembling day; if that prove to be off!" Out upon it, that proves not to be off; that is on. Next Letter, Tuesday, Sept. 6th, which comes by express (Courier dashing up with it, say on the Thursday following), is—alas! Madame!—here it is:

King Friedrich to M. de Voltaire at Brussels.

"Wesel, 6th Sept., 1740.

"My dear Voltaire,—In spite of myself, I have to yield to the Quartan Fever, which is more tenacious than a Jansenist; and whatever desire I had of going to Antwerp and Brussels, I find myself not in a condition to undertake such a journey without risk. I would ask of you, then, if the road from Brussels to Cleve would not to *you* seem too long for a meeting; it is the one means of seeing you which remains to me. Confess that I am unlucky; for now, when I could dispose of my person, and nothing hinders me from seeing you, the fever

[1] Voltaire, lxxii., 238–256 (Letters, 22d August—22d September, 1740).

gets its hand into the business, and seems to intend disputing me that satisfaction.

"Let us deceive the fever, my dear Voltaire, and let me at least have the pleasure of embracing you. Make my best excuses" (polite, rather than sincere) "to Madame the *Marquise*, that I can not have the satisfaction of seeing her at Brussels. All that are about me know the intention I was in, which certainly nothing but the fever could have made me change.

"Sunday next I shall be at a little Place near Cleve"—Schloss of Moyland, which, and the route to which, this Courier can tell you of—"where I shall be able to possess you at my ease. If the sight of you don't cure me, I will send for a Confessor at once. Adieu; you know my sentiments and my heart." [1]—

FÉDERIC.

After which the Correspondence suddenly extinguishes itself; ceases for about a fortnight—in the bad *mis*dated Editions even does worse—and we are left to thick darkness, to our own poor shifts, Dryasdust being grandly silent on this small interest of ours. What is to be done?

Particulars of First Interview, on severe Scrutiny.

Here, from a painful Predecessor whose Papers I inherit, are some old Documents and Studies on the subject—sorrowful collection, in fact, of what poor sparks of certainty were to be found hovering in that dark element—which do at last (so luminous are *certainties* always, or "sparks" that will shine *steady*) coalesce into some feeble general twilight, feeble but indubitable, and even show the sympathetic reader *how* they were searched out and brought together. We number and label these poor Patches of Evidence on so small a matter, and leave them to the curious:

No. 1. *Date of the First Interview.*—It is certain Voltaire did arrive at the little Schloss of Moyland, Sept. 11th, Sunday night, which is the "Sunday" just specified in Friedrich's Letter. Voltaire had at once decided on complying—what else?—and lost no time in packing himself. King's Courier on Thursday late; Voltaire on the road on Saturday early, or the night before, with Madame's shrill blessing (not the most

[1] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédréic*, xxii., 7.

musical in this vexing case), and plenty of fuss. "Was wont to travel in considerable style," I am told; "the innkeepers calling him 'Your Lordship (*M. le Comte*).'" Arrives, sure enough, Sunday night; old Schloss of Moyland, six miles from Cleve; "moonlight," I find—the Harvest Moon. Visit lasted three days.[1]

No. 2. *Voltaire's Drive thither.*—Schloss Moyland: How far from Brussels, and by what route? By Louvain, Tillemont, Tongres to Maestricht; then from Maestricht up the Maas (left bank) to Venlo, where cross; through Geldern and Goch to Cleve; between the Maas and Rhine this last portion. Flat, damp country; tolerably under tillage; original constituents bog and sand. Distances I guess to be: To Tongres, 60 miles and odd; to Maestricht, 12 or 15; from Maestricht, 75; in all, 150 miles English. Two days' driving? There is equinoctial moon, and still above twelve hours of sunlight for "M. le Comte."

No. 3. *Of the Place Where.*—Voltaire, who should have known, calls it "*petit Château de Meuse*," which is a Castle existing nowhere but in Dreams. Other French Biographers are still more imaginary. The little Schloss of Moyland—by no means "Meuse," nor even *Mörs*, which Voltaire probably means in saying *Château de Meuse*—was, as the least inquiry settles beyond question, the place where Voltaire and Friedrich first met. Friedrich Wilhelm used often to lodge there in his Cleve journeys: he made thither for shelter in the sickness that overtook him in friend Ginkel's house, coming home from the Rhine Campaign in 1734; lay there for several weeks after quitting Ginkel's. Any other light I can get upon it is darkness visible. Büsching pointedly informs me,[2] "It is a Parish" (or patch of country under one priest), "and Till *and* it are a Jurisdiction" (pair of patches under one court of justice), which does not much illuminate the inquiring mind. Small patch, this of Moyland, size not given; "was bought," says he, "in 1695, by Friedrich, afterward First King, from the Family of Spaen"—we once knew a Lieutenant Spaen, of those Dutch regions—"and was named a Royal Mansion ever thereafter." Who lived in it; what kind of thing was it, is it? *Altum silentium*, from Büsching and mankind. Belonged to the Spaens fifty years ago; some shadow of our poor banished friend the Lieutenant resting on it? Dim enough old Mansion, with "court" to it, with modicum of equipment,

[1] Rödenbeck, p. 21; Preuss, &c, &c. [2] *Erdbeschreibung*, v., 659, 677.

lying there in the moonlight; did not look sublime to Voltaire on stepping out. So that all our knowledge reduces itself to this one point: of finding Moyland in the Map, with *date*, with *reminiscence* to us, hanging by it henceforth. Good.[1]

Mörs—which is near the Town of Ruhrort, about midway between Wesel and Düsseldorf—must be some forty miles from Moyland, forty-five from Cleve; southward of both. So that the place, "*à deux lieues de Clèves*," is, even by Voltaire's showing, this Moyland, were there otherwise any doubt upon it. "Château de *Meuse*"—hanging out a prospect of *Mörs* to us—is bad usage to readers. Of an intelligent man, not to say a Trismegistus of men, one expects he will know in what town he is after three days' experience, as here. But he does not always; he hangs out a mere "shadow of Mörs by moonlight," till we learn better. Duvernet, his Biographer, even calls it "*Sleus-Meuse*;" some wonderful idea of Sluices and a River attached to it, in Duvernet's head![2]

What Voltaire thought of the Interview Twenty Years afterward.

Of the Interview itself, with general bird's-eye view of the Visit combined (in a very incorrect state), there is direct testimony by Voltaire himself. Voltaire himself, twenty years after, in far other humor, all jarred into angry sarcasm, for causes we shall see by-and-by—Voltaire, at the request of friends, writes down, as his Friedrich Reminiscences, that scandalous *Vie Privée* above spoken of, a most sad Document; and this is the passage referring to "the little Place in the neighborhood of Cleve" where Friedrich now waited for him: errors corrected by our laborious Friend. After quoting something of that Strasburg Doggerel, the whole of which is now too well known to us, Voltaire proceeds:

"From Strasburg he," King Friedrich, "went to see his Lower German Provinces; he said he would come and see me incognito at Brussels. We prepared a fine house for him"—were ready to prepare such hired house as we had for him, with many apologies for its slight degree of perfection (*error*

[1] Stieler's *Deutschland* (excellent Map in 25 Pieces), Piece 12. Till is a mile or two northeast from Moyland, Moyland about 5 or 6 southeast from Cleve.

[2] Duvernet (2d *form* of him—that is, *Vie de Voltaire par* T. J. D. V.), p. 117.

first)—"but having fallen ill in the little Mansion-Royal of Meuse (*Château de Meuse*), a couple of leagues from Cleve"—fell ill at Wesel; and there is no Château de *Meuse* in the world (*errors 2d and 3d*)—"he wrote to me that he expected I would make the advances. I went, accordingly, to present my profound homages. Maupertuis, who already had his views, and was possessed with the rage of being President to an Academy, had of his own accord"—no, being invited, and at my suggestion (*error 4th*)—"presented himself there, and was lodged with Algarotti and Keyserling" (which latter, I suppose, had come from Berlin, not being of the Strasburg party, he) "in a garret of this Palace.

"At the door of the court I found, by way of guard, one soldier. Privy Councilor Rambonet, Minister of State"—(very subaltern man; never heard of him except in the Herstal Business, and here)—"was walking in the court, blowing in his fingers to keep them warm." Sunday night, 11th September, 1740, world all bathed in moonshine, and mortals mostly shrunk into their huts, out of the raw air. "He" (Rambonet) "wore big linen ruffles at his wrists, very dirty" (visibly so in the moonlight? *Error 5th* extends *ad libitum* over all the following details): "a holed hat; an old official periwig"—ruined into a totally unsymmetric state, as would seem—"one side of which hung down into one of his pockets, and the other scarcely crossed his shoulder. I was told this man was now intrusted with an affair of importance here, and that proved true"—the Herstal Affair.

"I was led into his Majesty's apartment. Nothing but four bare walls there. By the light of a candle, I perceived in a closet a little truckle-bed two feet and a half broad, on which lay a little man muffled up in a dressing-gown of coarse blue duffel: this was the King, sweating and shivering under a wretched blanket there, in a violent fit of fever. I made my reverence, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his chief physician. The fit over, he dressed himself, and took his place at table. Algarotti, Keyserling, Maupertuis, and the King's Envoy to the States-General"—one Räsfeld (skilled in *Herstal* matters, I could guess)—"we were of this supper, and discussed, naturally in a profound manner, the Immortality of the Soul, Liberty, Fate, the Androgynes of Plato" (the *Androgynoi*, or Men-Women, in Plato's *Convivium;* by no means the finest symbolic fancy of the divine Plato), "and other small topics of that nature."[1]

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Piece once called *Vie Privée*), ii., 26, 27.

This is Voltaire's account of the Visit, which included *three* "Suppers," all huddled into one by him here; and he says nothing more of it, launching off now into new errors, about *Herstal*, the *Anti-Machiavel*, and so forth; new and uglier errors, with much more of mendacity and serious malice in them than in this harmless half dozen now put on the score against him.

Of this Supper-Party I know by face four of the guests: Maupertuis, Voltaire, Algarotti, Keyserling; Räsfeld, Rambonet, can sit as simulacra or mute accompaniment. Voltaire arrived on Sunday evening; staid till Wednesday. Wednesday morning, 14th of the month, the Party broke up: Voltaire rolling off to left hand, toward Brussels, or the Hague; King to right, on inspection business, and circuitously homeward. Three Suppers there had been, two busy Days intervening; discussions about Fate and the Androgynoi of Plato by no means the one thing done by Voltaire and the rest on this occasion. We shall find elsewhere, "he declaimed his *Mahomet*" (sublime new Tragedy, not yet come out) in the course of these three evenings, to the "speechless admiration" of his Royal Host, for one; and, in the daytime, that he even drew his pen about the Herstal Business, which is now getting to its crisis, and wrote one of the Manifestoes, still discoverable. And we need not doubt, in spite of his now sneering tone, that things ran high and grand here, in this paltry little Schloss of Moyland, and that those Three were actually Suppers of the Gods for the time being.

"Councilor Rambonet," with the holed hat and unsymmetric wig, continues Voltaire, in the satirical vein, "had meanwhile mounted a hired hack (*cheval de louage;*" mischievous Voltaire, I have no doubt he went on wheels, probably of his own): "he rode all night, and next morning arrived at the gates of Liége, where he took Act in the name of the King his Master, while 2000 men of the Wesel Troops laid Liége under contribution. The pretext of this fine Marching of Troops"—not a pretext at all, but the assertion, correct in all points, of just claims long trodden down, and now made good with more spirit than had been expected—"was certain

rights which the King pretended to over a suburb of Liége. He even charged me to work at a Manifesto ; and I made one, good or bad, not doubting but a King with whom I supped, and who called me his friend, must be in the right. The affair soon settled itself by means of a million of ducats "—nothing like the sum, as we shall see—"which he exacted by weight, to clear the costs of the Tour to Strasburg, which, according to his complaint in that Poetic Letter" (Doggerel above given), "were so heavy."

That is Voltaire's view, grown very corrosive after Twenty Years. He admits, with all the satire, "I naturally felt myself attached to him ; for he had wit, graces ; and, moreover, he was a King, which always forms a potent seduction, so weak is human nature. Usually it is we of the writing sort that flatter Kings ; but this King praised me from head to foot, while the Abbé Desfontaines and other scoundrels (*gredins*) were busy defaming me in Paris at least once a week."

What Voltaire thought of the Interview at the Time.

But let us take the contemporary account, which also we have at first hand, which is almost pathetic to read, such a contrast between ruddy morning and the storms of the afternoon ! Here are Two Letters from Voltaire—fine, transparent, human Letters, as his generally are ; the first of them written directly on getting back to the Hague, and to the feeling of his eclipsed condition.

Voltaire to M. de Maupertuis (with the King).

"The Hague, 18th September, 1740.

"I serve you, Monsieur, sooner than I promised, and that is the way you ought to be served. I send you the answer of M. Smith "—probably some German or Dutch *Schmidt*, spelt here in English, connected with the Sciences, say with water-carriage, the typographies, or one need not know what—"you will see where the question stands.

"When we both left Cleve"—14th of the month, Wednesday last ; 18th is Sunday, in this old cobwebby Palace where I am correcting *Anti-Machiavel*—"and you took to the right" —King homeward, got to *Ham* that evening—"I could have

thought I was at the Last Judgment, where the Bon Dieu separates the elect from the damned. *Divus Fredericus* said to you, 'Sit down at my right hand in the Paradise of Berlin;' and to me, 'Depart, thou accursed, into Holland.'

"Here I am accordingly in this phlegmatic place of punishment, far from the divine fire which animates the Friedrichs, the Maupertuis, the Algarottis. For God's love, do me the charity of some sparks in these stagnant waters where I am"—stiffening, cooling—"stupefying to death. Instruct me of your pleasures, of your designs. You will doubtless see M. de Valori"—readers know de Valori; his Book has been published; edited, as too usual, by a Human Nightmare, ignorant of his subject, and, indeed, of almost all other things, and liable to mistakes in every page, yet partly readable if you carry lanterns, and love "*mon gros Valori*"—"offer him, I pray you, my respects. If I do not write to him, the reason is, I have no news to send: I should be as exact as I am devoted, if my correspondence could be useful or agreeable to him.

"Won't you have me send you some Books? If I be still in Holland when your orders come, I will obey in a moment. I pray you do not forget me to M. de Keyserling"—Cæsarion whom we once had at Cirey; a headlong, dusky little man of wit (library turned topsy-turvy, as Wilhelmina called him), whom we have seen.

"Tell me, I beg, if the enormous monad of Wolfius"—(Wolf, would the reader like to hear about him? If so, he has only to speak!)—"is arguing at Marburg, at Berlin, or at Hall" (*Halle*, which is a very different place).

"Adieu, Monsieur; you can address your orders to me 'At the Hague:' they will be forwarded wherever I am; and I shall be, any where on earth, yours forever (*à vous pour jamais*)."[1]

Letter Second, of which a fragment may be given, is to one Cideville, a month later; all the more genuine, as there was no chance of the King's hearing about this one. Cideville, some kind of literary Advocate at Rouen (who is wearisomely known to the reader of Voltaire's Letters), had done, what is rather an endemical disorder at this time, some Verses for the King of Prussia, which he wished to be presented to his

[1] Voltaire, lxxii., 252.

Majesty. The presentation, owing to accidents, did not take place; hear how Voltaire, from his cobweb Palace at the Hague, busy with *Anti-Machiavel*, Van Duren, and many other things—18th October 1740, on which day we find him writing many Letters—explains the sad accident:

Voltaire to M. de Cideville (at Rouen).

"At the Hague, King of Prussia's Palace, 18th October, 1740.

* * * "This is my case, dear Cideville. When you sent me, inclosed in your Letter, those Verses (among which there are some of charming and inimitable turn) for our Marcus Aurelius of the North, I did well design to pay my court to him with them. He was at that time to have come to Brussels incognito; we expected him there; but the Quartan Fever, which unhappily he still has, deranged all his projects. He sent me a courier to Brussels"—mark that point, my Cideville—"and so I set out to find him in the neighborhood of Cleve.

"It was there I saw one of the amiablest men in the world, who forms the charm of society, who would be every where sought after if he were not King; a philosopher without austerity; full of sweetness, complaisance, and obliging ways (*agrémens*); not remembering that he is King when he meets his friends; indeed, so completely forgetting it that he made me too almost forget it, and I needed an effort of memory to recollect that I here saw sitting at the foot of my bed a Sovereign who had an Army of 100,000 men. That was the moment to have read your amiable Verses to him"—yes; but then?—"Madame du Châtelet, who was to have sent them to me, did not, *ne l'a pas fait*." Alas! no, they are still at Brussels, those charming Verses; and I, for a month past, am here in my cobweb Palace! But I swear to you, the instant I return to Brussels, I, &c., &c.[1]

Finally, here is what Friedrich thought of it, ten days after parting with Voltaire. We will read this also (though otherwise ahead of us as yet), to be certified on all sides, and sated for the rest of our lives concerning the Friedrich-Voltaire First Interview.

[1] lxxii., 282.

King Friedrich to M. Jordan (at Berlin).

"Potsdam, 24th September, 1740.

"Most respectable Inspector of the poor, the invalids, orphans, crazy people, and Bedlams,—I have read with mature meditation the very profound Jordanic Letter which was waiting here," and do accept your learned proposal.

"I have seen that Voltaire whom I was so curious to know; but I saw him with the Quartan hanging on me, and my mind as unstrung as my body. With men of his kind one ought not to be sick; one ought even to be specially well, and in better health than common, if one could.

"He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildness of Pliny, the wisdom of Agrippa; he combines, in short, what is to be collected of virtues and talents from the three greatest men of Antiquity. His intellect is at work incessantly; every drop of ink is a trait of wit from his pen. He declaimed his *Mahomet* to us, an admirable Tragedy which he has done"—which the Official people smelling heresies in it ("toleration," "horrors of fanaticism," and the like) will not let him act, as readers too well know: "he transported us out of ourselves; I could only admire and hold my tongue. The Du Châtelet is lucky to have him; for of the good things he flings out at random, a person who had no faculty but memory might make a brilliant Book. That Minerva has just published her Work on *Physics;* not wholly bad. It was König'—whom we know, and whose late tempest in a certain teapot—"that dictated the theme to her: she has adjusted, ornamented here and there with some touch picked from Voltaire at her Suppers. The Chapter on Space is pitiable; the"—in short, she is still raw in the Pure Sciences, and should have waited. * * *

"Adieu, most learned, most scientific, most profound Jordan—or, rather, most gallant, most amiable, most jovial Jordan; I salute thee, with assurance of all those old feelings which thou hast the art of inspiring in every one that knows thee. *Vale.*

"I write the moment of my arrival; be obliged to me, friend, for I have been working, I am going to work still, like a Turk, or like a Jordan."[1]

This is hastily thrown off for Friend Jordan the instant after his Majesty's circuitous return home. Readers can not

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii., 71.

yet attend his Majesty there till they have brought the Affair of Herstal, and other remainders of the Cleve Journey, along with them.

CHAPTER V.

AFFAIR OF HERSTAL.

THIS Rambonet, whom Voltaire found walking in the court of the old Castle of Moyland, is an official gentleman, otherwise unknown to History, who has lately been engaged in a Public Affair, and is now off again about it, "on a hired hack" or otherwise, with very good instructions in his head—affair which, though in itself but small, is now beginning to make great noise in the world, as Friedrich wends homeward out of his Cleve Journey. He has set it fairly alight, Voltaire and he, before quitting Moyland, and now it will go of itself—the Affair of Herstal, or of the Bishop of Liége, Friedrich's first appearance on the stage of politics, concerning which some very brief notice, if intelligible, will suffice readers of the present day.

Heristal, now called Herstal, was once a Castle known to all mankind; King Pipin's Castle, who styled himself "Pipin of Heristal" before he became King of the Franks and begot Charlemagne. It lies on the Maas, in that fruitful Spa Country—left bank of the Maas, a little to the north of Liége; and probably began existence as a grander place than Liége (*Lüttich*), which was, at first, some Monastery dependent on secular Herstal and its grandeurs: think only how the race has gone between these two entities; spiritual Liége now a big City, black with the smoke of forges and steam-mills; Herstal an insignificant Village, accidentally talked of for a few weeks in 1740, and no chance ever to be mentioned again by men.

Herstal, in the confused vicissitudes of a thousand years, had passed through various fortunes, and undergone change of owners often enough. Fifty years ago it was in the hands of the Nassau-Orange House; Dutch William, our English

Protestant King, who probably scarce knew of his possessing it, was Lord of Herstal till his death. Dutch William had no children to inherit Herstal: he was of kinship to the Prussian House, as readers are aware; and from that circumstance, not without a great deal of discussion, and difficult "Division of the Orange Heritage," this Herstal had, at the long last, fallen to Friedrich Wilhelm's share—it and Neuchâtel, and the Cobweb Palace, and some other places and pertinents.

For Dutch William was of kin, we say; Friedrich I. of Prussia, by his Mother, the noble Wife of the Great Elector, was full cousin to Dutch William; and the Marriage Contracts were express, though the High Mightinesses made difficulties, and the collateral Orange branches were abundantly reluctant when it came to the fulfilling point. For, indeed, the matter was intricate. Orange itself, for example, what was to be done with the principality of Orange? Clearly Prussia's; but it lies imbedded deep in the belly of France: that will be a Cæsarean-Operation for you! Had not Neuchâtal happened just then to fall home to France (or in some measure to France), and be heirless, Prussia's Heritage of Orange would have done little for Prussia! Principality of Orange was by this chance, long since, mainly in the First King's time, got settled;[1] but there needed many years more of good waiting and of good pushing on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; and it was not till 1732 that Friedrich Wilhelm got the Dutch Heritages finally brought to the square—Neuchâtel and Valengin, as aforesaid, in lieu of Orange; and now, furthermore, the Old Palace at Loo (that *Vieille Cour* and biggest cobwebs), with pertinents, with Garden of Honslardik, and a string of items, bigger and less, not worth enumerating. Of the items, this Herstal was one; and truly, so far as this went, Friedrich Wilhelm often thought he had better never have seen it, so much trouble did it bring him.

[1] Neuchâtel, 3d November, 1707, to Friedrich I., natives preferring him to "Fifteen other Claimants;" Louis XIV. loudly protesting: not till Treaty of Utrecht (14th March, 1713, first month of Friedrich Wilhelm's reign) would Louis XIV., on cession of Orange, consent and sanction.

How the Herstallers had behaved to Friedrich Wilhelm.

The Herstal people, knowing the Prussian recruiting-system and other rigors, were extremely unwilling to come under Friedrich Wilhelm's sway, could they have helped it. They refused fealty, swore they never would swear; nor did they, till the appearance or indubitable foreshine of Friedrich Wilhelm's bayonets advancing on them from the East brought compliance. And always after, spite of such quasi-fealty, they showed a pig-like obstinacy of humor; a certain insignificant, and, as it were, impertinent, deep-rooted desire to thwart, irritate, and contradict the said Friedrich Wilhelm, especially in any recruiting matter that might arise, knowing that to be the weak side of his Prussian Majesty. All this would have amounted to nothing had it not been that their neighbor, the Prince Bishop of Liége, who imagined himself to have some obscure claims of sovereignty over Herstal, and thought the present a good opportunity for asserting these, was diligent to aid and abet the Herstal people in such their mutinous acts. Obscure claims, of which this is the summary, should the reader not prefer to skip it:

"The Bishop of Liége's claims on Herstal (which lie wrapped from mankind in the extensive jungle of his law-pleadings, like a Bedlam happily fallen extinct) seem to me to have grown mainly from two facts more or less radical.

"*Fact first.*—In Kaiser Barbarossa's time, year 1171, Herstal had been given in pawn to the Church of Liége for a loan by the then proprietor, Duke of Lorraine and Brabant. Loan was repaid, I do not learn when, and the Pawn given back, to the satisfaction of said Duke, or Duke's Heirs; never quite to the satisfaction of the Church, which had been in possession, and was loth to quit, after hoping to continue. 'Give us back Herstal; it ought to be ours!' unappeasable sigh or grumble to this effect is heard thenceforth, at intervals, in the Chapter of Liége, and has not ceased in Friedrich's time. But as the world, in its loud thoroughfares, seldom or never heard, or could hear, such sighing in the Chapter, nothing had come of it till—

"*Fact second.*—In Kaiser Karl V.'s time, the Prince Bishop of Liége happened to be a Natural Son of old Kaiser Max's,

and had friends at headquarters of a very choice nature—had, namely, in this sort, Kaiser Karl for Nephew or Half-Nephew; and, what perhaps was still better, as nearer hand, had Karl's Aunt, Maria, Queen of Hungary, then Governess of the Netherlands, for Half-Sister. Liége, in these choice circumstances, and by other good chances that turned up, again got temporary clutch or half-clutch of Herstal for a couple of years (date 1546 '8, the Prince of Orange, real proprietor, whose Ancestor had bought it for money down, being then a minor); once, and perhaps a second time in like circumstance, but had always to renounce it again when the Prince of Orange came to maturity. And ever since, the Chapter of Liége sighs as before, 'Herstal is perhaps in a sense ours. We had once some kind of right to it!'—sigh inaudible in the loud public thoroughfares. That is the Bishop's claim. The name of him, if any body care for it, is 'Georg Ludwig, titular *Count of Berg*,' now a very old man; Bishop of Liége he, and has been snatching at Herstal again, very eagerly, by any skirt or tagrag that might happen to fly loose, these eight years past, in a rash and provoking manner;[1] age eighty-two at present; poor old fool, he had better have sat quiet. There lies a rod in pickle for him during these late months, and will be surprisingly laid on, where the time come!"

"I have Law Authority over Herstal, and power of judging there in the last appeal," said this Bishop. "You!" thought Friedrich Wilhelm, who was far off, and had little time to waste. "Any Prussian recruiter that behaves ill, bring him to me!" said the Bishop, who was on the spot. And, accordingly, it had been done; one notable instance two years ago: A Prussian Lieutenant locked in the Liége jail on complaint of riotous Herstal; thereupon a Prussian Officer of rank (Colonel Kreutzen, worthy old Malplaquet gentleman) coming as Royal Messenger, not admitted to audience, nay, laid hold of by the Liége bailiff instead, and other unheard-of procedures;[2] so that Friedrich Wilhelm had nothing but trouble with this petty Herstal, and must have thought his neighbor Bishop a very contentious, high-flying gentleman, who took

[1] *Délices du Pais de Liége* (Liége, 1738); *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 57–62.
[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 63–73.

great liberties with the Lion's whiskers when he had the big animal at advantage.

The episcopal procedures, eight years ago, about the first Homaging of Herstal, had been of similar complexion; nor had other such failed in the interim, though this last outrage exceeded them all. This last began in the end of 1738, and span itself out through 1739, when Friedrich Wilhelm lay in his final sickness, less able to deal with it than formerly. Being a peaceable man, unwilling to awaken conflagrations for a small matter, Friedrich Wilhelm had offered, through Kreutzen on this occasion, to part with Herstal altogether; to sell it "for 100,000 thalers," say £16,000, to the high-flying Bishop, and honestly wash his hands of it. But the high-flying Bishop did not consent, gave no definite answer, and so the matter lay—like an unsettled extremely irritating paltry little matter—at the time Friedrich Wilhelm died.

The Gazetteers and public knew little about these particulars, or had forgotten them again; but at the Prussian Court they were in lively remembrance. What the young Friedrich's opinion about them had been we gather from this succinct notice of the thing, written seven or eight years afterward, exact in all points, and still carrying a breath of the old humor in it. "A miserable Bishop of Liége thought it a proud thing to insult the late King. Some subjects of Herstal, which belongs to Prussia, had revolted; the Bishop gave them his protection. Colonel Kreutzen was sent to Liége, to compose the thing by treaty; credentials with him, full power, and all in order. Imagine it, the Bishop would not receive him! Three days, day after day, he saw this Envoy apply at his Palace, and always denied him entrance. These things had grown past endurance."[1] And Friedrich had taken note of Herstal along with him, on this Cleve Journey, privately intending to put Herstal and the high-flying Bishop on a suitabler footing before his return from those countries.

For indeed, on Friedrich's Accession, matters had grown worse, not better. Of course there was Fealty to be sworn; but the Herstal people, abetted by the high-flying Bishop,

[1] Preuss, (*Œuvres* (*Mém de Brandenburg*), ii., 53.

have declined swearing it. Apology for the past, prospect of amendment for the future, there is less than ever. What is the young King to do with this paltry little Hamlet of Herstal? He could, in theory, go into some Reichs-Hofrath, some Reichs-Kammergericht (kind of treble and tenfold English Court-of-Chancery, which has lawsuits 280 years old), if he were a theoretic German King. He can plead in the Diets and the Wetzlar Reichs-Kammergericht without end: "all German Sovereigns have power to send their Embassador thither, who is like a mastiff chained in the back yard" (observes Friedrich elsewhere), "with privilege of barking at the Moon"—unrestricted privilege of barking at the Moon, if that will avail a practical man or King's Embassador. Or perhaps the Bishop of Liége will bethink him, at last, what considerable liberty he is taking with some people's whiskers? Four months are gone; Bishop of Liége has not in the least bethought him: we are in the neighborhood in person, with note of the thing in our memory.

Friedrich takes the Rod out of Pickle.

Accordingly, the Rath Rambonet, whom Voltaire found at Moyland that Sunday night, had been over at Liége—went exactly a week before—with this message of very peremptory tenor from his Majesty:

To the Prince Bishop of Liége.

"Wesel, 4th September, 1740.

"My Cousin,—Knowing all the assaults (*atteintes*) made by you upon my indisputable rights over my free Barony of Herstal, and how the seditious ringleaders there, for several years past, have been countenanced (*bestärket*) by you in their detestable acts of disobedience against me, I have commanded my Privy Councilor Rambonet to repair to your presence, and in my name to require from you, within two days, a distinct and categorical answer to this question: Whether you are still minded to assert your pretended sovereignty over Herstal, and whether you will protect the rebels at Herstal in their disorders and abominable disobedience?

"In case you refuse, or delay beyond the term, the Answer which I hereby of right demand, you will render yourself

alone responsible before the world for the consequences which infallibly will follow. I am, with much consideration, my Cousin, your very affectionate Cousin, "FRIEDRICH."[1]

Rambonet had started straightway for Liége with this missive, and had duly presented it there, I guess on the 7th, with notice that he would wait forty-eight hours, and then return with what answer or no-answer there might be. Getting no written answer or distinct verbal one—getting only some vague mumblement as good as none, Rambonet had disappeared from Liége on the 9th, and was home at Moyland when Voltaire arrived that Sunday evening—just walking about to come to heat again, after reporting progress to the above effect.

Rambonet, I judge, enjoyed only one of those divine Suppers at Moyland, and dashed off again, "on hired hack" or otherwise, the very next morning; that contingency of No-answer having been the anticipated one, and all things put in perfect readiness for it. Rambonet's new errand was to "take act," as Voltaire calls it, "at the Gates of Liége"—to deliver at Liége a succinct Manifesto, Pair of Manifestoes, both in Print (ready beforehand), and bearing date that same Sunday, "Wesel, 11th September," much calculated to amaze his Reverence at Liége—succinct good Manifestoes, said to be of Friedrich's own writing; the essential of the two is this:

Exposition of the Reasons which have induced his Majesty the King of Prussia to make just Reprisals on the Prince Bishop of Liége.

"His Majesty the King of Prussia, being driven beyond bounds by the rude proceedings of the Prince Bishop of Liége, has, with regret, seen himself forced to recur to the Method of Arms in order to repress the violence and affront which the Bishop has attempted to put upon him. This resolution has cost his Majesty much pain, the rather as he is, by principle and disposition, far remote from whatever could have the least relation to rigor and severity.

"But, seeing himself compelled by the Bishop of Liége to take new methods, he had no other course but to maintain

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 75, 111.

the justice of his rights (*la justice de ses droits*), and demand reparation for the indignity done upon his Minister Von Kreutzen, as well as for the contempt with which the Bishop of Liége has neglected even to answer the Letter of the King.

"As too much rigor borders upon cruelty, so too much patience resembles weakness. Thus, although the King would willingly have sacrificed his interests to the public peace and tranquillity, it was not possible to do so in reference to his honor; and that is the chief motive which has determined him to this resolution, so contrary to his intentions.

"In vain has it been attempted, by methods of mildness, to come to a friendly agreement: it has been found, on the contrary, that the King's moderation only increased the Prince's arrogance; that mildness of conduct on one side only furnished resources to pride on the other; and that, in fine, instead of gaining by soft procedure, one was insensibly becoming an object of vexation and disdain.

"There being no means to have justice but in doing it for one's self, and the King being sovereign enough for such a duty, he intends to make the Prince of Liége feel how far he was in the wrong to abuse such moderation so unworthily. But, in spite of so much unhandsome behavior on the part of this Prince, the King will not be inflexible; satisfied with having shown the said Prince that he can punish him, and too just to overwhelm him. FRÉDÉRIC.[1]

"Wesel, September 11th, 1740."

Whether Rambonet insinuated his Paper-Packet into the Palace of Seraing, left it at the Gate of Liége (fixed by nail, if he saw good), or in what manner he "took act," I never knew; and, indeed, Rambonet vanishes from human History at this point: it is certain only that he did his Formality say two days hence, and that the Fact foreshadowed by it is likewise in the same hours, hour after hour, getting steadily done.

For the Manifestoes printed beforehand, dated Wesel, 11th September, were not the only thing ready at Wesel, waiting, as on the slip, for the contingency of No-answer. Major General Borck, with the due battalions, squadrons, and equip-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 77. Said to be by Friedrich himself (Stenzel, iv., 59).

ments, was also ready. Major General Borck, the same who was with us at Baireuth lately, had just returned from that journey, when he got orders to collect 2000 men, horse and foot, with the due proportion of artillery, from the Prussian Garrisons in these parts, and to be ready for marching with them the instant the contingency of No-answer arrives—Sunday, 11th, as can be foreseen. Borck knows his route: To Maaseyk, a respectable Town of the Bishop's, the handiest for Wesel; to occupy Maaseyk and the adjoining "Counties of Lotz and Horn," and lie there at the Bishop's charge till his Reverence's mind alter.

Borck is ready, to the last pontoon, the last munition-loaf; and no sooner is signal given of the No-answer come, than Borck, that same "Sunday, 11th," gets under way; marches, steady as clock-work, toward Maaseyk (fifty miles southwest of him, distance now lessening every hour); crosses the Maas by help of his pontoons; is now in the Bishop's Territory, and enters Maaseyk evening of "Wednesday, 14th"—that very day Voltaire and his Majesty had parted, going different ways from Moyland, and probably about the same hour while Rambonet was "taking act at the Gate of Liége," by nail-hammer or otherwise. All goes punctual, swift, cog hitting pinion far and near, in this small Herstal Business; and there is no mistake made, and a minimum of time spent.

Borck's management was throughout good: punctual, quietly exact, polite, mildly inflexible. Fain would the Maaseyk Town-Raths have shut their gates on him; desperately conjuring him, "Respite for a few hours, till we send to Liége for instructions!" But it was to no purpose. "Unbolt, *ihr Herren;* swift, or the petard will have to do it!" Borck publishes his Proclamation, a mild-spoken rigorous Piece; signifies to the Maaseyk Authorities that he has to exact a Contribution of 20,000 thalers (£3000) here, Contribution payable in three days; that he furthermore, while he continues in these parts, will need such and such rations, accommodations, allowances—"fifty *louis* (say guineas) daily for his own private expenses," one item; and, in mild rhadamanthine language, waves aside all remonstrance, refusal, or delay, as superfluous

considerations: Unless said Contribution and required supplies come in, it will be his painful duty to bring them in.[1]

The high-flying Bishop, much astonished, does now eagerly answer his Prussian Majesty, "Was from home, was ill, thought he had answered; is the most ill-used of Bishops," and other things of a hysteric character.[2] And there came forth, as natural to the situation, multitudinous complainings, manifestoings, applications to the Kaiser, to the French, to the Dutch, of a very shrieky character on the Bishop of Liége's part; sparingly, if at all, noticed on Friedrich's; the whole of which we shall consider ourselves free to leave undisturbed in the rubbish-abysses, as henceforth conceivable to the reader. "*Sed spem stupende fefellit eventus*," shrieks the poor old Bishop, making moan to the Kaiser: "*ecce enim, præmissâ duntaxat* one Letter," and little more, "the said King of Borussia has, with about 2000 horse and foot, and war-like engines, in this month of September, entered the Territory of Liége,"[3] which is an undeniable truth, but an unavailing. Borck is there, and "2000 good arguments with him," as Voltaire defines the phenomenon. Friedrich, except to explain pertinently what my readers already know, does not write or speak farther on the subject; and readers and he may consider the Herstal Affair, thus set agoing under Borck's auspices, as in effect finished, and that his Majesty has left it on a satisfactory footing, and may safely turn his back on it, to wait the sure issue at Berlin before long.

What Voltaire thought of Herstal.

Voltaire told us he himself "did one Manifesto, good or bad," on this Herstal Business: where is that Piece, then? what has become of it? Dig well in the realms of Chaos, rectifying stupidities more or less enormous, the Piece itself is still discoverable; and, were pieces by Voltaire less a rarity than they are, might be resuscitated by a good Editor, and printed in his *Works*. Lies buried in the lonesome rub-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 427; ii., 113.
[2] Ibid., ii., 85, 86 (date, 16th September).
[3] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., p. 88.

bish-mountains of that *Helden-Geschichte*—let a *Siste Viator*, scratched on the surface, mark where.[1] Apparently that is the Piece by Voltaire? Yes, on reading that, it has every internal evidence; distinguishes itself from the surrounding pieces like a slab of compact polished stone in a floor rammed together out of ruinous old bricks, broken bottles, and mortar-dust; agrees, too, if you examine by the microscope, with the external indications, which are sure and at last clear, though infinitesimally small; and is beyond doubt Voltaire's, if it were now good for much.

It is not properly a Manifesto, but an anonymous Memoir published in the Newspapers, explaining to impartial mankind, in a legible brief manner, what the old and recent History of Herstal, and the Troubles of Herstal have been, and how chimerical and "null to the extreme of nullity (*nulles de toute nullité*)" this poor Bishop's pretensions upon it are. Voltaire expressly piques himself on this Piece;[2] brags also how he settled "M. de Fénélon" (French Embassador at the Hague), "who came to me the day before yesterday," much out of square upon the Herstal Business till I pulled him straight. And it is evident (beautifully so, your Majesty) how Voltaire busied himself in the Gazettes and Diplomatic circles, setting Friedrich's case right; Voltaire very loyal to Friedrich and his Liége Cause at that time; and the contrast between what his contemporary Letters say on the subject, and what his ulterior Pasquil called *Vie Privée* says, is again great.

The dull stagnant world, shaken awake by this Liége adventure, gives voice variously; and in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles it is much criticised, by no means every where in the favorable tone at this first blush of the business. "He had written an *Anti*-Machiavel," says the Abbé St. Pierre, and even says Voltaire (in the *Pasquil*, not the contemporary *Let-*

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., p. 93–98.

[2] Letter to Friedrich: dateless, datable "soon after 17th September;" which the rash dark Editors have by guess misdated "August," or, what was safer for them, omitted altogether. *Œuvres de Voltaire* (Paris, 1818, 40 vols.) gives the Letter, xxxix., 442 (see also Ibid., 453, 463); later Editors, and even Preuss, take the safer course.

ters), "and he acts thus!" Truly he does, Monsieur de Voltaire; and all men, with light upon the subject, or even with the reverse upon it, must make their criticisms. For the rest, Borck's "2000 arguments" are there, which Borck handles well, with polite calm rigor: by degrees the dust will fall, and facts every where be seen for what they are.

As to the high-flying Bishop, finding that hysterics are but wasted on Friedrich and Borck, and produce no effect with their 2000 validities, he flies next to the Kaiser, to the Imperial Diet, in shrill-sounding Latin obtestations, of which we already gave a flying snatch: "Your *humilissimus* and *fidelissimus Vassallus*, and most obsequent Servant, Georgius Ludovicus; meek, modest, and unspeakably in the right: was ever Member of the Holy Roman Empire so snubbed, and grasped by the windpipe before? Oh, help him, great Kaiser, bid the iron gripe loosen itself!"[1] The Kaiser does so, in heavy Latin rescripts, in German *Dehortatoriums* more than one, of a sulky, imperative, and, indeed, very lofty tenor: "Let Georgius Ludovicus go, foolish, rash young Dilection (*Liebden*, not *Majesty*, we ourselves being the only Majesty), and I will judge between you; otherwise—" said the Kaiser, ponderously shaking his Olympian wig, and lifting his gilt cane, or sceptre of mankind, in an Olympian manner. Here are some touches of his second sublimest *Dehortatorium* addressed to Friedrich in a very compressed state:[2]

We, Karl the Sixth, Kaiser of (*Titles enough*), * * * "Considering these, in the Holy Roman Reich, almost unheard-of violent Doings (*Thätlichkeiten*), which We, in Our Supreme-Judge Office, can not altogether justify nor will endure . . . . . We have the trust that you yourself will magnanimously see How evil counselors have misled your Dilection to commence your Reign, not by showing example of Obedience to the Laws appointed for all members of the Reich, for the weak and for the strong alike, but by such Doings (*Thathandlungen*) as in all quarters must cause a great surprise.

"We give your Dilection to know, therefore, That you must

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 86–116.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 127; a *first* and milder (ibid, 73).

straightway withdraw those troops which have broken into the Liége Territory; make speedy restitution of all that has been extorted; especially General von Borck to give back at once those 50 louis-d'or daily drawn by him, to renounce his demand of the 20,000 thalers, to make good all damage done, and retire with his whole military force (*Militz*) over the Liége boundaries; and, in brief, that you will, by law or arbitration, manage to agree with the Prince Bishop of Liége, who wishes it very much. These things We expect from your Dilection, as Kurfürst of Brandenburg, within the space of Two Months from the issuing of this; and remain," Yours as you shall demean yourself, KARL.

"Given at Wien, 4th of Oct., 1740." The last Dehortatorium ever signed by Karl VI. In two weeks after he ate too many mushrooms, and immense results followed!

Dehortatoriums had their interest at Berlin and elsewhere for the Diplomatic circles, but did not produce the least effect on Borck or Friedrich; though Friedrich noted the Kaiser's manner in these things, and thought privately to himself, as was evident to the discerning, "What an amount of wig on that old gentleman!" A notable Kaiser's Embassador, Herr Botta, who had come with some Accession compliments in these weeks, was treated slightingly by Friedrich; hardly admitted to Audience; and Friedrich's public reply to the last Dehortatorium had almost something of sarcasm in it: Evil counselors, yourself, Most Dread Kaiser! It is you that are "misled by counselors who might chance to set Germany on fire were others as unwise as they!" which latter phrase was remarkable to mankind. There is a long account already run up between that old gentleman, with his Seckendorfs, Grumkows, with his dull insolences, wiggeries, and this young gentleman, who has nearly had his heart broken and his Father's house driven mad by them! Borck remains at his post; rations duly delivered, and fifty louis a day for his own private expenses; and there is no answer to the Kaiser, or in sharp brief terms (about "chances of setting Germany on fire"), rather worse than none.

Readers see, as well as Friedrich did, what the upshot of this Affair must be: we will now finish it off, and wash our

hands of it, before following his Majesty to Berlin. The poor Bishop had applied, shrieking, to the French for help, and there came some colloquial passages between Voltaire and Fénélon, if that were a result. He had shrieked in like manner to the Dutch, but without result of any kind traceable in that quarter: nowhere, except from the Kaiser, is so much as a *Dehortatorium* to be got; whereupon the once high-flying, now vainly shrieking Bishop discerns clearly that there is but one course left—the course which has lain wide open for some years past, had not his flight gone too high for seeing it. Before three weeks are over, seeing how Dehortatoriums go, he sends his Embassadors to Berlin, his apologies, proposals:[1] "Would not your Majesty perhaps consent to sell this Herstal, as your Father of glorious memory was pleased to be willing once?"

Friedrich answers straightway to the effect, "Certainly! Pay me the price it was once already offered for—100,000 thalers *plus* the expenses since incurred—that will be 180,000 thalers, besides what you have spent already on General Borck's days' wages. To which we will add that wretched little fraction of Old Debt, clear as noon, but never paid, nor any part of it; 60,000 thalers, due by the See of Liége ever since the Treaty of Utrecht; 60,000, for which we will charge no interest; that will make 240,000 thalers—£36,000, instead of the old sum you might have had it at. Produce that cash, and take Herstal, and all the dust that has risen out of it, well home with you."[2] The Bishop thankfully complies in all points; negotiation speedily done ("20th Oct." the final date): Bishop has not, I think, quite so much cash on hand, but will pay all he has, and 4 per centum interest till the whole be liquidated. His Embassadors "get gold snuff-boxes," and return mildly glad.

And thus, in some six weeks after Borck's arrival in those parts, Borck's function is well done. The noise of Gazettes and Diplomatic circles lays itself again; and Herstal, famous

[1] Embassadors arrived 28th September; last Dehortatorium not yet out. Business was completed 20th October (Rödenbeck *in diebus*).

[2] Stenzil, iv., 60, who counts in gulden, and is not distinct.

once for King Pipin, and famous again for King Friedrich, lapses at length into obscurity, which we hope will never end. Hope ; though who can say? *Roucoux*, quite close upon it, becomes a Battle-ground in some few years, and memorabilities go much at random in this world!

CHAPTER VI.

RETURNS BY HANOVER ; DOES NOT CALL ON HIS ROYAL UNCLE THERE.

FRIEDRICH spent ten days on his circuitous journey home ; considerable inspection to be done, in Minden, Magdeburg, not to speak of other businesses he had. The old Newspapers are still more intent upon him now that the Herstal Affair has broken into flame, especially the English Newspapers, who guess that there are passages of courtship going on between great George their King and him. Here is one fact, correct in every point, for the old London Public : "Letters from Hanover say that the King of Prussia passed within a small distance of that City the 16th inst., N.S., on his return to Berlin, but did not stop at Herrenhausen," about which there has been such hoping and speculating among us lately[1]—a fact which the extinct Editor seems to meditate for a day or two ; after which he says (partly in *italics*), opening his lips the second time, like a Friar Bacon's Head significant to the Public, "Letters from Hanover tell us that the Interview which it was said his Majesty was to have with the King of Prussia did not take place for certain *private reasons*, which our Correspondent leaves us to guess at!"

It is well known Friedrich did not love his little Uncle then or thenceforth, still less his little Uncle him : "What is this Prussia, rising alongside of us, higher and higher, as if it would reach our own sublime level?" thinks the little Uncle to himself. At present there is no quarrel between them ; on the contrary, as we have seen, there is a mutual capability of

[1] *Daily Post*, 22d Sept., 1740 ; other London Newspapers from July 31st downward.

helping one another, which both recognize ; but will an interview tend to forward that useful result? Friedrich, in the intervals of an ague, with Herstal just broken out, may have wisely decided No. "Our sublime little Uncle, of the waxy complexion, with the proudly staring fish-eyes—no wit in him, not much sense, and a great deal of pride—stands dreadfully erect, 'plumb and more,' with the Garter-leg advanced, when one goes to see him, and his remarks are not of an entertaining nature. Leave him standing there : to him let Truchsess and Bielfeld suffice, in these hurries, in this ague that is still upon us." Upon which the dull old Newspapers, Owls of Minerva that then were, endeavor to draw inferences. The noticeable fact is, Friedrich did, on this occasion, pass within a mile or two of his royal Uncle without seeing him, and had not, through life, another opportunity ; never saw the sublime little man at all, nor was again so near him.

I believe Friedrich little knows the thick-coming difficulties of his Britannic Majesty at this juncture, and is too impatient of these laggard procedures on the part of a man with eyes *à fleur-de-tête*. Modern readers, too, have forgotten Jenkins's Ear ; it is not till after long study and survey that one begins to perceive the anomalous profundities of that phenomenon to the poor English Nation and its poor George II.

The English sent off last year a Scanty Expedition, "six ships of the line"—only six, under Vernon, a fiery Admiral, a little given to be fiery in Parliamentary talk withal—and these did proceed to Porto-Bello, on the Spanish Main of South America ; did hurl out on Porto-Bello such a fiery destructive deluge of gunnery and bayonet-work as quickly reduced the poor place to the verge of ruin, and forced it to surrender, with whatever navy, garrison, goods, and resources were in it, to the discretion of fiery Vernon, who does not prove implacable, he or his, to a petitioning enemy. Yes, humble the insolent, but then be merciful to them, say the admiring Gazetteers. "The actual monster," how cheering to think, "who tore off Mr. Jenkins's Ear, was got hold of" (actual monster, or even three or four different monsters who each did it, the "hold got" being *mythical*, as readers see),

"and naturally thought he would be slit to ribbons; but our people magnanimously pardoned him, magnanimously flung him aside out of sight;" [1] impossible to shoot a dog in cold blood.

Whereupon Vernon returned home triumphant, and there burst forth such a jubilation over the day of small things as is now astonishing to think of. Had the Termagant's own Thalamus and Treasury been bombarded suddenly one night by red-hot balls, Madrid City laid in ashes, or Baby Carlos's Appanage extinguished from Creation, there could hardly have been greater English joy (witness the "Porto-Bellos" they still have, new Towns so named), so flamy is the murky element growing on that head. And, indeed, had the cipher of tar-barrels burnt, and of ale-barrels drunk, and the general account of wick and tallow spent in illuminations and in aldermanic exertions on the matter been accurately taken, one doubts if Porto-Bello sold, without shot fired, to the highest bidder, at its floweriest, would have covered such a sum. For they are a singular Nation, if stirred up from their stagnancy, and are much in earnest about this Spanish War.

It is said there is now another far grander Expedition on the stocks—military this time as well as naval—intended for the Spanish Main; but of that, for the present, we will defer speaking. Enough, the Spanish War is a most serious and most furious business to those old English; and to us, after forced study of it, shines out like far-off conflagration, with a certain lurid significance in the then night of things—night otherwise fallen dark and somniferous to modern mankind. As Britannic Majesty and his Walpoles have, from the first, been dead against this Spanish War, the problem is all the more ominous, and the dreadful corollaries that may hang by it the more distressing to the royal mind.

For example, there is known, or as good as known, to be virtually some Family Compact, or Covenanted Brotherhood of Bourbonism, French and Spanish: political people quake to ask themselves, "How will the French keep out of this

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, x., 124, 145 (date of the event is 3d Dec., N.S., 1739).

War if it continue any length of time? And in that case, how will Austria, Europe at large? Jenkins's Ear will have kindled the Universe, not the Spanish Main only, and we shall be at a fine pass!" The Britannic Majesty reflects that if France take to fighting him, the first stab given will probably be in the accessiblest quarter and the intensely most sensitive—our own Electoral Dominions, where no Parliament plagues us, our dear native country, Hanover. Extremely interesting to know what Friedrich of Prussia will do in such contingency?

Well, truly it might have been King George's best bargain to close with Friedrich; to guarantee Jülich and Berg, and get Friedrich to stand between the French and Hanover; while George, with an England behind him, in such humor, went wholly into that Spanish Business, the one thing needful to them at present. Truly; but then, again, there are considerations: "What *is* this Friedrich, just come out upon the world? What real fighting power has he, after all that ridiculous drilling and recruiting Friedrich Wilhelm made? Will he be faithful in bargain; is not, perhaps, from of old, his bias always toward France rather? And the Kaiser, what will the Kaiser say to it?" These are questions for a Britannic Majesty! Seldom was seen such an insoluble imbroglio of potentialities; dangerous to touch, dangerous to leave lying; and his Britannic Majesty's procedures upon it are of a very slow, intricate sort, and will grow still more so, year after year, in the new intricacies that are coming, and be a weariness to my readers and me. For observe the simultaneous fact. All this while, Robinson at Vienna is dunning the Imperial Majesty to remember old Marlborough days and the Laws of Nature, and declare for us against France in case of the worst. What an attempt! Imperial Majesty has no money; Imperial Majesty remembers recent days rather, and his own last quarrel with France (on the Polish-Election score), in which you Sea-Powers cruelly stood neuter! One comfort, and pretty much one only, is left to a nearly bankrupt Imperial heart; that France does at any rate ratify Pragmatic Sanction, and instead of enemy to that inestimable Document has become friend, if only she be well let alone.

"Let well alone," says the sad Kaiser, bankrupt of heart as well as purse: "I have saved the Pragmatic, got Fleury to guarantee it; I will hunt wild swine and not shadows any more: ask me not!" And now this Herstal business; the Imperial Dehortatoriums, perhaps of a high nature, that are like to come? More hopeless proposition the Britannic Majesty never made than this to the Kaiser. But he persists in it, orders Robinson to persist; knocks at the Austrian door with one hand, at the Prussian or anti-Austrian with the other; and gazes, with those proud fish-eyes, into perils, and potentialities, and a sea of troubles. Wearisome to think of, were not one bound to it! Here, from a singular *Constitutional History of England*, not yet got into print, are two Excerpts, which I will request the reader to try if he can take along with him, in view of much that is coming:

1. *A Just War.*—"This War, which posterity scoffs at as the *War for Jenkins's Ear*, was, if we examine it, a quite indispensable one; the dim much-bewildered English, driven into it by their deepest instincts, were, in a chaotic inarticulate way, right and not wrong in taking it as the Commandment of Heaven. For such, in a sense, it was, as shall by and by appear. Not perhaps since the grand Reformation Controversy, under Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth, had there, to this poor English People (who are essentially dumb, *in*articulate, from the weight of meaning they have, notwithstanding the palaver one hears from them in certain epochs), been a more authentic cause of War; and, what was the fatal and yet foolish circumstance, their Constitutional Captains, especially their King, would never and could never regard it as such, but had to be forced into it by the public rage, there being no other method left in the case.

"I say a most necessary War, though of a most stupid appearance; such the fatality of it—begun, carried on, ended, as as if by a People in a state of somnambulism! More confused operation never was. A solid placid People, heavily asleep—(and *snoring* much, shall we say, and inarticulately grunting and struggling under indigestions, Constitutional and other? Do but listen to the hum of those extinct Pamphlets and Parliamentary Oratories of theirs!)—yet an honestly intending People, and keenly alive to any commandment from Heaven that could pierce through the thick skin of them into their

big obstinate heart. Such a commandment, then and there, was that monition about Jenkins's Ear. Upon which, so pungent was it to them, they started violently out of bed into painful sleep-walking, and went, for twenty years and more, clambering and sprawling about, far and wide, on the giddy edge of precipices, over house-tops and frightful cornices and parapets, in a dim fulfillment of the said Heaven's command. I reckon that this War, though there were intervals, Treaties of Peace more than one, and the War had various names, did not end till 1763. And then, by degrees, the poor English Nation found that (at, say a thousand times the necessary expense, and with imminent peril to its poor head, and all the bones of its body) it had actually succeeded—by dreadful exertions in its sleep! This will be more apparent by-and-by, and may be a kind of comfort to the sad English reader, drearily surveying such somnambulisms on the part of his poor ancestors."

2. *Two Difficulties.*—"There are Two grand Difficulties in this Farce-Tragedy of a War, of which only one, and that not the worst of the Pair, is in the least surmised by the English hitherto. Difficulty First, which is even worse than the other, and will surprisingly attend the English in all their Wars now coming, is, That their fighting-apparatus, though made of excellent material, can not fight, being in disorganic condition; one branch of it, especially the 'Military' one, as they are pleased to call it, being as good as totally chaotic, and this in a quiet habitual manner, this long while back. With the Naval branch it is otherwise, which also is habitual there. The English, almost as if by nature, can sail and fight in ships; can not well help doing it. Sailors innumerable are bred to them; they are planted in the Ocean, opulent stormy Neptune clipping them in all his moods forever; and then by nature, being a dumb, much-enduring, much-reflecting, stout, veracious, and valiant kind of People, they shine in that way of life, which specially requires such. Without much forethought, they have sailors innumerable, and of the best quality. The English have among them also, strange as it may seem to the cursory observer, a great gift of organizing—witness their Arkwrights and others—and this gift they may often, in matters Naval more than elsewhere, get the chance of exercising. For a Ship's Crew, or even a Fleet, unlike a land Army, is of itself a unity, its fortunes disjoined, dependent on its own management; and it falls, moreover, as no land Army can, to the undivided guidance of one man, who (by hypothe-

sis, being English) has now and then, from of old, chanced to be an organizing man, and who is always much interested to know and practice what *has* been well organized. For you are in contact with verities to an unexampled degree when you get upon the Ocean with intent to sail on it, much more to fight on it; bottomless destruction raging beneath you and on all hands of you if you neglect, for any reason, the methods of keeping *it* down, and making it float you to your aim!

"The English Navy is in tolerable order at that period. But as to the English Army, we may say it is, in a wrong sense, the wonder of the world, and continues so throughout the whole of this History and farther! Never before, among the rational sons of Adam, were Armies sent out on such terms—namely, without a General, or with no General understanding the least of his business. The English have a notion that Generalship is not wanted; that War is not an Art, as playing Chess is, as finding the Longitude, and doing the Differential Calculus are (and a much deeper Art than any of these); that War is taught by Nature, as eating is; that courageous soldiers, led on by a courageous Wooden Pole with Cocked-hat on it, will do very well. In the world I have not found opacity of platitude go deeper among any People. This is Difficulty First—not yet suspected by an English People capable of great opacity on some subjects.

Difficulty Second is, That their Ministry, whom they had to force into this War, perhaps do not go zealously upon it. And perhaps even, in the above circumstances, they totally want knowledge how to go upon it, were they never so zealous. Difficulty Second might be much helped were it not for Difficulty First. But the administering of war is a thing also that does not come to a man like eating. This Second Difficulty, suspicion that Walpole and perhaps still higher heads want zeal, gives his Britannic Majesty infinite trouble; and—"

And so, in short, he stands there, with the Garter-leg advanced, looking loftily into a considerable sea of troubles, that day when Friedrich drove past him, Friday, 16th September, 1740, and never came so near him again.

The next business for Friedrich was a Visit at Brunswick to the Affinities and Kindred in passing, where also was an important little act to be done: Betrothal of the young

Prince, August Wilhelm, Heir-Presumptive whom we saw in Strasburg, to a Princess of that House, Louisa Amelia, younger Sister of Friedrich's own Queen—a modest promising arrangement, which turned out well enough, though the young Prince, Father to the Kings that since are, was not supremely fortunate otherwise.[1] After which, the review at Magdeburg, and home on the 24th, there to "be busy as a Turk or as a M. Jordan," according to what we read long since.

CHAPTER VII.

WITHDRAWS TO REINSBERG, HOPING A PEACEABLE WINTER.

By this Herstal token, which is now blazing abroad, now and for a month to come, it can be judged that the young King of Prussia intends to stands on his own footing, quite peremptorily if need be, and will by no means have himself led about in Imperial harness, as his late Father was; so that a dull Public (Herrenhausen very specially), and Gazetteer Owls of Minerva everywhere, may expect events—all the more indubitably when that spade-work comes to light in the Wesel Country. It is privately certain (the Gazetteers not yet sure about it till they see the actual spades going) this new King does fully intend to assert his rights on Berg-Jülich, and will appear there with his iron ramrods the instant old Kur-Pfalz shall decease, let France and the Kaiser say No to it or say Yes. There are, in fact, at a fit place, "Büderich, in the neighborhood of Wesel," certain rampart-works, beginnings as of an Intrenched Camp, going on—"for Review purposes merely," say the Gazetteers, *in italics*. Here, it privately is Friedrich's resolution, shall a Prussian Army, of the due strength (could be well-nigh 100,000 strong, if needful), make its appearance directly on old Kur-Pfalz's decease, if one live to see such event.[2] France and the Kaiser will probably take good survey of that Büderich phenomenon before meddling.

[1] Betrothal was 20th September, 1740; Marriage, 5th January, 1742 (Buchholz, i., 207).

[2] Stenzel, iv., 61.

To do his work like a King, and shun no peril and no toil in the course of what his work may be, is Friedrich's rule and intention. Nevertheless, it is clear he expects to approve himself magnanimous rather in the Peaceable operations than in the Warlike, and his outlooks are, of all places and pursuits, toward Reinsberg and the Fine Arts for the time being. His Public activity meanwhile they describe as "prodigious," though the ague still clings to him ; such building, instituting, managing ; Opera-House, French Theatre, Palace for his Mother ; day by day, many things to be recorded by Editor Formey, though the rule about them here is silence except on cause.

No doubt the ague is itself privately a point of moment. Such a vexatious paltry little thing, in this bright whirl of Activities, Public and other, which he continues managing in spite of it, impatient to be rid of it. But it will not go : there *it* reappears always, punctual to its "fourth day," like a snarling street-dog in the high Ballroom and Workroom. "He is drinking Pyrmont water ;" has himself proposed Quinquina, a remedy just come up, but the Doctors shook their heads ; has tried snatches of Reinsberg, too short ; he intends soon to be out there for a right spell of country, there to be "happy," and get quit of his ague. The ague went, and by a remedy which surprised the whole world, as will be seen !

Wilhelmina's Return-Visit.

Monday, 17th Oct., came the Baireuth Visitors ; Wilhelmina all in a flutter, and tremor of joy and sorrow, to see her Brother again, her old kindred and the altered scene of things. Poor Lady, she is perceptibly more tremulous than usual ; and her Narrative, not in dates only, but in more memorable points, dances about at a sad rate : interior agitations and tremulous shrill feelings shivering her this way and that, and throwing things topsy-turvy in one's recollection. Like the magnetic needle, shaky but steadfast (*agitée mais constante*). Truer nothing can be ; points forever to the Pole ; but also what obliquities it makes ; will shiver aside in mad escapades

if you hold the paltriest bit of old iron near it—paltriest clack of gossip about this loved Brother of mine! Brother, we will hope, silently continues to be Pole, so that the needle always comes back again, otherwise all would go to wreck. Here, in abridged and partly rectified form, are the phenomena witnessed:

"We arrived at Berlin the end of October" (Monday, 17th, as above said). "My younger Brothers, followed by the Princes of the Blood and by all the Court, received us at the bottom of the stairs. I was led to my apartment, where I found the Reigning Queen, my Sisters" (Ulrique, Amelia), "and the Princesses" (of the Blood, as above, Schwedt and the rest). "I learned with much chagrin that the King was ill of tertian ague" (quartan; but that is no matter). "He sent me word that, being in his fit, he could not see me, but that he depended on having that pleasure to-morrow. The Queen Mother, to whom I went without delay, was in a dark condition; rooms all hung with their lugubrious drapery; every thing yet in the depth of mourning for my Father. What a scene for me! Nature has her rights; I can say with truth, I have almost never in my life been so moved as on this occasion." Interview with Mamma—we can fancy it—"was of the most touching." Wilhelmina had been absent eight years. She scarcely knows the young ones again, all so grown; finds change on change; and that Time, as he always is, has been busy. That night the Supper-Party was exclusively a Family one.

Her Brother's welcome to her on the morrow, though ardent enough, she found deficient in sincerity, deficient in several points, as indeed a Brother up to the neck in business, and just come out of an ague-fit, does not appear to the best advantage. Wilhelmina noticed how ill he looked, so lean and broken-down (*maigre et défait*) within the last two months, but seems to have taken no account of it farther in striking her balances with Friedrich. And, indeed, in her Narrative of this Visit, not, we will hope, in the Visit itself, she must have been in a high state of magnetic deflection—pretty nearly her maximum of such, discoverable in those famous *Memoirs*—such a tumult is there in her statements, all gone to ground-and-lofty tumbling in this place; so discrepant are the still ascertainable facts from this topsy-turvy picture of them, sketched by her four years hence (in 1744). The truest of

magnetic needles, but so sensitive if you bring foreign iron near it!

Wilhelmina was loaded with honors by an impartial Berlin Public—that is, Court-Public; "but, all being in mourning, the Court was not brilliant. The Queen Mother saw little company, and was sunk in sorrow; had not the least influence in affairs, so jealous was the new King of his Authority—to the Queen Mother's surprise," says Wilhelmina. For the rest, here is a King "becoming truly unpopular" (or we fancy so, in our deflected state, and judging by the rumor of cliques); "a general discontent reigning in the Country, love of his subjects pretty much gone; people speaking of him in no measured terms" (in certain cliques). "Cares nothing about those who helped him as Prince Royal, say some; others complain of his avarice" (meaning steady vigilance in outlay) "as surpassing the late King's; this one complained of his violence of temper (*emportemens*); that one of his suspicions, of his distrust, his haughtiness, his dissimulation" (meaning polite impenetrability when he saw good). Several circumstances, known to Wilhelmina's own experience, compel Wilhelmina's assent on these points. "I would have spoken to him about them if my Brother of Prussia" (young August Wilhelm, betrothed the other day) "and the Queen Regnant had not dissuaded me. Farther on I will give the explanation of all this"—never did it any where. "I beg those who may one day read these *Memoirs* to suspend their judgment on the character of this great Prince till I have developed it."[1] Oh, my Princess, you are true and bright, but you are shrill; and I admire the effect of atmospheric electricity, not to say of any neighboring marine-store shop or miserable bit of broken pan, on one of the finest magnetic needles ever made and set trembling!

Wilhelmina is incapable of deliberate falsehood, and this her impression or reminiscence, with all its exaggeration, is entitled to be heard in evidence so far. From this and from other sources, readers will assure themselves that discontents were not wanting; that King Friedrich was not amiable to every body at this time, which indeed he never grew to be at any other time. He had to be a King; that was the trade he followed, not the quite different one of being amiable all

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 326.

round. Amiability is good, my Princess; but the question rises, "To whom? for example, to the young gentleman who shot himself in Löbegun?" There are young gentlemen and old, sometimes in considerable quantities, to whom, if you were in your duty, as a King of men (or even as a "King of one man and his affairs," if that is all your kingdom), you should have been hateful instead of amiable! That is a stern truth, too much forgotten by Wilhelmina and others. Again, what a deadening and killing circumstance is it in the career of amiability that you are bound *not* to be communicative of your inner man, but perpetually and strictly the reverse! It may be doubted if a good King can be amiable; certainly he can not in any but the noblest ages, and then only to a select few. I should guess Friedrich was at no time fairly loved, not by those nearest to him. He was rapid, decisive; of wiry compact nature; had nothing of his Father's amplitudes, simplicities; nothing to sport with and fondle; far from it. Tremulous sensibilities, ardent affections—these we clearly discover in him in extraordinary vivacity; but he wears them under his polished panoply, and is outwardly a radiant but metallic object to mankind. Let us carry this along with us in studying him, and thank Wilhelmina for giving us hint of it in her oblique way. Wilhelmina's love for her Brother rose to quite heroic pitch in coming years, and was at its highest when she died. That continuation of her *Memoirs* in which she is to develop her Brother's character was never written: it has been sought for in modern times, and a few insignificant pages, with evidence that there is not, and was not, any more, are all that has turned up.[1]

Incapable of falsity prepense, we say; but the known facts, which stand abundantly on record if you care to search them out, are merely as follows: Friedrich, with such sincerity as there might be, did welcome Wilhelmina on the morrow of her arrival; spoke of Reinsberg, and of air and rest, and how pleasant it would be; rolled off next morning, having at last gathered up his businesses, and got them well in hand, to

[1] Pertz: *Ueber die Denkwürdigkeiten der Markgräfin von Bayreuth* (Paper read in the *Akademie der Wissenschaften*, Berlin, 25th April, 1850).

Reinsberg accordingly, whither Wilhelmina, with the Queen Regnant and others of agreeable quality, followed in two days, intending a long and pleasant spell of country out there; which hope was tolerably fulfilled even for Wilhelmina, though there did come unexpected interruptions, not of Friedrich's bringing.

Unexpected News at Reinsberg.

Friedrich's pursuits and intended conquests, for the present, are of peaceable and even gay nature. French Theatre, Italian Opera-House, these are among the immediate outlooks. Voltaire, skilled in French acting if any body ever were, is multifariously negotiating for a Company of that kind; let him be swift, be successful.[1] An Italian Opera there shall be; the House is still to be built; Captain Knobelsdorf, who built Reinsberg, whom we have known, is to do it. Knobelsdorf has gone to Italy on that errand; "went by Dresden, carefully examining the Opera-House there, and all the famed Opera-Houses on his road." Graun, one of the best judges living, is likewise off to Italy, gathering singers. Our Opera, too, shall be a successful thing, and, we hope, a speedy. Such are Friedrich's outlooks at this time.

A miscellaneous pleasant company is here—Truchsess and Bielfeld, home from Hanover, among them; Wilhelmina is here; Voltaire himself perhaps coming again. Friedrich drinks his Pyrmont waters; works at his public businesses all day, which are now well in hand, and manageable by couriers; at evening he appears in company, and is the astonishment of every body; brilliant, like a new-risen sun, as if he knew of no illness, knew of no business, but lived for amusement only. "He intends Private Theatricals withal, and is getting ready Voltaire's *Mort de César*."[2] These were pretty days at Reinsberg. This kind of life lasted seven or eight weeks, in spite of interruptions of subterranean volcanic nature, some of which were surely considerable. Here, in

[1] Letters of Voltaire (*passim*, in these months).
[2] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 415.

the very first week, coming almost volcanically, is one, which indeed is the sum of them all.

Tuesday forenoon, 25th October, 1740, Express arrives at Reinsberg, direct from Vienna five days ago; finds Friedrich under eclipse, hidden in the interior, laboring under his ague-fit: question arises, Shall the Express be introduced or be held back? The news he brings is huge, unexpected, transcendent, and may agitate the sick King. Six or seven heads go wagging on this point, who by accident are namable, if readers care; "Prince August Wilhelm," lately betrothed; "Graf Truchsess," home from Hanover; "Colonel Graf von Finkenstein," Old Tutor's Son, a familiar from boyhood upward; "Baron Pöllnitz," kind of chief Goldstick now, or Master of the Ceremonies, not too witty, but the cause of wit; "Jordan Bielfeld," known to us; and, lastly, "Fredersdorf," Major-domo and Factotum, who is grown from Valet to be Purse-Keeper, confidential Manager, and almost friend—a notable personage in Friedrich's History. They decide, "Better wait!"

They wait accordingly; and then, after about an hour, the trembling-fit being over, and Fredersdorf having cautiously preluded a little and prepared the way, the Dispatch is delivered, and the King left with his immense piece of news. News that his Imperial Majesty Karl VI. died, after short illness, on Tuesday, the 20th last. Kaiser dead; House of Hapsburg, and its Five Centuries of tough wrestling and uneasy Dominancy in this world ended, gone to the distaff; the counter-wrestling Ambitions and Cupidities not dead, and nothing but Pragmatic Sanction left between the fallen House and them! Friedrich kept silence; showed no sign how transfixed he was to hear such tidings, which, he foresaw, would have immeasurable consequences in the world.

One of the first was, that it cured Friedrich of his ague. It braced him (it, and perhaps "a little quinquina which he now insisted on") into such a tensity of spirit as drove out his ague like a mere hiccough; quite gone in the course of next

week ; and we hear no more of that importunate annoyance. He summoned Secretary Eichel, "Be ready in so many minutes hence ;" rose from his bed, dressed himself ;[1] and then, by Eichel's help, sent off expresses for Schwerin his chief General, and Podewils his chief Minister. A resolution, which is rising or has risen in the Royal mind, will be ready for communicating to these Two by the time they arrive, on the second day hence. This done, Friedrich, I believe, joined his company in the evening, and was as light and brilliant as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KAISER'S DEATH.

THE Kaiser's death came on the Public unexpectedly, though not quite so upon observant persons closer at hand. He was not yet fifty-six out ; a firm-built man ; had been of sound constitution, of active, not intemperate habits ; but in the last six years there had come such torrents of ill-luck rolling down on him, he had suffered immensely, far beyond what the world knew of ; and to those near him, and anxious for him, his strength seemed much undermined. Five years ago, in summer 1735, Robinson reported, from a sure hand, "Nothing can equal the Emperor's agitation under these disasters" (brought upon him by Fleury and the Spaniards, as afterclap to his Polish-Election feat). "His good Empress is terrified, many times, he will die in the course of the night, when singly with her he gives a loose to his affliction, confusion, and despair." Sea-Powers will not help ; Fleury and mere ruin will ingulf ! "What augments this agitation is his distrust in every one of his own Ministers, except perhaps Bartenstein," [2] who is not much of a support either, though a gnarled weighty old stick in his way ("Professor at Strasburg once"), not interesting to us here. The rest his Imperial Majesty considers to be of sublimated blockhead type,

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 416.

[2] Robinson to Lord Harrington, 5th July, 1735 (in State-Paper Office).

it appears. Prince Eugene had died lately, and with Eugene all good fortune.

And then, close following, the miseries of that Turk War, crashing down upon a man! They say Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, nominal Commander in those Campaigns, with the Seckendorfs and Wallises under him going such a road, was privately eager to have done with the Business on any terms, lest the Kaiser should die first and leave it weltering. No wonder the poor Kaiser felt broken, disgusted with the long Shadow-Hunt of Life, and took to practical field-sports rather. An Army that can not fight, War-Generals good only to be locked in Fortresses, an Exchequer that has no money; after such wagging of the wigs, and such Privy-Counciling and such War-Counciling, let us hunt wild-swine, and not think of it! That, thank Heaven, we still have; that and Pragmatic Sanction well engrossed, and generally sworn to by mankind, after much effort!

The outer Public of that time, and Voltaire among them more deliberately afterward, spoke of "mushrooms," an "indigestion of mushrooms;" and it is probable there was something of mushrooms concerned in the event. Another subsequent Frenchman, still more irreverent, adds to this of the "excess of mushrooms" that the Kaiser made light of it. "When the Doctors told him he had few hours to live, he would not believe it, and bantered his Physicians on the sad news. 'Look me in the eyes,' said he; 'have I the air of one dying? When you see my sight growing dim, then let the sacraments be administered, whether I order or not.'" Doctors insisting, the Kaiser replied: "'Since you are foolish fellows, who know neither the cause nor the state of my disorder, I command that, once I am dead, you open my body, to know what the matter was; you can then come and let me know!'"[1] in which also there is perhaps a glimmering of distorted truth, though, as Monsieur mistakes even the day ("18th October," says he, not 20th), one can only accept it as rumor from the outside.

[1] *Anecdotes Germaniques* (Paris, 1769), p. 692.

Here, by an extremely sombre domestic Gentleman of great punctuality and great dullness, are the authentic particulars, such as it was good to mention in Vienna circles.[1] An extremely dull Gentleman, but to appearance an authentic, and so little defective in reverence that he delicately expresses some astonishment at Death's audacity this year in killing so many Crowned Heads. "This year 1740," says he, "though the weather throughout Europe had been extraordinarily fine," or fine for a cold year, "had already witnessed several Deaths of Sovereigns: Pope Clement XII., Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, the Queen Dowager of Spain" (Termagant's old stepmother, not Termagant's self by a great way). "But that was not enough: unfathomable Destiny ventured now on Imperial Heads (*wagte sich auch an Kaiserkronen*): Karl VI., namely, and Russia's great Monarchess"—an audacity to be remarked. Of Russia's great Monarchess (Czarina Anne, with the big cheek) we will say nothing at present; but of Karl VI. only —abridging much, and studying arrangment:

"Thursday, October 13th, returning from Halbthurn, a Hunting Seat of his," over in Hungary some fifty miles, "to the Palace Favorita at Vienna, his Imperial Majesty felt slightly indisposed"—indigestion of mushrooms, or whatever it was: had begun *at* Halbthurn the night before, we rather understand, and was the occasion of his leaving. "The Doctors called it cold on the stomach, and thought it of no consequence. In the night of Saturday it became alarming;" inflammation, thought the Doctors, inflammation of the liver, and used their potent appliances, which only made the danger come and go; "and on the Tuesday, all day the Doctors did not doubt his Imperial Majesty was dying." ("Look me in the eyes; pack of fools; you will have to dissect me; you will then know." Any truth in all that? No matter.)

"At noon of that Tuesday he took the Sacrament, the Pope's Nuncio administering. His Majesty showed uncommonly great composure of soul and resignation to the Divine Will," being indeed "certain"—so he expressed it to "a principal Official Person sunk in grief" (Bartenstein, shall we guess?), who stood by him—"certain of his cause," not afraid in con-

[1] (Anonymous) *Des &c. Römischen Kaiser's Carl VI. Leben und Thaten* (Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1741), p. 220–227.

templating that dread Judgment now near: "Look at me! A man that is certain of his cause can enter on such a Journey with good courage and a composed mind (*mit gutem und gelassenem Muth*)." To the Doctors, dubitating what the disease was, he said, "If Gazelli," my late worthy Doctor, "were still here, you would soon know; but as it is, you will learn when you dissect me"—and once asked to be shown the Cup where his heart would lie after that operation.

"Sacrament being over," Tuesday afternoon, "he sent for his Family, to bless them each separately. He had a long conversation with Grand-Duke Franz," titular of Lorraine, actual of Tuscany, "who had assiduously attended him, and continued to do so during the entire illness. The Grand-Duke's Spouse"—Maria Theresa, the noble-hearted and the overwhelmed, who is now in an interesting state again withal; a little Kaiserkin (Joseph II.) coming in five months; first child, a little girl, is now two years old—"had been obliged to take to bed three days ago; laid up of grief and terror (*vor Schmerzen und Schrecken*) ever since Sunday the 16th. Nor would his Imperial Majesty permit her to enter this death-room on account of her condition, so important to the world; but his Majesty, turning toward that side where her apartment was, raised his right hand, and commanded her Husband, and the Archduchess her younger Sister, to tell his Theresa That he blessed her herewith, notwithstanding her absence." Poor Kaiser, poor Theresa! "Most distressing of all was the scene with the Kaiserin. The night before, on getting knowledge of the sad certainty, she had fainted utterly away (*starke Ohnmacht*), and had to be carried into the Grand Duchess's (Maria Theresa's) "room. Being summoned now with her children for the last blessing, she cried as in despair, 'Do not leave me, Your Dilection, do not (*Ach Euer Liebden verlassen mich doch nicht*)!'" Poor good souls! "Her Imperial Majesty would not quit the room again, but remained to the last.

"Wednesday, 19th, all day, anxiety, mournful suspense;" poor weeping Kaiserin and all the world waiting; the Inevitable visibly struggling on. "And in the night of that day" (night of 19th–20th Oct., 1740), "between one and two in morning, Death snatched away this most invaluable Monarch (*den preiswürdigsten Monarchen*), in the 56th year of his life;" and Kaiser Karl VI., and the House of Hapsburg and its Five tough Centuries of good and evil in this world, had ended. The poor Kaiserin "closed the eyes" that could now no more

behold her; "kissed his hands, and was carried out more dead than alive."[1]

A good, affectionate Kaiserin, I do believe; honorable, truthful, though unwitty of speech, and converted by Grandpapa in a peculiar manner. For her Kaiser too, after all, I have a kind of love. Of brilliant articulate intellect there is nothing, nor of inarticulate (as in Friedrich Wilhelm's case) any thing considerable; in fact, his Shadow-Hunting, and Dueling with the Termagant, seemed the reverse of wise. But there was something of a high proud heart in it, too, if we examine; and even the Pragmatic Sanction, though in practice not worth one regiment of iron ramrods, indicates a profoundly fixed determination, partly of loyal nature, such as the gods more or less reward. "He had been a great builder," say the Histories; "was a great musician, fit to lead orchestras, and had composed an Opera"—poor Kaiser. There came out large traits of him, in Maria Theresa again, under an improved form, which were much admired by the world. He looks, in his Portraits, intensely serious; a handsome man, stoically grave; much the gentleman, much the Kaiser or Supreme Gentleman, as, in life and fact, he was; "something solemn in him, even when he laughs," the people used to say. A man honestly doing his very best with his poor Kaisership, and dying of chagrin by it. "On opening the body, the liver-region proved to be entirely deranged; in the place where the gall-bladder should have been, a stone of the size

[1] Anonymous, *ut suprà*, p. 220-227. Adelung, *Pragmatische Staatsgeschichte* (Gotha, 1762-1767), ii., 120. *Johan Christoph* Adelung; the same who did the *Dictionary* and many other deserving Books; here is the precise Title: "*Pragmatische Staatsgeschichte Europens*," that is, "Documentary History of Europe, from Kaiser Karl's death, 1740, till Peace of Paris, 1763." A solid, laborious, and meritorious Work of its kind; extremely extensive (9 vols. 4to, some of which are double and even treble), mostly in the undigested, sometimes in the quite uncooked or raw condition; perhaps about a fifth part of it consists of "Documents" proper, which are skipable. It can not help being dull, waste, dreary, but is every where intelligible (excellent Indexes too), and offers an unhappy reader by far the best resource attainable for survey of that sad Period.

of a pigeon's egg was found grown into the liver, and no gall-bladder now there."

That same morning, with earliest daylight, "Thursday, 20th, six A.M.," Maria Theresa is proclaimed by her Heralds over Vienna: "According to pragmatic Sanction, Inheritress of all the," &c., &c.—Sovereign Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, for chief items. "At seven her Majesty took the Oath from the Generals and Presidents of Tribunals—said, through her tears, 'All was to stand on the old footing, each in his post'" and the other needful words. Couriers shoot forth toward all Countries—one express courier to Regensburg, and the Enchanted Wiggeries there, to say That a New Kaiser will be needed; *Reichs*-Vicar or Vicars (Kur-Sachsen and whoever more, for they are sometimes disagreed about it) will have to administer in the interim.

A second courier we saw arrive at Reinsberg; he likewise may be important. The Bavarian Minister, Karl Albert Kur-Baiern's man, shot off his express like the others: answer is, by return of courier, or even earlier (for a messenger was already on the road), Make protest! "We, Kur-Baiern, solemnly protest against Pragmatic Sanction, and the assumption of such Titles by the Daughter of the late Kaiser. King of Bohemia, and in good part even of Austria, it is not you, Madam, but of right *we*, as, by Heaven's help, it is our fixed resolution to make good!" Protest was presented, accordingly, with all the solemnities, without loss of a moment; to which Bartenstein and the Authorities answered "Pooh-pooh!" as if it were nothing. It is the first ripple of an immeasurable tide or deluge in that kind, threatening to submerge the new Majesty of Hungary, as had been foreseen at Reinsberg, though Bartenstein and the Authorities made light of it, answering "Pooh-pooh!" or almost "Ha-ha!" for the present.

Her Hungarian Majesty's chief Generals, Seckendorf, Wallis, Neipperg, sit in their respective prison-wards at this time (from which she soon liberates them): Kur-Baiern has lodged protest; at Reinsberg there will be an important resolution ready; and in the Austrian Treasury (which employs 40,000

persons, big and little) there is of cash or available resource 100,000 florins, that is to say, £10,000 net.[1] And unless Pragmatic sheepskin hold tighter than some persons expect, the affairs of Austria and of this young Archduchess are in a threatening way.

His Britannic Majesty was on the road home, about Helvoetsluys or on the sea for Harwich, that night the Kaiser died, of whose illness he had heard nothing. At London, ten days after, the sudden news struck dismally upon his Majesty and the Political Circles there: "No help, then, from that quarter, in our Spanish War; perhaps far other than help!" Nay, certain Gazetteers were afraid the grand new Anti-Spanish Expedition itself, which was now, at the long last, after such confusions and delays, lying ready, in great strength, Naval and Military, would be countermanded, on Pragmatic Sanction considerations, and the crisis probably imminent.[2] But it was not countermanded; it sailed all the same, "November 6th" (seventh day after the bad news), and made toward—Shall we tell the reader, what is Officially a dead secret, though by this time well guessed at by the Public, English and also Spanish?—toward Carthagena, to reenforce fiery Vernon in the tropical latitudes, and overset Spanish America, beginning with that important Town!

Commodore Anson, he also, after long fatal delays, is off several weeks ago,[3] round Cape Horn, hoping (or perhaps already not hoping) to co-operate from the Other Ocean, and be simultaneous with Vernon—on these loose principles of keeping time! Commodore Anson does, in effect, make a Voyage which is beautiful, and to mankind memorable; but as to keeping tryste with Vernon, the very gods could not do it on those terms!

[1] Mailath, *Geschichte des Ostreichischen Kaiserstaats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 8.

[2] London Newspapers (31st Oct.–6th Nov., 1740).

[3] 29th (18th) September, 1740.

CHAPTER IX.

RESOLUTION FORMED AT REINSBERG IN CONSEQUENCE.

THURSDAY, 27th October, two days after the Expresses went for them, Schwerin and Podewils punctually arrived at Reinsberg. They were carried into the interior privacies, "to long conferences with his Majesty that day, and for the next four days; Majesty and they even dining privately together;" grave business of state, none guesses how grave, evidently going on. The resolution Friedrich laid before them, fruit of these two days since the news from Vienna, was probably the most important ever formed in Prussia, or in Europe during that Century—Resolution to make good our Rights on Silesia by this great opportunity, the best that will ever offer—Resolution which had sprung, I find, and got to sudden fixity in the head of the young King himself, and which met with little save opposition from all the other sons of Adam, at the first blush and for long afterward. And, indeed, the making of it good (of it, and of the immense results that hung by it) was the main business of this young King's Life henceforth, and cost him Labors like those of Hercules, and was in the highest degree momentous to existing and not yet existing millions of mankind—to the readers of this History especially!

It is almost touching to reflect how unexpectedly, like a bolt out of the blue, all this had come upon Friedrich, and how it overset his fine program for the winter at Reinsberg, and for his Life generally. Not the Peaceable magnanimities, but the War-like, are the thing appointed Friedrich this winter, and mainly henceforth. Those "*golden* or soft radiances" which we saw in him, admirable to Voltaire and to Friedrich, and to an esurient philanthropic world, it is not those, it is "the *steel-bright* or stellar kind," that are to become predominant in Friedrich's existence: grim hail-storms, thunders, and tornado for an existence to him, instead of the opulent genialities and halcyon weather anticipated by himself and others! Indisputably enough, to us if not yet to Friedrich, "Reins-

berg and Life to the Muses" are done. On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see miraculous Opportunity rushing hitherward—swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods: dare you clutch *him* by the thunder-mane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course rather? Be immediate about it, then; the time is now, or else never! No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an Opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous King, less sensible to the perils, and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been.

Schwerin and Podewils were, no doubt, astonished to learn what the Royal purpose was, and could not want for commonplace objections many and strong, had this been the scene for dwelling on them, or dressing them out at eloquent length. But they knew well this was not the scene for doing more than, with eloquent modesty, hint them; that the Resolution, being already taken, would not alter for commonplace; and that the question now lying for honorable members was How to execute it? It is on this, as I collect, that Schwerin and Podewils, in the King's company, did, with extreme intensity, consult during those four days, and were, most probably, of considerable use to the King, though some of their modifications adopted by him turned out, not as they had predicted, but as he. On all the Military details and outlines, and on all the Diplomacies of this business, here are two Oracles extremely worth consulting by the young King.

To seize Silesia is easy: a Country open on all but the south side; open especially on our side, where a battalion of foot might force it; the three or four fortresses, of which only two, Glogau and Neisse, can be reckoned strong, are provided with nothing as they ought to be; not above 3000 fighting men in the whole Province, and these little expecting fight. Silesia can be seized; but the maintaining of it? We must try to maintain it, thinks Friedrich.

At Reinsberg it is not yet known that Kur-Baiern has protested, but it is well guessed he means to do so, and that France is at his back in some sort—Kur-Baiern, probably Kur-Sachsen and plenty more, France being secretly at their back. What low condition Austria stands in, all its ready resources run to the lees, is known ; and that France, getting lively at present with its Belleisles and adventurous spirits not restrainable by Fleury, is always on the watch to bring Austria lower—capable, in spite of Pragmatic Sanction, to snatch the golden moment, and spring hunter-like on a moribund Austria, were the hunting-dogs once out and in cry. To Friedrich it seems unlikely the Pragmatic Sanction will be a Law of Nature to mankind in these circumstances. His opinion is, "The old political system has expired with the Kaiser." Here is Europe, burning in one corner of it by Jenkins's Ear, and such a smoulder of combustible material awakening nearer hand: will not Europe, probably, blaze into general War, Pragmatic Sanction going to waste sheepskin, and universal scramble ensuing? In which he who has 100,000 good soldiers, and can handle them, may be an important figure in urging claims, and keeping what he has got hold of!

Friedrich's mind, as to the fact, is fixed ; seize Silesia we will ; but as to the manner of doing it, Schwerin and Podewils modify him. Their counsel is, "Do not step out in hostile attitude at the very first, saying, 'These Duchies, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, Jägerndorf, are mine, and I will fight for them ;' say only, 'Having, as is well known, interests of various kinds in this Silesia, I venture to take charge of it in the perilous times now come, and will keep it safe for the real owner.' Silesia seized in this fashion," continue they, "negotiate with the Queen of Hungary ; offer her help, large help in men and money, against her other enemies ; perhaps she will consent to do us right?" "She never will consent," is Friedrich's opinion. "But it is worth trying," urge the Ministers. "Well," answers Friedrich, "be it in that form ; that is the soft-spoken, cautious form: any form will do, if the fact be there." That is understood to have been the

figure of the deliberation in this conclave at Reinsberg during the four days.[1] And now it remains only to fix the Military details, to be ready in a minimum of time, and to keep our preparations and intentions in impenetrable darkness from all men in the interim. Adieu, Messieurs.

And so, on the 1st of November, fifth morning since they came, Schwerin and Podewils, a world of new business silently ahead of them, return to Berlin, intent to begin the same. All the Kings will have to take their resolution on this matter, wisely or else unwisely. King Friedrich's, let it prove the wisest or not, is notably the rapidest—complete, and fairly entering upon action, on November 1st. At London the news of the Kaiser's death had arrived the day before: Britannic Majesty and Ministry, thrown much into the dumps by it, much into the vague, are nothing like so prompt with their resolution on it. Somewhat sorrowfully in the vague. In fact, they will go jumbling hither and thither for about three years to come before making up their minds to a resolution, so intricate is the affair to the English Nation and them —intricate indeed, and even imaginary, definable mainly as a bottomless abyss of nightmare dreams to the English Nation and them! Productive of strong somnambulisms, as my friend has it!

Mystery in Berlin for Seven Weeks, while the Preparations go on; Voltaire visits Friedrich to decipher it, but can not.

Podewils and Schwerin gone, King Friedrich, though still very busy in working-hours, returns to his society, and its gayeties and brilliancies, apparently with increased appetite after these four days of abstinence. Still busy in his working-hours, as a King must be; couriers coming and going, hundreds of businesses dispatched each day; and in the evening, what a relish for society—Prätorius is quite astonished at it. Music, dancing, play-acting, suppers of the gods, "not done till four in the morning sometimes," these are the accounts Prätorius hears at Berlin. "From all persons who return

[1] Stenzel (from what sources he does not clearly say, no doubt from sources of some authenticity) gives this as summary of it, iv., 61–65.

from Reinsberg," writes he, "the unanimous report is, That the King works, the whole day through, with an assiduity that is unique; and then, in the evening, gives himself to the pleasures of society with a vivacity of mirth and sprightly humor which makes those Evening-Parties charming."[1] So it had to last, with frequent short journeys on Friedrich's part, and at last with change to Berlin as head-quarters, for about seven weeks to come—till the beginning of December, and the day of action, namely. A notable little Interim in Friedrich's History and that of Europe.

Friedrich's secret, till almost the very end, remained impenetrable, though, by degrees, his movements excited much guessing in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic world everywhere. Military matters do seem to be getting brisk in Prussia; arsenals much astir; troops are seen mustering, marching, plainly to a singular degree. Marching toward the Austrian side, toward Silesia, some note. Yes; but also toward Cleve certain detachments of troops are marching—do not men see? And the Intrenchment at Büderich in those parts, that is getting forward withal, though privately there is not the least prospect of using it in these altered circumstances. Friedrich already guesses that if he could get Silesia, so invaluable on the one skirt of him, he will probably have to give up his Berg-Jülich claims on the other; I fancy he is getting ready to do so, should the time come for such alternative. But he labors at Büderich all the same, and "improves the roads in that quarter," which at least may help to keep an inquisitive public at bay. These are seven busy weeks on Friedrich's part and on the world's: constant realities of preparation on the one part, industriously veiled; on the other part, such shadows, guessings, spyings, spectral movements above ground and below; Diplomatic shadows fencing, Gazetteer shadows rumoring; dreams of a world as if near awakening to something great! "All Officers on furlough have been ordered to their posts," writes Bielfeld, in those vague terms of his: "On arriving at Berlin, you notice a great agitation in all departments of the State. The regiments are ordered to prepare their

[1] Excerpt in Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 418.

equipages, and to hold themselves in readiness for marching. There are magazines being formed at Frankurt-on-the-Oder and at Crossen"—handy for Silesia, you would say? "There are considerable trains of Artillery getting ready, and the King has frequent conferences with his Generals."[1] The authentic fact is "By the middle of November, Troops to the extent of 30,000 and more had got orders to be ready for marching in three weeks hence;" their public motions very visible ever since, their actual purpose a mystery to all mortals except Three.

Toward the end of November it becomes the prevailing guess that the business is immediate, not prospective; that Silesia may be in the wind, not Jülich and Berg, which infinitely quickens the shadowy rumorings and Diplomatic fencings of mankind. The French have their special Embassador here—a Marquis de Beauvau, observant military gentleman, who came with the Accession Compliment some time ago, and keeps his eyes well open, but cannot see through millstones. Fleury is intensely desirous to know Friedrich's secret, but would fain keep his own (if he yet have one), and is himself quite tacit and reserved. To Fleury's Marquis de Beauvau Friedrich is very gracious, but in regard to secrets is for a reciprocal procedure. Could not Voltaire go and try? It is thought Fleury had let fall some hint to that effect, carried by a bird of the air. Sure enough, Voltaire does go; is actually on a visit to his royal Friend—"six days with him at Reinsberg;" perhaps near a fortnight in all (20th November —2d December or so), hanging about those Berlin regions on the survey. Here is an unexpected pleasure to the parties, but in regard to penetrating of secrets an unproductive one!

Voltaire's ostensible errand was To report progress about the *Anti-Machiavel*, the Van Duren nonsense; and, at any rate, to settle the Money-accounts on these and other scores, and to discourse Philosophies, for a day or two with the First of Men. The real errand, it is pretty clear, was as above. Voltaire has always a wistful eye toward political employment,

[1] Bielfeld, i., 165 (Berlin, 30th November, is the date he puts to it).

and would fain make himself useful in high quarters. Fleury and he have their touches of direct Correspondence now and then, and obliquely there are always intermediates and channels. Small hint, the slighest twinkle of Fleury's eyelashes, would be duly speeded to Voltaire, and set him going. We shall see him expressly missioned hither on similar errand by-and-by, though with as bad success as at present.

Of this his First Visit to Berlin, his Second to Friedrich, Voltaire in the *Vie Privée* says nothing. But in his *Siècle de Louis XV.*, he drops, with proud modesty, a little foot-note upon it: "The Author was with the King of Prussia at that time, and can affirm that Cardinal de Fleury was totally astray in regard to the Prince he had now to do with." To which a *date* slightly wrong is added, the rest being perfectly correct.[1] No other details are to be got anywhere, if they were of importance; the very dates of it in the best Prussian Books are all slightly awry. Here, by accident, are two poor flint-sparks caught from the dust whirlwind, which yield a certain sufficing twilight when put in their place, and show us both sides of the matter, the smooth side and the seamy:

1. *Friedrich to Algarotti, at Berlin.* From "Reinsberg, 21st Nov.," showing the smooth side.

"My dear Swan of Padua, Voltaire has arrived, all sparkling with new beauties, and far more sociable than at Cleve. He is in very good humor, and makes less complaining about his ailments than usual. Nothing can be more frivolous than our occupations here:" mere verse-making, dancing, philosophizing, then card-playing, dining, flirting; merry as birds on the bough (and Silesia *in*visible, except to one's self and two others).[2]

2. *Friedrich to Jordan at Berlin.* "Ruppin, 28th November."

* * "Thy Miser" (Voltaire, now gone to Berlin, of whom Jordan is to send news, as of all things else), "thy Miser shall drink to the lees of his insatiable desire (*sic*) to enrich himself: he shall have the 3000 thalers (£450). He was with me six days; that will be at the rate 150 thalers (£75) a day.

[1] *Œuvres* (Siècle de Louis XV., c. 6), xxviii., 74.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii., 25.

That is paying dear for one's merry-andrew (*c'est bien payer un fou*); never had court-fool such wages before." [1]

Which latter, also at first hand, shows us the seamy side. And here, finally, with date happily appended, is a poetic snatch, in Voltaire's exquisite style, which, with the response, gives us the medium view :

Voltaire's Adieu ("*Billet de Congé*, 2d December, 1740")

"*Non, malgré vos vertus, non, malgré vos appas,*
Mon âme n'est point satisfaite ;
Non, vous n'êtes qu'une coquette,
Qui subjuguez les cœurs, et ne vous donnez pas."

FRIEDRICH'S RESPONSE.

"*Mon âme sent le prix de vos divins appas ;*
Mais ne présumez point qu'elle soit satisfaite.
Traître, vous me quittez pour suivre une coquette ;
Moi je ne vous quitterais pas." [2]

Meaning, perhaps, in brief English : *V.* "Ah ! you are but a beautiful coquette ; you charm away our hearts, and do not give your own" (won't tell me your secret at all) ! *F.* "Treacherous Lothario, is it you that quit me for a coquette" (your divine Emilie, and won't stay here and be of my Academy) ; "but, however—" Friedrich looked hopingly on the French, but could not give his secret except by degrees and with reciprocity. Some days hence he said to Marquis de Beauveau, in the Audience of leave, a word which was remembered.

View of Friedrich behind the Veil.

As to Friedrich himself, since about the middle of November his plans seem to have been definitely shaped out in all points ; Troops so many, when to be on march, and how ; no

[1] Ib , xvii., 72. Particulars of the money-payment (traveling expenses chiefly, rather exorbitant, and *this* journey added to the list ; and no whisper of the considerable Van-Duren moneys, and copyright of *Anti-Machiavel* in abatement) are in Rödenbeck, i., 27. Exact sum paid is 3300 thalers ; 2000 a good while ago, 1300 at this time, which settles the greedy bill.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xiv., 167) ; *Œuvres de Voltaire ;* &c., &c.

important detail uncertain since then. November 17th he jots down a little Note, which is to go to Vienna, were the due hour come, by a special Embassador, one Count Gotter, acquainted with the ground there, and explain to her Hungarian Majesty what his exact demands are, and what the exact services he will render ; of which important little Paper readers shall hear again. Gotter's demands are at first to be high : Our Four Duchies, due by law so long ; these and even more, considering the important services we propose ; this is to be his first word ; but, it appears, he is privately prepared to put up with Two Duchies, if he can have them peaceably : Duchies of Sagan and Glogau, which are not of the Four at all, but which lie nearest us, and are far below the value of the Four, to Austria especially. This intricate point Friedrich has already settled in his mind. And, indeed, it is notably the habit of this young King to settle matters with himself in good time ; and in regard to all manner of points, he will be found, on the day of bargaining about them, to have his own resolution formed and definitely fixed, much to his advantage over conflicting parties who have theirs still flying loose.

Another thing of much concernment is To secure himself from danger of Russian interference. To this end he dispatches Major Winterfeld to Russia, a man well known to him ; day of Winterfeld's departure is not given ; day of his arrival in Petersburg is "19th December," just coming. Russia, at present, is rather in a staggering condition ; hopeful for Winterfeld's object. On the 28th of October last, only eight days after the Kaiser, Czarina Anne of Russia, she with the big cheek, once of Courland, had died ; "audacious Death," as our poor friend had it, "venturing upon another Crowned Head" there. Bieren, her dear Courlander, once little better than a Horse-groom, now Duke of Courland, Quasi-Husband to the late Big Cheek, and thereby sovereign of Russia this long while past, is left Official Head in Russia. Poor little Anton Ulrich and his august Spouse, well enough known to us, have indeed produced a Czar Iwan, some months ago, to the joy of mankind ; but Czar Iwan is in his cradle ; Father and

Mother's function is little other than to rock the cradle of Iwan ; Bieren to be Regent and Autocrat over him and them in the interim—to their chagrin, to that of Feldmarschal Münnich and many others, the upshot of which will be visible before long. Czarina Anne's death had seemed to Friedrich the opportune removal of a dangerous neighbor known to be in the pay of Austria : here now are new mutually hostile parties springing up ; chance, surely, of a bargain with some of them ? He dispatches Winterfeld on this errand, probably the fittest man in Prussia for it. How soon and perfectly Winterfeld succeeded, and what Winterfeld was, and something of what a Russia he found it, we propose to mention by-and-by.

These, and all points of importance, Friedrich has settled with himself some time ago. What his own private thoughts on the Silesian Adventure are, readers will wish to know, since they can at first hand. Hear Friedrich himself, whose veracity is unquestionable to such as know any thing of him :

"This Silesian Project fulfilled all his (the King's) political views"—summed them all well up into one head. "It was a means of acquiring reputation ; of increasing the power of the State ; and of terminating what concerned that long-litigated question of the Berg-Jülich Succession ;" can be sure of getting that, at lowest ; intends to give that up, if necessary.

"Meanwhile, before entirely determining, the King weighed the risks there were in undertaking such a War, and the advantages that were to be hoped from it. On one side presented itself the Potent House of Austria, not likely to want resources with so many vast Provinces under it ; an Emperor's Daughter attacked, who would naturally find allies in the King of England, in the Dutch Republic, and so many Princes of the Empire who had signed the Pragmatic Sanction." Russia was—or had been, and might again be—in the pay of Vienna. Saxony might have some clippings from Bohemia thrown to it, and so be gained over. Scanty Harvest, 1740, threatened difficulties as to provisioning of troops. "The risks were great. One had to apprehend the vicissitudes of war. A single battle lost might be decisive. The King had no allies ; and his troops, hitherto without experience, would have to front

old Austrian soldiers, grown gray in harness, and trained to war by so many campaigns.

"On the other side were hopeful considerations," four in number: *First*, Weak condition of the Austrian Court, Treasury empty, War-Apparatus broken in pieces; inexperienced young Princess to defend a disputed succession on those terms. *Second*, There *will* be allies; France and England always in rivalry, both meddling in these matters, King is sure to get either the one or the other. *Third*, Silesian War lies handy to us, and is the only kind of Offensive War that does; Country bordering on our frontier, and with the Oder running through it as a sure high road for everything. *Fourth*, "What suddenly turned the balance," or at least what kept it steady in that posture—"news of the Czarina's death arrives;" Russia has ceased to count against us, and become a manageable quantity. On, therefore!

"Add to these reasons," says the King, with a candor which has not been well treated in the History Books, "add to these reasons an Army ready for acting; Funds, Supplies all found" (lying barreled in the Schloss at Berlin), "and perhaps the desire of making one's self a name," from which few of mortals able to achieve it are exempt in their young time—"all this was cause of the War which the King now entered upon."[1]

"Desire to make himself a name; how shocking!" exclaim several Historians. "Candor of confession that he may have had some such desire; how honest!" is what they do not exclaim. As to the justice of his Silesian Claims, or even to his own belief about their justice, Friedrich affords not the least light which can be new to readers here. He speaks, when business requires it, of "those known rights" of his, and with the air of a man who expects to be believed on his word; but it is cursorily, and in the business way only; and there is not here or elsewhere the least pleading—a man, you would say, considerably indifferent to our belief on that head: his eye set on the practical merely. "Just Rights? What are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid! The world is full of such. If you have rights and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing?"

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (Histoire de mon Temps), i., 128.

We must add two Notes, two small absinthine drops, bitter but wholesome, administered by him to the Old Dessauer, whose gloomy wonder over all this military whirl of Prussian things, and discontent that he, lately the head authority, has never once been spoken to on it, have been great. Guessing, at last, that it was meant for Austria, a power rather dear to Leopold, he can suppress himself no longer, but breaks out into Cassandra prophesyings, which have piqued the young King, and provoke this return;

1. "*Reinsberg, 24th November*, 1740.—I have received your Letter, and seen with what inquietude you view the approaching march of my Troops. I hope you will set your mind at ease on that score, and wait with patience what I intend with them and you. I have made all my dispositions, and Your Serenity will learn, time enough, what my orders are, without disquieting yourself about them, as nothing has been forgotten or delayed." FRIEDRICH.

Old Dessauer, cut to the bone, perceives he will have to quit that method and never resume it; writes next how painful it is to an old General to see himself neglected, as if good for nothing, while his scholars are allowed to gather laurels. Friedrich's answer is of soothing character:

2. "*Berlin, 2d December*, 1740.—You may be assured I honor your merits and capacity as a young Officer ought to honor an old one, who has given the world so many proofs of his talent (*Dexterität*); nor will I neglect Your Serenity on any occasion when you can help me by your good counsel and co-operation." But it is a mere "bagatelle" this that I am now upon, though next year it may become serious.

For the rest, Saxony being a neighbor whose intentions one does not know, I have privately purposed Your Serenity should keep an outlook that way in my absence. Plenty of employment coming for Your Serenity. "But as to this present Expedition, I reserve it for myself alone, that the world may not think the King of Prussia marches with a Tutor to the Field." FRIEDRICH.[1]

[1] Orlich: *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i., 38, 39.

And therewith Leopold, eagerly complying, has to rest satisfied, and beware of too much freedom with this young King again.

"Berlin, December 2d," is the date of that last Note to the Dessauer; date also of Voltaire's *Adieu* with the *Response;* on which same day, "Friday, December 2d," as I find from the Old Books, his Majesty, quitting the Reinsberg sojourn, "had arrived in Berlin about 2 P.M., accompanied by Prince August Wilhelm" (betrothed at Brunswick lately); "such a crowd on the streets as if they had never seen him before." He continued at Berlin or in the neighborhood thenceforth. Busy days these, and Berlin a much-whispering City, as Regiment after Regiment marches away. King soon to follow, as is thought, "who himself sometimes deigns to take the Regiments into highest own eye-shine, *Höchst-eigenen Augenschein*" (that is, to review them), say the reverential Editors. December 6th—But let us follow the strict sequence of Phenomena at Berlin.

Excellency Botta has Audience; then Excellency Dickens, and others: December 6th, the Mystery is out.

Of course her Hungarian Majesty, and her Bartensteins and Ministries, heard enough of those Prussian rumors, interior Military activities, and enigmatic movements, but they seem strangely supine on the matter; indeed, they seem strangely supine on such matters, and lean at ease upon the Sea-Powers, upon Pragmatic Sanction and other Laws of Nature. But at length even they become painfully interested as to Friedrich's intentions, and dispatch an Envoy to sift him a little—an expert Marchese di Botta, Genoese by birth, skillful in the Russian and other intricacies, who was here at Berlin lately, doing the Accession Compliment (rather ill received at that time), and is fit for the job. Perhaps Botta will penetrate him? That is becoming desirable, in spite of the gay Private Theatricals at Reinsberg, and the Berlin Carnival Balls he is so occupied with.

England is not less interested, and the diligent Sir Guy is doing his best, but can make out nothing satisfactory; much

the reverse, indeed, and falls into angry black anticipations. "Nobody here, great or small," says his Excellency, "dares make any representation to this young Prince against the measures he is pursuing, though all are sensible of the confusion which must follow. A Prince who had the least regard to honor, truth, and justice, could not act the part he is going to do." Alas! no, Excellency Dickens! "But it is plain his only view was to deceive us all, and conceal for a while his ambitious and mischievous designs."[1] "Never was such dissimulation!" exclaims the Diplomatic world every where, being angered at it, as if it were a vice on the part of a King about to invade Silesia. Dissimulation, if that mean mendacity, is not the name of the thing; it is the art of wearing a polite cloak of darkness, and the King is little disturbed what name they call it.

Botta did not get to Berlin till December 1st, had no Audience till the 5th, by which time it is becoming evident to Excellency Dickens, and to every body, that Silesia is the thing meant. Botta hints as much in that first Audience, December 5th: "Terrible roads, those Silesian ones, your Majesty!" says Botta, as if historically merely, but with a glance of the eye. "Hm," answers his Majesty in the same tone, "the worst that comes of them is a little mud!" Next day Dickens had express Audience, "Berlin, Tuesday 6th;" a smartish, somewhat flurried Colloquy with the King, which, well abridged, may stand as follows:

Dickens. * * "Indivisibility of the Austrian Monarchy, Sire!" *King.* "Indivisibility? What do you mean?" *Dickens.* "The maintenance of the Pragmatic Sanction." *King.* "Do you intend to support it? I hope not; for such is not my intention." (There is for you!) * * *

Dickens. "England and Holland will much wonder at the measures your Majesty was taking at the moment when your Majesty proposed to join with them, and were making friendly proposals!" (Has been a deceitful man, Sir Guy, at least an impenetrable; but this latter is rather strong on your part!) "What shall I write to England?" ("When I mentioned

[1] Dispatch 29th November–3d December, 1740; Raumer, p. 58.

this," says Dickens, "the King grew red in the face," eyes considerably flashing, I should think.)

King. "You can have no instructions to ask that question, and if you had, I have an answer ready for you. England has no right to inquire into my designs. Your great Sea-Armaments, did I ask you any questions about them? No; I was and am silent on that head; only wishing you good luck, and that you may not get beaten by the Spaniards." (Dickens hastily draws in his rash horns again; after a pass or two, King's natural color returns.) * *

King. "Austria, as a Power, is necessary against the Turks. But in Germany, what need of Austria being so superlative? Why should not, say, Three Electors united be able to oppose her? * * * Monsieur, I find it is your notion in England, as well as theirs in France, to bring other Sovereigns under your tutorage, and lead them about. Understand that I will not be led by either. * * Tush! *you* are like the Athenians, who, when Philip of Macedon was ready to invade them, spent their time in haranguing."

Dickens. * * "Berg and Jülich, if we were to guarantee them?" *King.* "Hm. Don't so much mind that Rhine Country; difficulties there—Dutch always jealous of one. But, on the other Frontier, neither England nor Holland could take umbrage"—points clearly to Silesia then, your Excellency Dickens?[1]

Alas! yes. Troops and military equipments are, for days past, evidently wending toward Frankfurt, toward Crossen, and even the Newspapers now hint that something is on hand in that quarter. Nay, this same day, *Tuesday, 6th December*, there has come out brief Official Announcement to all the Foreign Ministers at Berlin, Excellency Dickens among them, "That his Royal Majesty, our most all-gracious Herr, has taken the resolution to advance a Body of Troops into Schlesien," rather out of friendly views toward Austria (much business lying between us about Schlesien), not out of hostile views by any means, as all Excellencies shall assure their respective Courts[2]—announcement which had thrown the Excellency Dickens into such a frame of mind before he got his Audience to-day!

[1] Raumer (from State-Paper Office), p. 63, 64.

[2] Copy of the Paper, in *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 447.

Saturday following, which was December 10th, Marquis de Beauvau had his Audience of leave, intending for Paris shortly: Audience very gracious; covertly hinting, on both sides, more than it said; ending in these words, on the King's side, which have become famous; "Adieu, then, M. le Marquis. I believe I am going to play your game; if the aces fall to me, we will share (*Je vais, je crois, jouer votre jeu: si les as me viennent, nous partagerons*)!"[1]

To Botta, all this while, Friedrich strove to be specially civil; took him out to Charlottenberg that same Saturday with the Queen and other guests; but Botta, and all the world, being now certain about Silesia, and that no amount of mud, or other terror on the roads, would be regarded, Botta's thoughts in this evening party are not of cheerful nature. Next day, Sunday, December 11th, he too gets his Audience of leave, and can not help bursting out, when the King plainly tells him what is now afoot, and that the Prussian Embassador has got instructions what to offer upon it at Vienna. "Sire, you are going to ruin the House of Austria," cried Botta, "and to plunge yourself into destruction (*vous abîmer*) at the same time!" "Depends on the Queen," said Friedrich, "to accept the offers I have made her." Botta sank silent, seemed to reflect, but gathering himself again, added, with an ironical air and tone of voice, "They are fine Troops, those of yours, Sire. Ours have not the same splendor of appearance, but they have looked the wolf in the face. Think, I conjure you, what you are getting into!" Friedrich answered with vivacity, a little nettled at the ironical tone of Botta, and his mixed sympathy and menace: "You find my troops are beautiful; perhaps I shall convince you they are good too." Yes, Excellency Botta, goodish troops, and very capable "to look the wolf in the face," or perhaps in the tail too, before all end! "Botta urged and entreated that at least there should be some delay in executing this project; but the King gave him to understand that it was now too late, and that the Rubicon was passed."[2]

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Siècle de Louis XV., c. 6) xxviii., 74.

[2] Friedrich's own Account (*Œuvres*, ii., 57).

The secret is now out, therefore ; Invasion of Silesia certain and close at hand. "A day or two before marching," may have been this very day when Botta got his audience, the King assembled his Chief Generals, all things ready out in the Frankfurt-Crossen region yonder, and spoke to them as follows, briefly and to the point :

"Gentlemen, I am undertaking a War in which I have no allies but your valor and your good-will. My cause is just ; my resources are what we ourselves can do ; and the issue lies in Fortune. Remember continually the glory which your Ancestors acquired in the plains of Warsaw, at Fehrbellin, and in the Expedition to Preussen" (across the Frische Haf on ice, that time). "Your lot is in your own hands ; distinctions and rewards wait upon your fine actions which shall merit them.

"But what need have I to excite you to glory? It is the one thing you keep before your eyes, the sole object worthy of your labors. We are going to front troops who, under Prince Eugène, had the highest reputation. Though Prince Eugène is gone, we shall have to measure our strength against brave soldiers ; the greater will be the honor if we can conquer. Adieu ; go forth. I will follow you straightway to the rendezvous of glory which awaits us."[1]

Masked Ball at Berlin, 12th–13th December.

On the evening of Tuesday, 12th, there was, as usual, Masked (or Half-Masked) Ball at the Palace. As usual ; but this time it has become mentionable in World-History. Bielfeld, personally interested, gives us a vivid glance into it, which, though pretending to be real and contemporaneous, is unfortunately *mythical* only, and done at a great interval of years (dates, and even slight circumstances of fact, refusing to conform), which, however, for the truth there is in it, we will give, as better than nothing. Bielfeld's pretended date is "Berlin, 15th December," should have been 14th ; wrong by a day, after one's best effort!

"*Berlin*, 15*th December*, 1740. As for me, dear Sister, I am like a shuttlecock whom the kings of Prussia and of England

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 58.

hit with their rackets and knock to and fro. The night before last I was at the Palace Evening Party (*Assemblée*), which is a sort of Ball, where you go in domino, but without mask on the face. The Queen was there, and all the Court. About eight o'clock the King also made his appearance. His Majesty, noticing M de G * *" (that is *De Guidiken*, or Guy Dickens), "English Minister, addressed him; led him into the embrasure of a window, and talked alone with him for more than an hour" (uncertain, probably apocryphal this). "I threw, from time to time, a stolen glance at this dialogue, which appeared to me to be very lively. A moment after, being just dancing with Madame the Countess de—*Three-Asterisks*—I felt myself twitched by the domino, and turning, was much surprised to see that it was the King, who took me aside and said, 'Are your boots oiled (*Vos bottes sont-elles graissées*, Are you ready for a journey)?' I replied, 'Sire, they will always be so for your Majesty's service.' 'Well, then, Truchsess and you are for England; the day after tomorrow you go. Speak to M. de Podewils!' This was said like a flash of lightning. His Majesty passed into another apartment, and I, I went to finish my minuet with the Lady, who had been not less astonished to see me disappear from her eyes in the middle of the dance than I was at what the King said to me"[1] Next morning I—

The fact is, next morning, Truchsess and I began preparation for the Court of London, and we did there, for many months afterward, strive our best to keep the Britannic Majesty in some kind of tune, amid the prevailing discord of events; fact interesting to some. And the other fact, interesting to every body, though Bielfeld has not mentioned it, is, That King Friedrich, the same next morning, punctually "at the stroke of 9," rolled away Frankfurt-ward, into the first Silesian War! Tuesday, "13th December, this morning the King, privately quitting the Ball, has gone" (after some little snatch of sleep, we will hope) "for Frankfurt, to put himself at the head of his Troops."[2] Bellona his companion for long

[1] Bielfeld, i., 167, 168.

[2] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 13th December, 1740; see also *Hebden-Geschichte*, i., 452; &c., &c.

years henceforth, instead of Minerva and the Muses, as he had been anticipating.

Hereby is like to be fulfilled (except that Friedrich himself is perhaps this "little stone") what Friedrich prophesied to his Voltaire the day after hearing of the Kaiser's Death: "I believe there will, by June next, be more talk of cannon, soldiers, trenches, than of actresses, and dancers for the ballet. This small Event changes the entire system of Europe. It is the little stone which Nebuchadnezzar saw, in his dream, loosening itself, and rolling down on the Image made of Four Metals, which it shivers to ruin." [1]

[1] Friedrich to Voltaire, busy gathering actors at that time, 26th Oct., 1740 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii., 49).

BOOK XII.

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, AWAKENING A GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE, BEGINS.

December, 1740–May, 1741.

CHAPTER I.

OF SCHLESIEN, OR SILESIA.

SCHLESIEN, what we call Silesia, lies in elliptic shape, spread on the top of Europe, partly girt with mountains, like the crown or crest to that part of the Earth—highest table-land of Germany or of the Cisalpine Countries, and sending rivers into all the seas. The summit or highest level of it is in the southwest; longest diameter is from northwest to southeast. From Crossen, whither Friedrich is now driving, to the Jablunka Pass, which issues upon Hungary, is above 250 miles; the *axis*, therefore, or longest diameter, of our Ellipse we may call 250 English miles; its shortest, or conjugate diameter, from Friedland in Bohemia (Wallenstein's old Friedland), by Breslau, across the Oder to the Polish Frontier, is about 100. The total area of Schlesien is counted to be some 20,000 square miles, nearly the third of England Proper.

Schlesien—will the reader learn to call it by that name on occasion? for in these sad Manuscripts of ours the names alternate—is a fine, fertile, useful, and beautiful Country. It leans sloping, as we hinted, to the East and to the North; a long curved buttress of Mountains ("*Riesengebirge*, Giant Mountains," is their best-known name in foreign countries) holding it up on the South and West sides. This Giant-

Mountain Range—which is a kind of continuation of the Saxon-Bohemian "Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*)," and of the straggling Lausitz Mountains, to westward of these—shapes itself like a bill-hook (or elliptically, as was said): handle and hook together may be some 200 miles in length. The precipitous side of this is, in general, turned outward, toward Böhmen, Mähren, Ungarn (Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, in our dialects); and Schlesien lies inside, irregularly sloping down toward the Baltic and toward the utmost East. From the Bohemian side of these Mountains there rise Two Rivers —Elbe tending for the West; Morawa for the South; Morawa, crossing Moravia, gets into the Donau, and thence into the Black-Sea; while Elbe, after intricate adventures among the mountains, and then prosperously across the plains, is out, with its many ships, into the Atlantic. Two rivers, we say, from the Bohemian or steep side; and again, from the Silesian side, there rise other Two, the Oder and the Weichsel (*Vistula*), which start pretty near one another in the Southeast, and, after wide windings, get both into the Baltic, at a good distance apart.

For the first thirty, or in parts, fifty miles from the Mountains, Silesia slopes somewhat rapidly, and is still to be called a Hill-country, rugged extensive elevations diversifying it; but after that, the slope is gentle, and at length insensible, or noticeable only by the way the waters run. From the central part of it, Schlesien pictures itself to you as a plain, growing ever flatter, ever sandier as it abuts on the monotonous endless sand-flats of Poland and the Brandenburg territories; nothing but Boundary-Stones with their brass inscriptions marking where the transition is, and only some Fortified Town, not far off, keeping the door of the Country secure in that quarter.

On the other hand, the Mountain part of Schlesien is very picturesque; not of Alpine height any where (the Schnee-Koppe itself is under 5000 feet), so that verdure and forest would fail almost nowhere among the Mountains; and multiplex industry, besung by rushing torrents and the swift young rivers, nestles itself high up; and from wheat-husbandry,

madder and maize husbandry, to damask-weaving, metallurgy, charcoal-burning, tar-distillery, Schlesien has many trades, and has long been expert and busy at them to a high degree. A very pretty Ellipsis, or irregular Oval, on the summit of the European Continent, "like the palm of a left-hand well stretched-out, with the Riesengebirge for thumb!" said a certain Herr to me, stretching out his arm in that fashion toward the northwest—Palm well stretched-out, measuring 250 miles, and the cross way 100. There are still beavers in Schlesien; the Katzbach River has gold grains in it, a kind of Pactolus not now worth working; and in the scraggy lonesome pine-woods, grimy individuals, with kindled mounds of pine-branches and smoke carefully kept down by sods, are sweating out a substance which they inform you is to be tar.

Historical Epochs of Schlesien; after the Quads and Marchmen.

Who first lived in Schlesien, or lived long since in it, there is no use in asking, nor in telling if one knew. "The *Quadi* and the Lygii," says Dryasdust, in a groping manner: Quadi and consorts, in the fifth or sixth Century, continues he with more confidence, shifted Rome-ward, following the general track of contemporaneous mankind; weak remnant of Quadi was thereupon overpowered by Slavic populations, and their Country became Polish, which the eastern rim of it still essentially is. That was the end of the Quadi in those parts, says History. But they can not speak nor appeal for themselves; History has them much at discretion. Rude burial urns, with a handful of ashes in them, have been dug up in different places: these are all the Archives and Histories the Quadi now have. It appears their name signifies *Wicked*. They are those poor Quadi (*Wicked People*) who always go along with the Marcomanni (*Marchmen*) in the bead-roll Histories one reads, and I almost guess they must have been of the same stock: "Wickeds and Borderers," considered, on both sides of the Border, to belong to the Dangerous Classes in those times. Two things are certain: First, *quad* and its derivatives have, to this day, in the speech of rustic Germans, something of that

meaning—"nefarious," at least "injurious," "hateful, and to be avoided:" for example, *quaddel*, "a nettle-burn;" *quetschen*, "to smash" (say your thumb while hammering); &c., &c. And then a second thing: The Polish equivalent word is *Zle* (Büsching says *Zlezi*); hence *Zlezien*, *Schlesien*, meaning merely *Bad*land, Quadland, what we might call *Damag*itia, or Country where you get into Trouble. That is the etymology, or what passes for such. As to the History of Schlesien hitherward of these burial urns dug up in different places, I notice, as not yet entirely buriable, Three Epochs.

First Epoch: Christianity: A.D. 966. Introduction of Christianity, to the length of founding a Bishopric that year, so hopeful were the aspects; "Bishopric of Schmoger" (*Schmag*ram, dim little Village still discoverable on the Polish frontier, not far from the Town of Namslau); Bishopric, which, after one removal farther inward, got across the Oder, to "*Wratislav*," which we now call Breslau, and sticks there, as Bishopric of Breslau, to this day. Year 966: it was in Adalbert, our Prussian Saint and Missionary's younger time. Preaching, by zealous Polacks, must have been going on, while Adalbert, Bright in Nobleness, was studying at Magdeburg, and ripening for high things in the general estimation. This was a new gift from the Polacks, this of Christianity; an infinitely more important one than the nickname of "*Zlezien*," or "*Damag*itia," stuck upon the poor Country, had been.

Second Epoch: Get gradually out loose from Poland: A.D. 1139–1159. Twenty years of great trouble in Poland, which were of lasting benefit to Schlesien. In 1139 the Polack King, a very potent Majesty whom we could name but do not, died, and left his Dominions shared by punctual bequest among his five sons. Punctual bequest did avail; but the eldest Son (who was King, and had Schlesien with much else to his share) began to encroach, to grasp; upon which the others rose upon him, flung him out into exile; redivided; and hoped now they might have quiet. Hoped, but were disappointed, and could come to no sure bargain for the next twenty years—not till "the eldest brother," first author of these strifes, "died in exile in Holstein," or was just about dying, and had agreed to take Schlesien for all claims, and be quiet thenceforth.

His, this eldest's, Three Sons did accordingly, in 1159, get Schlesien instead of him, their uncles proving honorable.

Schlesien thereby was happy enough to get cut loose from Poland, and to continue loose, steering a course of its own; parting farther and farther from Poland, and its habits and fortunes. These Three Sons, of the late Polish Majesty who died in exile in Holstein, are the "Piast Dukes," much talked of in Silesian Histories, of whose merits I specify this only, that they so soon as possible strove to be German. They were Progenitors of all "the Piast Dukes," Proprietors of Schlesien thenceforth, till the last of them died out in 1675—and a certain *Erbverbrüderung* they had entered into could not take effect at that time. Their merits as Sovereign Dukes seem to have been considerable; a certain piety, wisdom, and nobleness of mind not rare among them; and no doubt it was partly their merit, if partly also their good luck, that they took to Germany, and leant thitherward, steering looser and looser from Poland in their new circumstances. They themselves by degrees became altogether German; their Countries, by silent immigration, introduction of the arts, the composures and sobrieties, became essentially so. On the eastern rim there is still a Polack remnant, its territories very sandy, its condition very bad—remnant which surely ought to cease its Polack jargon, and learn some dialect of intelligible Teutsch, as the first condition of improvement. In all other parts, Teutsch reigns; and Schlesien is a green abundant Country, full of metallurgy, damask-weaving, grain-husbandry, instead of gasconade, gilt anarchy, rags, dirt, and *Nie Pozwalam*.

A.D. 1327: *Get completely cut loose.* The Piast Dukes, who soon ceased to be Polish, and hung rather upon Bohemia, and thereby upon Germany, made a great step in that direction when King Johann, old *Ich-Dien* whom we ought to recollect, persuaded most of them, all of them but two, "*pretio ac prece*," to become Feudatories (Quasi-Feudatories, but of a sovereign sort) to his Crown of Bohemia. The two who stood out, resisting prayer and price, were the Duke of Jauer and the Duke of Schweidnitz—lofty-minded gentlemen, perhaps a thought too lofty. But these also Johann's son, little Kaiser Karl IV., "marrying their heiress," contrived to bring in; one fruitful adventure of little Karl's, among the many wasteful he made in the German Reich. Schlesien is henceforth a bit of the Kingdom of Bohemia, indissolubly hooked to Germany; and its progress in the arts and composures, under wise Piasts with immigrating Germans, we guess to have become doubly rapid.[1]

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, viii., 725: Hübner, t. 94.

Third Epoch: Adopt the Reformation: A.D. 1414–1517. Schlesien, hanging to Bohemia in this manner, extensively adopted Huss's doctrines; still more extensively Luther's; and that was a difficult element in its lot, though, I believe, an unspeakably precious one. It cost above a Century of sad tumults, Zisca Wars—nay, above Two Centuries, including the sad Thirty-years War; which miseries, in Bohemia Proper, were sometimes very sad and even horrible. But Schlesien, the outlying Country, did, in all this, suffer less than Bohemia Proper, and did *not* lose its Evangelical Doctrine in result, as unfortunate Bohemia did, and sink into sluttish "fanatical torpor, and big Crucifixes of japanned Tin by the wayside," though in the course of subsequent years, named of Peace, it was near doing so. Here are the steps, or unavailing countersteps, in that latter direction:

A.D. 1537. Occurred, as we know, the *Erbverbrüderung;* Duke of Liegnitz, and of other extensive heritages, making Deed of Brotherhood with Kur-Brandenburg; Deed forbidden, and, so far as might be, rubbed out and annihilated by the then King of Bohemia, subsequently Kaiser, Ferdinand I., Karl V.'s Brother. Duke of Liegnitz had to give up his parchments, and become zero in that matter; Kur-Brandenburg entirely refused to do so; kept his parchments, to see if they would not turn to something.

A.D. 1624. Schlesien, especially the then Duke of Liegnitz (great-grandson of the *Erbverbrüderung* one), and poor Johann George, Duke of Jägerndorf, cadet of the then Kur-Brandenburg, went warmly ahead into the Winter-King project, first fire of the Thirty-years War; sufferings from Papal encroachment, in high quarters, being really extreme—warmly ahead, and had to smart sharply for it; poor Johann George, with forfeiture of Jägerndorf, with *Reiches-Acht* (Ban of the Empire), and total ruin, fighting against which he soon died. Act of Ban and Forfeiture was done tyrannously, said most men; and it was persisted in equally so, till men ceased speaking of it; Jägerndorf Duchy, fruit of the Act, was held by Austria ever after, in defiance of the Laws of the Reich. Religious Oppression lay heavy on Protestant Schlesien thenceforth, and many lukewarm individualities were brought back to Orthodoxy by that method, successful in the diligent skilled hands of Jesuit Reverend Fathers, with fiscals and soldiers in the rear of them.

A.D. 1648. Treaty of Westphalia mended much of this, and set fair limits to Papist encroachment—had said Treaty

been kept: but how could it? By Orthodox Authority, anxious to recover lost souls, or at least to have loyal subjects, it was publicly kept in name, and tacitly, in substance, it was violated more and more. Of the "Blossoming of Silesian Literature," spoken of in Books; of the Poet Opitz, Poets Logau, Hoffmannswaldau, who burst into a kind of Song better or worse at this Period, we will remember nothing, but request the reader to remember it, if he is tunefully given, or thinks it a good symptom of Schlesien.

A.D. 1707. Treaty of Altranstadt, between Kaiser Joseph I. and Karl XII. Swedish Karl, marching through those parts —out of Poland, in chase of August the Physically Strong, toward Saxony, there to beat him soft—was waited upon by Silesian Deputations of a lamentable nature; was entreated, for the love of Christ and His Evangel, to "Protect us poor Protestants, and get the Treaty of Westphalia observed on our behalf, and fair play shown;" which Karl did; Kaiser Joseph, with such weight of French War lying on him, being much struck with the tone of that dangerous Swede. The Pope rebuked Kaiser Joseph for such compliance in the Silesian matter: "Holy Father," answered this Kaiser (not of distinguished orthodoxy in the House), "I am too glad he did not ask me to become Lutheran; I know not how I should have helped myself!"[1]

These are the Three Epochs—most things, in respect of this Third or Reformation Epoch, stepping steadily downward hitherto. As to the Fourth Epoch, dating "13th Dec., 1740," which continues, up to our day and farther, and is the final and crowning Epoch of Silesian History, read in the following Chapters.

[1] Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte* (viii., 298-592); Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung* (viii., 700-39); &c.—Heinrich Wuttke, *Friedrich des Grossen Besitzergreifung von Schlesien* (Seizure of Silesia by Friedrich, 2 vols., Leipzig, 1843), I mention only lest ingenuous readers should be tempted by the Title to buy it Wuttke begins at the Creation of the World; and having, in two heavy volumes, at last struggled down close *to* the *Besitzergreifung* or Seizure in question, calls halt, and stands) at ease, we will hope) immovably there for the seventeen years since.

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH MARCHES ON GLOGAU.

At what hour Friedrich ceased dancing on that famous Ball-night of Bielfeld's, and how long he slept after, or whether at all, no Bielfeld even mythically says; but next morning, as is patent to all the world, Tuesday, 13th December, 1740, at the stroke of nine, he steps into his carriage, and with small escort rolls away toward Frankfurt-on-Oder,[1] out upon an Enterprise which will have results for himself and others.

Two youngish military men, Adjutants-General both, were with him, Wartensleben, Borck; both once fellow Captains in the Potsdam Giants, and much in his intimacy ever since. Wartensleben we once saw at Brunswick on a Masonic occasion; Borck, whom we here see for the first time, is not the Colonel Borck (properly Major-General) who did the Herstal Operation lately; still less is he the venerable old Minister, Marlborough Veteran, and now Field-Marshal Borck, whom Hotham treated with on a certain occasion. There are numerous Borcks always in the King's service; nor are these three, except by loose cousinry, related to one another. The Borcks all come from Stettin quarter; a brave kindred, and old enough—"Old as the Devil, *Das ist so old als de Borcken und de Düwel*," says the Pomeranian Proverb; the Adjutant General, a junior member of the clan, chances to be the notablest of them at this moment. Wartensleben, Borck, and a certain Colonel von der Golz, whom also the King much esteems, these are his company on this drive. For escort, or guard of honor out of Berlin to the next stages, there is a small body of Hussars, Life-guard, and other Cavalry, "perhaps 500 horse in all."

They drive rapidly, through the gray Winter; reach Frankfurt on the Oder, sixty miles or more, where no doubt there is military business waiting. They are forward, on the morrow,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 452; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 456.

for dinner, forty miles farther, at a small Town called Crossen, which looks over into Silesia, and is, for the present, head-quarters to a Prussian Army, standing ready there and in the environs—standing ready, or hourly marching in, and rendezvousing; now about 28,000 strong, horse and foot. A Rear-guard of Ten or Twelve Thousand will march from Berlin in two days, pause hereabouts, and follow according to circumstances: Prussian Army will then be some 40,000 in all. Schwerin has been Commander, manager, and mainspring of the business hitherto; henceforth it is to be the King; but Schwerin under him will still have a Division of his own.

Among the Regiments we notice "Schulenburg Horse-Grenadiers"—come along from Landsberg hither, these Horse-Grenadiers, with little Schulenburg at the head of them; "Dragoon Regiment Bayreuth," "Lifeguard Carbineers," "Derschau of Foot," and other Regiments and figures slightly known to us, or that will be better known.[1] Rear-guard, just getting under way at Berlin, has for leaders the Prince of Holstein-Beck ("Holstein-*Vaisselle*" say wags, since the Principality went all to *Silver-Plate*) and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, whom we called the Young Dessauer, on the Strasburg Journey lately; Rear-guard, we say, is of 12,000; main Army is 28,000; Horse and Foot are in the proportion of about 1 to 3. Artillery "consists of 20 three-pounders; 4 twelve-pounders; 4 howitzers (*Haubitzen*); 4 big mortars, calibre fifty-pounds; and of Artillerymen 166 in all."

With this Force the young King has, on his own basis (pretty much in spite of all the world, as we find now and afterward), determined to invade Silesia, and lay hold of the Property he has long had there; not computing, for none can compute, the sleeping whirlwinds he may chance to awaken thereby. Thus lightly does a man enter upon Enterprises which prove unexpectedly momentous, and shape the whole remainder of his days for him, crossing the Rubicon as it were in his sleep. In Life, as on railways at certain points, whether you know it or not, there is but an inch, this way or that, into what tram you

[1] List in *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 453.

are shunted ; but try to get out of it again! "The man is mad, *cet homme-là est fol!*" said Louis XV. when he heard it.[1]

Friedrich at Crossen, and still in his own Territory, 14th–16th Dec.—Steps into Schlesien.

At all events, the man means to try, and is here dining at Crossen noon of Wednesday the 14th ; certain important persons—especially two Silesian Gentlemen, deputed from Grünberg, the nearest Silesian Town, who have come across the border on business –having the honor to dine with him, to whom his manner is lively and affable ; lively in mood, as if there lay no load upon his spirits. The business of these two Silesian Gentlemen, a Baron von Hocke one of them, a Baron von Kestlitz the other, was to present, on the part of the Town and Amt of Grünberg, a solemn Protest against this meditated entrance on the Territory of Schlesien ; Government itself, from Breslau, ordering them to do so. Protest was duly presented ; Friedrich, as his manner is, and continues to be on his march, glances politely into or at the Protest ; hands it, in silence, to some page or secretary to reposit in the due pigeon-hole or waste-basket, and invites the two Silesian Gentlemen to dine with him, as, we see, they have the honor to do. "He (*Er*) lives near Grünberg, then Mein Herr von Hocke?" "Close to it, *Ihro Majestät*. My poor mansion, Schloss of Deutsch-Kessel, is some fifteen miles hence ; how infinitely at your Majesty's service, should the march prove inevitable, and go that way!" "Well, perhaps!" I find Friedrich did dine, the second day hence, with one of these Gentlemen, and lodged with the other. Government at Breslau has ordered such Protest on the part of the Frontier populations and Official persons, and this is all that comes of it.

During these hours it chanced that the big Bell of Crossen dropped from its steeple—fullness of time, or entire rotten-

[1] Raumer, *Beyträge* (English Translation, called *Frederick II. and his Times ; from British Museum and State-Paper Office ;* a very indistinct poor Book, in comparison with what it might have been), p. 73 (24th Dec., 1740).

ness of axle-tree, being at last completed at this fateful moment. Perhaps an ominous thing? Friedrich, as Cæsar and others have done, cheerfully interprets the omen to his own advantage: "Sign that the High is to be brought low!" says Friedrich. Were the march-routes, wagon-trains, and multifarious adjustments perfect to the last item here at Crossen, he will with much cheerfulness step into Silesia, independent of all Grünberg Protests and fallen Bells.

On the second day he does actually cross, "the regiments marching in at different points, some reaching as far as 25 miles in." It is Friday, 16th Dec., 1740; there has a game begun which will last long! They went through the Village of Läsgen; that was the first point of Silesian ground ("Circle of Schwiebus," our old friend, is on the left near by), and "Schwerin's regiment was the foremost." Others cross more to the left or right, "marching through the Village of Lessen," and other dim Villages and little Towns round and beyond Grünberg; all regiments and divisions bearing upon Grünberg and the Great Road, but artistically portioned out, several miles in breadth (for the sake of quarters), and, as is generally the rule, about a day's march in length. This evening nearly the whole Army was on Silesian ground.

Printed "Patent" or Proclamation, briefly assuring all Silesians, of whatever rank, condition, or religion, "That we have come as friends to them, and will protect all persons in their privileges, and molest no peaceable mortal," is posted on Church-doors, and extensively distributed by hand. Soldiers are forbidden, "under penalty of the rods," Officers under that of "cassation with infamy," to take any thing, without first bargaining and paying ready money for it. On these terms the Silesian villages cheerfully enough, accept their new guests, interesting to the rural mind; and though the billeting was rather heavy, "as many as 24 soldiers to a common Farmer (*Gärtner*)," no complaints were made. In one Schloss, where the owners had fled, and no human response was to be had by the wayworn soldiery, there did occur some breakages and impatient kickings about, which it grieved his Majesty to hear of next morning—in one, not in more.

Official persons, we perceive, study to be absolutely passive. This was the Bürgermeister's course at Grünberg to-night; Grünberg, first Town on the Frontier, sets an example of passivity which can not be surpassed. Prussian troops being at the Gate of Grünberg, Bürgermeister and adjuncts sitting in a tacit expectant condition in their Town-hall, there arrives a Prussian Lieutenant requiring of the Bürgermeister the Key of said Gate. "To deliver such Key? Would to God I durst, Mein Herr Lieutenant; but how dare I? There is the Key lying; but to *give* it—You are not the Queen of Hungary's Officer, I doubt?" The Prussian Lieutenant has to put out hand and take the Key, which he readily does. And on the morrow, in returning it, when the march recommences, there are the same phenomena: Bürgermeister or assistants dare not for the life of them touch that Key. It lay on the table, and may again, in the course of Providence, come to lie! The Prussian Lieutenant lays it down accordingly, and hurries out, with a grin on his face. There was much small laughter over this transaction, Majesty himself laughing well at it. Higher perfection of passivity no Bürgermeister could show.

The march, as readers understand, is toward Glogau, a strongish Garrison Town, now some 40 miles ahead, the key of Northern Schlesien. Grünberg (where my readers once slept for the night, in the late King's time, though they have forgotten it) is the first and only considerable Town on the hither side of Glogau. On to Glogau, I rather perceive, the Army is in good part provisioned before starting: after Glogau—we must see. Bread-wagons, Baggage-wagons, Ammunition-and-Artillery wagons, all is in order; Army artistically portioned out. That is the form of march, with Glogau ahead. King, as we said above, dines with his Baron von Hocke at the Schloss of Deutsch-Kessel, short way beyond Grünberg, this first day, but he by no means loiters there; cuts across, a dozen miles westward, through a country where his vanguard, on its various lines of march, ought to be arriving, and goes to lodge at the Schloss of Schweinitz with his other Baron, the Von Kestlitz, of Wednesday at Crossen.[1]

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 459.

This is Friday, 16th December, his first night on Silesian ground.

What Glogau, and the Government at Breslau, did upon it.

Silesia, in the way of resistance, is not in the least prepared for him. A month ago there were not above 3000 Austrian Foot and 600 Horse in the whole Province: neither the military Governor, Count Wallis, nor the Imperial Court, nor any Official Person near or far, had the least anticipation of such a Visit. Count Wallis, who commands in Glogau, did in person, nine or ten days ago, as the rumors rose ever higher, run over to Crossen; saw with his eyes the undeniable there; and has been zealously endeavoring ever since, what *he* could, to take measures. Wallis is now shut in Glogau; his second, the now Acting Governor, General Browne, a still more reflective man, is doing likewise his utmost, but on forlorn terms, and without the least guidance from Court. Browne has, by violent industry, raked together, from Mähren and the neighboring countries, certain fractions which raise his Force to 7000 Foot; these he throws, in small parties, into the defensible points, or, in larger, into the Chief Garrisons. New Cavalry he can not get; the old 600 Horse he keeps for himself, all the marching Army he has.[1]

Fain would he get possession of Breslau, and throw in some garrison there, but can not. Neither he nor Wallis could compass that. Breslau is a City divided against itself on this matter; full of emotions, of expectations, apprehensions for and against. There is a Supreme Silesian Government (*Ober-Amt*, "Head-Office," kind of Austrian Vice-Royalty) in Breslau, and there is, on Breslau's own score, a Town-Rath; strictly Catholic both these, Vienna the breath of their nostrils. But then also there are forty-four Incorporated Trades, Oppressed-Protestant in majority, to whom Vienna is not breath, but rather the want of it. Lastly, the City calls itself Free, and has crabbed privileges still valid; a "*jus præsidii*" (or right to be one's own garrrison) one of them, and the

[1] Particulars in *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 465; total of Austrian Force seems to be 7800 horse and foot.

most inconvenient just now. Breslau is a *Reichs-Stadt;* in theory, sovereign member of the Reich, and supreme over its own affairs, even as Austria itself; and the truth is, old Theory and new Fact, resolved not to quarrel, have lapsed into one another's arms in a quite inextricable way in Breslau as elsewhere! With a Head Government which can get no orders from Vienna, the very Town-Rath has little alacrity, inclines rather to passivity like Grünberg, and a silent Population threatens to become vocal if you press upon it.

Breslau, that is to say, the *Ober-Amt* there, has sent courier on courier to Vienna for weeks past: not even an answer,—what can Vienna answer, with Kur-Baiern and others threatening war on it, and only £10,000 in its National Purse? Answer at last is, "Don't bother! Danger is not so near. Why spend money on couriers, and get into such a taking?" General Wallis came to Breslau after what he had seen at Crossen, and urged strongly, in the name of self-preservation, first law of Nature, to get an Austrian real Garrison introduced; wished much (horrible to think of!) "the suburbs should be burnt, and better ramparts raised;" but could not succeed in any of these points, nor even mention some of them in a public manner. "You shall have a Protestant for commandant," suggested Wallis; "there is Count von Roth, Silesian-Lutheran, an excellent Soldier!" "Thanks," answered they, "we can defend ourselves; we had rather not have any!" And the Breslau Burghers have, accordingly, set to drill themselves; are bringing out old cannon in quantity; repairing breaches; very strict in sentry-work: "Perfectly able to defend our City, so far as we see good!" Tuesday last, December 13th (the very day Friedrich left Berlin), as this matter of the Garrison, long urged by the Ober-Amt, had at last been got agreed to by the Town-Rath, "on proviso of consulting the Incorporated Trades," or at least consulting their Guild-Masters, who are usually a silent folk, the Guild-Masters suddenly became in part vocal, and their Forty-four Guilds unusually so; and there was tumult in Breslau, in the Salz-Ring (big central Square or market-place, which they call *Ring*), such as had not been; idle population, and guild-brethren of

suspicious humor, gathering in multitudes into and round the fine old Town-hall there, questioning, answering, in louder and louder key; at last bellowing quite in alt, and on the edge of flaming into one knew not what,[1] till the matter of Austrian Garrison (much more, of burning the suburbs!) had to be dropped—settled in what way we see.

Head Government (*Ober-Amt*) has, through its Northern official people, sent Protest, strict order to the Silesian Population to look sour on the Prussians; and we saw, in consequence, the Two Silesian Gentlemen did dine with Friedrich, and he has returned their visits; and the Mayor of Grünberg would not touch his keys. Head Government is now redacting a "Patent," or still more solemn protest of its own, which likewise it will affix in the Salz-Ring here, and present to King Friedrich; and this, except "dispatching by boat down the river a great deal of meal to Glogau," which was an important quiet thing of Wallis's enforcing, is pretty much all it can do. No Austrian Garrison can be got in ("Perfectly able to defend ourselves!"), let Government and Wallis or Browne contrive as they may. And as to burning the suburbs, better not whisper of that again. Breslau feels, or would fain feel itself "perfectly able;" has, at any rate, no wish to be bombarded; and contains privately a great deal of Protestant humor, of all which Friedrich, it is not doubted, has notice more or less distinct, and quickens his march the more.

General Browne is at present in the Southern parts, an able active man and soldier; but with such a force what can he attempt to do? There are three strong places in the Country, Glogau, then Brieg, both on the Oder River; lastly Neisse, on the Neisse River, a branch of the Oder (one of the *four* Neisse rivers there are in Germany, mostly in Silesia—not handy to the accurate reader of German Books). Brown is in Neisse, and will start into a strange stare when the flying post reaches him: Prussians actually on march! Debate with them, if debate there is to be, Browne himself must contrive to do; from Breslau, from Vienna, no Government Supreme or Subordinate can yield his 8000 and him the least help.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 469.

Glogau, as we saw, means to defend itself; at least General Wallis, the Commandant, does, in spite of the Glogau public; and is, with his whole might, digging, palisading, getting-in meal, salt meat, and other provender; likewise burning suburbs; uncontrollable he in the small place, and clearing down the outside edifices and shelters at a diligent rate. Yesterday, 15th December, he burnt down the "three Oder-Mills, which lie outside, the big suburban Tavern, also the *Ziegel-Scheune* (Tile-Manufactory)," and other valuable buildings, careless of public lamentation—fire catching the Town itself, and needing to be quenched again.[1] Nay, he was clear for burning down or blowing up the Protestant Church, indispensable sacred edifice which stands outside the walls. "Prussians will make a block-house of it!" said Wallis. A chief Protestant, Baron von Something, begged passionately for only twelve hours of respite, to lay the case before his Prussian Majesty. Respite conceded, he and another chief Protestant had posted off accordingly, and did the next morning (Friday, 16th), short way from Crossen, meet his Majesty's carriage, who graciously pulled up for a few instants and listened to their story. "*Meine Herren*, you are the first that ask a favor of me on Silesian ground; it shall be done you!" said the King: and straightway dispatched, in polite style, his written request to Wallis, engaging to make no military use whatever of said Church, "but to attack by the other side, if attack were necessary." Thus his Majesty saved the Church of Glogau, which, of course, was a popular act. Getting to see this Church himself a few days hence, he said, "Why, it must come down at any rate, and be rebuilt; so ugly a thing!"

Wallis is making strenuous preparation; forces the inhabitants, even the upper kinds of them, to labor day and night by relays in his rampartings, palisadings; is for burning all the adjacent Villages, and would have done it had not the peasants themselves turned out in a dangerous state of mind. He has got together about 1000 men. His powder, they say, is fifty years old; but he has eatable provender from Breslau, and means to hold out to the utmost. Readers must admit that

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 473–5.

the Austrian military, Graf von Wallis to begin with—still more, General Browne, who is a younger man, and has now the head charge—behave well in their present forsaken condition. Wallis (Graf *Franz Wenzel* this one, not to be confounded with an older Wallis heard of in the late Turk War) is of Scotch descent, as all these Wallises are; "came to Austria long generations ago; *Reichs-grafs* since 1612:" Browne is of Irish; age now thirty-five, ten years younger than Wallis. Read this Note on the distinguished Browne:

"A German-Irish Gentleman, this General (ultimately Fieldmarshal) Graf von Browne; one of those sad exiled Irish Jacobites, or sons of Jacobites, who are fighting in foreign armies; able and notable men several of them, and this Browne considerably the most so. We shall meet him repeatedly within the next eighteen years. Maximilian-Ulysses Graf von Browne: I said he was born German; Basel his birthplace (23d October, 1705); Father also a soldier: he must not be confounded with a contemporary Cousin of his, who is also 'Fieldmarshal Browne,' but serves in Russia, Governor of Riga for a long time in the coming years. This Austrian General, Fieldmarshal Browne, will by-and-by concern us somewhat, and the reader may take note of him.

"Who the Irish Brothers Browne, the Fathers of these Marshals Browne, were? I have looked in what Irish Peerages and printed Records there were, but without the least result. One big dropsical Book, of languid quality, called *King James's Irish Army-List*, has multitudes of Brownes and others, in an indistinct form; but the one Browne wanted, the one Lacy, almost the one Lally, like the part of *Hamlet*, are omitted. There are so many Irish in the like case with these Brownes. A Lacy we once slightly saw or heard of, busy in the Polish-Election time besieging Dantzig (investing Dantzic, that Münich might besiege it)—that Lacy, 'Governor of Riga,' whom the *Russian* Browne will succeed, is also Irish; a conspicuous Russian man, and will have a Son Lacy conspicuous among the Austrians. Maguires, Ogilvies (of the Irish stock), Lieutenants 'Fitzgeral;' very many Irish; and there is not the least distinct account to be had of any of them."[1]

[1] For *Browne*, see "Anonymous of Hamburg" (so I have had to label a J. F. S. *Geschichte des &c.*—in fact, History of Seven Years War, in

Let us attend his Majesty on the next few marches toward Glogau, to see the manner of the thing a little; after which it will behoove us to be much more summary, and stick by the main incidents.

March to Weichau (Saturday, 17th, and stay Sunday there); to Milkau (Monday, 19th); get to Herrendorf, within sight of Glogau, Dec. 22d.

Friedrich's march proceeds with speed and regularity. Strict discipline is maintained; all things paid for, damage carefully avoided: "We come, not as invasive enemies of you or of the Queen of Hungary, but as protective friends of Silesia and of her Majesty's rights there; her Majesty once allowing us (as it is presumable she will) our own rights in this Province, no man shall meddle with hers while we continue here." To that effect runs the little "Patent," or initiatory Proclamation, extensively handed out, and posted in public places, as was said above; and the practice is conformable.

To all men coming with Protests or otherwise, we perceive, the young King is politeness itself, giving clear answer, and promise which will be kept, on the above principle. Nothing angers him except that gentlemen should disbelieve and run away. That a mansion be found deserted by its owners is

successive volumes done chiefly by the scissors; Leipzig and Frankfurt, 1759 et seqq.), i., 123–131 n.: elaborate Note of eight pages there; intimating withal that he, J. F. S., wrote the "*Life of Browne*;" a Book I had in vain sought for, and can now guess to consist of those same elaborate eight pages, *plus* water and lathering to the due amount. Anonymous "of Hamburg," I call my J. F. S., having fished him out of the dust abysses in that City: a very poor take; yet worth citing sometimes, being authentic, as even the darkest Germans generally are. For a glimpse of *Lacy* (the Elder Lacy), see Büsching, *Beyträge*, vi., 162. For *Wallis* (tomb-stone Note on Wallis), see (among others who are copious in that kind of article, and keep large *sacks* of it, in admired disorder) Anonymous Seyfarth, *Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1784–1788), i., 112 n.; and Anonymous, *Leben der &c. Marie Theresie* (Leipzig, 1781), 27 n.: laboriously authentic Books both; essentially *Dictionaries* stuffed as into a row of blind *sacks*.

the one evil omen for such mansion. Thus, at the Schloss of Weichau (which is still discoverable on the Map, across the "Black Ochel" and the "White," muddy streams which saunter eastward toward the Oder there, nothing yet running westward for the Bober, our other limitary river), next night after Schweinitz, second night in Silesia, there was no Owner to be met with, and the look of his Majesty grew *finster* (dark), remembering what had passed yesternight, in like case, at that other Schloss from which the owner with his best portable furniture had vanished; at which Schloss, as above noticed, some disorders were committed by angry parties of the march —doors burst open (doors standing impudently dumb to the rational proposals made them !), inferior remainders of furniture smashed into fire-wood, and the like, no doubt to his Majesty's vexation. Here at Weichau stricter measures were taken; and yet difficulties, risks were not wanting; and the *Amtmann* (Steward of the place) got pulled about, and once even a stroke or two. Happily the young Herr of Weichau appeared in person on the morrow, hearing his Majesty was still there: "Papa is old; lives at another Schloss; could not wait upon your Majesty; nor, till now, could I have that honor." "Well, lucky that you have come; stay dinner!" which the young Count did, and drove home in the evening to reassure Papa, his Majesty continuing there another night, and the risk over.[1]

This day, Sunday, 18th, the Army rests, their first Sunday in Silesia, while the young Count pays his devoir; and here in Weichau, as elsewhere, it is in the Church, Catholic nearly always, that the Heretic Army does its devotions, safe from weather at least: such the Royal Order, they say, which is taken note of by the Heterodox and by the Orthodox. And ever henceforth this is the example followed; and in all places where there is no Protestant Church and the Catholics have one, the Prussian Army-Chaplain assembles his buff-belted audience in the latter: "No offense, Reverend-Fathers; but there are hours for us and hours for you; and such is the King's Order." There is regular divine-service in this Prus-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 459.

sian Army, and even a good deal of inarticulate religion, as one may see on examining.

Country Gentlemen, Town Mayors, and other civic Authorities, soon learn that on these terms they are safe with his Majesty; march after march he has interviews with such, to regulate the supplies, the neccessities, and accidents of the quartering of his Troops. Clear, frank, open to reasonable representation, correct to his promise; in fact, industriously conciliatory and pacificatory: such is Friedrich to all Silesian men. Provincial Authorities, who can get no instructions from Head-quarters—Vienna saying nothing, Breslau nothing, and Deputy-Governor Browne being far south in Neisse—are naturally in difficulties: How shall they act? Best not to act at all, if one can help it, and follow the Mayor of Grünberg's unsurpassable pattern!

"These Silesians," says an Excerpt I have made, "are still in majority Protestant, especially in this Northern portion of the Province; they have had to suffer much on that and other scores, and are secretly or openly in favor of the Prussians. Official persons, all of the Catholic creed, have leant heavy, not always conscious of doing it, against Protestant rights. The Jesuits, consciously enough, have been and are busy with them, intend to recall a Heretic Population, by all methods fair and unfair. We heard of Charles XII.'s interference three-and-thirty years ago, and how the Kaiser, hard bested at that time, had to profess repentance and engage for complete amendment. Amendment did, for the moment, accordingly take place. Treaty of Westphalia in all its stipulations, with precautionary improvements, was re-enacted as Treaty of Altranstadt, with faithful intention of keeping it, too, on Kaiser Joseph's part, who was not a superstitious man: 'Holy Father, I was too glad he did not demand my own conversion to the Protestant Heresy, bested as I am, with Louis Quatorze and Company upon the neck of me!' Some improvement of performance, very marked at first, did ensue upon this Altranstadt Treaty. But the sternly accurate Karl of Sweden soon disappeared from the scene; Kaiser Joseph of Austria soon disappeared; and his Brother, Karl VI., was a much more orthodox person.

"The Austrian Government, and Kaiser Karl's in particu-

lar, is not to be called an intentionally unjust one ; the contrary, I rather find ; but it is, beyond others, ponderous ; based broad on such multiplex formalities, old habitudes ; and *gravitation* has a great power over it. In brief, Official human nature, with the best of Kaisers atop, flagitated continually by Jesuit Confessors, does throw its weight on a certain side : the sad fact is, in a few years the brightness of that Altranstadt improvement began to wax dim ; and now, under long Jesuit manipulation, Silesian things are nearly at their old pass, and the patience of men is heavily laden. To see your Chapel made a Soldiers' Barrack, your Protestant School become a Jesuit one—Men did not then think of revolting under injuries ; but the poor Silesian weaver, trudging twenty miles for his Sunday sermon, and perceiving that, unless their Mother could teach the art of reading, his boys, except under soul's peril, would now never learn it—such a Silesian could not want for reflections. Voiceless, hopeless, but heavy, and dwelling secretly, as under nightmare, in a million hearts. Austrian Officiality, willfully unjust or not willfully so, is admitted to be in a most heavy-footed condition ; can administer nothing well. Good Government in any kind is not known here ; possibly the Prussian will be better ; who can say ?

" The secret joy of these populations, as Friedrich advances among them, becomes more and more a manifest one. Catholic Officials do not venture on any definite hope, or definite balance of hope and fear, but adopt the Mayor of Grünberg's course, and study to be passive and silent. The Jesuit-Priest kind are clear in their minds for Austria, but think, perhaps Prussia itself will not prove very tyrannous ? At all events, be silent ; it is unsafe to stir. We notice generally, it is only in the Southern or Mountain regions of Silesia, where the Catholics are in majority, that the population is not ardently on the Prussian side. Passive, if they are on the other side ; accurately passive at lowest, this it is prescribed all prudent men to be."

On the 18th, while divine service went on at Weichau, there was at Breslau another phenomenon observable. Provincial Government in Breslau had at length, after intense study, and across such difficulties as we have no idea of, gots its " Patent," or carefully worded Protestation against Prussia, brought to paper, and does this day, with considerable solemnity, affix it to the Rathhaus door there for the perusal of mankind, dis-

patching a Copy for his Prussian Majesty withal by two Messengers of dignity. It has needed courage screwed to the sticking-place to venture on such a step, without instruction from Head-quarters, and the utmost powers of the Official mind have been taxed to couch this Document in language politely ambiguous, and yet strong enough—too strong, some of us now think it. In any case, here it now is; Provincial Government's bolt, so to speak, is shot. The affixing took place under dark weather-symptoms; actual outburst of thunder and rain at the moment, not to speak of the other surer omens; so that, to the common mind at Breslau, it did not seem there would much fruit come of this difficult performance. Breslau is secretly a much-agitated City; and Prussian Hussar Parties, shooting forth to great distances ahead, were, this day for the first time, observed within sight of it.

And on the same Sunday we remark farther, what is still more important: Herr von Gotter, Friedrich's special Envoy to Vienna, has his first interview with the Queen of Hungary, or with Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen's Husband and Co-Regent, and presents there, from Friedrich's own hand, written we remember when, brief distinct Note of his Prussian Majesty's actual Proposals and real meaning in regard to this Silesian Affair. Proposals anxiously conciliatory in tone, but the heavy purport of which is known to us: Gotter had been dispatched, time enough, with these Proposals (written above a month ago), but was instructed not to arrive with them till after the actual entrance into Silesia. And now the response to them is— As good as nothing; perhaps worse. Let that suffice us at present. Readers, on march for Glogau, would grudge to pause over State-papers, though we shall have to read this of Friedrich's at some freer moment.

Monday, 19th, before daybreak, the army is astir again, simultaneously wending forward; spread over wide areas, like a vast cloud (potential thunder in it) steadily advancing on the winds. Length of the Army, artistically portioned out, may be ten or fifteen miles; breadth already more, and growing more; Schwerin always on the right or western wing, close

by the Bober River as yet, through Naumburg and the Towns on that side—Liegnitz and other important Towns lying ahead for Schwerin, still farther apart from the main Body, were Glogau once settled.

So that the march is in Two Columns ; Schwerin, with the westernmost small column, intending toward Liegnitz, and thence ever farther southward, with his right leaning on the high lands, which rise more and more into mountains as you advance. Friedrich himself commands the other column, has his left upon the Oder, in a country mounting continually toward the South, but with less irregularity of level, and generally flat as yet. From beginning to end, the entire field of march lies between the Oder and its tributary the Bober, climbing slowly toward the sources of both ; which two rivers, as the reader may observe, form here a rectangular or trapezoidal space, ever widening as we go southward. Both rivers, coming from the Giant Mountains, hasten directly north ; but Oder, bulging out easterly in his sandy course, is obliged to turn fairly westward again, and at Glogau, and a good space farther, flows in that direction, till once Bober strikes in, almost at right angles, carrying Oder with *him*, though he is but a branch, straight northward again—northward, but ever slower, to the swollen Pommern regions, and sluggish exit into the Baltic there.

One of the worst features is the state of the weather. On Sunday, at Breslau, we noticed thunder bursting out on an important occasion ; "ominous," some men thought—omen, for one thing, that the weather was breaking. At Weichau, that same day, rain began—the young Herr of Weichau, driving home to Papa from dinner with Majesty, would get his share of it—and on Monday, 19th, there was such a pour of rain as kept most wayfarers, though it could not the Prussian Army, within doors. Rain in plunges, fallen and falling, through that blessed day, making roads into mere rivers of mud. The Prussian hosts marched on all the same. Headquarters, with the Van of the wet Army, that night, were at Milkau, from which place we have a Note of Friedrich's for Friend Jordan, perhaps producible by-and-by. His Majesty

lodged in some opulent Jesuit Establishment there ; and, indeed, he continued there, not idle, under shelter, for a couple of days. The Jesuits, by their two head men, had welcomed him with their choicest smiles, to whom the King was very gracious, asking the two to dinner as usual, and styling them "Your Reverence ;" willing to ingratiate himself with persons of interest in this Country, and likes talk, even with Jesuits of discernment.

On the morrow (20th) came to him, here at Milkau—probably from some near stage, for the rain was pouring worse than ever—that Breslau "Patent," or strongish Protestation, by its two Messengers of dignity. The King looked over it "without visible anger" or change of countenance ; "handed it," we expressly see, "to a Page to reposit" in the proper waste-basket ; spoke politely to the two gentlemen ; asked each or one of them, "Are you of the Ober-Amt at Breslau, then ?" using the style of *Er* (He). "No, your Majesty, we are only of the Land-Stände" (Provincial Parliament, such as it is). "Upon which" (do you mark !) "his Majesty became still more polite ; asked them to dinner, and used the style of *Sie*." For their *Patent*, now lying safe in its waste-basket, he gave them signed receipt ; no other answer.

Rain still heavier, rain as of Noah, continued through this Tuesday, and for days afterward ; but the Prussian hosts, hastening toward Glogau, marched still on. This Tuesday's march, for the rearward of the Army, 10,000 foot and 2000 horse, march of ten hours long, from Weichau to the hamlet Milkau (where his Majesty sits busy and affable), is thought to be the wettest on record. Waters all out, bridges down, the Country one wild lake of eddying mud—up to the knee for many miles together ; up to the middle for long spaces ; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper, where your bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched through it as if they had been slate or iron. Rank and file, nobody quitted his rank, nobody looked sour in the face ; they took the pouring of the skies and the red seas of terrestrial liquid as matters that must be ; cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches (tobacco, I consider, would not burn), and swashed

unweariedly forward. Ten hours some of them were out, their march being twenty or twenty-five miles; ten to fifteen was the average distance come. Nor, singular to say, did any loss occur, except of *almost* one poor Army Chaplain, and altogether of one poor Soldier's Wife; sank dangerously both of them, beyond redemption she, taking the wrong side of some bridge-parapet. Poor Soldier's Wife, she is not named to me at all, and has no history save this, and that "she was of the regiment Bredow." But I perceive she washed herself away in a World-Transaction, and there was one rough Bredower who probably sat sad that night on getting to quarters. His Majesty surveyed the damp battalions on the morrow (21st), not without sympathy, not without satisfaction; allowed them a rest-day here at Milkau, to get dry and bright again, and gave them "fifteen thalers a company," which is about ninepence apiece, with some words of praise."[1]

Next day, Thursday, 22d, his Majesty and they marched on to Herrendorf, which is only five miles from Glogau, and near enough for Head-quarters, in the now humor of the place. Wallis has his messenger at Herrendorf: "Sorry to warn your Majesty that if there be the least hostility committed, I shall have to resist it to the utmost." Headquarters continue six days at Herrendorf, Army (main body, or left Column of the Army) cantoned all round till we consider what to do.

As to the right Column, or Schwerin's Division, that, after a rest-day or two, gathers itself into more complete separation here, tucking-in its eastern skirts, and gets on march again by its own route—steadily southward; and from Liegnitz, and the upland Countries, there will be news of Schwerin and it before long. Rain ending, there ensued a ringing frost—not favorable for Siege-operations on Glogau—and Silesia became all of flinty glass, with white peaks to the Southwest, whither Schwerin is gone.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 482.

CHAPTER III.

PROBLEM OF GLOGAU.

Friedrich was over from Herrendorf with the first daylight, "reconnoitring Glogau, and rode up to the very glacis," scanning it on all sides.[1] Since Wallis is so resolute, here is an intricate little problem for Friedrich, with plenty of corollaries and conditions hanging to it. Shall we besiege Glogau, then? We have no siege-cannon here. Time presses, Breslau and all things in such crisis; and it will take time. By what methods *could* Glogau be besieged? Readers can consider what a blind many-threaded coil of things, heaping itself here in wide welters round Glogau, and straggling to the world's end, Friedrich has on hand: probably those six days of Head-quarters at Herrendorf were the busiest he had yet had.

One thing is evident, there ought to be siege-cannon got straightway; and, still more immediate, the right posts and battering-places should be ready against its coming. "Let the Young Dessauer with that Rear-guard, or Reserve of 10,000, which is now at Crossen, come up and assist here," orders Friedrich; "and let him be swift, for the hours are pregnant!" On farther reflection, perhaps on new rumors from Breslau, Friedrich perceives that there can be no besieging of Glogau at this point of time; that the Reserve, Half of the Reserve, must be left to "mask" it; to hold it in strict blockade, with starvation daily advancing as an ally to us, and with capture by bombarding possible when we like. That is the ultimate decision, arrived at through a welter of dubieties, counter-poisings, and perilous considerations, which we now take no account of. A most busy week; Friedrich incessantly in motion, now here, now there, and a great deal of heavy work got well and rapidly done, the details of which, in these exuberant Manuscripts, would but weary the reader. Choosing of the proper posts and battering-places (post "on

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 484.

the other side of the River," "on this side of it," "on the Island in the middle of it"), and obstinate intrenching and preparing of the same in spite of frost; "wooden bridge built" farther up: with "regulation of the river-boats, the Polish Ferry," and much else—all this we omit, and will glance only at one pregnant point by way of sample:

* * "Most indispensable of all, the King has to provide Subsistences, and enters now upon the new plan, which will have to be followed henceforth. The Provincial Chief-men (*Landes-Æltesten*, Land's-*Eldests*, their title) are summoned from nine or ten Circles which are likely to be interested: they appear punctually, and in numbers, lest contumacy worsen the inevitable. King dines them to start with—as many as 'ninety-five covers'—day not given, but probably one of the first in Herrendorf; not Christmas itself, one hopes!

"Dinner done, the ninety-five Land's-Eldest are instructed by proper parties what the Infantry's ration is, in meat, in bread, exact to the ounce; what the Cavalry's is, and that of the Cavalry's Horse. Tabular statement, succinct, correct, clear to the simplest capacity, shows what quotities of men on foot, and of men on horseback, or men with draught-cattle, will march through their respective Circles; Land's-Eldests conclude what amount of meal and butcher's meat it will be indispensable to have in readiness—what Land's-Eldest can deny the fact? These Papers still exist, at least the long-winded Summary of them does, and I own the reading of it far less insupportable than that of the mountains of Proclamatory, Manifesto, and Diplomatic matter. Nay, it leaves a certain wholesome impression on the mind as of business thoroughly well done, and a matter capable, if left in the chaotic state, of running to all manner of depths and heights, compendiously forced to become cosmic in this manner.

"These Land's-Eldest undertake in a mildly resigned or even hopeful humor. They will manage as required in their own Circles; will communicate with the Circles farther on; and every where the due proviants, prestations, furtherances, shall be got together by fair apportionment on the Silesian Community, and be punctually ready as the Army advances. Book-keeping there is to be, legible record of every thing; on all hands 'quittance' for every thing furnished; and a time

is coming when such quittance, presented by any Silesian man, will be counted money paid by him, and remitted at the next tax-day, or otherwise made good ; which promise also was accurately kept, the hoped-for time having come. It must be owned the Prussian Army understands business, and, with brevity, reduces to a minimum its own trouble and that of other people, non-fighters, who have to do with it. Non-fighters, I say ; to fighters we hope it will give a respectable maximum of trouble when applied to ! " [1]

The Gotter Negotiation at Vienna, which we saw begin there that wet Sunday, is now fast ending, as good as ended, without result except of a negative kind. Gotter's Proposals —would the reader wish to hear these Proposals, which were so intensely interesting at one time? They are five-fold ; given with great brevity by Friedrich, by us with still greater :

1°. "Will fling myself heartily into the Austrian scale, and endeavor for the interest of Austria in this Pragmatic matter, with my whole strength against every comer.

2°. "Will make treaty with Vienna, with Russia and the Sea-Powers, to that effect.

3°. "Will help by vote, and with whole amount of interest will endeavor, to have Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen's Husband, chosen Kaiser ; and to maintain such choice against all and sundry. Feel myself strong enough to accomplish this result ; and may, without exaggeration, venture to say it shall be done.

4°. "To help the Court of Vienna in getting its affairs into good order and fencible condition, will present to it, on the shortest notice, Two Million Gulden (£200,000) ready money." Infinitely welcome this Fourth Proposition ; and, indeed, all the other Three are welcome ; but they are saddled with a final condition, which pulls down all again. This, which is studiously worded, politely evasive in phrase, and would fain keep old controversies asleep, though in substance it is so fatally distinct, we give it in the King's own words :

5°. "For such essential services as those to which I bind myself by the above very onerous conditions, I naturally require a proportionate recompense ; some suitable assurance, as indemnity for all the dangers I risk, and for the part (*rôle*) I am ready to play : in short, I require hereby the entire and

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 492–499.

complete cession of all Silesia as reward for my labors and dangers which I take upon myself in this course now to be entered upon for the preservation and renown of the House of Austria"—Silesia all and whole; and we say nothing of our "rights" to it; politely evasive to her Hungarian Majesty, though in substance we are so fatally distinct.[1]

These were Friedrich's Proposals, written down with his own hand at Reinsberg five or six weeks ago (November 17th is the date of it); in what mood, and how wrought upon by Schwerin and Podewils, we saw above. Gotter has fulfilled his instructions in regard to this important little Document, and now the effect of it is—Gotter can report no good effect whatever. "Be cautious," Friedrich instructs him farther; "modify that Fifth Proposal; I will take less than the whole, 'if attention is paid to my just claims on Schlesien.'" To that effect writes Friedrich once or twice. But it is to no purpose; nor can Gotter, with all his industry, report other than worse and worse. Nay, he reports before long not refusal only, but refusal with mockery: "How strange that his Prussian Majesty, whose official post in Germany, as Kur-Brandenburg and Kaiser's Chamberlain, has been to present ewer and towel to the House of Austria, should now set up for prescribing rules to it!" A piece of wit which could not but provoke Friedrich, and warn him that negotiation on this matter might as well terminate. Such had been his own thought from the first; but, in compliance with Schwerin and Podewils, he was willing to try.

Better for Maria Theresa, and for all the world how much better, could she have accepted this Fifth Proposition! But how could she, the high Imperial Lady, keystone of Europe, though by accident with only a few pounds of ready money at present? Twenty years of bitter fighting, and agony to herself and all the world, were necessary first; a new Fact of Nature having turned up, a new European Kingdom with real King to it, *not* recognizable as such by the young Queen of Hungary or by any other person till it do its proofs.

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 451; "from Olenschlager, *Geschichte des Interregni*" (Frankfurt, 1746), "i., 134."

What Berlin is saying ; what Friedrich is thinking.

What Friedrich's own humor is, what Friedrich's own inner man is saying to him, while all the world so babbles about his Silesian Adventure? Of this, too, there are, though in diluted state, some glimmerings to be had, chiefly in the Correspondence with Jordan.

Ingenious Jordan, Inspector of the Poor at Berlin—his thousand old women at their wheels humming pleasantly in the background of our imaginations, though he says nothing of that—writes twice a week to his Majesty ; pleasant gossipy Letters, with an easy respectfulness not going into sycophancy any where, which keep the campaigning King well abreast of the Berlin news and rumors ; something like the essence of an Old Newspaper, not without worth in our present Enterprise. One specimen, if we had room !

Jordan to the King (successively from Berlin—somewhat abridged).

No. 1. "*Berlin, 14th December*, 1740" (day after his Majesty left). "Every body here is on tiptoe for the Event, of which both origin and end are a riddle to the most. I am charmed to see a part of your Majesty's Dominions in a state of Pyrrhonism ; the disease is epidemical here at present. Those who, in the style of theologians, consider themselves entitled to be certain, maintain that your Majesty is expected with religious impatience by the Protestants, and that the Catholics hope to see themselves delivered from a multitude of imposts which cruelly tear up the beautiful bosom of their Church. You cannot but succeed in your valiant and stoical Enterprise, since both religion and worldly interest rank themselves under your flag.

"Wallis," Austrian Commandant in Glogau, "they say, has punished a Silesian Heretic of enthusiastic turn, as blasphemer, for announcing that a new Messiah is just coming. I have a taste for that kind of martyrdom. Critical persons consider the present step as directly opposed to certain maxims in the *Anti-Machiavel*.

"The word *Manifesto*"—(your Majesty's little *Patent* on entering Silesia, which no reader shall be troubled with at present)—"is the burden of every conversation. Rumor goes,

there is a short Piece of the kind to come out to-day, by way of preface to a large complete exposition, which a certain Jurisconsult is now busy with. People crowd to the Book-shops for it, as if looking out for a celestial phenomenon that had been predicted. This is the beginning of my Gazette ; can only come out twice a week, owing to the arrangement of the Posts. Friday, the day your Majesty crosses into Silesia, I shall spend in prayer and devotional exercises : Astronomers pretend that Mars will that day enter"—no matter what.

Note : The above Manifesto rumor is correct ; Jurisconsult is ponderous Herr Ludwig, Kanzler (Chancellor) of Halle University, monster of law learning—who has money also, and had to help once with a house in Berlin for one Nüssler, a son-in-law of his, transiently known to us—ponderous Ludwig, matchless or difficult to match in learning of this kind, will write ample enough Deductions (which lie in print still, to the extent of tons weight), and explain the *Erbverbrüderung* and violence done upon it, so that he who runs may read. Postpone him to a calmer time.

No. 2. "*Berlin, Saturday,* 17*th December.* Manifesto has appeared ;" can be seen under thick strata of cobwebs, in many Books ;[1] is not worth reading now : Incontestable rights which our House has for ages had on Schlesien, and which doubtless the Hungarian Majesty will recognize ; not the slightest injury intended, far indeed from that ; and so on ! "People are surprised at its brevity ; and, studying it, as theologians do a passage of Scripture, can make almost nothing of it. Clear as crystal, says one ; dexterously obscure by design, says another.

"Rumor that the Grand-Duke of Lorraine," Maria Theresa's Husband, "was at Reinsberg incognito lately "—Grand-Duke a concerting party, think people looking into the thing with strong spectacles on their nose ! "M. de Beauvau" (French Embassador Extraordinary, to whom the aces were promised if they came) "said one thing that surprised me : 'What put the King on taking this step I do not know, but perhaps it is not such a bad one.' Surprising news that the Elector of Saxony, King of Poland, is fallen into inconsolable remorse for changing his religion" (to Papistry, on Papa's best many long years ago), "and that it is not to the Pope, but to the

[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 448, 453 (what Jordan now alludes to) ; *ib.*, 559–592 ("Deduction" itself, Ludwig in all his strength, some three weeks hence) ; in *Olenschlager* (doubtless) ; in &c., &c.

King of Prussia, that he opens his heart to steady his staggering orthodoxy." Very astonishing to Jordan. "One thing is certain, all Paris rings with your Majesty's change of religion" (over to Catholicism, say those astonishing people, first conjurers of the universe)!

No. 3. "*Berlin, 20th December.* M. de Beauvau," French Embassador, "is gone. Ended, yesterday, his survey of the Cabinet of Medals; charmed with the same; charmed too, as the public is, with the rich present he has got from said Cabinet" (coronation medal or medals in gold, I could guess): "people say the King of France's Medal given to M. de Camas is nothing to it.

"Rumor of alliance between your Majesty and France with Sweden"—premature rumor. Item, "Queen of Hungary dead in childbirth;" ditto with still more emphasis! "The day before yesterday, in all churches, was prayer to Heaven for success to your Majesty's arms, interest of the Protestant religion being the one cause of the War, or the only one assigned by the reverend gentlemen. At the sound of these words the zeal of the people kindles: 'Bless God for raising such a Defender! Who dared suspect our King's indifference to Protestantism?'"

A right clever thing, this last (*O le beau coup d'état*)! exclaims Jordan, though it is not clever or the contrary, not being dramatically prearranged, as Jordan exults to think. Jordan, though there are dregs of old devotion lying asleep in him, which will start into new activity when stirred again, is for the present a very unbelieving little gentleman, I can perceive. This is the substance of public rumor at Berlin for one week. Friedrich answers:

To M. Jordan, at Berlin.

"*Quarter at Milkau toward Glogau, 19th December,* 1740" (comfortable Jesuit-Establishment at Milkau, Friedrich just got in out of the rain). "Seigneur Jordan, thy Letter has given me a deal of pleasure in regard to all these talkings thou reportest. To-morrow" (not to-morrow, nor next day; wet troops need a rest) "I arrive at our last station this side of Glogau, which place I hope to get in a few days. All favors my designs, and I hope to return to Berlin after executing them gloriously and in a way to be content with. Let the ignorant and the envious talk; it is not they that shall ever serve as loadstar to my designs: not they, but Glory" (*la*

Gloire; Fame, depending not on them): "with the love of that I am penetrated more than ever; my troops have their hearts big with it, and I answer to thee for success. Adieu, dear Jordan. Write me all the ill that the public says of thy Friend, and be persuaded that I love and will esteem thee always."—F.

Jordan to the King.

No. 4. "*Berlin, 24th December.* Your Majesty's Letter fills me with joy and contentment. The Town declared your Majesty to be already in Breslau, founding on some Letter to a Merchant here. Ever since they think of your Majesty acting for Protestantism, they make you step along with strides of Achilles to the ends of Silesia. Foreign Courts are all rating their Embassadors here for not finding you out.

"Wolf," his negotiations concluded at last, "has entered Halle almost like the triumphant entry to Jerusalem. A concourse of pedants escorted him to his house. Lange" (his old enemy, who accused him of Atheism and other things) "has called to see him, and loaded him with civilities, to the astonishment of the old orthodox." There let him rest, well buttoned in gaiters, and avoiding to mount stairs. * * "Madame de Roucoulle has sent me the three objects adjoined for your Majesty's behoof"—woollen achievements, done by the needle, good against the winter weather for one she nursed. The good old soul. Enough now of Jordan.[1]

Voltaire, who left Berlin 2d or 3d December, seems to have been stopped by overflow of rivers about Cleve, then to have taken boat, and is, about this very time, writing to Friedrich "from a vessel on the Coasts of Zealand, where I am driven mad." (Intends, privately, for Paris before long, to get his *Mahomet* acted, if possible.) To Voltaire, here is a Note coming:

King to M. de Voltaire (at Brussels, if once got thither).

"*Quarter of Herrendorf in Silesia, 23d December,* 1740. My dear Voltaire,—I have received two of your Letters, but could not answer sooner; I am like Charles Twelfth's Chess-King, who was always kept on the move. For a fortnight past we

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xvii., 75–78.

have been continually afoot and under way, in such weather as you never saw.

"I am too tired to reply to your charming Verses, and shivering too much with cold to taste all the charm of them; but that will come round again. Do not ask poetry from a man who is actually doing the work of a wagoner, and sometimes even of a wagoner stuck in the mud. Would you like to know my way of life? We march from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. I dine then; afterward I work, I receive tiresome visits; with these comes a detail of insipid matters of business. 'Tis wrongheaded men, punctiliously difficult, who are to be set right; heads too hot which must be restrained, idle fellows that must be urged, impatient men that must be rendered docile, plunderers to restrain within the bounds of equity, babblers to hear babbling, dumb people to keep in talk; in fine, one has to drink with those that like it, to eat with those that are hungry; one has to become a Jew with Jews, a Pagan with Pagans.

"Such are my occupations, which I would willingly make over to another if the Phantom they call Fame (*Gloire*) did not rise on me too often. In truth, it is a great folly, but a folly difficult to cast away when once you are smitten by it." (Phantom of *Gloire* somewhat rampant in those first weeks; let us see whether it will not lay itself again, forevermore, before long!)

"Adieu, my dear Voltaire! may Heaven preserve from misfortune the man I should so like to sup with at night, after fighting in the morning! The Swan of Padua" (Algarotti, with his big hook-nose and dusky solemnly greedy countenance) "is going, I think, to Paris, to profit by my absence; the Philosopher Geometer" (big Maupertuis, in red wig and yellow frizzles, vainest of human kind) "is squaring curves; poor little Jordan" (with the kindly hazel eye, and pen that pleasantly gossips to us) "is doing nothing, or probably something near it. Adieu once more, dear Voltaire; do not forget the absent who love you.—FÉDÉRIC." [1]

Schwerin at Liegnitz; Friedrich hushes up the Glogau Problem, and starts with his best speed for Breslau.

Meanwhile, on the Western road, and along the foot of the snowy peaks over yonder, Schwerin with the small Right column is going prosperously forward. Two columns always, as

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii., 57.

the reader recollects—two parallel military currents, flowing steadily on, shooting out estafettes, or horse-parties, on the right and left; steadily submerging all Silesia as they flow forward. Left column or current is in slight pause at Glogau here, but will directly be abreast again. On Tuesday, 27th, Schwerin is within wind of Liegnitz; on Wednesday morning, while the fires are hardly lighted, or the smoke of Liegnitz risen among the Hills, Schwerin has done his feat with the usual deftness: Prussian grenadiers came softly on the sentry, softly as a dream, but with sudden leveling of bayonets, sudden beckoning, "To your Guard-house!" and there, turn the key upon his poor company and him; whereupon the whole Prussian column marches in, tramp tramp, without music, through the streets: in the Market-place they fold themselves into a ranked mass, and explode into wind-harmony and rolling of drums. Liegnitz, mostly in night-cap, looks cautiously out of window; it is a deed done, *ihr Herren;* Liegnitz ours, better late than never, and after so many years the King has his own again. Schwerin is sumptuously lodged in the Jesuits' Palace: Liegnitz, essentially a Protestant Town, has many thoughts upon this event, but as yet will be stingy of speaking them.

Thus is Liegnitz managed—a pleasant Town, amid pleasant hills on the rocky Katzbach, of which swift stream, and other towns and passes on it, we shall yet hear more. Population, silently industrious in weaving and otherwise, is now above 14,000; was then, perhaps, about half that number. Patiently inarticulate, by no means bright in speech or sentiment; a much-enduring, steady-going, frugal, pious and very desirable people.

The situation of Breslau, all this while, is very critical. Much bottled emotion in the place; no Austrian Garrison admissible; Authorities dare not again propose such a thing, though Browne is turning every stone for it, lest the emotion burst bottle and take fire. I have dim account that Browne has been there, has got 300 Austrian dragoons into the Dom Insel (*Cathedral Island;* "Not in the City, you perceive!"

says General Browne: "no, separated by the Oder, on both sides, from the rest of the City; that stately mass of edifices, and good military post"), and had hoped to get the suburbs burnt after all. But the bottled emotion was too dangerous; for, underground, there are *Anti*-Brownes—one especially; a certain busy Deblin, Shoemaker by craft, whom Friedrich speaks of, but gives no name to; this zealous Cordwainer, Deblin, and he is not the only individual of like humor, operates on the guild-brothers and lower populations;[1] things seem to be looking worse and worse for the Authorities, in spite of General Browne, and his activities, and dragoons.

What the issue will be? Judge if Friedrich wished the Young Dessauer come! Friedrich's Hussar parties (or Schwerin's instructed by Friedrich) go to look if the Breslau suburbs are burnt. Far from it, if Friedrich knew; the suburbs merely sit quaking at such a proposal, and wish the Prussians were here. "But there is time ahead of us," said every body at Breslau; "Glogau will take some sieging!" Browne, in the course of a day or two—guessing, I almost think, that Glogau was not to be besieged—ranked his 300 Austrian dragoons and rode away, sending the Austrian State-Papers, in half a score of wagons, ahead of him. "Archives of Breslau!" cried the general population at sight of these wagons, and largely turned out, with emotion again like to unbottle itself. "Mere Tax-Ledgers, and records of the Government Offices; come and convince yourselves!" answered the Authorities; and the ten wagons went on, calling at Ohlau and Brieg for farther lading of the like kind; which wagons the Prussian light-horse chased, but could not catch. On to Mähren went these Archive-wagons; to Brünn, far over the Giant Mountains; did not come back for a long while, nor to their former Proprietor at all!

Tuesday, 27th, Leopold, the Young Dessauer, does finally arrive, with his Reserve, at Glogau: never man more welcome; such a fermentation going on at Breslau—known to Friedrich, and what it will issue in, if he delay, not known.

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 469; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 61.

With dispatch, Leopold is put into his charge; posts all yielded to him; orders given—blockade to be strictness itself, but no fighting if avoidable; "starvation will soon do it, two months at most," hopes Friedrich, too sanguine as it proved; and with earliest daylight on the 28th, Friedrich's Army, Friedrich himself in the van as usual, is on march again, at its best speed, for Breslau. Read this Note for Jordan:

Friedrich to M. Jordan, at Berlin.

"*Herrendorf, 27th Dec.*, 1740. Sieur Jordan,—I march to-morrow for Breslau, and shall be there in four days"—(three it happened; there rising, as would seem, new reason for haste). "You Berliners" (of the 24th last) "have a spirit of prophecy which goes beyond me. In fine, I go my road; and thou wilt shortly see Silesia ranked in the list of our Provinces. Adieu; this is all I have time to tell thee. Religion" (Silesian Protestantism and Breslau's Cordwainer), "religion and our brave soldiers will do the rest.

"Tell Maupertuis I grant those Pensions he proposes for his Academicians, and that I hope to find good subjects for that dignity in the Country where I am, withal. Give him my compliments.—FÉDÉRIC."

The march was of the swiftest—swifter even than had been expected; which, as Silesia is all ringing glass, becomes more achievable than lately. But certain regiments outdid themselves in marching—"in three marches, near upon seventy miles," with their baggage jingling in due proximity—through Gläsersdorf, thence through Parchwitz, Neumarkt, Lissa, places that will be better known to us; on Saturday, last night of the Year, his Majesty lodged at a Schloss called Pilsnitz, five miles to west of Breslau, and vanward regiments, a good few, quartered in the Western and Southern suburbs of Breslau itself; suburbs decidedly glad to see them, and escape conflagration. The Town-gates are hermetically shut; plenty of emotion bottled in the 100,000 hearts within. The sentries on the walls presented arms; nay, it is affirmed, some could not help exclaiming, "*Wilkommen, Ihr Lieben Herrn* (Welcome, dear Sirs)!"[1]

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 534.

Colonel Posadowsky (active Horse Colonel whom we have seen before, who perhaps has been in Breslau before) left orders "at the Scultet Garden-House," that all must be ready and the rooms heated, his Majesty intending to arrive here early on the morrow, which happened accordingly; Majesty alighting duly at said Garden-House, near by the Schweidnitz Gate, I fancy almost before break of day.

CHAPTER IV.

BRESLAU UNDER SOFT PRESSURE.

THE issue of this Breslau transaction is known, or could be stated in few words; nor is the manner of it such as would, for Breslau's sake, deserve many. But we are looking into Friedrich, wish to know his manners and aspects; and here, ready to our hand, a Paper turns up, compiled by an exact person with better leisure than ours, minutely detailing every part of the affair. This Paper, after the question, Burn or insert? is to have the lot of appearing here, with what abridgments are possible:

"*Sunday*, 1*st January*, 1741. The King having established himself in Herrn Scultet's Garden-House, not far from the Schweidnitz Gate, there began a delicate and great operation. The Prussians, in a soft, cautious manner, in the gray of the morning, push out their sentries toward the Three Gates on this side of the Oder; seize any 'Excise House,' or the like, that may be fit for a post; and softly put 'twenty grenadiers' in it. All this before sunrise. Breslau is rigidly shut; Breslau thought always it could stand upon its guard, if attacked; is now, in Official quarters, dismally uncertain if it can; general population becoming certain that it can not, and waiting anxious on the development of this grand drama.

"About 7 A.M., a Prussian subaltern, advancing within cry of the Schweidnitz Gate, requests of the Town-guard there to send him out a Town-Officer. Town-Officer appears; is informed 'that Colonels Posadowsky and Borck, Commissioners or plenipotentiary Messengers from his Prussian Majesty,

desire admittance to the Chief Magistrate of Breslau, for the purpose of signifying what his Prussian Majesty's instructions are.' Town-Officer bows, and goes upon his errand. Town-Officer is some considerable time before he can return; City Authorities being, as we know, various, partly Imperial, partly Civic; elderly; and some of them gone to church—for matins, or to be out of the way. However, he does at last return; admits the two Colonels, and escorts them honorably to the Chief *Raths-Syndic* (Lord-Mayor), old Herr von Gutzmar's, where the poor old 'President of the *Ober-Amt*' (Von Schaffgotsch the name of this latter) is likewise in attendance.

"Prussian Majesty's proposals are of the mildest sort: 'Nothing demanded of Breslau but the plainly indispensable and indisputable, That Prussia be in it what Austria has been. In all else, *status quo*. Strict neutrality to Breslau, respect for its privileges as a Free City of the Reich, protection to all its rights and privileges whatsoever. Shall be guarded by its own Garrison; no Prussian soldier to enter except with side-arms; only 30 guards for the King's person, who will visit the City for a few days; intends to form a Magazine, with guard of 1,000 men, but only outside the City; no requisitions; ready money for every thing. Chief Syndic Gutzmar and President Schaffgotsch shall consider these points.'[1] Syndic and President answer, Surely! Can not, however, decide till they have assembled the Town-Rath; the two Herren Colonels will please to be guests of Breslau, and lodge in the City till then.

"And they lodged, accordingly, in the "*Grosse Ring*" (called also *Salz-Ring*, big Central Square, where the Rathhaus is); and they made and received visits; visited especially the Chief President's Office, the Ober-Amt, and signified there that his Prussian Majesty's expectation was, They would give some account of that rather high Proclamation or 'Patent' they had published against him the other day, amid thunder and lightning here, and what they now thought would be expedient upon it? All in grave official terms, but of such a purport as was not exhilarating to every body in those Ober-Amt localities.

"*Monday morning, 2d January.* The Rath is assembled, and consults—consults at great length. *Rath*-House and Syndic Gutzmar, in such crisis, would fain have advice from *Amt*-House or President Schaffgotsch, but can get none; con-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 537.

siderable coming and going between them ; at length, about 3 in the afternoon, the Treaty is got drawn up ; is signed by the due Breslau hands, and by the two Prussian Colonels, which latter ride out with it about 4 of the clock, victorious after thirty hours. Straight toward the Scultet Garden ride they ; Town-guard presenting Arms at the Schweidnitz Gate ; nay, Town-band breaking out into music, which is never done but to Embassadors and high people. By thirty hours of steady soft pressure they have brought it thus far.

"Friedrich had waited patiently all Sunday, keeping steady guard at the Gates ; but on Monday, naturally, the thirty hours began to hang heavy ; at all events, he perceived that it would be well to facilitate conclusions a little from without. Breslau stands on the West, more strictly speaking, on the South side of the Oder, which makes an elbow here, and thus bounds it, or mostly bounds it, on two sides. The big, drab-colored River spreads out into Islands of a confused sort as it passes, which are partly built upon, and constitute suburbs of the Town, stretching over, here and there, into straggles of farther suburb beyond the River, where a road with its bridge happens to cross for the Eastern parts. The principal of these Islands is the *Dom Insel*"—known to General Browne and us—"on which is the Cathedral, and the *Close* with rich Canons and their edifices ; Island filled with strong, high architecture, and a superior military post.

"Friedrich has already as good as possessed himself of the Three landward Gates, which look to the south and to the west ; the riverward Gates, or those on the north and the east, he perceives that it were good now also to have ; these, and even perhaps something more? 'Gather all the river-boats, make a bridge of them across the Oder ; push across 400 men :' this is done on Monday morning, under the King's own eye. This done, 'March up to that riverward Gate, and also to that other, in a mild but dangerous-looking manner ; hew the beams of said Gate in two ; start the big locks ; fling wide open said Gate and Gates :' this too is done, Town-guard looking mournfully on. This done, 'March forward swiftly, in two halves, without beat of drum—whitherward you know !'

"Those three hundred Austrian Dragoons, we saw them leave the Dom Island three days ago ; there are at present only Six Men, of the Bishop's Guard, walking under arms there, at the end of the chief bridge, on the Townward side of their Dom Island. See, Prussian caps and muskets, ye six

men under arms! The six men clutch at their drawbridge, and hastily set about hoisting: alas! another Prussian corps, which has come privately by the eastern (or Country-ward) Bridge, King himself with it, taps them on the shoulder at this instant; mildly constrains the six into their guard-house; the drawbridge falls; 400 Prussian grenadiers take quiet possession of the Dom Island: King may return to the Scultet Garden, having quickened the lazy hours in this manner. To such of the Canons as he came upon his Majesty was most polite, they most submiss. The six soldiers of the drawbridge, having spoken a little loud—still more, a too zealous beef-eater of old Schaffgotsch's found here, who had been very loud—were put under arrest, but more for form's sake, and were let go in a day or two."

Nothing could be gentler on Friedrich's part, and on that of his Two Colonels, than this delicate operation throughout; and at 4 P.M., after thirty hours of waiting, it is done, and nobody's skin scratched. Old Syndic Gutzmar and the Town-Rath, urged by perils and a Town Population who are Protestant, have signed the Surrender with good-will, at least with resignation, and a feeling of relief. The Ober-Amt Officials have likewise had to sign, full of all the silent spleen and despondency which is natural to the situation; spleen which, in the case of old Schaffgotsch, weak with age, becomes passionately audible here and there. He will have to give account of that injurious Proclamation, or Queen's "Patent," to this King that has now come.

King enters Breslau; stays there, gracious and vigilant, Four Days (*Jan.* 2*d*–6*th*, 1741).

In the Royal Entrance which took place next day, note these points. Syndic Gutzmar and the Authorities came out, in grand coaches, at 8 in the morning; had to wait a while; the King, having ridden away to look after his manifold affairs, did not get back till 10. Town Guard and Garrison are all drawn out; Gates all flung open, Prussian sentries withdrawn from them, and from the Excise-houses they had seized; King's Kitchen-and-Proviant Carriages (four mules to each, with bells, with uncommonly rich housings); King's

Body-Coach very grand indeed, and grandly escorted, the Thirty Body-guards riding ahead; but nothing in it, only a most superfine cloak "lined wholly with ermine" flung upon the seat. Other Coaches, more or less grandly escorted; Head Cup-bearers, Seneschals, Princes, Margraves; but where is the King? King had ridden away a second time, with chief Generals, taking survey of the Town Walls, round as far as the *Ziegel-Thor* (Tile-Gate, extreme southeast, by the river-edge): he has thus made the whole circuit of Breslau; unwearied in picking up useful knowledge, "though it was very cold," while that Procession of Coaches went on.

At noon, his Majesty, thrifty of time, did enter; on horseback, Schwerin riding with him; behind him miscellaneous chief Officers, Borck and Posadowsky among others; some miscellany of Page-people following. With this natural escort he rode in, Town-Major (commandant of Town-guard), with drawn sword, going ahead; King wore his usual Cocked Hat and practical Blue Cloak, both a little dimmed by service; but his gray horse was admirable; and Four scarlet Footmen, grand as galoon and silver fringe could make them, did the due magnificence in dress. He was very gracious, saluting to this side and to that, where he noticed people of condition in the windows. "Along Schweidnitz Street, across the Great Ring, down Albrecht Street." He alighted, to lodge, at the Count-Schlegenberg House, which used to be the Austrian Cardinal von Sinzendorf, Primate of Silesia's hired lodging: Sinzendorf's furniture is put gently aside on this new occasion. King came on the balcony, and stood there for some minutes, that every body might see him. The "immense shoutings," Dryasdust assures me, have been exaggerated; and I am warned not to believe the *Kriegs-Fama* such and such a Number, except after comparing it with him. That day there was dinner of more than thirty covers, Chief Syndic Gutzmar and other such guests; but as to the viands, says my friend, these, owing to the haste, were nothing to speak of.[1]

Dinner better and better ordered, King more and more

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 545–548.

gracious, so it continued all the four days of his Majesty's stay: on the second day he had to rise suddenly from table, and leave his guests with an apology, something having gone awry at one of the Gates—awry there, between the Town Authorities and a General Jeetz of his, who is on march across the River at this moment (on what errand we shall hear), and a little mistakes the terms. His Majesty puts Jeetz right, and even waits till he sees his Brigade and him clear across. A junior Schaffgotsch,[1] not the inconsolable Schaffgotsch senior, but his Nephew, was one of the guests this second day; an ecclesiastic, but of witty fashionable type, and, I think, a very worthless fellow, though of a family important in the Province. Dinner falls about noon; does not last above two hours or three, so that there is space for a ride ("to the Dom" the first afternoon, "four runners" always) and for much indoor work before the supper-hour.

As the Austrian Authorities sat silent in their place, and gave no explanation of that "Patent" affixed amid thunder and lightning, they got orders from his Majesty to go their ways next day, and went. In behalf of old President von Schaffgotsch, a chief of the Silesian Nobility, and man much loved, the Breslau people, and men from every guild and rank of society, made petition That he should be allowed to continue in his Town House here, which "first request of yours" his Majesty, with much grace, is sorry to be obliged to refuse. The suppressed and insuppressible weak indignation of old Schaffgotsch is visible on the occasion; nor, I think, does Friedrich take it ill; only sends him out of the way with it for the time. The Austrian Ober-Amt vanished bodily from Breslau in this manner, and never returned. Proper "War-Commission (*Feld-Kriegs-Commissariat*)," with Münchow, one of those skillful Cüstrin Münchows, at the top of it, organized itself instead, which, almost of necessity, became Supreme Government in a City ungoverned otherwise; and, truly, there was little regret of the Ober-Amt in Breslau, and ever less, to a marked extent, as the years went on.

On the 5th of January (fourth and last night here) his Maj-

[1] Ib., ii., 159.

esty gave a grand Ball. Had hired, or Colonel Posadowsky instead of him had hired, the Assembly Rooms (*Redouten-Saal*) for the purpose: "Invite all the Nobility, high and low;" expense by estimate is a ducat (half-guinea) each; do it well, and his Majesty will pay. About 6 in the evening, his Majesty in person did us the honor to drive over; opened the Ball with Madam the Countess von Schlegenberg (I should guess, a Dowager Lady), in whose house he lodges. I am not aware that his Majesty danced much farther; but he was very condescending, and spoke and smiled up and down, till, about 10 P.M., an Officer came in with a Letter, which Letter his Majesty having read, and seemingly asked a question or two in regard to, put silently in his pocket, as if it were a finished thing. Nevertheless, after a few minutes, his Majesty was found to have silently withdrawn, and did not return, not even to supper; perceiving which, all the Prussian official people gradually withdrew, though the dancing and supping continued not the less to a late hour.[1]

"Open the Austrian Mail-bag (*Felleisen*); see a little what they are saying over there!" Such order had evidently been given this night. In consequence of which, people wrote by Dresden, and not the direct way, in future, wishing to avoid that openable *Felleisen*. Next morning, January 6th, his Majesty had left for Ohlau, early I suppose, though there proved to be nothing dangerous ahead there, after all.

CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH PUSHES FORWARD TOWARD BRIEG AND NEISSE.

Ohlau is a pleasant little Town two marches southeast of Breslau, with the Ohlau River on one side and the Oder on the other, capable of some defense were there a garrison. Brieg, the important Fortress, still on the Oder, is some fifteen miles beyond Ohlau; after which, bending straight south

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 557.

and quitting Oder, Neisse, the still more important, may be thirty miles; from Breslau to Neisse, by this route (which is *bow*, not *string*), sixty-five or seventy miles. One of my Topographers yields this Note, if readers care for it:

"Ohlau River, an insignificant drab-colored stream, rises well south of Breslau, about Strehlen; makes, at first direct westward toward the Oder, and then, when almost close upon it, breaks off to north, and saunters along, irregularly parallel to Oder, for twenty miles farther, before it can fall fairly in. To this circumstance both Breslau and a Town of Ohlau owe their existence; Towns, both of them, 'between the waters,' and otherwise well seated; Ohlau sheltering itself in the attempted outfall of its little river; Breslau clustering itself about the actual outfall: both very defensible places in the old rude time, and good for trade in all times. Both Oder and Ohlau Rivers have spilt and spread themselves into islands and deltas a good deal at their place of meeting, and even have changed their courses, and cut out new channels for themselves, in the sandy country, making a very intricate watery net-work of a site for Breslau; and, indeed, the Ohlau River here, for centuries back, has been compelled into wide meanderings, mere filling of rampart-ditches, so that it issues quite obscurely, and in an artificial engineered condition, at Breslau."

Ohlau had been expected to make some defense, General Browne having thrown 300 men into it, and done what he could for the works. And Ohlau did at first threaten to make some, but thought better of it overnight, and in effect made none, but was got (morning of January 9th) on the common terms by merely marching up to it in minatory posture. "Prisoners of War if you make resistance; Free Withdrawal" (Liberty to march away, arms shouldered, and not serve against us for a year) "if you have made none:" this is the common course where there are Austrian Soldiers at all; the course where none are, and only a few Syndics sit, with their Town-Key laid on the table, a prey to the stronger hand, we have already seen.

From Ohlau, proper Detachment, under General Kleist, is pushed forward to summon Brieg; Jeetz, from the other side

of the river (whom we saw crossing at Breslau the other day, interrupting his Majesty's dinner), is to co-operate with Kleist in that enterprise, were the Country once cleared on his, Jeetz's, east side of Oder; especially were Namslau once had —a small Town and Castle over there, which commands the Polish and Hungarian road. Friedrich's hopes are buoyant; Schwerin is swiftly rolling forward to rightward, nothing resisting him; Detachment is gone from Schwerin, over the Hills, to Glatz (the *Grafschaft*, or County Glatz, an Appendage to Schlesien), under excellent guidance; under guidance, namely, of Colonel Camas, who has just come home from his Parisian Embassy, and got launched among the wintry Mountains on a new operation, which, however, proves of non-effect for the present.[1]

Indeed, it is observable that southward of Breslau, the dispute, what dispute there can be, properly begins, and that General Browne is there, and shows himself a shining man in this difficult position. It must be owned, no General could have made his small means go farther. Effective garrisons, 1600 each, put into Brieg and Neisse; works repaired, magazines collected there and elsewhere; the rest of his poor 7000 thriftily sprinkled about, in what good posts there are, and "capable of being got together in six hours:" a superior soldier, this Browne, though with a very bad task, and seems to have inspired every body with something of his own temper; so that there is marching, detaching, miscellaneous difficulty for Friedrich in this quarter, more than had been expected. If the fate of Brieg and Neisse be inevitable, Browne does wonders to delay it.

Of the Prussian marches in these parts, recorded by intricate Dryasdust, there was no point so notable to me as this unrecorded one—the Stone Pillar which, I see, the Kleist Detachment was sure to find, just now, on the march from Ohlau to Brieg—last portion of that march, between the village of Briesen and Brieg. The Oder, flowing on your left hand, is

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 678; Orlich, *Geschichte der beiden Schlesischen Kriege*, i., 49.

hereabouts agreeably clothed with woods; the country, originally a swamp, has been drained, and given to the plow in an agreeable manner; and there is an excellent road paved with solid whinstone, quarried in Strehlen, twenty miles away, among the Hills to the right yonder, as you may guess; road very visible to the Prussian soldier, though he does not ask where quarried. These beautiful improvements, beautiful humanities, were done by whom? "Done in 1584," say the records, by "George the Pious," Duke of Liegnitz, Brieg, and Wohlau, 156 years ago. "Pious" his contemporaries called this George; he was son of the *Erbverbrüderung* Duke, who is so important to us; he was grandfather's grandfather of the last Duke of all; after whom it was we that should have got these fine Territories; they should all have fallen to the Great Elector, had not the Austrian strong hand provided otherwise. George did these plantations, recoveries to the plow; made this perennial whinstone road across the swamps; upon which, notable to the roughest Prussian (being "twelve feet high by eight feet square"), rises a Hewn Mass with this Inscription on it—not of the name or date of George, but of a thought of his, which is not without a pious beauty to me:

Straverunt alii nobis, nos Posteritati;
Omnibus at Christus stravit ad astra viam.

Others have made roads for us; we make them for still others: Christ made a road to the stars for us all.[1]

I know not how many Brandenburgers of General Kleist's Detachment, or whether any, read this Stone; but they do all rustle past it there, claiming the Heritage of this Pious George; and their mute dim interview with him, in this manner, is a thing slightly more memorable than orders of the day at this date.

It was on the 11th, two days after Ohlau, that General Kleist summoned Brieg, and Brieg answered resolutely No. There is a garrison of 1600 here, and a proper magazine: nothing for it but to "mask" Brieg too; Kleist on this side the River, Jeetz on that—had Jeetz once done with Namslau,

[1] Zöllner, *Briefe über Schlesien*, i., 175; Hübner, i., t. 101.

which he has not by any means. Namslau's answer was likewise stiffly in the negative ; and Jeetz can not do Namslau, at least not the Castle, all at once, having no siege-cannon. Seeing such stiffness every where, Friedrich writes to Glogau, to the Young Dessauer, "Siege-artillery hither! Swift, by the Oder ; you don't need it where you are!" and wishes it were arrived, for behoof of Neisse and these stiff humors.

Friedrich comes across to Ottmachau ; sits there, in survey of Neisse, till his Cannon come.

The Prussians met with serious resistance, for the first time (9th January, same day when Ohlau yielded), at a place called Ottmachau, a considerable little Town and Castle on the Neisse River, not far west of Neisse Town, almost at the very south of Silesia. It lay on the route of Schwerin's Column, long distances ahead of Liegnitz—say, by straight highway, a hundred miles ; during which, to right and to left, there had been nothing but submission hitherto. No resistance was expected here either, for there was not hope in any, only that Browne had been here ; industrious to create delay till Neisse were got fully ready. He is, by every means, girding up the loins of Neisse for a tight defense ; has put 1600 men into it, with proper stores for them, with a resolute, skillful Captain at the top of them : assiduous Browne had been at Ottmachau, as the outpost of Neisse, a day or two before, and, they say, had admonished them "Not to yield on any terms, for he would certainly come to their relief," which doubtless he would have done had it been in his power ; but how, except by miracle, could it be? On the 9th of January, when Schwerin comes up, Browne is again waiting hereabouts. Again in defensive posture, but without force to undertake any thing ; stands on the Southern Uplands, with Böhmen, and Mähren, and the Giant Mountains at his back —stands, so to speak, defensive at his own House-door in this manner, and will have, after *seeing* Ottmachau's fate and Neisse's, to duck in with a slam! At any rate, he had left these Towns in the above firm humor, screwed to the sticking-place, and had then galloped elsewhither to screw and prepare.

And so the Ottmachau Austrians, "260 picked grenadiers" (400 dragoons there also at first were, who, after flourishing about on the outskirts as if for fighting, rode away), fire "*desperat*," says my intricate friend,[1] entirely refusing terms from Schwerin; kill twelve of his people (Major de Rège, distinguished Engineer Major, one of them); so that Schwerin has to bring petards upon them, four cannon upon them, and burst in their Town Gate, almost their Castle Gate, and pretty much their Castle itself, wasting three days of his time upon this paltry matter; upon which they do signify a willingness for "Free Withdrawal." "No, *ihr Herren*," answers Schwerin, "not now, after such mad explosion. His Majesty will have to settle it." Majesty, who is by this time not far off, comes over to Ottmachau (January 12th); gives words of rebuke, rebuke not very inexorable; and admits them Prisoners of War. "The officers were sent to Cüstrin, common men to Berlin" —the usual arrangement in such case. Ottmachau Town belongs to the Right Reverend von Sinzendorf, Bishop of Breslau, and Primate, whose especial Palace is in Neisse, though he "commonly sends his refractory Priests to do their penance in the Schloss at Ottmachau here," and, I should say, had better himself make terms and come out hitherward, under present aspects.

Friedrich continues at Ottmachau; headquarters there thenceforth till he see Neisse settled. On the morrow, 13th, he learns that the Siege Artillery is at Grotkau, well forward toward Neisse, half way between Brieg and it. Same day, Colonel Camas returns to him out of Glatz; five of his men lost; and reports that Browne has had the roads torn up, that Glatz is mere ice and obstruction, and that nothing can be made of it at this season. Good news alternating with not so good.

The truth is, Friedrich has got no Strong Place in Schlesien; all strengths make unexpected defense; paltry little Namslau itself can not be quite taken, Castle can not, till Jeetz get his siege artillery, which does not come along so fast as that to

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 672–677; Orlich, i., 50.

Neisse does. Here is an Excerpt from my Dryasdust, exact though abridged, concerning Jeetz :

January 24th, 1741. Prussians, masters of the Town for a couple of weeks back, have got into the Church at Namslau, into the Cloister ; are preparing plank floors for batteries, cutting loop-holes ; diligent as possible ; siege-guns now at last just coming. The Castle fires fiercely on them, makes furious sallies, steals six of our oxen, makes insolent gestures from the walls—at least one soldier does, this day. 'Sir, may I give that fellow a shot?' asks the Prussian sentry. 'Do, then,' answers his Major : 'too insolent, that one!' And the sentry explodes on him ; brings him plunging down, head foremost (*herunter purzelte*) ; the too insolent mortal silent enough thenceforth."[1] Jeetz did get his cannon, though not till now, this very day I think ; and then, in a couple of days more, Jeetz finished-off Namslau ("officers to Cüstrin, common men to Berlin"), and thereupon blockades the Eastern side of Brieg, joining hands with Kleist on the Western, whereby Brieg, like Glogau, is completely masked, till the season mend.

Friedrich, now that his artillery is come, expects no difficulty with Neisse. A "paltry hamlet (*bicoque*)" he playfully calls it ; and, except this, Silesia is now his. Neisse got (which would be the desirable thing), or put under "mask" as Glogau is, and as Brieg is being, Austria possesses not an inch of land within these borders. Here are some Epistolary snatches, still in the light style, not to say the flimsy and uplifted, but worth giving, so transparent are they ; off-hand, like words we had heard his Majesty *speak* in his high mood :

King to M. Jordan, at Berlin (Two successive Letters).

1°. "*Ottmachau, 14th January*, 1741" (second day after our arrival there). "My dear Monsieur Jordan, my sweet Monsieur Jordan, my quiet Monsieur Jordan, my good, my benign, my pacific, my humanest Monsieur Jordan,—I announce to Thy Serenity the conquest of Silesia ; I warn thee of the bombardment of Neisse" (just getting ready), "and I prepare thee for still more important projects, and instruct thee of the happiest successes that the womb of Fortune ever bore.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 703.

"This ought to suffice thee. Be my Cicero as to the justice of my cause, and I will be thy Cæsar as to the execution. Adieu; thou knowest whether I am not, with the most cordial regard, thy faithful friend.—F."

2°. "*Ottmachau, 17th January*, 1741. I have the honor to inform Your Humanity that we are christianly preparing to bombard Neisse, and that, if the place will not surrender of good will, needs must that it be beaten to powder, (*nécessité sera de l'abimer*). For the rest, our affairs go the best in the world, and soon thou wilt hear nothing more of us; for in ten days it will all be over, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and hearing you in about a fortnight.

"I have seen neither my Brother" (August Wilhelm, not long ago at Strasburg with us, and betrothed since then) "nor Keyserling; I left them at Breslau, not to expose them to the dangers of war. They perhaps will be a little angry, but what can I do? the rather as, on this occasion, one can not share in the glory unless one is a mortar!

"Adieu, M. le Conseiller" (Poor's *Rath*, so-styled). "Go and amuse yourself with Horace, study Pausanias, and be gay over Anacreon. As to me, who for amusement have nothing but merlons, fascines, and gabions,[1] I pray God to grant me soon a pleasanter and peacefuler occupation, and you health, satisfaction, and whatever your heart desires.—F."[2]

King Friedrich to M. le Comte Algarotti (gone on a journey).

"*Ottmachau, 17th January*, 1741" (same day as the above to Jordan). "I have begun to settle the Figure of Prussia: the outline will not be altogether regular; for the whole of Silesia is taken, except one miserable hamlet (*bicoque*), which perhaps I shall have to keep blockaded till next spring.

"Up to this time the whole conquest has cost only Twenty Men and Two Officers, one of whom is the poor De Rège, whom you have seen at Berlin"—De Rège, Engineer Major, killed here at Ottmachau in Schwerin's late tussel.

"You are greatly wanting to me here. So soon as you have talked that business over, write to me about it." (What is the

[1] Merlons are mounds of earth placed behind the solid or blind parts of the parapet (that is, between the embrasures) of a Fortification; fascines are bundles of brushwood for filling up a ditch; gabions, baskets filled with earth, to be ranged in defense till you get trenches dug.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii., 84.

business? Whither is the dusky Swan of Padua gone)? "In all these three hundred miles I have found no human creature comparable to the Swan of Padua. I would willingly give ten cubic leagues of ground for a genius similar to yours. But I perceive I was about entreating you to return fast, and join me again, while you are not yet arrived where your errand was. Make haste to arrive, then; to execute your commission and fly back to me. I wish you had a Fortunatus Hat; it is the only thing defective in your outfit.

"Adieu, dear Swan of Padua; think, I pray you, sometimes of those who are getting themselves cut in slices" (*échiner*, chined) "for the sake of glory here, and, above all, do not forget your friends who think a thousand times of you.—FÉDÉRIC."[1]

The object of the dear Swan's journey, or even the whereabouts of it, can not be discovered without difficulty, and is not much worth discovering. "Gone to Turin," we at last make out, "with secret commissions:"[2] desirable to sound the Sardinian Majesty a little, who is Door-keeper of the Alps between France and Austria, and opens to the best bidder? No great things of a meaning in this mission, we can guess, or Algarotti had not gone upon it, though he is handy, at least, for keeping it unnoticed by the Gazetteer species. Nor was the Swan successful, it would seem; the more the pity for our Swan! However, he comes back safe; attends Friedrich in Silesia, and in the course of next month readers will see him, if any reader wished it.

CHAPTER VI.

NEISSE IS BOMBARDED.

NEISSE, which Friedrich calls a paltry hamlet (*bicoque*), is a pleasant, strongly-fortified Town, then of perhaps 6 or 8000 inhabitants, now of double that number; stands on the left or north bank of the Neisse—at this day, on both banks;

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii., 28.

[2] Denina: *La Prusse Littéraire* (Berlin, 1790), i., 198. A poor vague Book, only worth consulting in case of extremity.

pleasant broad streets, high strong houses, mostly of stone; pleasantly encircled by green Hills, northward buttresses of the Giant Mountains, itself standing low and level, on rich ground much inclined to be swampy. A lesser river, Biele, or Bielau, coming from the South, flows leisurely enough into the Neisse, filling all the Fortress ditches by the road. Orchard-growth and meadow-growth are lordly (*herrlich*); a land rich in fruit, and flowing with milk and honey; much given to weaving, brewing, stocking-making; and, moreover, trades greatly in these articles, and, above all, in Wine. Yearly on St. Agnes Day, "21st January, if not a Sunday," there is a Wine-fair here; Hungarian, of every quality, from Tokay downward, is gathered here for distribution into Germany and all the Western Countries. While you drink your Tokay, know that it comes through Neisse. St. Agnes Day falls but unhandily this year, and I think the Fair will, as they say, *ausbleiben*, or not be held.

Neisse is a Nest of Priests (*Pfaffen-Nest*), says Friedrich once, which came in this way. About 600 years ago, an ill-conditioned Heir-Apparent of the Liegnitz Sovereign to whom it then belonged quarreled with his Father, quarreled slightly with the Universe, and, after moping about for some time, went into the Church. Having Neisse for an appanage already his own, he gave it to the Bishop of Breslau, whose, in spite of the old Father's protestings, it continued, and continues. Bishops of Breslau are made very grand by it; Bishops of Breslau have had their own difficulties here. Thus once (in our Perkin-Warbeck time, A.D. 1497), a Duke of Oppeln sitting in some Official Conclave or meeting of magnates here—zealous for country privilege, and feeling himself insufferably put upon—started up, openly defiant of Official men, glaring wrathfully into Duke Casimir of Teschen (Bohemian-Austrian Captain of Silesia), and into the Bishop of Breslau himself; nay, at last, flashed out his sword upon those sublime dignitaries; for which, by-and-by, he had to lay his head on the block, in the great square here, and died penitent, we hope.

This place, my Dryasdust informs me, had many accidents

by floodage and by fire ; was seized and reseized in the Thirty-Years War especially, at a great rate : Saxon Arnheim, Austrian Holk, Swedish Torstenson ; no end to the battering and burning poor Neisse had, to the big ransoms "in new Reichsthalers and 300 casks of wine." But it always rebuilt itself, and began business again. How happy when it could get under some effectual Protector of the Liegnitz line, of the Austrian-Bohemian line, and this or the other battering, just suffered, was to be the last for some time ! Here, again, is a battering coming on it, the first of a series that are now imminent.

The reader is requested to look at Neisse ; for, besides the Tokay wine, there will things arrive there. Neisse River, let us again mention, is one of Four bearing that name, and all belonging to the Oder : could not they be labelled, then, or *numbered*, in some way ? This Neisse, which we could call Neisse the *First* (and which careful readers may as well make acquaintance with on their Map, where too they will find Neisse the *Second*, "the *Wüthende* or Roaring Neisse," and two others which concern us less), rises in the "Western Snow-Mountains (*Schneegebirge*)," Southwestern or Glatz district of the Giant Mountains ; drains Glatz County and grows big there ; washes the Town of Glatz ; then eastward by Ottmachau, by Neisse Town ; whence turning rather abruptly north or northeast, it gets into the Oder not far south of Brieg.

Neisse as a Place of Arms, the chief Fortress of Silesia and the nearest to Austria, is extremely desirable for Friedrich ; but there is no hope of it without some kind of Siege, and Friedrich determines to try in that way. From Ottmachau, accordingly, and from the other sides, the Siege-Artillery being now at hand, due force gathers itself round Neisse, Schwerin taking charge ; and for above a week there is demonstrating and posting, summoning and parleying ; and then, for three days, with pauses intervening, there is extremely furious bombardment, red-hot at times : "Will you yield, then ?" with steady negative from Neisse. Friedrich's quar-

ter is at Ottmachau, twelve miles off, from which he can ride over to see and superintend. The fury of his bombardment, which naturally grieved him, testifies the intensity of his wish. But it was to no purpose. The Commandant, Colonel von Roth (the same who was proposed for Breslau lately, a wise head and a stout, famed in defenses), had "poured water on his ramparts" after well repairing them—made his ramparts all ice and glass—and done much else. Would the reader care to look for a moment? Here, from our waste Paper-masses, is abundance, requiring only to be abridged:

"*January*, 1741: *Monday, 9th—Wednesday, 11th.* Monday, 9th—day when that sputter at Ottmachau began—Prussian light-troops appeared transiently on the heights about Neisse for the first time; directly on sight of whom, Commandant Roth assembled the Burghers of the place, took a new Oath of Fidelity from one and all, admonished them to do their utmost, as they should see him do. The able-bodied and likeliest of them (say about 400) he has had arranged into Militia Companies, with what drill there could be in the interim; and since his coming, has employed every moment in making ready. Wednesday, 11th, he locks all the Gates, and stands strictly on his guard. The inhabitants are mostly Catholic, with sumptuous Bishops of Breslau, with *Kreuzherren* (imaginary Teutsch or other Ritters with some reality of money), with Jesuit Dignitaries, Church and Quasi-Church Officialities, resident among them; population, high and low, is inclined by creed to the Queen of Hungary. Commandant Roth has only 1200 regular soldiers; at the outside, 1600 men under arms; but he has gunpowder, he has meal; experience also, and courage; and hopes these may suffice him for a time. One of the most determined Commandants; expert in the defense of strong places. A born Silesian (not Saxon, as some think), and is of the Augsburg Confession; but that circumstance is not important here, though at Breslau Browne thought it was.

"*Thursday*, 12*th.* The Prussians, in regular force, appear on the Kaninchen Berg (Cony-Hill, so-called from its rabbits), south of the River, evidently taking post there. Roth fires a signal shot; the Southern Suburbs of Neisse, as preappointed, go up in flame, crackle high and far, in a lamentable manner (*erbärmlich*), through the grim winter air." This is the

day Friedrich came over to Ottmauchau, and settled the sputter there.

"Next day, and next again, the same phenomena at Neisse, the Prussians edging ever nearer, building their batteries, preparing to open their cannonade; whereupon Roth burns the remaining Suburbs with lamentable crackle: on all sides now are mere ashes. Bishop's Mill, Franciscan Cloister, Bishop's Pleasure-garden, with its summer-houses; Bishop's Hospital, and several Churches: Roth can spare none of these things, with the Prussians nestling there. Surely the Bishop himself, respectable Cardinal Graf von Sinzendorf, had better get out of these localities while time yet is?" "Saturday, 14th," that was the day Friedrich, at Ottmachau, wrote as above to Jordan (Letter No. 1), while the Neisse Suburbs crackled lamentably twelve miles off. "Schwerin gets order to break up, in person, from Ottmachau to-morrow, and begin actual business on the Kaninchen Hill yonder.

"*Sunday*, 15*th*. Schwerin does; marches across the River; takes post on the south side of Neisse: notable to the Sunday rustics. Nothing but burnt villages and black walls for Schwerin in that Cony-Hill quarter and all round; and Roth salutes him with one twenty-four pounder, which did no hurt. And so the cannonade begins, Sunday, 15th, and intermittently, on both sides of the River, continues, always bursting out again at intervals, till Wednesday; a mere preliminary cannonade on Schwerin's part, making noise, doing little hurt; intended more to terrify, but without effect that way on Roth or the Townsfolk. The poor Bishop did, on the second day of it, come out and make application to Schwerin; was kindly conducted to his Majesty, who happened to be over there; was kept to dinner, and easily had leave to retire to Freywalde, a Country-House he has in the safe distance.[1] There let him be quiet, well out of these confused batterings and burnings of property.

"His Majesty's head-quarter is at Ottmachau, but in two hours he can be here any day, and looks into every thing; sorry that the cannonade does not yet answer. And remnants of suburbs are still crackling into flame; high Country-houses of Kreuzherren, of Jesuits, a fanatic people seemingly all set against us. 'If Neisse will not yield of good-will, needs is it must be beaten to powder,' wrote his Majesty to Jordan in these circumstances, as we read above. Roth is sorry to ob-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 683.

serve the Prussians have still one good Bishop's-mansion, in a place called the Karlau (Karl-Meadow), with the Bishop's winter fuel already stacked there, but strives to take order about the same.

"*Wednesday*, 18*th*. This day two provocations happened. First, in the morning, by his Majesty's order, Colonel Borck (the same we saw at Herstal) had gone with a Trumpeter toward Roth, intending to inform Roth how mild the terms would be, how terrible the penalty of not accepting them. But Roth or Roth's people singularly disregard Borck and his Parley Trumpet; answer its blasts by musketry; fire upon it, nay, again fire worse when it advances a step farther; on these terms Borck and Trumpet had to return, which much angered his Majesty at Ottmachau that evening, as was natural. Same evening, our fine quarters in the Karlau crackled up in flame, the Bishop's winter firewood all along with it: this was provocation second. Roth had taken order with the Karlau, and got a resolute Butcher to do the feat, under pretext of bringing us beef. It is piercing cold; only blackened walls for us now in the Karlau or elsewhere. His Majesty, naturally much angered, orders for the morrow a dose of bombshells and red-hot balls. Plant a few mortars on the North side, too, orders his Majesty.

"*Thursday*, 19*th*. Accordingly, by 8 of the clock, cannon batteries reawaken with a mighty noise, and red-hot balls are noticeable; and at 10 the actual bombarding bursts out, terrible to hear and see; first shell falling in Haubitz the Clothier's shop, but being happily got under. Roth has his City Militia Companies organized with water-hoses for quenching of the red-hot balls, in which they became expert; so that, though the fire caught many houses, they always put it out. Late in the night, hearing no word from Roth, the Prussians went to bed.

"*Friday*, 20*th*. Still no word; on which, about 4 P.M., the Prussian batteries awaken again; volcanic torrent of red-hot shot and shells for seven hours; still no word from Roth. About 11 at night, his Majesty again sends a Drum (Parley Trumpet or whatever it is) to the Gate; formally summons Roth; asks him 'if he has well considered what this can lead to? especially what he, Roth, meant by firing on our first Trumpet on Wednesday last?' Roth answered, 'That as to the Trumpet, he had not heard of it before. On the other hand, that this mode of sieging by red-hot balls seems a little

unusual; for the rest, that he has himself no order or intention but that of resisting to the last.' Some say the Drum hereupon by order talked of 'pounding Neisse into powder, mere child's play hitherto;' to which Roth answered only by respectful dumb-show.

"*Saturday*, 21*st*—*Monday*, 23*d*. Midnight of Friday—Saturday, on this answer coming, the fire volcanoes open again, nine hours long; shells and red-hot material in terrible abundance, which hit mostly the Churches, Jesuits' Seminariums and Collegiums, but produced no change in Roth. From 9 A.M. the batteries are silent. Silent still next morning: Divine Service may proceed if it like. But at 4 of the afternoon the batteries awaken worse than ever; from seven to nine bombs going at once. Universal rage of noise and horrid glare, making night hideous, till 10 of the clock, Roth continuing inflexible. This is the last night of the Siege."

Friedrich perceived that Roth would not yield; that the utter smashing down of Neisse might more concern Friedrich than Roth; that, in fine, it would be better to desist till the weather altered. Next day, "Monday, 23d, between noon and 1 o'clock," the Prussians drew back; converted the siege into a blockade. Neisse to be masked like Brieg and Glogau (Brieg only half done yet, Jeetz without cannon till to-morrow, 24th, and little Namslau still gesticulating); "the only thing one could try upon it was bombardment. A Nest of Priests (*Pfaffen-Nest*); not many troops in it; but it cannot well be forced at present. If spring were here, it will cost a fortnight's work."[1]

A noisy business; "King's high person much exposed; a bombardier and then a sergeant were killed close by him, though in all he lost only five men."[2]

[1] *Friedrich to the Old Dessauer:* Fraction of Letter (Ottmachau, 16th–21st January, 1741) cited by Orlich, i., 51, from the Dessau Archives, where Herr Orlich has industriously been. To all but strictly military people, these pieces of Letters are the valuable feature of Orlich's Book; and a general reader laments that it does not all consist of such, properly elucidated and labeled into accessibility.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 680–690.

Browne vanishes in a slight Flash of Fire.

Browne all this while has hung on the Mountain-side, witnessing these things ; sending stores toward Glatz southwestward, and "running the ways" behind them ; waiting what would become of Neisse. Neisse done, Schwerin is upon him ; Browne makes off Southeastward, across the Mountains, for Moravia and home, Schwerin following hard. At a little place called Grätz,[1] on the Moravian border, Browne faced round, tried to defend the Bridge of the Oppa, sharply though without effect, and there came (January 25th) a hot sputter between them for a few minutes, after which Browne vanished into the interior, and we hear, in these parts, comparatively little more of him during this War. Friend and foe must admit that he has neglected nothing, and fairly made the best of a bad business here. He is but an interim General, too ; his Successor just coming ; and the Vienna Board of War is frequently troublesome, to whose windy speculations Browne replies with sagacious skepticism, and here and there a touch of veiled sarcasm, which was not likely to conciliate in high places. Had her Hungarian Majesty been able to retain Browne in his post, instead of poor Neipperg who was sent instead, there might have been a considerably different account to give of the sequel. But Neipperg was Tutor (War-Tutor) to the Grand-Duke ; Browne is still of young standing (age only thirty-five), with a touch of veiled sarcasm ; and things must go their course.

In Schlesien, Schwerin is now to command in chief, the King going off to Berlin for a little, naturally with plenty of errand there. The Prussian Troops go into Winter-quarters ; spread themselves wide ; beset the good points, especially the Passes of the Hills, from Jägendorf eastward to the Jablunka leading toward Hungary ; nay, they can, and before long do,

[1] The name, in old Slavic speech, signifies *Town ;* and there are many *Grätzes : Königin*grätz (*Queen's*, which for brevity is now generally called *Königs*grätz, in Bohemia) ; Grätz in Styria ; *Windisch*grätz (Wendishtown), &c.

spread into the Moravian Territories on the other side, and levy contributions, the Queen proving unreasonable.

It was Monday, 23d, when the Siege of Neisse was abandoned; on Wednesday, Friedrich himself turns homeward; looks into Schweidnitz, looks into Liegnitz, and arrives at Berlin as the week ends, much acclamation greeting him from the multitude. Except those Three masked Fortresses, capable of no defense to speak of, were Winter over, Silesia is now all Friedrich's—has fallen wholly to him in the space of about Seven Weeks. The seizure has been easy; but the retaining of it, perhaps he himself begins to see more clearly, will have difficulties! From this point, the talk about *gloire* nearly ceases in his Correspondence. In those seven weeks he has, with *gloire* or otherwise, cut out for himself such a life of labor as no man of his Century had.

HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH THE SECOND

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

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FIRST SILESIAN WAR, AWAKENING A GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE, BEGINS.

December, 1740–May, 1741.

CHAPTER VII.

AT VERSAILLES, THE MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY CHANGES HIS SHIRT, AND BELLEISLE IS SEEN WITH PAPERS.

While Friedrich was so busy in Silesia, the world was not asleep around him; the world never is, though it often seems to be, round a man and what action he does in it. That Sunday morning, First Day of the Year 1741, in those same hours while Friedrich, with energy, with caution, was edging himself into Breslau, there went on in the Court of Versailles an interior Phenomenon, of which, having by chance got access to it face to face, we propose to make the reader participant before going farther.

Readers are languidly aware that phenomena do go on round their Friedrich; that their busy Friedrich, with his few Voltaires and renowned persons, are not the only population of their Century, by any means. Every body is aware of that fact; yet, in practice, almost every body is as good as not aware; and the World all round one's Hero is a darkness, a dormant vacancy. How strange when, as here, some waste Paper-spill (so to speak) turns up, which you can *kindle*, and,

by the brief flame of it, bid a reader look with his own eyes! From Herr Doctor Büsching, who did the *Geography* and about a Hundred other Books—a man of great worth, almost of genius, could he have elaborated his Hundred Books into Ten (or distilled into flasks of aquavitæ what otherwise lies tumbling as tanks of mash and wort, now run very sour and malodorous)—it is from Herr Büsching that we gain the following rough Piece, illuminative if one can kindle it:

The Titular-Herr Baron Anton von Geusau, a gentleman of good parts, scholastic by profession, and of Protestant creed, was accompanying as Traveling Tutor, in those years, a young Graf von Reuss. Graf von Reuss is one of those indistinct Counts Reuss who always call themselves "Henry;" and, being now at the eightieth and farther, with uncountable collateral Henrys intertwisted, are become in effect anonymous, or of nomenclature inscrutable to mankind. Nor is the young one otherwise of the least interest to us, except that Herr Anton, the Traveling Tutor, punctually kept a Journal of every thing, which Journal, long afterward, came into the hands of Büsching, also a punctual man, and was by him abridged and set forth in print as his *Beyträge*, offering at present a singular daguerreotype glimpse of the then actual world, wherever Graf von Reuss and his Geusau happened to be. Nine tenths of it, even in Büsching's Abridgment, are now fallen useless and wearisome; but to one studying the days that then were, even the effete commonplace of it occasionally becomes alive again. And how interesting to catch, here and there, a Historical Figure on these conditions; Historical Figure's very self, in his work-day attitude; eating his victuals; writing, receiving letters, talking to his fellow-creatures; unaware that Posterity, miraculously, through some chink of the Traveling Tutor's producing, has got its eye upon him!

"*Sunday, 1st January*, 1741, Geusau and his young Gentleman leave Paris at 5 in the morning, and drive out to Versailles, intending to see the ceremonies of New-Year's day there. Very wet weather it had been all Wednesday, and for days before;[1] but on this Sunday, New-Year's morning,

[1] See in *Barbier* (ii., 283, et seqq.) what terrible Noah-like weather it had been; big houses, long in soak, tumbling down at last into the Seine; *châsse of St. Geneviève* brought out (two days ago), December 30th, to try it by miracle; &c., &c.

all is ice and glass; and they slid about painfully by lamplight, with unroughened horses, and on the Hilly or Meudon road, having chosen that as fittest, the waters being out, not arriving at Court till 9, nor finding very much to comfort them, except on the side of curiosity, when there. Ushers, *Introducteurs*, Cabinet Secretaries, were indeed assiduous to oblige; and the King's Levee will be; but if you follow it to the Chapel Royal to witness high mass, you must kneel at elevation of the host; and this, as reformed Christians, Reuss and his Tutor can not undertake to do. They accept a dinner invitation (12 the hour) from some good Samaritan of Quality, and for sights, will content themselves with the King's Levee itself, and generally with what the King's Antechamber and the Œil-de-Bœuf can exhibit to them. The Most Christian King's Levee" (*Lever*, literally here his Getting out of Bed) "is a daily miracle of these localities, only grander on New-Year's day; and it is to the following effect:

"Till Majesty please to awaken, you saunter in the Salle des Embassadeurs, whole crowds jostling one another there, gossiping together in a diligent, insipid manner;" gossip all reported, snatches of which have acquired a certain flavor by long keeping—which the reader shall imagine. "Meanwhile you keep your eye on the Grate of the Inner Court, which as yet is only ajar, Majesty inaccessible as yet. Behold, at last, Grate opens itself wide; sign that Majesty is out of bed; that the privileged of mankind may approach, and see the miracles." Geusau continues, abridged by Büsching and us:

"The whole assemblage passed now into the King's Anteroom; had to wait there about half an hour more before the King's bedroom was opened. But then at last, lo you, there is the King, visible to Geusau and every body, 'washing his hands,' which effected itself in this way. 'The King was seated; a gentleman-in-waiting knelt before him and held the Ewer, a square vessel silver-gilt, firm upon the King's breast, and another gentleman-in-waiting poured water on the King's hands.' Merely an official washing, we perceive; the real, it is to be hoped, had, in a much more effectual way, been going on during the half-hour just elapsed After washing, the King rose for an instant; had his dressing-gown, a grand yellow silky article with silver flowerings, pulled off, and flung round his loins, upon which he sat down again, and"—observe it, ye privileged of mankind—"the Change of Shirt took place! 'They put the clean shirt down over his head,'

says Anton, 'and plucked up the dirty one from within, so that of the naked skin you saw little or nothing.'" Here is a miracle worth getting out of bed to look at!

"His Majesty now quitted chair and dressing-gown, stood up before the fire, and, after getting on the rest of his clothing, which, on account of Czarina Anne's death" (readers remember that), "was of violet or mourning color, he had the powder-mantle thrown round him, and sat down at the Toilette to have his hair frizzled. The Toilette, a table with white cover shoved into the middle of the room, had on it a mirror, a powder-knife, and"—no mortal cares what. "The King," what all mortals note as they do the heavenly omens, "is somewhat talky; speaks sometimes with the Dutch Embassador, sometimes with the Pope's Nuncio, who seems a jocose kind of gentleman; sometimes with different French Lords, and at last with the Cardinal Fleury also—to whom, however, he does not look particularly gracious"—not particularly this time. These are the omens; happy who can read them! "Majesty then did his morning-prayer, assisted only by the common Almoners-in-waiting (Cardinal took no hand, much less any other); Majesty knelt before his bed, and finished the business 'in less than six seconds.' After which mankind can ebb out to the Anteroom again; pay their devoir to the Queen's Majesty, which all do; or wait for the Transit to Morning Chapel, and see Mesdames of France and the others flitting past in their sedans.

"Queen Majesty was already altogether dressed," says Geusau, almost as if with some disappointment; "all in black; a most affable, courteous Majesty; stands conversing with the Russian Embassador, with the Dutch ditto, with the Ladies about her, and at last, 'in a friendly and merry tone,' with old Cardinal Fleury. Her Ladies, when the Queen spoke with them, showed no constraint at all; leant loosely with their arms on the fire-screens, and took things easy. Mesdames of France"—Geusau saw Mesdames. Poor little souls, they are the *Loque*, the *Cochon* (Rag, Pig, so Papa would call them, dear Papa), who become tragically visible again in the Revolution time—all blooming young children as yet (Queen's Majesty some Thirty-seven gone), and little dreaming what lies fifty years ahead! King Louis's career of extraneous gallantries, which ended in the Parc aux Cerfs, is now just beginning; think of that, too; and of her Majesty's fine behavior under it, so affable, so patient, silent, now and always! "In a little while their Majesties go along the Great Gallery to

Chapel," whither the Protestant mind can not with comfort accompany.[1]

This is the daily miracle done at Versailles to the believing multitude, only that on New-Year's day, and certain supreme occasions, the shirt is handed by a Prince of the Blood, and the towel for drying the royal hands by a ditto, with other improvements ; and the thing comes out in its highest power of effulgence, especially if you could see high mass withal. In the Antechamber and Œil-de-Bœuf, Geusau, among hundreds of phenomena fallen dead to us, saw the four following, which have still some life :

1°. Many Knights of the Holy Ghost (*Chevaliers du Saint Esprit*) are about, magnificently piebald people, indistinct to us, and fallen dead to us ; but there, among the company, do not we indisputably see, "in full Cardinal's costume," Fleury, the ancient Prime Minister, talking to her Majesty? Blandly smiling ; soft as milk, yet with a flavor of alcoholic wit in him here and there. That is a man worth looking at, had they painted him at all. Red hat, red stockings ; a serenely definite old gentleman, with something of prudent wisdom, and a touch of imperceptible jocosity at times ; mildly inexpugnable in manner ; this King, whose Tutor he was twenty years ago, still looks to him as his father ; Fleury is the real King of France at present. His age is eighty-seven gone ; the King's is thirty (seven years younger than his Queen) ; and the Cardinal has red stockings and red hat ; veritably there, successively in both Antechambers, seen by Geusau, January 1st, 1741 : that is all I know.

2°. The Prince de Clermont, a Prince of the Blood, "handed the shirt," *teste* Geusau. Some other Prince, notable to Geusau, and to us nameless, had the honor of the "towel ;" but this Prince de Clermont, a dissolute fellow of wasted parts, kind of Priest, kind of Soldier too, is seen visibly handing the shirt there ; whom the reader and I, if we cared about it, shall again see, getting beaten by Prince Ferdinand, at Crefeld, within twenty years hence. These are points first and second, slightly noticeable, slightly if at all.

Of the actual transit to High Mass, transit very visible in the Great Gallery or Œil-de-Bœuf, why should a human being

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, ii., 59–78.

now say any thing? Queen, poor Stanislaus's daughter, and her Ladies, in their sublime sedans, one flood of jewels, sail first; next sails King Louis, shirt warm on his back, with "Thirty four Chevaliers of the Holy Ghost" escorting; next "the Dauphin" (Boy of eleven, Louis XVI.'s Father), and "Mesdames of France, with—" But even Geusau stops short. Protestants can not enter that Chapel without peril of idolatry; wherefore Geusau and Pupil kept strolling in the general Œil-de-Bœuf, and "the Dutch Embassador approved of it," he for one. And here now is another point, slightly noticeable:

3°. High Mass over, his Majesty sails back from Chapel in the same magnificently piebald manner, and vanishes into the interior, leaving his Knights of the Holy Ghost and other Courtier-multitude to simmer about and ebb away as they found good. Geusau and his young Reuss had now the honor of being introduced to various people, among others "to the Prince de Soubise." Prince de Soubise: frivolous, insignificant being, of whom I have no portrait that is not nearly blank, and content to be so, though Herr von Geusau would have one, with features and costume to it, when he heard of the beating at Rossbach long after! Prince de Soubise is pretty much a blank to every body; and no sooner are we loose of him, than (what every reader will do well to note),

4°. Our Herren Travelers are introduced to a real Notability: Monseigneur, soon to be Maréchal, the Comte de Belleisle, whom my readers and I are to be much concerned with in time coming. "A tall lean man (*langer hagerer Mann*), without much air of quality," thinks Geusau, but with much swift intellect and energy, and a distinguished character, whatever Geusau might think. "Comte de Belleisle was very civil, but apologized, in a courtly and kind way, for the hurry he was in, regretting the impossibility of doing the honors to the Comte de Reuss in this Country, his, Belleisle's Journey into Germany, which was close at hand, overwhelming him with occupations and engagements at present. And, indeed, even while he spoke to us," says Geusau, "all manner of Papers were put into his hand."[1]

"Journey to Germany, Papers put into his hand:" there is perhaps no Human Figure in the world, this Sunday (except the one Figure now in those same moments over at Breslau,

[1] Büsching, ii., 79; see Barbier, ii., 282, 287.

gently pressing upon the locked Gates there), who is so momentous for our Silesian Operations; and, indeed, he will kindle all Europe into delirium, and produce mere thunder and lightning for seven years to come, with almost no result in it except Silesia! A tall lean man; there stands he, age now fifty-six, just about setting out on such errand, whom one is thankful to have seen for a moment, even in that slight manner.

Of Belleisle and his Plans.

Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet, Comte de Belleisle, is Grandson of that Intendant Fouquet, sumptuous Financier, whom Louis XIV. at last threw out, and locked into the Fortress of Pignerol, amid the Savoy Alps, there to meditate for life, which lasted thirty years longer. It was never understood that the sumptuous Fouquet had altogether stolen public moneys, nor, indeed, rightly what he had done to merit Pignerol; and always, though fallen somehow into such dire disfavor, he was pitied and respected by a good portion of the public. "Has angered Colbert," said the public; "dangerous rivalry to Colbert; that is what has brought Pignerol upon him."

Out of Pignerol that Fouquet never came, but his Family bloomed up into light again; had its adventures, sometimes its troubles, in the Regency time, but was always in a rising way; and here, in this tall lean man getting papers put into his hand, it has risen very high indeed. Going as Embassador Extraordinary to the Germanic Diet, "To assist good neighbors, as a neighbor and Most Christian Majesty should, in choosing their new Kaiser to the best advantage:" that is the official color his mission is to have. Surely a proud mission; and Belleisle intends to execute it in a way that will surprise the Germanic Diet and mankind. Privately, Belleisle intends that he, by his own industries, shall himself choose the right Kaiser, such Kaiser as will suit the Most Christian Majesty and him; he intends to make a new French thing of Germany in general, and carries in his head plans of an amazing nature! He and a Brother he has, called the Chevalier de Belleisle, who is also a distinguished man, and

seconds M. le Comte with eloquent fire and zeal in all things, are grandsons of that old Fouquet, and the most shining men in France at present. France little dreams how much better it perhaps were had they also been kept safe in Pignerol!

The Count, lean and growing old, is not healthy; is ever and anon tormented, and laid up for weeks with rheumatisms, gout, and ailments, but otherwise he is still a swift, ardent, elastic spirit, with grand schemes, with fiery notions and convictions, which captivate and hurry-off men's minds, more than eloquence could, so intensely true are they to the Count himself; and then his Brother the Chevalier is always there to put them into the due language and logic, where needed.[1] A magnanimous high-flown spirit, thought to be of supreme skill both in War and in Diplomacy; fit for many things; and is still full of ambition to distinguish himself, and tell the world at all moments, "*Me voilà;* World, I too am here!" His plans, just now, which are dim even to himself, except on the hither skirt of them, stretch out immeasurable, and lie piled up high as the skies. The hither skirt of them, which will suffice the reader at present, is,

That your Grand-Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, shall in no wise, as the world and Duke Franz expect, be the Kaiser chosen. Not he, but another who will suit France better: "Kur-Sachsen perhaps, the so-called King of Poland? Or say it were Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, the hereditary friend and dependent of France? We are not tied to a man; only, at any and at all rates, not Grand-Duke Franz." This is the grand, essential, and indispensable point, alpha and omega of points; very clear this one to Belleisle, and toward this the first steps, if as yet only the first, are also clear to him, namely, that "the 27th of February next," which is the time set by Kur-Mainz and the native Officials for the actual meeting of their Reichstag to begin Election Business, will be too early a time, and must be got postponed[2]—postponed, which will be possible, perhaps for long—one knows not for how

[1] Voltaire, xxviii., 74; xxix., 392; &c.

[2] Adelung, ii., 185 ("27th February—1st March, 1741, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn," appointed by Kur-Mainz, "Arch-Chancellor of the *Reich*,"

long : that is a first step definitely clear to Belleisle. Toward which, as preliminary to it and to all the others in a dimmer state, there is a second thing clear, and has even been officially settled (all but the day) : That, in the mean while, and surely the sooner the better, he, Belleisle, Most Christian Majesty's Embassador Extraordinary to the Reichstag coming, do, in his most dazzling and persuasive manner, make a Tour among German Courts. Let us visit, in our highest and yet in our softest splendor, the accessible German Courts, especially the likely or well-disposed : Mainz, Köln, Trier, these, the Three called Spiritual, lie on our very route ; then Pfalz, Baiern, Sachsen : we will tour diligently up and down ; try whether, by optic machinery and art-magic of the mind, one can not bring them round.

In all these preliminary steps and points, and even in that alpha and omega of excluding Grand-Duke Franz, and getting a Kaiser of his own, Belleisle succeeded, with painful results to himself and to millions of his fellow-creatures—to readers of this History among others, and became, in consequence, the most famous of mankind, and filled the whole world with rumor of Belleisle in those years. A man of such intrinsic distinction as Belleisle, whom Friedrich afterward deliberately called a great Captain, and the only Frenchman with a genius for war, and who, for some time, played in Europe at large a part like that of Warwick the Kingmaker, how has he fallen into such oblivion? Many of my readers never heard of him before, nor, in writing or otherwise, is there symptom that any living memory now harbors him, or has the least approach to an image of him! "For the times are babbly," says Goethe, "and then, again, the times are dumb :

> "*Denn geschwätzig sind die Zeiten,*
> *Und sie sind auch wieder stumm.*"

under date November 3d, 1740) ; ib., 236 ("Delay for a month or two," suggests Kur-Pfalz, on January 12th, seconded by others in the French interest) ; upon which the appointment, after some arguing, collapsed into the vague, and there ensued delay enough ; actual Election not till January 24th, 1742.

Alas! if a man sow only chaff, in never so sublime a manner, with the whole Earth and the long-eared populations looking on, and chorally singing approval, rendering night hideous, it will avail him nothing. And that, to a lamentable extent, was Belleisle's case. His scheme of action was in most felicitously just accordance with the national sense of France, but by no means so with the Laws of Nature and of Fact; his aim, grandiose, patriotic, what you will, was unluckily false and not true. How could "the times" continue talking of him? They found they had already talked too much. Not to say that the French Revolution has since come, and has blown all that into the air, miles aloft, where even the solid part of it, which must be recovered one day, much more the gaseous, which we trust is forever irrecoverable, now wanders and whirls; and many things are abolished, for the present, of more value than Belleisle!

For my own share, being, as it were, forced accidentally to look at him again, I find in Belleisle a really notable man, far superior to the vulgar of noted men, in his time or ours. Sad destiny for such a man! But when the general Life-element becomes so unspeakably phantasmal as under Louis XV., it is difficult for any man to be real—to be other than a play-actor, more or less eminent and artistically dressed. Sad enough, surely, when the truth of your relation to the Universe, and the tragically earnest meaning of your Life, is quite lied out of you by a world sunk in lies, and you can, with effort, attain to nothing but to be a more or less splendid lie along with it! your very existence all become a vesture, a hypocrisy, and hearsay; nothing left of you but this sad faculty of sowing chaff in the fashionable manner! After Friedrich and Voltaire, in both of whom, under the given circumstances, one finds a perennial reality, more or less, Belleisle is next; none *fails* to escape the mournful common lot by a nearer miss than Belleisle.

Beyond doubt, there are in this man the biggest projects any French head has carried since Louis XIV., with his sublime periwig, first took to striking the stars. How the indolent Louis XV. and the pacific Fleury have been got into this

sublimely adventurous mood? By Belleisle chiefly, men say, and by King Louis's first Mistresses, blown upon by Belleisle; poor Louis having now, at length, left his poor Queen to her reflections, and taken into that sad line, in which, by degrees, he carried it so far. There are three of them, it seems, the first female souls that could ever manage to kindle, into flame or into smoke, in this or any other kind, that poor torpid male soul—those Mailly Sisters, three in number (I am shocked to hear), successive, nay, in part simultaneous! They are proud women, especially the two younger, with ambition in them, with a bravura magnanimity of the theatrical or operatic kind, of whom Louis is very fond. "To raise France to its place, your Majesty—the top of the Universe, namely!" "Well, if it could be done, and quite without trouble?" thinks Louis. Bravura magnanimity, blown upon by Belleisle, prevails among these high Improper-Females, and generally in the Younger Circles of the Court, so that poor old Fleury has had no choice but to obey it or retire. And so Belleisle stalks across the Œil-de-Bœuf in that important manner, visibly to Geusau, and is the shining object in Paris, and much the topic there at present.

A few weeks hence he is farther—a little out of the common turn, but not beyond his military merits or capabilities—made Maréchal de France,[1] by way of giving him a new splendor in the German Political World, and assisting in his operations there, which depend much upon the laws of vision. French epigrams circulate in consequence, and there are witty criticisms; to which Belleisle, such a dusky world of Possibility lying ahead, is grandly indifferent. Maréchal de France; and Geusau hears (what is a fact) that there are to be "thirty young French Lords in his suite;" his very "Livery," or mere plush retinue, "to consist of 110 persons;" such an outfit for magnificence as was never seen before. And in this equipment, "early in March" (exact day not given), magnificence of outside corresponding to grandiosity of faculty and idea, Belleisle, we shall find, does practically set off toward Germany, like a kind of French Belus, or God of the Sun,

[1] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, i., 356 (12th February, 1741).

capable to dazzle weak German Courts by optical machinery, and to set much rotten thatch on fire!

"There are curious daguerreotype glimpses of old Paris to be found in that Note-book of Geusau's," says another Excerpt, "which come strangely home to us, like reality at first-hand; and a rather unexpected Paris it is to most readers, many things then alive there which are now deep underground. Much Jansenist Theology afloat: grand French Ladies piously eager to convert a young Protestant Nobleman like Reuss; sublime Dorcases, who do not rouge or dress high, but eschew the evil world, and are thrifty for the Poor's sake, redeeming the time. There is a Cardinal de Polignac, venerable sage and ex-political person, of astonishing erudition, collector of Antiques (with whom we dined); there is the Chevalier Ramsay, theological Scotch Jacobite, late Tutor of the young Turenne—so many shining persons, now fallen indistinct again. And then, besides gossip, which is of mild quality and in fair proportion, what talk, casuistic and other, about the Moral Duties, the still feasible Pieties, the Constitution Unigenitus! All this alive, resonant at dinner-tables of Conservative stamp; the Miracles of Abbé Pâris much a topic there; and not a whisper of Infidel Philosophies; the very name of Voltaire not once mentioned in the Reuss section of Parisian things.

"There is rumor now and then of a 'Comte de Rothenbourg,' conspicuous in the Parisian circles; a shining military man, but seemingly in want of employment, who has lost in gambling, within the last four years, upward of £50,000 (1,300,000 livres, the exact cipher given). This is the Graf von Rothenburg whom Friedrich made acquaintance with in the Rhine Campaign six years ago, and has ever since had in his eye; whom, in a few weeks hence, Friedrich beckons over to him into the Prussian States: 'Hither, and you shall have work!' which Rothenburg accepts, with manifold advantage to both parties—one of Friedrich's most distinguished friends for the rest of his life.

"Of Cardinal Polignac there is much said, and several dinners with him are transacted, dialogue partly given: a pious wise old gentleman really, in his kind (age now eighty-four), looking mildly forth upon a world just about to overset itself and go topsy-turvy, as he sees it will. His *Anti-Lucretius* was once such a Poem! but we mention him here because his

fine Cabinet of Antiques came to Berlin on his Death, Friedrich purchasing ; and one often hears of it (if one cared to hear) from the Prussian Dryasdust in subsequent years.[1]

"Of Friedrich's unexpected Invasion of Silesia there are also talkings and surmisings, but in a mild indifferent tone, and much in the vague ; and in the best-informed circles it is thought Belleisle will manage to *have* Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen of Hungary's Husband, chosen Kaiser, and in some mild good way put an end to all that," which is far indeed from Belleisle's intention !

CHAPTER VIII.

PHENOMENA IN PETERSBURG.

I KNOW not whether Major Winterfeld, who was sent to Petersburg in December last, had got back to Berlin in February, now while Friedrich is there ; but for certain the good news of him had, That he had been completely successful, and was coming speedily to resume his soldier duties in right time. As Winterfeld is an important man (nearly buried into darkness in the dull Prussian Books), let us pause for a moment on this Negotiation of his, and on the mad Russian vicissitudes which preceded and followed, so far as they concern us. Russia, a big demi-savage neighbor next door, with such caprices, such humors and interests, is always an important, rather delicate object to Friedrich, and Fortune's mad wheel is plunging and canting in a strange headlong way there of late. Czarina Anne, we know, is dead ; the Autocrat of All the Russias following the Kaiser of the Romans within eight days. Iwan, her little Nephew, still in swaddling-clothes, is now Autocrat of All the Russias if he knew it, poor little

[1] Came to Charlottenburg August, 1742 (old Polignac had died November last, ten months after those Geusau times): cost of the Polignac Cabinet was 40,000 thalers (£6000) say some, 90,000 livres (under £4000) say others ; cheap at either price ; and, by chance, came opportunely, "a fire having just burnt down the Academy Edifice," and destroyed much ware of that kind. Rödenbeck, i., 73 ; Seyfarth (Anonymous), *Geschichte Friedrich des Andern*, i., 236.

red-colored creature ; and Anton Ulrich and his Mecklenburg Russian Princess—But let us take up the matter where our Note-books left it, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time :

"Czarina Anne with the big cheek," continues that Note-book,[1] "was extremely delighted to see little Iwan, but enjoyed him only two months, being herself in dying circumstances. She appointed little Iwan her Successor, his Mother and Father to be Guardians over him ; but one Bieren (who writes himself Biron, and 'Duke of Courland,' being Czarina's Quasi-Husband these many years) to be Guardian, as it were, over both them and him. Such had been the truculent insatiable Bieren's demand on his Czarina. 'You are running on your destruction,' said she, with tears ; but complied, as she had been wont.

"Czarina Anne died 28th October, 1740, leaving a Czar in his cradle ; little Czar Iwan of two months, with Mother and Father to preside over him, and to be themselves presided over by Bieren in this manner.[2] This was the first great change for Anton Ulrich ; but others greater are coming. Little Anton, readers know, is Friedrich's Brother-in-law, much patronized by Austria ; Anton's spouse is the Half-Russian Princess Catharine of Mecklenburg (now wholly Russian, and called Princess Anne), whom Friedrich at one time thought of applying for, in his distress about a Wife. These two, will they side with Prussia, will they side with Austria? It was hardly worth inquiry, had not Fortune's wheel made suddenly a great cant, and pitched them to the top for the time being.

"Bieren lasted only twenty days. He was very high and arbitrary upon every body, Anne and Anton Ulrich suffering naturally most from him. They took counsel with Feldmarschall Münnich on the matter, who, after study, declared it a remediable case. Friday, 18th November, Münnich had, by invitation, to dine with Duke Bieren ; Münnich went accordingly that day, and dined, Duke looking a little flurried, they say ; and the same evening, dinner being quite over, and midnight come, Münnich had his measures all taken, soldiers ready, warrant in hand, and arrested Bieren in his bed ; mere

[1] Suprà, vol. iii., p. 215.

[2] Mannstein, p. 264–267 (28th October, by Russian or Old Style, is "17th ;" we *translate*, in this and other cases, Russian or English into New Style, *unless* the contrary is indicated).

Siberia, before sunrise, looming upon Bieren. Never was such a change as this from 18th day to 19th with a supreme Bieren. Our friend Mannstein, excellent punctual Aid-de-Camp of Münnich, was the executor of the feat, and has left punctual record of it, as he does of every thing—what Bieren said, and what Madam Bieren, who was a little obstreperous on the occasion.[1] What side Anton Ulrich and Spouse will take in a quarrel between Prussia and Austria is now well worth asking.

"Anton Ulrich and Wife Anne, that is to say, 'Regent Anne' and 'Generalissimo Anton Ulrich,' now ruled, with Münnich for right-hand man ; and these were high times for Anton Ulrich, Generalissimo and Czar's-Father, who indeed was modest, and did not often interfere in words, though grieved at the foolish ways his Wife had. An indolent, flabby kind of creature she, unfit for an Autocrat ; sat in her private apartments, all in a huddle of undress ; had foolish notions—especially had soubrettes who led her about by the ear. And then there was a 'Princess Elizabeth,' Cousin-german of Regent Anne—daughter, that is to say, last child there now was, of Peter the Great and his little brown Catharine—who should have been better seen to. Harmless foolish Princess, not without cunning ; young, plump, and following merely her flirtations and her orthodox devotions ; very orthodox and soft, but capable of becoming dangerous, as a centre of the disaffected. As 'Czarina Elizabeth' before long, and ultimately as "*infâme Catin du Nord*,' she—" But let us not anticipate !

It was in this posture of affairs, about a month after it had begun, that Winterfeld arrived in Petersburg, and addressed himself to Münnich on the Prussian errand. Winterfeld was Münnich's Son-in-law (properly step-son-in-law, having married Münnich's step-daughter, a Fräulein von Malzahn, of good Prussian kin) ; was acquainted with the latitudes and longitudes here, and well equipped for the operation in hand. To Madame Münnich, once Madam Malzahn, his Mother-in law, he carried a diamond ring of £1200, "small testimony of his Prussian Majesty's regard to so high a Prussian Lady ;" to Münnich's Son and Madam's a present of £3000 on the like score ; and the wheels being oiled in this way, and the steam

[1] Mannstein, p. 268.

so strong (son Winterfeld an ardent man, father Münnich the like, supreme in Russia, and the thing itself a salutary thing), the diplomatic speed obtained was great. Winterfeld had arrived in Petersburg December 19th ; Treaty of Alliance to the effect, "Firm friends and good neighbors, we two, Majesties of Prussia and of All the Russias ; will help each the other, if attacked, with 12,000 men," was signed on the 27th : whole Transaction, so important to Friedrich, complete in eight days. Austrian Botta, directly on the heel of those unsatisfactory Dialogues about Silesian roads, about troops that were pretty, but had never looked the wolf in the face, had rushed off, full speed, for Petersburg, in hopes of running athwart such a treaty as Winterfeld's, and getting one for Austria instead. But he arrived too late, and perhaps could have done nothing had he been in time. Botta tried his utmost for years afterward, above ground and below, to obstruct and reverse this thing, but it was to no purpose, and even to less ; and only, in result, brought Botta himself into flagrant diplomatic trouble and scandal, which made noise enough in the then Gazetteer world, and was the finale of Botta's Russian efforts,[1] though not worth mentioning now. The Russian Note-book continues :

"Münnich, supreme in Russia since Bieren's removal, had wise counsels for the Regent Anne and her Husband, though perhaps, being a high old military gentleman, he might be somewhat abrupt in his ways. And there were domestic Ostermanns, foreign Bottas, La Chétardies, and dangerous Intriguers and Opposition figures to improve any grudge that might arise. Sure enough, in March, 1741, Feldmarschall Münnich was forbid the Court (some Ostermann succeeding him there) : 'Ever true to your Two Highnesses, though no longer needed ;' and withdrew in a lofty, friendly strain, his Son continuing at Court, though Papa had withdrawn. Supreme Münich had lasted about four months ; Supreme Bieren hardly three weeks ; and Siberia is still agape.

"Münnich being gone to his own Town Mansion, and Regent Anne sitting in hers in a huddle of undress, little ac-

[1] Adelung, iii., II., 289 ; Mannstein, p. 375 ("Lapuschin Plot" of Botta's raising ; found out "August, 1743 ;" Botta put in arrest, &c.).

cessible to her long-headed melancholic Ostermann, and too accessible to her Livonian maid, with poor little Anton Ulrich pouting and remonstrating, but unable to help—this state of matters, with such intrigues undermining it, could not last forever. And had not Princess Elizabeth been of indolent luxurious nature, intent upon her prayers and flirtations, it would have ended sooner even than it did. Princess Elizabeth had a Surgeon called L'Estoc ; a Marquis de la Chétardie, a high-flown French Excellency (who used to be at Berlin, to our young Friedrich's delight), was her—What shall I say? La Chetardie himself had no scruple to say it! These two plotted for her ; these were ready, could she have been got ready, which was not so easy. Regent Anne had her suspicions ; but the Princess was so indolent, so good. At last, when directly taxed with such a thing, the Princess burst into ingenuous weeping ; quite disarmed Regent Anne's suspicions ; but found she had now better take L'Estoc's advice, and proceed at once, which she did.

"And so, on the morrow morning, 5th December, 1741, by aid of the Preobrazinsky Regiment, and the motions usual on such occasions—in fact, by merely pulling out the props from an undermined state of matters, she reduced said state gently to ruin, ready for carting to Siberia like its foregoers, and was hereby Czarina of all the Russias, prosperously enough for the rest of her life—twenty years or rather more. An indolent, orthodox, plump creature, disinclined to cruelty ; 'not an ounce of nun's flesh in her composition,' said the wits. She maintained the Friedrich Treaty, indignant at Botta and his plots ; was well with Friedrich, or might have been kept so by management, for there was no cause of quarrel, but the reverse, between the Countries, could Friedrich have held his witty tongue when eavesdroppers were by. But he could not always, though he tried. And sarcastic quizzing (especially if it be truth too), on certain female topics, what Improper Female, Czarina of All the Russias, could stand it? The history is but a distressing one, a disgusting one in human affairs. Elizabeth was orthodox too, and Friedrich not, 'the horrid man!' The fact is—fact dismally indubitable, though it is huddled into discreet dimness, and all details of it (as to what Friedrich's witticisms were, and the like) are refused us in the Prussian Books—indignation, owing to such dismal cause, became fixed hate on the Czarina's part, and there followed terrible results at last : A Czarina risen to the cannibal pitch upon a man in his extreme need ; '*infâme Catin du*

Nord,' thinks the man! Friedrich's wit cost him dear; him, and half a million others still dearer. twenty years hence," till which time we will gladly leave the Czarina and it.

Major von Winterfeld had been in Russia before this, and had wooed his fair Malzahn there. He is the same Winterfeld whom we once saw dining by the wayside with the late Friedrich Wilhelm on that last Review Journey his Majesty made—a Captain in the Potsdam Giants at that time; always in great favor with the late King, and in still greater with the present; who finds in him, we can dimly discover, and pretty much in him alone, a soul somewhat like his own—the one real "peer" he had about him—a man of little education; bred in camps; yet of a proud, natural eminency, and rugged nobleness of genius and mind. Let readers mark this fiery hero-spirit, lying buried in those dull Books like lightning among clay. Here is another anecdote of his Russian business:

"Winterfeld had gone, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, with a party of Prussian drill-sergeants for Petersburg" (year not given), "and duly delivered them there. He naturally saw much of Feldmarschall Münnich, naturally saw the Stepdaughter of the Feldmarschall, a shining beauty in Petersburg; Winterfeld himself a man of shining gifts and character, and one of the handsomest tall men in the world. Mutual love between the Fräulein and him was the rapid result. But how to obtain marriage? Winterfeld can not marry without leave had of his superiors: you, fair Malzahn, are Hof-Dame of Princess Elizabeth, all your fortune the jewels you wear, and it is too possible she will not let you go!

"They agreed to be patient, to be silent; to watch warily till Winterfeld got home to Prussia, till the Fräulein Malzahn could also contrive to get home. Winterfeld once home, and the King's consent had, the Fräulein applied to Princess Elizabeth for leave of absence: 'A few months, to see my friends in Deutschland, your Highness!' Princess Elizabeth looked hard at her; answered evasively this and that. At last, being often importuned, she answers plainly, 'I almost feel convinced thou wilt never come back?' Protestations from the Fräulein were not wanting: 'Well, then,' said Elizabeth, 'if thou art so sure of it, leave me thy jewels in pledge. Why

not?' The poor Fräulein could not say why; had to leave her jewels, which were her whole fine fortune, 'worth 100,000 rubles' (£20,000) and is now the brave Wife of Winterfeld; but could never, by direct entreaty, or circuitous interest and negotiation, get back the least item of her jewels. Elizabeth, as Princess and as Czarina, was alike deaf on that subject. Now or henceforth that proved an impossible private enterprise for Winterfeld, though he had so easily succeeded in the public one." [1]

The new Czarina was not unmerciful. Münnich and Company were tried for life; were condemned to die, and did appear on the scaffold (29th January, 1742) ready for that extreme penalty, but were there, on the sudden, pardoned or half-pardoned by a merciful new Czarina, and sent to Siberia and outer darkness, whither Bieren had preceded them. To outer darkness also, though a milder destiny had been intended them at first, went Anton Ulrich and his Household. Toward native Germany at first; they had got as far as Riga on the way to Germany, but were detained there for a long while (owing to suspicions, to Botta Plots, or I know not what), till finally they were recalled into Russian exile—strict enough exile, seclusion about Archangel and elsewhere; in convents, in obscure uncomfortable places—little Iwan, after vicissitudes, even went under ground; grew to manhood, and got killed (partly by accident, not quite by murder), some twenty-three years hence, in his dungeon in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, below the level of the Ladoga waters there. Unluckier Household, which once seemed the luckiest of the world, was never known. Canted suddenly, in this way, from the very top of Fortune's wheel to the very bottom, never to rise more; and did not even die, at least not all die, for thirty or forty years after. [2]

[1] Retzow, *Charakteristik des siebenjährigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), i., 45, n.

[2] Anton Ulrich, not till 15th May, 1775 (two Daughters of his went, after this, to "Horstens, a poor Country-House in Jutland," whither Catharine II. had manumitted them, with pension; she had wished Anton Ulrich to go home many years before, but he would not, from shame). Iwan had perished 5th August, 1764 (Catharine II blamed for

This is the Chétardie-L'Estoc conspiracy of 5th December, 1741; the pitching up of Princess Elizabeth, and the pitching down of Anton Ulrich and his Münnichs, who had before pitched Bieren down; after which, matters remained more stationary at Peterburg: Czarina Elizabeth, fat, indolent soul, floated with a certain native buoyancy, with something of bulky steadiness, in the turbid plunge of things, and did not sink. On the contrary, her reign, so-called, was prosperous, though stupid; her big dark Countries, kindled already into growth, went on growing rather; and, for certain, she herself went on growing, in orthodox devotions of spiritual type (and in strangely heterodox ditto of *non*-spiritual!); in indolent mansuetudes (fell rages, if you cut on the *raws* at all); in perpetual incongruity; and, alas! at last in brandy-and-water, till, as "*infâme Catin du Nord*," she became terribly important to some persons.

At her accession, and for two years following, Czarina Elizabeth, in spite of real disinclination that way, had a War on her hands—the Swedish War (August, 1741—August, 1743), which, after long threatening on the Swedish side, had broken out into unwelcome actuality in Anton Ulrich's time, and which could not, with all the Czarina's industry, be got rid of or staved off; Sweden being bent upon the thing, reason or no reason. War not to be spoken of, except on compulsion, in the most voluminous History! It was the unwisest of wars, we should say, and in practice probably the contemptiblest, if there were not one other Swedish War coming, which vies with it in these particulars, of which we shall be obliged to speak, more or less, at a future stage. Of this present Russian-Swedish war, having happily almost nothing to do with it, we can, except in the way of transient chronology, refrain altogether from speaking or thinking.

Poor Sweden, since it shot Karl XII. in the trenches at Fredericshall, could not get a King again, and is very anarchic

his death, but without cause). Iwan's Mother, Princess Anne, (mercifully) 18th March, 1746. See Russian Histories, *Tooke, Castéra*, &c., none of which, except *Manustein*, is good for much, or to be trusted without scrutiny.

under its Phantasm King and free National Palaver—Senate and subaltern Houses—which generally has French gold in its pocket, and noise instead of wisdom in its head. Scandalous to think of or behold. The French, desirous to keep Russia in play during these high Belleisle adventures now on foot, had, after much egging, bribing, flattering, persuaded vain Sweden into this War with Russia. "At Narva they were 80,000, we 8000; and what became of them!" cry the Swedes always. Yes, my friends, but you had a Captain at Narva; you had not yet shot your Captain when you did Narva! "Faction of Hats," "Faction of Caps" (that is, *night*-caps, as being somnolent and disinclined to France and War): seldom did a once valiant, far-shining Nation sink to such depths, since they shot their Captain, and said to Anarchy, "*Thou* art Captaincy, we see, and the Divine thing!" Of the Wars and businesses of such a set of mortals let us shun speaking, where possible.

Mannstein gives impartial account, pleasantly clear and compact, to such as may be curious about this Swedish Russian War, and, in the didactic point of view, it is not without value. To us the interesting circumstance is that it does not interfere with our Silesian operations at all, and may be figured as a mere accompaniment of rumbling discord, or vacant far-off noise, going on in those Northern parts, to which, therefore, we hope to be strangers in time coming. Here are some dates, which the reader may take with him, should they chance to illustrate any thing:

"*August 4th*, 1741. The Swedes declare War: "Will recover their lost portions of Finland, will,' &c., &c. They had long been meditating it: they had Turk negotiations going on, diligent emissaries to the Turk (a certain Major Sinclair for one, whom the Russians waylaid and assassinated to get sight of his Papers) during the late Turk-Russian War, but could conclude nothing while that was in activity; concluded only after that was done, striking the iron when grown *cold*. A chief point in their Manifesto was the assassination of this Sinclair; scandal and atrocity, of which there is no doubt now the Russians were guilty. Various pretexts for the War: prime movers to it, practically, were the French, intent on

keeping Russia employed while their Belleisle German adventure went on, and who had even bargained with third parties to get up a War there, as we shall see.

"*September 3d*, 1741. At Wilmanstrand—key of Wyborg, their frontier strong-hold in Finland, which was under Siege —the Swedes (about 5000 of them, for they had nothing to live upon, and lay scattered about in fractions) made fight, or skirmish, against a Russian attacking party; Swedes, rather victorious on their hill-top, rushed down and totally lost their bit of victory, their Wilmanstrand, their Wyborg, and even the War itself; for this was, in literal truth, the only fighting done by them in the entire course of it, which lasted near two years more. The rest of it was retreat, capitulation, loss on loss without stroke struck, till they had lost all Finland, and were like to lose Sweden itself—Dalecarlian mutiny bursting out ('Ye traitors, misgovernors, worthy of death!'), with invasive Danes to rear of it, and had to call in the very Russians to save them from worse. Czarina Elizabeth at the time of her accession, six months after Wilmanstrand, had made truce, was eager to make peace: 'By no means!' answered Sweden, taking arms again, or rather taking legs again, and rushing ruinward at the old rate, still without stroke.

"*June 28th*, 1743. They did halt; made Peace of Abo (Truce and Preliminaries signed there that day: Peace itself, August 17th); Czarina magnanimously restoring most of their Finland (thinking to herself, 'Not done enough for me yet; cook it a little yet!') and settling who their next King was to be, among other friendly things. And in November following, Keith, in his Russian galleys, with some 10,000 Russians on board, arrived in Stockholm, protective against Danes and mutinous Dalecarles; staid there till June of next year, 1744."[1] Is not this a War?

On the Russian side, General Keith, under Fieldmarshal Lacy as chief in command (the same Keith whom we saw at

[1] Adelung, ii., 445. Mannstein, p. 297 (Wilmanstrand Affair, himself present)—365 (Peace)—373 (Keith's *return* with his galleys). Comte de Hordt (present also, on the Swedish side, and subsequently a Soldier of Friedrich's), *Mémoires* (Berlin, 1789), i., 18–88 The murder of Sinclair (done by "four Russian subalterns, two miles from Naumburg, in Silesia, 17th June, 1739, about 7 P. M.") is amply detailed from Documents in a late Book: Weber, *Aus Vier Jahrhunderten* (Leipzig, 1858), i., 274–279.

Oczacow, under Münnich, some time ago), had a great deal of the work and management, which was of a highly miscellaneous kind, commanding fleets of gunboats and much else; and readers of *Mannstein* can still judge—much more could King Friedrich, earnestly watching the affair itself as it went on—whether Keith did not do it in a solid and quietly eminent and valiant manner. Sagacious, skilful, imperturbable, without fear and without noise; a man quietly ever ready. He had quelled, once, walking direct into the heart of it, a ferocious Russian mutiny, or uproar from below, which would have ruined every thing in few minutes more.[1] He suffered, with excellent silence, now and afterward, much ill usage from above withal, till Friedrich himself, in the third year hence, was lucky enough to get him as General. Friedrich's Sister Ulrique, the marriage of Princess Ulrique—that also, as it chanced, had something to do with this Peace of Abo. But we anticipate too far.

CHAPTER IX.

FRIEDRICH RETURNS TO SILESIA.

Friedrich staid only three weeks at home, moving about from Berlin to Potsdam, to Reinsberg and back: all the gay world is in Berlin at this Carnival time; but Friedrich has more to do with business of a manifold and overearnest nature than with Carnival gayeties. French Valori is here, "my fat Valori," who is beginning to be rather a favorite of Friedrich's; with Excellency Valori, and with the other Foreign Excellencies, there was diplomatic passaging in these weeks; and we gather from Valori, in the inverse way (Valori fallen sulky), that it was not ill done on Friedrich's part. He had some private consultation with the Old Dessauer too, "probably on military points," thinks Valori. At least there was noticed more of the drill-sergeant than before in his handling of the Army when he returned to Silesia, continues the sulky one

[1] Mannstein, p. 130 (no date, April—May, 1742).

"Troops and generals did not know him again," so excessively strict was he grown on the sudden. And truly "he got into details which were beneath, not only a Prince who has great views, but even a simple Captain of Infantry," according to my (Valori's) military notions and experiences![1]

The truth is, Friedrich begins to see, more clearly than he did with *Gloire* dazzling him, that his position is an exceedingly grave one, full of risk in the then mood and condition of the world; that he, in the whole world, has no sure friend but his Army, and that in regard to it he can not be too vigilant! The world is ominous to this youngest of the Kings more than to another. Sounds as of general Political Earthquake grumble audibly to him from the deeps: all Europe likely, in any event, to get to loggerheads on this Austrian Pragmatic matter; the Nations all watching *him*, to see what he will make of it: fugleman he to the European Nations, just about bursting up on such an adventure. It may be a glorious position or a not glorious, but, for certain, it is a dangerous one, and awfully solitary!

Fuglemen the world and its Nations always have, when simultaneously bent anywhither, wisely or unwisely, and it is natural that the most adventurous spirit take that post. Friedrich has not sought the post, but, following his own objects, has got it, and will be ignominiously lost, and trampled to annihilation under the hoofs of the world if he do not mind! To keep well ahead—to be rapid as possible—that were good; to step aside were still better! And Friedrich, we find, is very anxious for that; "would be content with the Duchy of Glogau, and join Austria;" but there is not the least chance that way. His Special Envoy to Vienna, Gotter, and along with him Borck, the regular Minister, are come home; all negotiation hopeless at Vienna, and nothing but indignant war-preparation going on there, with the most animated diligence, and more success than had seemed possible. That is the law of Friedrich's Silesian Adventure: "Forward, therefore, on these terms; others there are not; waste no words!" Friedrich recognizes to himself what the law is; pushes stiffly forward,

[1] Valori, i., 99.

with a fine silence on all that is not practical, really with a fine steadiness of hope, and audacity against discouragements. Of his anxieties, which could not well be wanting, but which it is royal to keep strictly under lock and key, of these there is no hint to Jordan or to any body ; and only through accidental chinks, on close scrutiny, can we discover that they exist. Symptom of despondency, of misgiving or repenting about his Enterprise, there is none any where. Friedrich's fine gifts of *silence* (which go deeper than the lips) are noticeable here, as always ; and highly they availed Friedrich in leading his life, though now inconvenient to Biographers writing of the same !

It was not on matters of drill, as Valori supposes, that Friedrich had been consulting with the Old Dessauer ; this time it was on another matter. Friedrich has two next Neighbors greatly interested, none more so, in the Pragmatic Question : Kur-Sachsen, Polish King, a foolish greedy creature, who is extremely uncertain about his course in it (and, indeed, always continued so, now against Friedrich, now for him, and again against), and Kur-Hanover, our little George of England, whose course is certain as that of the very stars, and direct against Friedrich at this time, as, indeed, at all times not exceptional, it is apt to be. Both these Potentates must be attended to in one's absence ; method to be gentle, but effectual ; the Old Dessauer to do it : and this is what these consultings had turned upon ; and in a month or two, readers, and an astonished Gazetteer world, will see what comes of them.

It was February 19th when Friedrich left Berlin ; the 21st he spends at Glogau, inspecting the Blockade there, and not ill content with the measures taken : "Press that Wallis all you can," enjoins he : "Hunger seems to be slow about it! Summon him again, were your new Artillery come up ; threaten with bombardment ; but spare the Town, if possible. Artillery is coming : let us have done here, and soon !" Next day he arrives, not at Breslau as some had expected, but at Schweidnitz sideward ; a strong little Town, at least an elaborately fortified, of which we shall hear much in time coming.

It lies a day's ride west of Breslau, and will be quieter for business than a big gazing Capital would be, were Breslau even one's own city, which it is not, though perhaps tending to be. Breslau is in transition circumstances at present; a little uncertain *whose* it is, under its Münchows and new managers: Breslau he did not visit at all on this occasion. To Schweidnitz certain new regiments had been ordered, there to be disposed of in re-enforcing; there, "in the Count Hoberg's Mansion," he principally lodges for six weeks to come, shooting out on continual excursions, but always returning to Schweidnitz, as the centre, again.

Algarotti, home from Turin (not much of a success there, but always melodious for talk), had traveled with him; Algarotti, and, not long after, Jordan and Maupertuis, bear him company, that the vacant moments too be beautiful. We can fancy he has a very busy, very anxious, but not an unpleasant time. He goes rapidly about, visiting his posts, chiefly about the Neisse Valley; Neisse being the prime object, were the weather once come for siege-work. He is in many Towns (specified in *Rödenbeck* and the Books, but which may be anonymous here); doubtless on many Steeples and Hill-tops; questioning intelligent natives, diligently using his own eyes, intent to make personal acquaintance with this new Country, where, little as he yet dreams of it, the deadly struggles of his Life lie waiting him, and which he will know to great perfection before all is done!

Neisse lies deep enough in Prussian environment; like Brieg, like Glogau, strictly blockaded; our posts thereabouts, among the Mountains, thought to be impregnable. Nevertheless, what new thing is this? Here are swarms of loose Hussar-Pandour people, wild Austrian Irregulars, who come pouring out of Glatz Country, disturbing the Prussian posts toward that quarter, and do not let us want for Small War (*Kleine Kreig*) so-called. General Browne, it appears, is got back to Glatz at this early season; he and a General Lentulus busy there; and these are the compliments they send! A very troublesome set of fellows, infesting one's purlieus in winged predatory fashion, swooping down like a cloud of vulturous

harpies on the sudden ; fierce enough, if the chance favor ; then to wing again, if it do not. Communication, especially reconnoitring, is not safe in their neighborhood. Prussian Infantry, even in small parties, generally beats them ; Prussian Horse not, but is oftener beaten—not drilled for this rabble and their ways. In pitched fight they are not dangerous, rather are despicable to the disciplined man, but can, on occasion, do a great deal of mischief.

Thus, it was not long after Friedrich's coming into these parts when he learned with sorrow that a Body of "500 Horse and 500 Foot" (or say it were only 300 of each kind, which is the fact [1]) had eluded our posts in the Mountains, and actually got into Neisse. "The Foot will be of little consequence," writes Friedrich ; "but the Horse, which will disturb our communications, are a considerable mischief." This was on the 5th of March. And about a week before, on the 27th of February, there had well-nigh a far graver thing befallen, namely, the capture of Friedrich himself, and the sudden end of all these operations.

Skirmish of Baumgarten, 27th February, 1741.

In most of the Anecdote-Books there used to figure, and still does, insisting on some belief from simple persons, a wonderful Story in very vague condition : How once, "in the Silesian Wars," the King, in those Upper Neisse regions, in the Wartha district between Glatz and Neisse, was one day within an inch of being taken, clouds of Hussars suddenly rising round him as he rode reconnoitring, with next to no escort, only an adjutant or so in attendance. How he shot away, keeping well in the shade, and ere long whisked into a Convent or Abbey, the beautiful Abbey of Kamenz in those parts, and found Tobias Stusche, excellent Abbot of the place, to whom he candidly disclosed his situation. How the excellent Tobias thereupon instantly ordered the bells to be rung for a mass extraordinary. Monks not knowing why ; and, after bells, made his appearance in high costume, much to the wonder of his Monks, with a *second* Abbot, also in high cos-

[1] Orlich, i., 79 ; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 68.

tume, but of shortish stature, whom they never saw before or after ; which two Abbots, or at least Tobias, proceeded to do the so-called divine office there and then, letting loose the big chant especially, and the growl of organs, in a singularly expressive manner. How the Pandours arrived in clouds meanwhile ; entered, in searching parties, more or less reverent of the mass ; searched high and low, but found nothing, and were obliged to take Tobias's blessing at last, and go their ways. How the Second Abbot thereupon swore eternal friendship with Tobias in the private apartments, and rode off—as a rescued Majesty, determined to be more cautious in Pandour Countries for the future ;[1] which story, as to the body of it, is all myth, though, as is oftenest the case, there lies in it some soul of fact too. The History-Books, which had not much heeded the little fact, would have nothing to do with this account of it. Nevertheless, the people stuck to their Myth, so that Dryasdust (in punishment for his sinful blindness to the human and divine significance of facts) was driven to investigate the business, and did at last victoriously bring it home to the small occurrence now called *Skirmish of Baumgarten*, which had nearly become so great in the History of the World, to the following effect.

There are Two Valleys with roads that lead from that South-west quarter of Silesia toward Glatz, each with a little Town at the end of it looking up into it : Wartha the name of the one, Silberberg that of the other. Through the Wartha Valley, which is southernmost, young Neisse River comes rushing down, the blue mountains thereabouts very pretty on a clear spring day, says my touring friend. Both at Wartha, and at Silberberg, the little Town which looks into the mouth of the northernmost Valley, the Prussians have a post. Old Derschau, Malplaquet Derschau, with head-quarters at Frank-

[1] Hildebrandt, *Anekdoten*, i., 1–7. Pandour proper is a *foot*-soldier (tall, raw-boned, ill-washed biped, in copious Turk breeches, rather barish in the top parts of him ; carries a very long musket, and has several pistols and butcher's-knives stuck in his girdle) : specifically a footman ; but readers will permit me to use him withal, as here, in the generic sense.

enstein, some seven or eight miles nearer Schweidnitz, has not failed in that precaution. Friedrich wished to visit Silberberg and Wartha; set out accordingly, 27th February, with small escort, carelessly as usual: the Pandour people had wind of it; knew his habits on such occasions; and, gliding through other roadless valleys, under an adventurous Captain, had determined to whirl him off. And they were, in fact, not far from succeeding, had not a mistake happened.

Silberberg, and Wartha the southernmost, which stands upon the Neisse River (rushing out there into the plainer country), are each about seven or eight miles from Frankenstein, the Headquarters; and there are relays of posts, capable of supporting one another, all the way from Frankenstein to each. Friedrich rode to Silberberg first; examined the post, found it right; then rode across to Wartha, seven or eight miles southward; examined Wartha likewise; after which, he sat down to dinner in that little Town, with an Officer or two for company, having, I suppose, found all right, in both the posts. In the way hither he had made some change in the relay-arrangements, which at first involved some diminution of his own escort, and then some marching about and redistributing; so that, externally, it seemed as if the Principal Relay-Party were now marching on Baumgarten, an intermediate Village—at least so the Pandour Captain understands the movements going on, and crouches into the due thickets in consequence, not doubting but the King himself is for Baumgarten, and will be at hand presently. Principal relay-party, a squadron of Schulenburg's Dragoons, with a stupid Major over them, is not quite got into Baumgarten, when, "with horrible cries, the Pandour Captain, with about 500 Horse," plunges out of cover direct upon the throat of it; and Friedrich, at Wartha, is but just begun dining, when tumult of distant musketry breaks in upon him. With Friedrich himself, at this time, as I count, there might be 150 Horse; in Wartha post itself are at least "forty hussars and fifty foot." By no means "nothing but a single adjutant," as the Myth bears.

The stupid Major ought to have beaten this rabble, though

above two to one of him. But he could not, though he tried considerably; on the contrary, he was himself beaten; obliged to make off, leaving "ten dragoons killed, sixteen prisoners, one standard and two kettle-drums:" victory and all this plunder, ye Pandour gentry, but evidently no King. The Pandour gentry, on the instant, made off too, alarm being abroad; got into some side-valley, with their prisoners and drum-and-standard honors, and vanished from view of mankind.

Friedrich had started from dinner; got his escort under way, with the forty hussars and the fifty foot, and what small force was attainable, and hurried toward the scene. He did see, by the road, another strongish party of Pandours; dashed them across the Neisse River out of sight; but, getting to Baumgarten, found the field silent and ten dead men upon it. "I always told you these Schulenberg Dragoons were good for nothing!" writes he to the old Dessauer; but gradually withal, on comparing notes, finds what a danger he had run, and how rash and foolish he had been. "An *étourderie* (foolish trick)," he calls it, writing to Jordan; "a black eye;" and will avoid the like. Vienna got its two kettle-drums and flag; extremely glad to see them; and even sang *Te-deum* upon them, to general edification.[1] This is the naked primordial substance out of which the above Myth grew to its present luxuriance in the popular imagination. Place, the little Village of Baumgarten; day, 27th February, 1741. Of Tobias Stusche or the Convent of Kamenz, not one authentic word on this occasion. Tobias did get promotions, favors in coming years; a worthy Abbot, deserving promotion on general grounds, and master of a Convent very picturesque, but twelve miles from the present scene of action.

Aspects of Breslau.

Friedrich avoided visiting Breslau, probably for the reasons above given, though there are important interests of his there, especially his chief Magazine, and issues of moment are silently working forward. Here are contemporary Excerpts

[1] Orlich, i., 62–64.

(in abridged form), which are authentic, and of significance to a lively reader :

"*Breslau, Middle of January*, 1741. The Prussian Envoy, Herr von Gotter, had appeared here, returning from Vienna ; Gotter, and then Borck, who made no secret in Breslau society, That not the slightest hope of a peaceable result existed, as society might have flattered itself, but that war and battle would have to decide this matter. A Saxon Embassador was also here, waiting some time ; message thought to be insignificant ; probably some vague admonitory stuff again from Kur-Sachsen (Polish King, son of August the Strong, a very insignificant man), who acts as *Reichs-Vicarius* in those Northern parts." For the reader is to know, there are Reichs-Vicars more than one (nay, more than two on this occasion, with considerable jarring going on about them), and I could say much about their dignities, limits, duties,[1] if, indeed, there were any duties except dramatic ones ! But the Reich itself, and Vicarship along with it, are fallen into a nearly imaginary condition ; and the Regensburg Diet (not Princes now, but mere Delegates of Princes, mostly Bombazine People), which, "ever since 1663," has sat continual instead of now and then, is become an Enchanted Wiggery, strange to look upon under those earnest stars. "As King Friedrich did not call at Breslau," after those Neisse bombardments, "but rolled past, straight homeward, the three Excellencies all departed—Borck and Gotter to Berlin, the Saxon home again with his insignificant message.

"*January 19th.* Schwerin too was here in the course of the winter, to see how the magazines and other war-preparations were going on : Breslau outwardly and inwardly is whirling with business, and offers phenomena. For instance, it is known that the Army-Chest, heaps of silver and gold in it, lies in the Scultet Garden-House, where the King lodged ; and that only one sentry walks there, and that in the guard-house itself, which is some way off, there are only thirty men. January 19th, about 9 of the clock,[2] alarm rises that 2000 *Diebs-Gesindel* (Collective Thief-rabble of Breslau and dependencies) are close by, intending a stroke upon said Garden-House and Army Chest ! Perhaps this rumor sprang of its own accord, or perhaps not quite ? It had been very rife, and

[1] Adelung, ii., 143, &c. ; Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 585–589.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 700.

ran high ; not without remonstrances in Town-Hall, and the like, which we can imagine. Issue was, The Officer on post at Scultet's loaded his treasure in carts ; conveyed it, that same night, to the interior of the City, in fact to the *Oberamts-Haus* (Government-House that was), which doubtless was a step in the right direction. For now the Two Feld-Kriegs-Commissariat Gentlemen (one of whom is the expert Münchow, son of our old Cüstrin friend) supreme Prussian Authorities here, do likewise shift out of their inns, and take old Schaffgotsch's apartments in the same Oberamts-Haus, mutely symboling that perhaps *they* are likely to become a kind of Government. And the reader can conceive how, in such an element, the function of governing would of itself fall more and more into their hands. They were consummately polite, discreet, friendly toward all people, and did in effect manage their business, tax-gatherings in money and in kind, with a perfection and precision which made the evil a minimum.

"*February* 17*th*. * * This day also there arrived at Breslau, by boat up the Oder, ten heavy cannon, three mortars, and ammunition of powder, bomb-shells, balls, as much as loaded fifty wagons ; the whole of which were, in like manner, forwarded to Ohlau. This day, as on other days before and after. Great Magazines forming here : the Military chiefly at Ohlau ; at Breslau the Provender part—and this latter under noteworthy circumstances. In the Dom-Island, namely, which is definable (in a case of such necessity) as being 'outside the walls,' especially as the Reverend Fathers have mostly glided into corners, and left the place vacant—in the Dom-Island it certainly is ; and such a stock—all bought for money down, and spurred forward while the roads were under frost—'such a stock as was not thought to be in all Silesia,' says exaggerative wonder. The vacant edifices in the Dom-Island are filled to the neck with meal and corn ; the Prussian brigade now quartering there ('within the walls,' in a sense) to guard the same ; and in the Bishop's Garden." (poor Sinzendorf, far enough away and in no want of it just now) "are mere hay-mows bigger than houses : who can object—in a case of necessity? No man, unless he politically meddle, is meddled with ; politically meddling, you are at once picked up, as one or two are ; clapped into gentle arrest, or, like old Schaffgotsch, and even Sinzendorf before long, requested to leave the Country till it get settled. Rigor there is, but not intentional injustice on Münchow's part, and there is a studious avoidance of harsh manner.

"*February—March.* Considerable recruiting in Schlesien: six hundred recruits have enlisted in Breslau alone. Also his Prussian Majesty has sent a supply of Protestant Preachers, ordained for the occasion, to minister where needed, which is piously acknowledged as a God-send in various parts of Silesia. Twelve came first, all Berliners; soon afterward, others from different parts, till, in the end, there were about Sixty in all. Rigorous, punctilious avoidance of offense to the Catholic minorities, or of whatever least thing Silesian Law does not permit, is enjoined upon them; 'to preach in barns or town-halls, where by Law you have no Church.' Their salary is about £30 a year; they are all put under supervision of the Chaplain of Margraf Karl's Regiment" (a judicious Chaplain, I have no doubt, and fit to be a Bishop); and, so far as appears, mere benefit is got of them by Schlesien as well as by Friedrich in this function. Friedrich is careful to keep the balance level between Catholic and Protestant; but it has hung at such an angle for a long while past! In general, we observe, the Catholic Dignitaries, and the zealous or fanatic of that creed, especially the Jesuits, are apt to be against him; as for the non-fanatic, they expect better government, secular advantage: these latter weigh doubtfully, and with less weight whichever way. In the general population, who are Protestant, he recognizes friends, and has sent them Sixty Preachers, which by Law was their due long since. Here follow two little traits, comic or tragi-comic, with which we can conclude:

"Detached Jesuit parties, here and there, seem to have mischief in hand in a small way, encouraging deserters and the like, and we keep an eye on them. No discontent elsewhere, at least none audible; on the contrary, much enlisting on the part of the Silesian youth, with other good symptoms. But in the Dom there is, singular to say, a Goblin found walking one night; advancing, not with airs from Heaven, upon the Prussian sentry there! The Prussian sentry handles arms; pokes determinedly into the Goblin, and, finding him solid, ever more determinedly, till the Goblin shrieked 'Jesus Maria!' and was hauled to the Guard-house for investigation." A weak Goblin, doubtless of the valet kind, worth only a little whipping, but testifies what the spirit is.

"Another time, two deserter Frenchmen getting hanged" (such the law in aggravated cases), "certain polite Jesuits, who had by permission been praying and extreme-unctioning about them, came to thank the Colonel after all was over.

Colonel, a grave, practical man, needs no 'thanks;' would, however, 'advise your Reverences to teach your people that perjury is not permissible; that an oath sworn ought to be kept;' and, in fine, 'would advise you Holy Fathers hereabouts, and others, to have a care lest you get into—' And, twitching his reins, rode away without saying into what."[1]

Austria is standing to Arms.

Schwerin has been doing his best in this interim; collecting magazines with double diligence while the roads are hard, taking up the Key-positions far and wide, from the Jablunka round to the Frontier Valleys of Glatz again. He was through Jablunka at one time; on into Mähren, as far as Olmütz, levying contributions, emitting patents; but as to intimidating her Hungarian Majesty, if that was the intention, or changing her mind at all, that is not the issue got. Austria has still strength, and Pragmatic Sanction and the Laws of Nature have! Very fixed is her Hungarian Majesty's determination to part with no inch of Territory, but to drive the intrusive Prussians home well punished.

How she has got the funds is to this day a mystery, unless George and Walpole, from their Secret-Service Moneys, have smuggled her somewhat? For the Parliament is not sitting, and there will be such jargonings, such delays; a preliminary £100,000, say by degrees £200,000: we should not miss it, and in her Majesty's hands it would go far! Hints in the English Dryasdust we have, but nothing definite, and we are left to our guesses.[2] A romantic story, first set current by Voltaire, has gone the round of the world, and still appears in all Histories: How in England there was a Subscription set on foot for her Hungarian Majesty; outcome of the enthusiasm of English Ladies of quality, old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, putting down her name for £40,000, or, indeed, putting down the ready sum itself, magnanimous veteran that she was. Voltaire says, omitting date and circumstance, but speaking as if it were indubitable, and a thing you could see

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 723.

[2] Tindal (xx., 497) says expressly £200,000, but gives no date or other particular.

with eyes: "The Duchess of Marlborough, widow of him who had fought for Karl VI." (and with such signal returns of gratitude from the said Karl VI.), "assembled the principal Ladies of London, who engaged to furnish £100,000 among them, the Duchess herself putting down" (*en deposa*, tabling *in corpore*) "£40,000 of it. The Queen of Hungary had the greatness of soul to refuse this money, needing only, as she intimated, what the Nation in Parliament assembled might please to offer her."[1]

One is sorry to run athwart such a piece of mutual magnanimity; but the fact is, on considering a little and asking evidence, it turns out to be mythical. One Dilworth, an innocent English soul (from whom our grandfathers used to learn *Arithmetic*, I think), writing on the spot some years after Voltaire, has this useful passage: "It is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders. Voltaire was misinformed; and would perhaps learn, by a second inquiry, a truth less splendid and amusing. A Contribution was, by News-writers upon their own authority, fruitlessly proposed. It ended in nothing: the Parliament voted a supply:" that did it, Mr. Dilworth; supplies enough, and many of them! "Fruitlessly, by News-writers on their own authority;" that is the sad fact.[2]

It is certain, little George, who considers Pragmatic Sanction as the Keystone of Nature in a manner, has been venturing far deeper than purse for that adorable object, and, indeed, has been diving, secretly, in muddier waters than we expected, to a dangerous extent, on behalf of it, at this very

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (*Siècle de Louis XV.*, c. 6), xxviii, 79.

[2] *The Life and Heroick Actions of Frederick III.* (*sic*, a common blunder): by W. H. Dilworth, M. A. (London, 1758), p. 25. A poor little Book, one of many coming out on that subject just then (for a reason we shall see on getting thither), which contains, of available now, the above sentence and no more. Indeed, its brethren, one of them by Samuel Johnson (*impransus*, the imprisoned giant), do not even contain that, and have gone wholly to zero. Neither little Dilworth nor big Voltaire give the least shadow of specific date, but both evidently mean Spring, 1742 (not 1741).

time. In the first days of March, Friedrich has heard from his Minister at Petersburg of a *detestable Project*[1]—project for "Partitioning the Prussian Kingdom," no less; for fairly cutting into Friedrich, and paring him down to the safe pitch, as an enemy to Pragmatic and mankind. They say a Treaty, Draught of a Treaty for that express object, is now ready, and lies at Petersburg only waiting signature. Here is a Project! Contracting parties (Russian signature still wanting) are, Kur-Sachsen; her Hungarian Majesty; King George; and that Regent Anne (*Mrs.* Anton Ulrich, so to speak), who sits in a huddle of undress, impatient of Political objects, but sensible to the charms of handsome men—to the charms of Count Lynar especially, the handsomest of Danish noblemen (more an ancient Roman than a Dane), whom the Polish Majesty, calculating cause and effect, had dispatched to her, with that view, in the dead of winter lately; to whom she has given ear, dismissing her Münnich, as we saw above, and is ready for signing, or perhaps has signed![2] Friedrich's astonishment, on hearing of this "detestable Project," was great. However, he takes his measures on it, right lucky that he has the Old Dessauer, and machinery for acting on Kur-Sachsen and the Britannic Majesty. "Get your machinery in gear!" is naturally his first order. And the Old Dessauer does it, with effect, of which by-and-by.

Never did I hear, before or since, of such a plunge into the muddy unfathomable, on the part of little George, who was an honorable creature, and dubitative to excess; and truly this rash plunge might have cost him dear, had not he directly scrambled out again. Or did Friedrich exaggerate to himself his Uncle's real share in the matter? I always guess there had been more of loose talk, of hypothesis and fond hope, in regard to George's share, than of determinate fact or procedure on his own part. The transaction, having had to be dropped on the sudden, remains somewhat dark, but in substance it is not doubtful;[3] and Parliament itself took after-

[1] Orlich, i., 83 (scrap of Note to Old Dessauer; no date allowed us; "early in March").

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 68.

[3] Tindal, xx., 497.

ward to poking into it, though with little effect Kur-Sachsen's objects in the adventure were of the earth, earthy ; but on George's part it was pure adoration of Pragmatic Sanction, anxiety for the Keystone of Nature, and lest Chaos come again. In comparison with such transcendent divings, what is a little Secret-Service money !

The Count Lynar of this adventure, who had well-nigh done such a feat in Diplomacy, may turn up transiently again—a conspicuous, more or less ridiculous person of those times. Büsching (our Geographical friend) had gone with him, as Excellency's Chaplain, in this Russian Journey, which is a memorable one to Büsching, and still presents vividly, through his Book, those haggard Baltic Coasts in mid-winter to readers who have business there—such a Journey, for grimness of out-look upon pine-tufts and frozen sand ; for cold (the Count's very tobacco-pipe freezing in his mouth), for hardship, for bad lodging, and extremity of dirt in the unfreezable kinds, as seldom was. They met, one day on the road, a Lord Hyndford, English Embassador just returning from Petersburg, with his fourgons and vehicles, and arrangements for sleep and victual in an enviably luxurious condition, whom we shall meet to our cost. They saw, in the body, old Fieldmarshal Lacy, and dined with him at Riga, who advised brandy schnapps, a recipe rejected by Büsching ; and other memorabilia, which by accident hang about this Lynar.[1] All through Regent Anne's time he continued a dangerous object to Friedrich ; and it was a relief when Elizabeth *Catin* became Autocrat, instead of Deshabille Anne and her Lynar. Adieu to him for fifteen years or more.

Of Friedrich's military operations, of his magazines, posts, diligent plannings and gallopings about in those weeks—of all this the reader can form some notion by looking on the map and remembering what has gone before ; but that subterranean growling which attended him, prophetic of Earthquake, that universal breaking forth of Bedlams, now fallen so extinct, no reader can imagine—Bedlams totally extinct to

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, vi., 132–164.

every body, but which were then very real, and raged wide as the world, high as the stars, to a hideous degree among the then sons of men, unimaginable now by any mortal.

And, alas! this is one of the grand difficulties for my readers and me, Friedrich's Life-element having fallen into such a dismal condition. Most dismal, dark, ugly, that Austrian-Succession Business, and its world-wide battlings, throttlings, and intriguings; not Dismal Swamp, under a coverlet of London Fog, could be uglier! A Section of "History" so-called, which human nature shrinks from, of which the extant generation already knows nothing, and is impatient of hearing any thing! Truly, Oblivion is very due to such an Epoch; and from me far be it to awaken, beyond need, its sordid Bedlams, happily extinct. But without Life-element, no Life can be intelligible; and till Friedrich and one or two others are extricated from it, Dismal Swamp can not be quite filled in. Courage, reader! Our Constitutional Historian makes this farther reflection:

"English moneys, desperate Russian intrigues, Treaties made and Treaties broken—If, instead of Pragmatic Sanction, with eleven Potentates guaranteeing, Maria Theresa had at this time had 200,000 soldiers and a full treasury (as Prince Eugene used to advise the late Kaiser), how different might it have been with her, and with the whole world that fell upon one another's throats in her quarrel! Some eight years of the most disastrous War; and, except the falling of Silesia to its new place, no result gained by it. War at any rate inevitable, you object? English-Spanish War having been obliged to kindle itself; French sure to fall in, on the Spanish side; sure to fall upon Hanover, so soon as beaten at sea, and thus to involve all Europe? Well, it is too likely. But, even in that case, the poor English would have gone upon their necessary Spanish War by the direct road and with their eyes open, instead of somnambulating and stumbling over the chimney-tops; and the settlement might have come far sooner, and far cheaper to mankind. Nay, we are to admit that the new place for Silesia was likewise the place appointed it by just Heaven; and Friedrich's too was a necessary War. Heaven makes use of Shadow-hunting Kaisers too, and its ways in this mad world are through the great Deep."

The Young Dessauer captures Glogau (March 9th); the Old Dessauer, by his Camp of Göttin (April 2d), checkmates certain Designing Persons.

Money somewhere her Hungarian Majesty has got; that is one thing evident. She has an actual Army on foot, "drawn out of Italy," or whence she could; formidable Army, says rumor, and getting well equipped; and here are the Pandour Precursors of it, coming down like storm-clouds through the Glatz valleys, nearly finishing the War for her at a stroke, the other day, had accident favored; and have thrown re-enforcement of 600 into Neisse. Friedrich is not insensible to these things, and, amid such alarms from far and from near, is becoming eager to have, at least, Glogau in his hand. Glogau, he is of opinion, could now, and should straightway be done.

Glogau is not a strong place; after all the repairing, it could stand little siege, were we careless of hurting it. But Wallis is obstinate; refuses Free Withdrawal; will hold out to the uttermost, though his meal is running low. He pretends there is relief coming—relief just at hand; and once, in midnight time, "lets off a rocket and fires six guns," alarming Prince Leopold as if relief were just in the neighborhood. A tough, industrious military man; stiff to his purpose, and not without shift.

Friedrich thinks the place might be had by assault: "Open trenches; set your batteries going, which need not injure the Town; need only alarm Wallis, and *terrify* it; then, under cover of this noise and feint of cannonading, storm with vigor." Leopold, the Young Dessauer, is cautious; wants petards if he must storm, wants two new battalions if he must open trenches; he gets these requisites, and is still cunctatory. Friedrich has himself got the notion, "from clear intelligence," true or not, that relief to Glogau is actually on way; and under such imminences, Russian and other, in so ticklish a state of the world, he becomes more and more impatient that this thing were done. In the first week of March, still hurrying about on inspection-business, he writes, from four or five different places ("Mollwitz, near Brieg," is one of them, a Vil-

lage we shall soon know better), Note after Note to Leopold, who still makes difficulties, and is not yet perfect to the last finish in his preparations. "Preparations!" answers Friedrich, impatiently (date *Mollwitz, 5th March*, the third or fourth impatient Note he has sent); and adds, just while quitting Mollwitz for Ohlau, this Postscript in his own hand:

P.S.—"I am sorry you have not understood me. They have, in Böhmen, a regular enterprise on hand for the rescue of Glogau. I have Infantry enough to meet them, but Cavalry is quite wanting. You must therefore, without delay, begin the siege. Let us finish there, I pray you!"[1]

And next day, Monday, 6th, to cut the matter short, he dispatches his General-Adjutant Goltz in person (the distance is above seventy miles), with this Note wholly in autograph, which nothing vocal on Leopold's part will answer:

"*Ohlau, 6th March.* As I am certainly informed that the Enemy will make some attempt, I hereby, with all distinctness, command, That, so soon as the petards are come" (which they are), "you attack Glogau. And you must make your Arrangement (*Disposition*) for more than one attack, so that, if one fail, the other shall certainly succeed. I hope you will put off no longer; otherwise the blame of all the mischief that might arise out of longer delay must lie on you alone."[2]

Goltz arrived with this emphatic Piece Tuesday Evening, after his course of seventy miles: this did at last rouse our cautious Young Dessauer; and so there is next obtainable, on much compression, the following authentic Excerpt:

"*Glogau, 8th March*, 1741. His Durchlaucht the Prince Leopold summoned all the Generals at noon, and informed them that, this very night, Glogau must be won. He gave them their Instructions in writing: where each was to post himself; with what detachments; how to proceed. There are to be Three Attacks: one up stream, coming on with the River to its left; one down stream, River to its right; and a third from the landward side, perpendicular to the other two. The very captains that shall go foremost are specified; at what

[1] Orlich, i., 70. [2] Orlich, i., 71.

hour each is to leave quarters, so that all be ready simultaneously, waiting in the posts assigned ; against what points to advance out of these, and storm Rampart and Wall. Places, times, particulars, every thing is fixed with mathematical exactitude : 'Be steady, be correct, especially be silent ; and, so far as Law of Nature will permit, be simultaneous ! When the big steeple of Glogau peals midnight, Forward with the first stroke ; with the second, much more with the twelfth stroke, be one and all of you, in the utmost silence, advancing ! And, under pain of death, two things : Not one shot till you are in ; No plundering when you are.' In this manner is the silent three-sided avalanche to be let go. Whereupon," says my Dryasdust, "the Generals retired, and had, for one item, their fire-arms all cleaned and new-loaded." [1]

Without plans of Glogau, and more detail and study than the reader would consent to, there can no Narrative be given. Glogau has Ramparts, due Ring-fence, palisaded and repaired by Wallis ; inside of this is an old Town-Wall, which will need petards : there are about 1000 men under Wallis, and altogether on the works, not to count a mortar or two, fifty-eight big guns. The reader must conceive a poor Town under blockade, in the wintry night-time, with its tough Count Wallis ; ill off for the necessaries of life ; Town shrouded in darkness, and creeping quietly to its bed. This on the one hand ; and, on the other hand, Prussian battalions marching up, at 10 o'clock or later, with the utmost softness of step, "taking post behind the ordinary field-watches ; " and at length, all standing ranked, in the invisible dark, silent, like machinery, like a sleeping avalanche : Husht ! No sentry from the walls dreams of such a thing. "Twelve ! " sings out the steeple of Glogau ; and in grim whisper the word is " *Vorwärts !* " and the three-winged avalanche is in motion.

They reach their glacises, their ditches, covered ways, correct as mathematics ; tear out chevaux-de-frise, hew down palisades in the given number of minutes : Swift, ye Regiment's-carpenters ; smite your best ! Four cannon-shot do now boom out upon them, which go high over their heads, little dreaming how close at hand they are. The glacis is

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 823 ; ii., 165.

thirty feet high, of stiff slope, and slippery with frost: no matter; the avalanche, led on by Leopold in person, by Margraf Karl, the King's Cousin, by Adjutant Goltz and the chief personages, rushes up with strange impetus, hews down a second palisade, surges in—Wallis's sentries extinct, or driven to their main guards. There is a singular fire in the besieging party. For example, Four Grenadiers—I think of this First Column, which succeeded sooner, certainly of the Regiment Glasenapp—four grenadiers, owing to slippery or other accidents in climbing the glacis, had fallen a few steps behind the general body, and, on getting to the top, took the wrong course, and rushed along rightward instead of leftward. Rightward, the first thing they come upon is a mass of Austrians still ranked in arms; Fifty-two men, as it turned out, with their Captain over them. Slight stutter ensues on the part of the Four Grenadiers; but they give one another the hint, and dash forward: "Prisoners?" ask they sternly, as if all Prussia had been at their rear. The Fifty-two, in the darkness, in the danger and alarm, answer "Yes." "Pile arms, then!" Three of the grenadiers stand to see that done; the fourth runs off for force, and happily gets back with it before the comedy had become tragic for his comrades. "I must make acquaintance with these four men," writes Friedrich on hearing of it; and he did reward them by present, by promotion to sergeantcy (to ensigncy one of them), or what else they were fit for. Grenadiers of Glasenapp: these are the men Friedrich heard swearing-in under his window one memorable morning when he burst into tears! At half past Twelve, the Ramparts, on all sides, are ours.

The Gates of the Town, under axe and petard, can make little resistance to Leopold's Column or the other two. A hole is soon cut in the Town-Gate, where Leopold is; and gallant Wallis, who had rallied behind it, with his Artillery-General and what they could get together, fires through the opening, kills four men; but is then (by order, and not till then) fired upon, and obliged to draw back, with his Artillery-General mortally hurt. Inside he attempts another rally, some 200

with him ; and here and there perhaps a house-window tries to give shot ; but it is to no purpose ; not the least stand can be made. Poor Wallis is rapidly swept back into the Market-place, into the Main Guard-house, and there piles arms : "Glogau yours, Ihr Herren, and we prisoners of War ! " The steeple had not yet quite struck One. Here has been a good hour's work ! '

Glogau, as in a dream, or half awake, and timidly peeping from behind window-curtains, finds that it is a Town taken. Glogau easily consoles itself, I hear, or even is generally glad ; Prussian discipline being so perfect, and ingress now free for the necessaries of life. There was no plundering ; not the least insult ; no townsman was hurt, not even in houses where soldiers had tried firing from windows. The Prussian Battalions rendezvous in the Market-place, and go peaceably about their patroling and other business, and meddle with nothing else. They lost, in killed, ten men ; had of killed and wounded forty-eight ; the Austrians rather more.[1] Wallis was to have been set free on parole, but was not, in retaliation for some severity of General Browne's in the interim (picking up of two Silesian Noblemen, suspected of Prussian tendency, and locking them in Brünn over the Hills), and had to go to Berlin till that was repaired. To the wounded Artillery-General there was every tenderness shown, but he died in a few days. The other prisoners were marched to the Cüstrin-Stettin quarter, "and many of them took Prussian service."

And this is the Scalade of Glogau : a shining feat of those days, which had great rumor in the Gazettes, and over all the then feverish Nations, though it has now fallen dim again, as feats do. Its importance at that time, its utility to Friedrich's affairs, was undeniable ; and it filled Friedrich with the highest satisfaction, and with admiration to overflowing. Done, 9th March, 1741, in one hour, the very earliest of the day.

Goltz posted back to Schweidnitz with the news ; got thither about 5 P M., and was received, naturally, with open arms. Friedrich in person marched out, next morning, to make *Feu-*

[1] Orlich, i., 75, 78 ; *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 829 : irreconcilable otherwise, in some slight points.

de-joie and *Te-Deum*-ing: there was Royal Letter to Leopold, which flamed through all the Newspapers, and can still be read in innumerable Books; Letter omissible in this place. We remark only how punctual the King is to reward in money as well as praise, and not the high only, but the low that had deserved: to Prince Leopold he presents £2000; to each private soldier who had been of the storm, say half a guinea, doubling and quadrupling, in the special cases, to as high as twenty guineas, of our present money. To the old Gazetteers, and their readers every where, this of Glogau is a very effulgent business, bursting out on them, like sudden Bude-light, in the uncertain stagnancy and expectancy of mankind. Friedrich himself writes of it to the Old Dessauer:

"The more I think of the Glogau business, the more important I find it. Prince Leopold has achieved the prettiest military stroke (*die schönste Action*) that has been done in this Century. From my heart I congratulate you on having such a Son. In boldness of resolution, in plan, in execution, it is alike admirable, and quite gives a turn to my affairs."[1]

And, indeed, it is a perfect example of Prussian discipline and military quality in all kinds, such as it would be difficult to match elsewhere. Most potently correct; coming out every where with the completeness and exactitude of mathematics; and has in it such a fund of martial fire, not only ready to blaze out (which can be exampled elsewhere), but capable of bottling itself *in*, and of lying silently ready, which is much rarer, and very essential in soldiering! Due a little to the *Old* Dessauer, may we not say, as well as to the Young? Friedrich Wilhelm is fallen silent; but his heavy labors, and military and other drillings to Prussian mankind, still speak with an audible voice.

About three weeks after this of Glogau, Leopold the Old Dessauer, over in Brandenburg, does another thing which is important to Friedrich, and of great rumor in the world—steps out, namely, with a force of 36,000 men, horse, foot, and

[1] Date, 13th March, 1741 (Orlich, i., 77).

artillery, completely equipped in all points, and takes Camp, at this early season, at a place called Götten, not far from Magdeburg, handy at once for Saxony and for Hanover, and continues there encamped—"merely for review purposes." Readers can figure what an astonishment it was to Kur-Sachsen and British George, and how it struck the wind out of their Russian Partition-Dream, and awoke them to a sense of the awful fact! Capable of being slit in pieces, and themselves partitioned, at a day's warning, as it were! It was on April 2d that Leopold, with the first division of the 36,000, planted his flag near Götten. No doubt it was the "detestable Project" that had brought him out at so early a season for tent life, and nobody could then guess why. He steadily paraded here all summer, keeping his 36,000 well in drill, since there was nothing else needed of him.

The Camp at Götten flamed greatly abroad through the timorous imaginations of mankind that Year, and in the Newspapers are many details of it. And, besides the important general fact, there is still one little point worth special mention, namely, that old Fieldmarshal Katte (Father of poor Lieutenant Katte whom we knew) was of it, and perhaps even got his death by it: "Chief Commander of the Cavalry here," such honor had he; but died at his post in a couple of months, "at Rekahn, May 31st;"[1] poor old gentleman, perhaps unequal to the hardships of field-life at so early a season of the year.

Friedrich takes the Field with some Pomp; goes into the Mountains, but comes fast back.

At Glogau there was Homaging on the very morrow after the storm; on the second day the superfluous regiments marched off: no want of vigorous activity to settle matters on their new footing there. General Kalkstein (Friedrich's old Tutor, whom readers have forgotten again) is to be commandant of Glogau; an office of honor, which can be done by deputy except in cases of real stress. The place is to be thoroughly new-fortified, which important point they commit

[1] *Militair-Lexikon*, ii., 254.

to Engineer Wallrave, a strong-headed, heavy-built Dutch Officer, long since acquired to the service on account of his excellence in that line, who did, now and afterward, a great deal of excellent engineering for Friedrich, but for himself (being of deep stomach withal, and of life too dissolute) made a tragic thing of it ultimately, as will be seen if we have leisure.

In seven or eight days, Prince Leopold, having wound up his Glogau affairs, and completed the new preliminaries there, joins the King at Schweidnitz. In the highest favor, as was natural. Kalkstein is to take a main hand in the Siege of Neisse, for which operation it is hoped there will soon be weather, if not favorable, yet supportable. What of the force was superfluous at Glogau had at once marched off, as we observed, and is now getting redistributed where needful. There is much shifting about; strengthening of posts, giving up of posts; the whole of which readers shall imagine for themselves, except only two points that are worth remembering: *First*, that Kalkstein, with about 12,000, takes post at Grotkau, some twenty-five miles north of Neisse, ready to move on and open trenches when required; and, *second*, that Holstein-Beck gets posted at Frankenstein (chief place of that Baumgarten skirmish) say thirty-five miles west-by-north of Neisse, and has some 8 or 10,000 Horse and Foot thereabouts, spread up and down, who will be much wanted, and not procurable on an occasion that is coming.

Friedrich has given up the Jablunka Pass; called-in the Jablunka and remoter posts, anxious to concentrate before the Enemy get nigh. That is the King's notion, and surely a reasonable one; the *area* of the Prussian Army, as I guess it from the Maps, being above 2000 square miles, beginning at Breslau only and leaving out Glogau. Schwerin thinks differently, but without good basis. Both are agreed, "The Austrian Army can not take the field till the forage come," till the new grass spring, which its cavalry find convenient. That is the fair supposition; but in that both are mistaken, and Schwerin the more dangerously of the two. Meanwhile, the Pandour swarms are observably getting rifer and of

stormier quality, and they seem to harbor farther to the East than formerly, and not to come all out of Glatz, which perhaps are symptomatic circumstances? The worst effect of these preliminary Pandour clouds is, Your scout-service can not live among them; they hinder reconnoitring, and keep the Enemy veiled from you. Of that sore mischief Friedrich had, first and last, ample experience at their hands! This is but the first installment of Pandours to Friedrich, and the mere foretaste of what they can do in the veiling way.

Behind the Mountains, in this manner, all is inane darkness to Friedrich and Schwerin. They know only that Neipperg is rendezvousing at Olmütz, and judge that he will still spend many weeks upon it; the real facts being, That Neipperg—"who arrived in Olmütz on the 10th of March," the very day while Glogau was Homaging—has been, he and those above him and those under him, driving preparations forward at a furious rate. That Neipperg held—I think at Steinberg his hithermost post, some twenty miles hither of Olmütz—a Council of War, "all the Generals, and even Lentulus from Glatz, present at it," day not given, where the unanimous decision was, "March straightway; save Neisse, since Glogau is gone!" and, in fine, That on the 26th, Neipperg took the road accordingly, "in spite of furious snow blowing in his face," and is ever since (30,000 strong, says rumor, but perhaps 10,000 of them mere Pandours) unweariedly climbing the Mountains, laboriously jingling forward with his heavy guns and ammunition-wagons, "contending with the steep, snowy, icy roads," intent upon saving Neisse. This is the fact, profoundly unknown to Friedrich and Schwerin, who will be much surprised when it becomes patent to them at the wrong time.

Schweidnitz, 27th March. This day Friedrich, with considerable apparatus, pomp, and processional cymbaling, greatly the reverse of his ulterior use and wont in such cases, quitted Schweidnitz and his Algarottis, solemnly opening Campaign in this manner, and drove off for Ottmachau, having work there for to-morrow.

The Siege of Neisse is now to proceed forthwith ; trenches to be opened April 4th. Friedrich is still of opinion that his posts lie too wide apart ; that especially Schwerin, who is spread among the Hills in Jägerndorf Country, ought to come down, and take closer order for covering the siege.[1] Schwerin answers, That if the King will spare him a re-enforcement of eight squadrons and nine battalions (say 1200 Horse, 9000 Foot), he will maintain himself where he is, and no Enemy shall get across the Mountains at all. That is Schwerin's notion, who surely is something of a judge. Friedrich assents ; will himself conduct the re-enforcements to Schwerin, and survey matters with his own eyes up yonder. Friedrich marches from Ottmachau accordingly 29th March ; Kalkstein, Holstein-Beck, and others are to be rendezvoused before Neisse in the interim ; trenches ready for opening on the sixth day hence ; and in this manner climbs these Mountains, and sees Jägerndorf Country for the first time.

Beautiful blue world of Hills, ridge piled on ridge behind that Neisse region ; fruitful valleys lapped in them, with grim stone Castles and busy little Towns disclosing themselves as we advance : that is Jägerndorf Country, which Uncle George of Anspach, hundreds of years ago, purchased with his own money—which we have now come to lay hold of as his Heir ! Friedrich, I believe, thinks little of all this, and does not remember Uncle George at all. But such are the facts ; and the Country, regarded or not, is very blue and beautiful, with the Spring sun shining on it, or with the sudden Spring storms gathering wildly on the peaks, as if for permanent investiture, but vanishing again straightway, leaving only a powdering of snow.

He met Schwerin at Neustadt, half way to Jägerndorf, whither they proceeded next day. "What news have you of the Enemy?" was Friedrich's first question. Schwerin has no news whatever, only that the Enemy is far off, hanging in long thin straggle from Olmütz westward. "I have a spy out," said Schwerin, "but he has not returned yet"—nor ever will, he might have added. If diligent readers will now take

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 70.

to their Map, and attend day by day, an invincible Predecessor has compelled what next follows into human intelligibility, and into the Diary Form, for their behoof; readers of an idler turn can skip; but this confused hurry-scurry of marches issues in something which all will have to attend to.

"*Jägerndorf, 2d April,* 1741. This is the day when the Old Dessauer makes appearance with the first brigades of his Camp at Göttin. Friedrich is satisfied with what he has seen of Jägerndorf matters, and intends returning toward Niesse, there to commence on the 4th. He is giving his final orders, and on the point of setting off, when—Seven Austrian Deserters, 'dragoons of Lichtenstein,' come in, and report that Neipperg's Army is within a few miles! And scarcely had they done answering and explaining, when sounds rise of musketry and cannon from our outposts on that side, intimating that here is Neipperg's Army itself. Seldom in his life was Friedrich in an uglier situation. In Jägerndorf, an open Town, are only some three or four thousand men, 'with three field-pieces, and as much powder as will charge them forty times.' Happily, these proved only the Pandour outskirts of Neipperg's Army, scouring about to reconnoitre, and not difficult to beat; the real body of it is ascertained to be at Freudenthal, fifteen miles to westward, southwestward, making toward Neisse, it is guessed, by the other or western road, which is the nearer to Glatz and to the Austrian force there.

"Had Neipperg known what was in Jägerndorf! But he does not know. He marches on, next morning, at his usual slow rate, wide clouds of Pandours accompanying and preceding him, skirmishing in upon all places" (upon Jägerndorf, for instance, though fifteen miles wide of their road) "to ascertain if Prussians are there. One can judge whether Friedrich and Schwerin were thankful when the huge alarm produced nothing! 'The Mountain,' as Friedrich says, 'gave birth to a mouse;' nay, it was a 'mouse' of essential vital use to Friedrich and Schwerin; a warning that they must instantly collect themselves, men and goods, and begone one and all out of these parts, double-quick toward Neisse. Not now with the hope of besieging Neisse—far from that—but of getting their wide-scattered posts together thereabouts, and escaping destruction in detail!

"*April 4th, Head-quarters, Neustadt.* By violent exertion, with the sacrifice only of some remote little store-houses, all

is rendezvoused at Jägerndorf within two days, and this day they march; King and vanguard reaching Neustadt, some twenty-five miles forward, some twenty still from Neisse. At Neustadt, the posts that had stood in that neighborhood are all assembled, and march with the King to-morrow. Of Neipperg, except by transitory contact with his Pandour clouds, they have seen nothing: his road is pretty much parallel to theirs, and some fifteen miles leftward, Glatzward; goes through Zuckmantel, Ziegenhals, straight upon Neisse.[1] Neipperg's men are wearied with the long climb out of Mähren, and he struggles toward Neisse as the first object, holding upon Glatz and Lentulus with his left. Numerous orders have been speeded from the King's quarters at Jägerndorf and here at Neustadt; order especially to Holstein-Beck at Frankenstein, and to Kalkstein at Grotkau, How they are to unite, first with one another, and then to cross Neisse River, and unite with the King, to which end there is already a Bridge laid for them, or about to be laid in good time.

"*April 5th, Head-quarters, Steinau.* Steinau is a little Town twenty miles east of Neisse, on the road to Kosel" (strongish place, on the Oder, some forty miles farther east): "here Friedrich, with the main body, take their quarters, rear-guard being still at Neustadt. Temporary Bridge there is, ready or all but ready, at Sorgau" (twelve miles to north of us, on our left): "by this Kalkstein, with his 10,000, comes punctually across, while other brigades from the Kosel side are also punctual in getting in, which is a great comfort; but of Holstein-Beck there is no vestige, nor did there ever appear any. Holstein, 'whom none of the repeated orders sent him could reach,' says Friedrich, 'remained comfortably in his quarters, and looked at the Enemy rushing past him to right and left without troubling his head with them.'[2] The too easy-minded Holstein! Austrian Deserters inform us that General Neipperg arrived to-day with his army in Neisse, and has there been joined by Lentulus with the Glatz force, chiefly cavalry, a good many thousands. We may be attacked, then, this

[1] Zuckmantel, "Twitch-Cloak," occurs more than once as a Town's name in those regions: name which, says my Dryasdust without smile visible, it got from robberies done on travelers, "twitchings of your cloak," with stand-and-deliver, as you cross those wild mountain spaces. (Zeiller, *Beschreibung des Königreichs Boheim:* Frankfurt, 1650; a rather worthless old Book, like the rest of Zeiller's in that kind).

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 70.

very night, if they are diligent? Friedrich marks out ground and plan in such case, and how and where each is to rank himself. There came nothing of attack; but the poor little Village of Steinau, with so many troops in it and baggage-drivers tumbling about, takes fire; burns to ashes; 'and we had great difficulty in saving the artillery and powder through the narrow streets, with the houses all burning on each hand.'" Fancy it, and the poor shrieking inhabitants; gone to silence long since with their shrieks, not the least whisper left of them. "The Prussians bivouac on the field each in the place that has been marked out. Night extremely cold."

In this poor Steinau was a Schloss, which also went up in fire, disclosing certain mysteries of an almost mythical nature to the German Public. It was the Schloss of a Gräfin von Callenberg; a dreadful old Dowager of Medea-Messalina type, who "always wore pistols about her"—pistols, and latterly, with more and more constancy, a brandy-bottle—who has been much on the tongues of men for a generation back. Herr Nüssler (readers recollect shifty Nüssler) knew her, in the way of business, at one time, with pity, if also with horror. Some weeks ago she was, by the Austrian Commandant at Neisse, summoned out of this Schloss, as in correspondence with Prussian Officers: peasants breaking in, tied her with ropes to the bed where she was; put bed and her into a farm-cart, and in that scandalous manner delivered her at Neisse to the Commandant; by which adventure, and its rages and unspeakabilities, the poor old Callenberg is since dead. And now the very Schloss is dead, and there is finis to a human dust-vortex, such as is sometimes noisy for a time. Perhaps Nüssler may again pass that way, if we wait.[1]

"*April 6th, Head-quarters, Friedland.* To Friedland on the 6th, and do not, as expected, get away next morning. Friedland is ten miles down the Neisse, which makes a bend of near ninety degrees opposite Steinau, and runs thence straight north for the Oder, which it reaches some dozen miles or more above Brieg. Both Steinau and Friedland are a good distance from the River; Friedland, the nearer of the two, with Sorgau Bridge direct west of it, is perhaps eight miles from that important structure. There, being now tolerably rendezvoused, and in strength for action, Friedrich purposes to cross Neisse River to-morrow, hoping perhaps to meet Holstein-Beck, and incorporate him; anxious, at any rate, to

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, ii., 273, et seqq.

get between the Austrians and Ohlau, where his heavy Artillery, his Ammunition, not to mention other indispensables, are lying. The peculiarity of Neipperg at this time is, that the ground he occupies bears no proportion to the ground he commands. His regular Horse are supposed to be the best in the world ; and of the Pandour kind, who live, horse and man, mainly upon nothing (which means upon theft), his supplies are unlimited. He sits like a volcanic reservoir, therefore, not like a common fire of such and such intensity and power to burn ; casts the ashes of him, on all sides, to many miles distance.

"*Friday, 7th April, Friedland* (still Head-quarters). Unluckily, on trying, there is no passage to be had at Sorgau. The Officer on charge there still holds the Bridge, but has been obliged to break away the farther end of it, 'Lentulus and Dragoons, several thousand strong' (such is the report), having taken post there. Friedrich commands that the Bridge be reinstated : field-pieces to defend it ; Prince Leopold to cross, and clear the ways. All Friday, Friedrich waiting at Friedland, was spent in these details. Leopold in due force started for Sorgau, himself with Cavalry in the van ; Leopold did storm across, and go charging and fencing, some space, on the other side ; but, seeing that it was in truth Lentulus, and Dragoons without limit, had to send report accordingly, and then to wind himself to this side again, on new order from the King. What is to be done, then ? Here is no crossing. Friedrich decides to go down the River ; he himself to Löwen, perhaps nearly twenty miles farther down, but where there is a Bridge and Highway leading over ; Prince Leopold, with the heavier divisions and baggages to Michelau, some miles nearer, and there to build his Pontoons and cross, which was effected with success. And so,

"*Saturday, 8th April*, with great punctuality, the King and Leopold met at Michelau, both well across the Neisse. Here, on Pontoons, Leopold had got across about noon, and precisely as he was finishing, the King's Column, which had crossed at Löwen, and come up the left bank again, arrived. The King, much content with Leopold's behavior, nominates him General of Infantry, a stage higher in promotion, there and then. Brieg Blockade is, as natural, given up, the Blockading Body joining with the King this morning while he passed that way. From Holstein-Beck not the least whisper, nor to him, if we knew it.

" Neipperg has quitted Neisse, but walks invisible within

clouds of Pandours; nothing but guessing as to Neipperg's motions. Rightly swift, and awake to his business, Neipperg might have done, might still do, a stroke upon us here. But he takes it easy; marches hardly five miles a day since he quitted Neisse again. From Michelau, Friedrich, for his part, turns southwestward in quest of Holstein and other interests; marches toward Grotkau, not intending much farther that night. Thick snow blowing in their faces, nothing to be seen ahead, the Prussian column tramps along.[1] In Leipe, a little Hamlet sideward of the road, short way from Grotkau, our Hussar Vanguard had found Austrian Hussars; captured forty, and from them learned that the Austrian Army is in Grotkau; that they took Grotkau half an hour before, and are there! A poor Lieutenant Mitschepfal (whom I think Friedrich used to know in Reinsberg) lay in Grotkau, 'with some sixty recruits and deserters' says Friedrich, and with several hundreds of camp-laborers (intended for the trenches, which will *not* now be opened). Mitschepfal made a stout defense; but, after three hours of it, had to give in; and there is nothing now for us at Grotkau. 'Halt,' therefore! Neipperg is evidently pushing toward Ohlau, toward Breslau, though in a leisurely way; there it will behoove us to get the start of him, if humanly possible: To the right-about, therefore, without delay! The Prussians repass Leipe (much to the wonder of its simple people); get along, some seven miles farther, on the road for Ohlau, and quarter that night in what handy villages there are; the King's Corps in two Villages, which he calls 'Pogrel and Alsen,'" which are to be found still on the Map as "Pogarell and Alzenau," on the road from Löwen toward Ohlau.

This is the end of that March into the Mountains, with Neisse Siege hanging triumphant ahead. These are the King's quarters, this wintry Spring night, Saturday, 8th April, 1741, and it is to be guessed there is more of care than of sleep provided for him there. Seldom in his life was Friedrich in a more critical position, and he well knows it; none better; and could have his remorses upon it, were these of the least use in present circumstances. Here are two Letters which he wrote that night, veiling, we perceive, a very grim world of thoughts, betokening, however, a mind made up. Jordan,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 156.

Prince August Wilhelm Heir-Apparent, and other fine individuals who shone in the Schweidnitz circle lately, are in Breslau, safe sheltered against this bad juncture; Maupertuis was not so lucky as to go with them.

The King to Prince August Wilhelm (in Breslau).

"Pogarell, 8th April, 1741.

"My dearest Brother,—The Enemy has just got into Silesia; We are not more than a mile (*quart de mille*) from them. To-morrow must decide our fortune.

"If I die, do not forget a Brother who has always loved you very tenderly. I recommend to you my most dear Mother, my Domestics, and my First Battalion" (*Lifeguard of Foot*, men picked from his own old Ruppin Regiment and from the disbanded Giants, star of all the Battalions).[1] "Eichel and Schuhmacher" (Two of the Three Clerks) "are informed of all my testamentary wishes. Remember me always, you, but console yourself for my death: the glory of the Prussian arms and the honor of the House have set me in action, and will guide me to my last moment. You are my sole Heir: I recommend to you, in dying, those whom I have the most loved during my life: Keyserling, Jordan, Wartensleben; Hacke, who is a very honest man; Fredersdorf" (Factotum), "and Eichel, in whom you may place entire confidence. I bequeath 8000 crowns (£1200), which I have with me, to my Domestics; but all that I have elsewhere depends on you. To each of my Brothers and Sisters make a present in my name; a thousand affectionate regards (*amitiés et compliments*) to my Sister of Baireuth. You know what I think on their score; and you know, better than I could tell you, the tenderness and all the sentiments of most inviolable friendship with which I am, dearest Brother, your faithful Brother and Servant till death,

"FÉDÉRIC."[2]

The King to M. Jordan (in Breslau).

"Pogarell, 8th April, 1741.

"My dear Jordan,—We are going to fight to-morrow. Thou knowest the chances of war; the life of Kings not more

[1] See Preuss, i., 144; iv., 309; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin*, iii., 1252.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi., 85; List of Friedrich's Testamentary arrangements in Note there—Six in all, at different times, besides this.

regarded than that of private people. I know not what will happen to me.

"If my destiny is finished, remember a friend who loves thee always tenderly; if Heaven prolong my days, I will write to thee after to-morrow, and thou wilt hear of our victory. Adieu, dear friend; I shall love thee till death.—FÉDÉRIC."[1]

The King, we incidentally discover somewhere, "had no sleep that night;" none, "nor the next night either;" such a crisis coming, still not come.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF MOLLWITZ.

"To-MORROW," Sunday, did not prove the Day of Fight, after all. Being a day of wild drifting snow, so that you could not see twenty paces, there was nothing for it but to sit quiet. The King makes all his dispositions; sketches out punctually, to the last item, where each is to station himself, how the Army is to advance in Four Columns, ready for Neipperg wherever he may be—toward Ohlau at any rate, whither it is not doubted Neipperg is bent. These snowy six-and-thirty hours at Pogarell were probably, since the Cüstrin time, the most anxious of Friedrich's life.

Neipperg, for his part, struggles forward a few miles this Sunday, April 9th; the Prussians rest under shelter in the wild weather. Neipperg's head-quarters this night are a small Village or Hamlet called Mollwitz: there and in the adjacent Hamlets, chiefly in Laugwitz and Grüningen, his Army lodges itself: he is now fairly got between us and Ohlau, if, in the blowing drift we knew it or he knew it. But, in this confusion of the elements, neither party knows of the other: Neipperg has appointed that to-morrow, Monday, 10th, shall be a rest-day—appointment which could by no means be kept, as it turned out!

Friedrich had dispatched messengers to Ohlau that the

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii., 98.

force there should join him; messengers are all captured. The like message had already gone to Brieg, some days before, and the Blockading Body, a good few thousands strong, quitted Brieg, as we saw, and effected their junction with him. All day, this Sunday, 9th, it still snows and blows; you can not see a yard before you. No hope now of Holstein-Beck. Not the least news from any quarter; Ohlau uncertain, too likely the wrong way. What is to be done? We are cut off from our Magazines; have only provisions for one other day. "Had this weather lasted," says an Austrian reporter of these things, "his Majesty would have passed his time very ill." [1]

Of the Battle of Mollwitz, as, indeed, of all Friedrich's Battles, there are ample accounts, new and old, of perfect authenticity and scientific exactitude, so that in regard to military points the due clearness is, on study, completely attainable; but as to personal or human details, we are driven back upon a miscellany of sources, most of which, indeed all of which except Nicolai, when he sparingly gives us any thing, are of questionable nature, and, without intending to be dishonest, do run out into the mythical, and require to be used with caution. The latest and notablest of these, in regard to Mollwitz, is the Pamphlet of a Dr. Fuchs, from which, in spite of its amazing quality, we expect to glean a serviceable item here and there.[2] It is definable as probably the most chaotic Pamphlet ever written; and in many places, by dint of uncorrected printing, bad grammar, bad spelling, bad sense, and, in short, of intrinsic darkness in so vivacious a humor, it has become abstruse as Sanscrit, and really is a sharp test of what knowledge you otherwise have of the subject. Might perhaps

[1] *Feldzüge der Preussen* (the complete Title is, *Sammlung ungedruckter Nachrichten so die Geschichte der Feldzüge der Preussen von* 1740 *bis* 1779 *erläutern*, or in English words, *Collection of unprinted Narratives which elucidate the Prussian Campaigns from* 1740 *to* 1779: 5 vols., Dresden, 1782–5), i., 33. Excellent Narratives, modest brief, effective (from Private Diaries and the like; many of them given also in *Seyfarth*); well worth perusal by the studious military man, and creditably characteristic of the Prussian writers of them and actors in them.

[2] *Jubelschrift zur Feier* (Centenary) *der Schlacht bei Mollwitz*, 10 *April*, 1741, von Dr. Medicinæ Fuchs (Brieg, 10th April, 1841).

be used in that way by the Examining Military Boards in Prussia and elsewhere, if no other use lie in it? Fuchs's own contributions, mere ignorance, folly and credulity, are not worth interpreting; but he has printed, and in the same abstruse form, one or two curious Parish Manuscripts, particularly a "*History*" of this War, privately jotted down by the then Schoolmaster of Mollwitz, a good, simple, accurate old fellow-creature, through whose eyes it is here and there worth while to look. In regard to Fuchs himself, a late Tourist says:

"This 'Centenary-Celebration Pamphlet' (Celebration itself, so obtuse was the Country, did not take effect) was by a zealous, noisy, but not wise old Medical Gentleman of these parts, called Dr. Fuchs (*Fox*), who had set his heart on raising, by subscription, a proper National Monument on the Field of Mollwitz, and so closing his old career. Subscriptions did not take in that April, 1841, nor in the following months or twelvemonths; the zealous Doctor, therefore, indignantly drew his own purse; got a big Obelisk of Granite hewn ready, with suitable Inscription on it; carted his big Obelisk from the quarries of Strehlen; assembled the Country round it, on Mollwitz Field; and passionately discoursed and pleaded, That at least the Country should bring block-and-tackle, with proper frame-work, and set up this Obelisk on the Pedestal he had there built for it. The Country listened cheerfully (for the old Doctor was a popular man, clever though flighty); but the Country was again obtuse in the way of active furtherance, and would not even bring block-and-tackle. The old Doctor had to answer, 'Well, then!' and go on his way on more serious errands. The cattle have much undermined and rubbed down his poor Pedestal, which is of rubble-work; his Obelisk still lies mournfully horizontal, uninjured, and really ought to be set up by some parish-rate, or effort of the community otherwise."[1]

From the old Mollwitz Schoolmaster we distill the following:

"*Mollwitz, Sunday, 9th April.* Country, for two days back, was in new alarm by the Austrian Garrison of Brieg now left at liberty, who sallied out upon the Villages about, and plun-

[1] Tourist's Note (Brieg, 1858).

dered black cattle, sheep, grain, and whatever they could come at. But this day (Sunday), in Mollwitz, the whole Austrian Army was upon us. First there went 300 Hussars through the Village to Grüningen, who quartered themselves there, and rushed hither and thither into houses, robbing and plundering. From one they took his best horses, from another they took linen, clothes, and other furnitures and victual. General Neuburg" (Neipperg) "halted here at Mollwitz with the whole Army, before the Village, in mind to quarter. And quarter was settled, so that a *Bauer*" (Plow-Farmer) "got four to five companies to lodge, and a *Gärtner*" (Spade-Farmer) "two or three hundred cavalry. The houses were full of Officers, the *Gärte*" (Garths) "and the Fields full of horsemen and baggage, and all round you saw nothing but fires burning; the *Zäune*" (wooden railings) "were instantly torn down for firewood; the hay, straw, barley, and haver were eaten away, and brought to nothing; and every thing from the barns was carried out. And, as the whole Army could not lodge itself with us, 1100 Infantry quartered at Laugwitz; Bärzdorf got 400 Cavalry; and this day, nobody knew what would come of it."[1]

Monday morning the Prussians are up betimes; King Friedrich, as above noted, had not, or had hardly at all, slept during those two nights, such his anxieties. This morning all is calm, sleeked out into spotless white; Pogarell and the world are wrapped as in a winding-sheet; near two feet of snow on the ground. Air hard and crisp: a hot sun possible about noon season. "By day-Break" we are all astir, rendezvousing, ranking, into Four Columns; ready to advance in that fashion for battle, or for deploying into battle wherever the Enemy may turn up. The orders were all given overnight, two nights ago; were all understood, too, and known to be rhadamanthine; and, down to the lowest pioneer, no man is uncertain what to do. If we but knew where the Enemy is; on which side of us; what doing, what intending?

Scouts, General-Adjutants are out on the quest—to no purpose hitherto. One young General-Adjutant, Saldern, whose name we shall know again, has ridden northward, has pulled bridle some way north of Pogarell; hangs, gazing diligently

[1] Extract in *Fuchs*, p. 6.

through his spyglass, there ; can see nothing but a Plain of silent snow, with sparse bearding of bushes (nothing like a hedge in these countries), and here and there a tree, the miserable skeleton of a poplar ; when happily, owing to an Austrian Dragoon—Be pleased to accept (in abridged form) the poor old Schoolmaster's account of a small thing :

"Austrian Dragoon of the regiment Althan, native of Kriesewitz in this neighborhood, who was billeted in Christopher Schönwitz's, had been much in want of a clean shirt and other interior outfit, and had, last night, imperatively dispatched the man Schölzke, a farm-servant of the said Christopher's, off to his, the Dragoon's, Father in Kriesewitz, to procure such shirt or outfit, and to return early with the same, under penalty of—Schölzke and his master dare not think under what penalty. Schölzke, floundering homeward with the outfit from Kriesewitz, flounders at this moment into Saldern's sphere of vision: 'Whence, whither?' asks Saldern: 'Dost thou know where the Austrians are?' '*Recht gut:* in Mollwitz, whither I am going!' Saldern takes him to the King, and that was the first clear light his Majesty had on the matter."[1] That or something equivalent indisputably was ; Saldern and "a Peasant," the account of it in all the Books.

The King says to this Peasant, "Thou shalt ride with me to-day!" And Schölzke—Ploschke others call him—heavy-footed rational biped, knowing the ground there practically, every yard of it, did, as appears, attend the King all morning, and do service that was recognizable long years afterward. "For always," say the Books, "when the King held review here, Ploschke failed not to make appearance on the field of Pogarell, and get recognition and a gift from his Majesty."

At break of day the ranking and arranging began. Pogarell clock is near striking ten when the last squadron or battalion quits Pogarell, and the Four Columns, punctiliously correct, are all under way. Two on each side of Ohlau Highway, steadily advancing, with pioneers ahead to clear any obstacle there may be. Few obstacles ; here and there a little ditch (where Ploschke's advice may be good, under the sleek of the snow), no fences, smooth wide Plain, nothing you

[1] Fuchs, p. 6, 7.

would even call a knoll in it for many miles ahead and around. Mollwitz is some seven miles north from Pogarell; intermediate lie dusty fractions of Villages more than one; two miles or more from Mollwitz we come to Pampitz on our left, the next considerable, if any of them can be counted considerable.

"All these Dorfs, and indeed most German ones," says my Tourist, "are made on one type—an agglomerate of dusty farm-yards, with their stalls and barns; all the farm-yards huddled together in two rows, a broad, negligent road between, seldom mended, never swept except by the elements. Generally there is nothing to be seen, on each hand, but thatched roofs, dead clay walls, and rude wooden gates; sometimes a poor public-house, with probable beer in it; never any shop, nowhere any patch of swept pavement, or trim gathering-place for natives of a social gossipy turn: the road lies sleepy, littery, good only for utilitarian purposes. In the middle of the Village stands Church and Church-yard, with probably some gnarled trees around it: Church often larger than you expected; the Church-yard, always fenced with high stone-and-mortar wall, is usually the principal military post of the place. Mollwitz, at the present day, has something of whitewash here and there, one of the farmer people, or more, wearing a civilized prosperous look. The belfry offers you a pleasant view: the roofs and steeples of Brieg, pleasantly visible to eastward; villages dotted about, Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Hermsdorf, clear to your inquiring; and to westward and to southward, tops of Hill-country in the distance. Westward, twenty miles off, are pleasant Hills, and among them, if you look well, shadowy Town-spires, which you are assured are Strehlen, a place also of interest in Friedrich's History. Your belfry itself, in Mollwitz, is old, but not unsound, and the big iron clock grunts heavily at your ear, or perhaps bursts out in a too deafening manner while you study the topographies. Pampitz, too, seems prosperous in its littery way; the Church is bigger and newer, owing to an accident we shall hear of soon; Country all about seems farmed with some industry, but with shallow plowing; liable to drought. It is very sandy in quality; shorn of umbrage; painfully naked to an English eye." That is the big champaign, coated with two feet of snow, where a great Action is now to go forward.

Neipperg, all this while, is much at his ease on this white resting day. He is just sitting down to dinner at the Dorfschulze's (Village Provost, or miniature Mayor of Mollwitz), a composed man, when—rockets or projectiles, and successive anxious sputterings from the steeple-tops of Brieg are hastily reported: What can it mean? Means little, perhaps. Neipperg sends out a Hussar party to ascertain, and composedly sets himself to dine. In a little while his Hussar party will come galloping back faster than it went—faster and fewer—and there will be news for Neipperg during dinner! Better have had one idle fellow, one of your 20,000, on the Belfry-top here looking out, though it was a rest-day?

The truth is, the Prussian advance goes on with punctilious exactitude, by no means rapidly. Colonel Count von Rothenburg—the same whom we lately heard of in Paris as a miracle of gambling—he now here, in a new capacity, is warily leading the Vanguard of Dragoons—warily, with the Four Columns well to rear of him: the Austrian Hussar party came upon Rothenburg not two miles from Mollwitz, and suddenly drew bridle. Them Rothenburg tumbles to the right-about, and chases; finds, on advancing, the Austrian Army totally unaware. It is thought, had Rothenburg dashed forward, and sent word to the rearward to dash forward at their swiftest, the Austrian Army might have been cut in pieces here, and never have got together to try battle at all. But Rothenburg had no orders; nay, had orders Not to get into fighting; nor had Friedrich himself, in this his first Battle, learned that feline or leonine promptitude of spring which he subsequently manifested. Far from it! Indeed, this punctilious deliberation, and slow exactitude as on the review-ground, is wonderful and noteworthy at the first start of Friedrich; the faithful apprentice-hand still rigorous to the rules of the old shop. Ten years hence, twenty years hence, had Friedrich found Neipperg in this condition, Neipperg's account had been soon settled! Rothenburg drove back the Hussars, all manner of successive Hussar parties, and kept steadily ahead of the main battle, as he had been bidden.

Pampitz Village being now passed, and in rear of them to

left, the Prussian Columns halt for some instants; burst into field-music; take to deploying themselves into line. There is solemn wheeling, shooting-out to right and left, done with spotless precision: once in line—in two lines, "each three men deep," lines many yards apart—they will advance on Mollwitz; still solemnly, field-music guiding, and banners spread, which will be a work of time. That the King's frugal field-dinner was shot away from its camp-table near Pampitz (as Fuchs has heard) is evidently mythical, and even impossible, the Austrians having yet no cannon within miles of him, and being intent on dining comfortably themselves, not on firing at other people's dinners.

Fancy Neipperg's state of mind, busy beginning dinner in the little Schulze's, or Town-Provost's house, when the Hussars dashed in at full gallop, shouting "*Der Feind*, The Enemy! All in march there; vanguard this side of Pampitz; killed forty of us!" Quick, your Plan of Battle, then? Whitherward; How; What? answer or perish! Neipperg was infinitely struck; dropped knife and fork: "Send for Römer, General of the Horse!" Römer did the indispensable; a swift man, not apt to lose head. Romer's battle-plan, I should hope, is already made, or it will fare ill with Neipperg and him. But beat, ye drummers; gallop, ye aids-de-camp as for life! The first thing is to get our Force together; and it lies scattered about, in Three other Villages besides Mollwitz, miles apart. Neipperg's trumpets clangor, his aids-de-camp gallop: he has his left wing formed, and the other parts in a state of rapid genesis, Horse and Foot pouring in from Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Grüningen, before the Prussians have quite done deploying themselves, and got well within shot of him. Römer, by birth a Saxon gentleman, by all accounts a superior soldier and excellent General of Horse, commands this Austrian left wing; General Göldlein,[1] a Swiss veteran of good parts, presiding over the Infantry in that quarter. Neipperg himself, were he once complete, will command the right wing.

Neipperg is to be in two lines, as the Prussians are, with

[1] (Anonymous) *Maria Theresa* (already cited), p. 8, n.

Horse on each wing, which is orthodox military order. His length of front, I should guess, must have been something better than two English miles: a sluggish Brook, called of Laugwitz, from the Village of that name which lies some way across, is on his right hand; sluggish, boggy; stagnating toward the Oder in those parts; improved farming has, in our time, mostly dried the strip of bog, and made it into coarse meadow, which is rather a relief amid the dry sandy element. Neipperg's right is covered by that. His left rests on the Hamlet of Grüningen, a mile-and-half northeast of Mollwitz; meant to have rested on Hermsdorf nearly east, but the Prussians have already taken that up. The sun, coming more and more round to west of south (for it is now past noon), shines right in Neipperg's face, and is against him: how the wind is, nobody mentions—probably there was no wind. His regular Cavalry, 8600, outnumbers twice or more that of the Prussians, not to mention their quality; and he has fewer Infantry, somewhat in proportion; the entire force on each side is scarcely above 20,000, the Prussians slightly in majority by count. In field-pieces Neipperg is greatly outnumbered, the Prussians having about threescore, he only eighteen.[1] And now here *are* the Prussians, close upon our left wing, not yet in contact with the right, which, in fact, is not yet got into existence, thank Heaven, they have not come before our left got into existence, as our right (if you knew it) has not yet quite finished doing!

The Prussians, though so ready for deploying, have had their own difficulties and delays. Between the boggy Brook of Laugwitz on their left, and the Village of Hermsdorf, two miles distant, on which their right wing is to lean, there proves not to be room enough;[2] and then, owing to mistake of Schulenburg (our old pipe-clay friend, who commands the right wing of Horse here, and is not up in time), there is too much room. Not room enough for all the Infantry, we say: the last Three Battalions of the front line, therefore, the three on the outmost right, wheel round and stand athwart—

[1] Kausler, *Atlas der merkwürdigsten Schlachten*, p. 232.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 73.

en potence (as soldiers say), or at right angles to the first line—hanging to it like a kind of lid in that part, between Schulenburg and them, had Schulenburg come up. Thus are the three battalions got rid of at least: "they cap the First Prussian Line rectangularly like a lid," says my Authority—lid which does not reach to the Second Line by a good way. This accidental arrangement had material effects on the right wing. Unfortunate Schulenburg did at last come up: had he miscalculated the distances, then? Once on the ground, he will find he does not reach to Hermsdorf after all, and that there is now too much room! What his degree of fault was I know not; Friedrich has long been dissatisfied with these Dragoons of Schulenburg; "good for nothing, I always told you" (at that Skirmish of Baumgarten); and now here is the General himself fallen blundering! In respect of Horse, the Austrians are more than two to one; to make out our deficiency, the King, imitating something he had read about Gustavus Adolphus, intercalates the Horse-Squadrons on each wing with two Battalions of Grenadiers, and *so* lengthens them, "a manœuvre not likely to be again imitated," he admits.

All these movements and arrangements are effected above a mile from Mollwitz, no Enemy yet visible. Once effected, we advance again with music sounding, sixty pieces of artillery well in front—steady, steady!—across the floor of snow which is soon beaten smooth enough, the stage, this day, of a great adventure. And now there is the Enemy's left wing, Römer and his Horse; their right wing wider away, and not yet, by a good space, within cannon-range of us. It is toward Two of the afternoon; Schulenburg, now on his ground, laments that he will not reach to Hermsdorf; but it may be dangerous now to attempt repairing that error? At Two of the clock, being now fairly within distance, we salute Römer and the Austrian left with all our sixty cannon, and the sound of drums and clarionets is drowned in universal artillery thunder. Incessant, for they take (by order) to "swift-shooting" which is almost of the swiftness of musketry in our Prussian practice; and from sixty cannon, going at that rate, we may fancy some

effect. The Austrian Horse of the left wing do not like it, all the less as the Austrians, rather short of artillery, have nothing yet to reply with.

No Cavalry can stand long there, getting shivered in that way—in such a noise, were there nothing more. "Are we to stand here like mile-stones, then, and be all shot without a stroke struck?" "Steady!" answers Römer. But nothing can keep them steady: "To be shot like dogs (*wie Hünde*)! For God's sake (*Um Gottes Willen*), lead us forward, then, to have a stroke at them!" in tones ever more plangent, plaintively indignant, growing ungovernable. And Römer can get no orders; Neipperg is on the extreme right, many things still to settle there; and here is the cannon-thunder going, and soon their very musketry will open. And—and there is Schulenburg, for one thing, stretching himself out eastward (rightward) to get hold of Hermsdorf, thinking this an opportunity for the manœuvre. "Forward!" cries Römer; and his Thirty Squadrons, like bottled whirlwind now at last let loose, dash upon Schulenburg's poor Ten (five of them of Schulenburg's own regiment), who are turned sideways too, trotting toward Hermsdorf at the wrong moment, and dash them into wild ruin. That must have been a charge! That was the beginning of hours of chaos, seemingly irretrievable, in that Prussian right wing.

For the Prussian Horse fly wildly, and it is in vain to rally. The King is among them; has come in hot haste, conjuring and commanding; poor Schulenburg addresses his own regiment, "Oh shame! shame! shall it be told, then?" rallies his own regiment, and some others; charges fiercely in with them again; gets a sabre-slash across the face—does not mind the sabre-slash, small bandaging will do—gets a bullet through the head (or through the heart, it is not said which),[1] and falls down dead, his regiment going to the winds again, and *his* care of it and of other things concluding in this honorable manner. Nothing can rally that right wing; or, the more you rally the worse it fares: they are clearly no match for Römer, these Prussian Horse. They fly along the front of

[1] *Helden Geschichte*, i., 899.

their own First Line of Infantry, they fly between the Two Lines, Römer chasing, till the fire of the Infantry (intolerable to our enemies, and hitting some even of our fugitive friends) repels him. For the notable point in all this was the conduct of the Infantry, and how it stood in these wild vortexes of ruin, impregnable, immovable, as if every man of it were stone, and steadily poured out deluges of fire—"five Prussian shots for two Austrian;" such is perfect discipline against imperfect, and the iron ramrod against the wooden.

The intolerable fire repels Römer when he trenches on the Infantry; however, he captures nine of the Prussian sixty guns, has scattered their Horse to the winds, and charges again and again, hoping to break the Infantry too, till a bullet kills him, the gallant Römer, and some other has to charge and try. It was thought, had Göldlein with his Austrian Infantry advanced to support Römer at this juncture, the Battle had been gained. Five times before Römer fell and after, the Austrians charged here: tried the Second Line too; tried once to take Prince Leopold in rear there. But Prince Leopold faced round, gave intolerable fire; on one face as on the other, he, or the Prussian Infantry any where, is not to be broken. "Prince Friedrich," one of the Margraves of Schwedt, King's Cousin, whom we did not know before, fell in these wild rallyings and wrestlings "by a cannon-ball at the King's hand," not said otherwise where. He had come as Volunteer, few weeks ago, out of Holland, where he was a rising General; he has met his fate here; and Margraf Karl, his Brother, who also gets wounded, will be a mournful man to-night.

The Prussian Horse, this right wing of it, is a ruined body, boiling in wild disorder, flooding rapidly away to rearward, which is the safest direction to retreat upon. They "sweep away the King's person with them," say some cautious people; others say, what is the fact, that Schwerin entreated, and, as it were, commanded the King to go, the Battle being, to all appearance, irretrievable. Go he did, with small escort, and on a long ride—to Oppeln, a Prussian post thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a Bridge over the Oder and a safe

country beyond. So much is indubitable; and that he dispatched an Aid-de-Camp to gallop into Brandenburg, and tell the Old Dessauer, "Bestir yourself! Here all seems lost!" and vanished from the Field, doubtless in very desperate humor; upon which the extraneous world has babbled a good deal, "Cowardice! Wanted courage: Haha!" in its usual foolish way, not worth answer from him or from us. Friedrich's demeanor in that disaster of his right wing was furious despair rather, and neither Schulenburg nor Margraf Friedrich, nor any of the captains killed or left living, was supposed to have sinned by "cowardice" in a visible degree!

Indisputable it is, though there is deep mystery upon it, the King vanishes from Mollwitz Field at this point for sixteen hours, into the regions of Myth, "into Fairy-land," as would once have been said, but reappears unharmed in tomorrow's daylight; at which time, not sooner, readers shall hear what little is to be said of this obscure and much-disfigured small affair. For the present we hasten back to Mollwitz, where the murderous thunder rages unabated all this while, the very noise of it alarming mankind for thirty miles round. At Breslau, which is thirty good miles off, horrible dull grumble was heard from the southern quarter ("still better if you put a staff in the ground and set your ear to it"), and from the steeple-tops there was dim cloudland of powder-smoke discernible in the horizon there. "At Liegnitz," which is twice the distance, "the earth sensibly shook"[1] —at least the air did, and the nerves of men.

"Had Göldlein but advanced with his Foot in support of gallant Römer!" say the Austrian Books. But Göldlein did not advance, nor is it certain he would have found advantage in so doing: Göldlein, where he stands, has difficulty enough to hold his own. For the notable circumstance, miraculous to military men, still is, How the Prussian Foot (men who had never been in fire, but whom Friedrich Wilhelm had drilled for twenty years) stand their ground in this distraction of the Horse. Not even the Two outlying Grenadier Battalions will give way: those poor intercalated Grenadiers,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte;* and Jordan's Letter, infrà.

when their Horse fled on the right and on the left, they stand there, like a fixed stone-dam in that wild whirlpool of ruin. They fix bayonets, "bring their two field-pieces to flank" (Winterfeld was Captain there), and, from small arms and big, deliver such a fire as was very unexpected. Nothing to be made of Winterfeld and them. They invincibly hurl back charge after charge, and, with dogged steadiness, manœuvre themselves into the general Line again, or into contact with the Three superfluous Battalions, arranged *en potence*, whom we heard of—those Three, ranked athwart in this right wing ("like a lid," between First Line and Second), maintained themselves in like impregnable fashion, Winterfeld commanding, and proved unexpectedly, thinks Friedrich, the saving of the whole; for they also stood their ground immovable, like rocks, steadily spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm upon them, fruitless: "Steady, *meine Kinder;* fix bayonets, handle ramrods! There is the Horse-deluge thundering in upon you; reserve your fire till you see the whites of their eyes, and get the word; then give it them, and again give it them; see whether any man or any horse can stand it!"

Neipperg, soon after Römer fell, had ordered Göldlein forward: Göldlein, with his Infantry, did advance gallantly enough, but to no purpose. Göldlein was soon shot dead, and his Infantry had to fall back again, ineffectual or worse. Iron ramrods against wooden; five shots to two: what is there but falling back? Neipperg sent fresh Horse from his right wing, with Berlichingen, a new famed General of Horse; Neipperg is furiously bent to improve his advantage, to break those Prussians, who are mere musketeers left bare, and thinks that will settle the account; but it could in no wise be done. The Austrian Horse, after their fifth trial, renounce charging —fairly refuse to charge any more, and withdraw dispirited out of ball-range, or in search of things not impracticable. The Hussar part of them did something of plunder to rearward; and, besides poor Maupertuis's adventure (of which by-and-by), and an attempt on the Prussian baggage and knapsacks, which proved to be "too well guarded," "burnt

the Church of Pampitz" as some small consolation. The Prussians had stripped their knapsacks, and left them in Pampitz; the Austrians, it was noticed, stripped theirs in the Field; built walls of them, and fired behind the same, in a kneeling, more or less protected posture, which did not avail them much.

In fact, the Austrian Infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it; neither Infantry nor Cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. In spite of their knapsack walls, various regiments have shrunk out of ball-range, and several can not, by any persuasion, be got to come into it again. Others, who do reluctantly advance, see what a figure they make; man after man edging away as he can, so that the regiment "stands forty to eighty men deep, with lanes through it every two or three yards;" permeable every where to Cavalry, if we had them; and turning nothing to the enemy but color-sergeants and bare poles of a regiment! And Römer is dead, and Göldlein of the Infantry is dead. And on their right wing, skirted by that marshy Brook of Laugwitz—Austrian right wing had been weakened by detachments when Berlichingen rode off to succeed Römer—the Austrians are suffering: Posadowsky's Horse (among whom is Rothenburg, once vanguard), strengthened by remnants who have rallied here, are at last prospering, after reverses. And the Prussian fire of small arms, at such rate, has lasted now for five hours. The Austrian Army, becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough.

These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition, too, he knows, is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges; Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little, breaks forth into universal field-music, and, with banners spread, starts in mass wholly, "Forward!" Forward toward these Austrians and the setting sun.

An intelligent Austrian Officer writing next week from Neisse,[1] confesses he never saw any thing more beautiful. "I

[1] *Feldzüge der Preussen* (above cited), i., 38.

can well say, I never in my life saw anything more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow-straight, and their front like a line (*schnurgleich*), as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder." Grand picture indeed, but not to be enjoyed as a Work of Art, for it is coming upon us! "The spirits of our Army sank altogether," continues he; "the Foot plainly giving way, Horse refusing to come forward, all things wavering toward dissolution," so that Neipperg, to avoid worse, gives the word to go, and they roll off at double-quick time, through Mollwitz, over Laugwitz Bridge and Brook, toward Grotkau by what routes they can. The sun is just sunk; a quarter to eight, says the intelligent Austrian Officer, while the Austrian Army, much to its amazement, tumbles forth in this bad fashion.

They had lost nine of their own cannon, and all of those Prussian nine which they once had except one—eight cannon *minus* in all. Prisoners of them were few, and none of much mark: two Feldmarshals, Römer and Göldlein, lie among the dead; four more of that rank are wounded. Four standards, too, are gone; certain kettle-drums and the like trophies, not in great number. Lieutenant General Browne was of these retreating Austrians, a little fact worth noting: of his actions this day, or of his thoughts (which latter surely must have been considerable), no hint any where. The Austrians were not much chased, though they might have been, fresh Cavalry (two Ohlau regiments, drawn hither by the sound[1]) having hung about to rear of them for some time past, unable to get into the Fight, or to do any good till now. Schwerin, they say, though he had two wounds, was for pursuing vigorously, but Leopold of Anhalt overpersuaded him; urged the darkness, the uncertainty. Berlichingen, with their own Horse, still partly covered their rear; and the Prussians, Ohlauers included, were but weak in that branch of the service. Pursuit lasted little more than two miles, and was never hot.

[1] Interesting correct account of their movements and adventures this day and some previous days, in Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, ii., 142–148.

The loss of men on both sides was not far from equal, and rather in favor of the Austrian side: Austrians counted in killed, wounded, and missing, 4410 men; Prussians, 4613;[1] but the Prussians bivouacked on the ground, or quartered in these Villages, with victory to crown them, and the thought that their hard day's-work had been well done. Besides Margraf Friedrich, Volunteer from Holland, there lay among the slain Colonel Count von Finckenstein (Old Tutor's Son), King's friend from boyhood, and much loved. He was of the six whom we saw consulting at the door at Reinsberg during a certain ague-fit, and he now rests silent here, while the matter has only come thus far.

Such was Mollwitz, the first Battle for Silesia, which had to cost many Battles first and last. Silesia will be gained, we can expect, by fighting of this kind in an honest cause. But here is something already gained, which is considerable, and about which there is no doubt. A new Military Power, it would appear, has come upon the scene; the Gazetteer-and-Diplomatic world will have to make itself familiar with a name not much heard of hitherto among the Nations. "A Nation which can fight," think the Gazetteers; "fight almost as the very Swedes did; and is led on by its King, too, who may prove, in his way, a very Charles XII., or small Macedonia's Madman, for aught one knows?" in which latter branch of their prognostic the Gazetteers were much out.

The Fame of this Battle, which is now so sunk out of memory, was great in Europe, and struck, like a huge war-gong, with long resonance, through the general ear. M. de Voltaire had run across to Lille in those Spring days: there is a good Troop of Players in Lille; a Niece, Madame Denis, wife of some Military Commissariat Denis, important in those parts, can lodge the divine Émilie and me; and one could at last see *Mahomet*, after five years of struggling, get upon the boards, if not yet in Paris by a great way, yet in Lille, which is something. *Mahomet* is getting upon the

[1] Orlich, i., 108; Kausler, p. 235, correct; *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 895, incorrect.

boards on those terms, and has proceeded, not amiss, through an Act or two, when a Note from the King of Prussia was handed to Voltaire, announcing the victory of Mollwitz; which delightful Note Voltaire stopped the performance till he read to the Audience. "Bravissimo!" answered the Audience. "You will see," said M. de Voltaire to the friends about him, "this Piece at Mollwitz will make mine succeed," which proved to be the fact.[1] For the French are Anti-Austrian, and smell great things in the wind. "That man is mad, your most Christian Majesty?" "Not quite; or, at any rate, not mad only!" think Louis and his Belleisles now.

Dimly poring in those old Books, and squeezing one's way into face-to-face view of the extinct Time, we begin to notice what a clangorous rumor was in Mollwitz to the then generation of mankind, betokening many things; universal European war, as the first thing, which duly came to pass; as did, at a slower rate, the ulterior thing, not yet so apparent, that indeed a new hour had struck on the Time Horologe, that a New Epoch had risen. Yes, my friends. New Charles XII. or not, here truly has a new Man and King come upon the scene; capable, perhaps, of doing something? Slumberous Europe, rotting amid its blind pedantries, its lazy hypocrisies, conscious and unconscious, this man is capable of shaking it a little out of its stupid refuges of lies, and ignominious wrappages and bed-clothes, which will be its grave-clothes otherwise, and of intimating to it, afar off, that there is still a Veracity in Things, and a Mendacity in Sham-Things, and that the difference of the two is infinitely more considerable than was supposed.

This Mollwitz is a most deliberate, regulated, ponderously impressive (*gravitätisch*) Feat of Arms, as the reader sees; done all by Regulation methods, with orthodox exactitude; in a slow, weighty, almost pedantic, but highly irrefragable manner. It is the triumph of Prussian Discipline: of military orthodoxy well put in practice; the honest outcome of good natural stuff in those Brandenburgers, and of the supreme virtues of Drill. Neipperg and his Austrians had

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (*Vie Privée*), ii., 74.

much despised Prussian soldiering: "Keep our soup hot," cried they, on running out this day to rank themselves; "hot a little, till we drive these fellows to the Devil!" That was their opinion about noon this day, but that is an opinion they have renounced for all remaining days and years. It is a Victory due properly to Friedrich Wilhelm, and the Old Dessauer, who are far away from it. Friedrich Wilhelm, though dead, fights here, and the others only do his bidding on this occasion. His Son, as yet, adds nothing of his own, though he will ever henceforth begin largely adding, right careful withal to lose nothing, for the Friedrich Wilhelm contribution is invaluable, and the basis of every thing; but it is curious to see in what contrast this first Battle of Friedrich's is with his latter and last ones.

Considering the Battle of Mollwitz, and then, in contrast, the intricate Pragmatic Sanction, and what their consequences were and their antecedents, it is curious once more! This, then, is what the Pragmatic Sanction has come to? Twenty years of world-wide diplomacy, cunningly-devised spider-threads overnetting all the world, have issued here. Your Congresses of Cambray, of Soissons, your Grumkow-Seckendorf Machiavelisms, all these might as well have lain in their bed. Real Pragmatic Sanction would have been. A well-trained Army and your Treasury full. Your Treasury is empty (nothing in it but those foolish 200,000 English guineas, and the passionate cry for more), and your Army is not trained as this Prussian one; can not keep its ground against this one. Of all those long-headed Potentates, simple Friedrich Wilhelm, son of Nature, who had the honesty to do what Nature taught him, has come out gainer. You all laughed at him as a fool; do you begin to see now who was wise, who fool? He has an army that "advances on you with glittering musketry, steady as on the parade-ground, and pours out fire like one continuous thunder-peal;" so that, strange as it seems, you find there will actually be nothing for you but—taking to your heels, shall we say?—rolling off with dispatch as second best! These things are of singular omen. Here

stands one that will avenge Friedrich Wilhelm, if Friedrich Wilhelm were not already sufficiently avenged by the mere verdict of facts, which is palpably coming out, as Time peels the wiggeries away from them more and more. Mollwitz and such places are full of veracity, and no head is so thick as to resist conviction in that kind.

Of Friedrich's Disappearance into Fairy-land in the interim, and of Maupertuis's similar Adventure.

Of the King's Flight, or sudden disappearance into Fairy-land during this first Battle, the King himself, who alone could have told us fully, maintained always rigorous silence, and nowhere drops the least hint; so that the small fact has come down to us involved in a great bulk of fabulous cob-webs, mostly of an ill-natured character, set a-going by Voltaire, Valori, and others (which fabulous process, in the good-natured form, still continues itself); and, except for Nicolai's good industry (in his *Anekdoten*-Book), we should have difficulty even in guessing, not to say understanding, as is now partly possible. The few real particulars—and those do verify themselves, and hang perfectly together when the big globe of fable is burnt off from them—are to the following effect:

"Battle lost," said Schwerin; "but what is the loss of a Battle to that of your Majesty's own Person? For Heaven's sake, go; get across the Oder; be you safe till this decide itself!" That was reasonable counsel. If defeated, Schwerin can hope to retreat upon Ohlau, upon Breslau, and save the Magazines. This side the Oder, all will be movements, a whirlpool of Hussars; but beyond the Oder, all is quiet, open. To Ohlau, to Glogau, nay, home to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer with his Camp at Göttin, the road is free, by the other side of the Oder. Schwerin and Prince Leopold urging him, the King did ride away; at what hour, with what suite, nor with what adventures (not mostly fabulous) is not known; but it was toward Löwen, fifteen miles off (where he crossed Neisse River the other day), and thence toward Oppeln, on the Oder, eighteen miles farther; and the pace was swift. Leopold, on reflection, ordered off a Squadron of Gens d'Armes

to overtake his Majesty, at Löwen or sooner, which they never did. Passing Pampitz, the King threw Fredersdorf a word, who was among the baggage there: "To Oppeln; bring the Purse, the Privy Writings; swift!" which Fredersdorf, and the Clerks (and another Herr, who became Nicolai's Father-in-law in after years) did, and joined the King at Löwen, but I hoped stopped there.

The King's suite was small, names not given; but by the time he got to Löwen, being joined by cavalry fugitives and the like, it had got to be seventy persons: too many for the King. He selected what was his of them; ordered the gates to be shut behind him on all others, and again rode away. The Leopold Squadron of Gens d'Armes did not arrive till after his departure; and having here lost trace of him, called halt, and billeted for the night. The King speeds silently to Oppeln on his excellent bay horse, the worse-mounted gradually giving in. At Oppeln is a Bridge over the Oder, a free Country beyond: Regiment La Motte lay, and, as the King thinks, still lies in Oppeln; but in that he is mistaken. Regiment La Motte is with the baggage at Pampitz all this day, and a wandering Hussar Party, some sixty Austrians, have taken possession of Oppeln. The King, and the few who had not yet broken down, arrive at the Gate of Oppeln late, under cloud of night: "Who goes?" cried the sentry from within. "Prussians! A Prussian Courier!" answer they; and are fired upon through the gratings, and immediately draw back, and vanish unhurt into Night again. "Had those Hussars only let him in!" said Austria afterward; but they had not such luck. It was at this point, according to Valori, that the King burst forth into audible ejaculations of a lamentable nature. There is no getting over, then, even to Brandenburg, and in an insolvent condition. Not open insolvency and bankrupt disgrace; no, ruin, and an Austrian jail, is the one outlook. "*Oh, mon Dieu*, O God, it is too much (*c'en est trop*)!" with other the like snatches of lamentation,[1] which are not inconceivable in a young man, sleepless for the third night in these circumstances, but which Valori knows nothing of ex-

[1] Valori, i., 104.

cept by malicious rumor from the valet class, who have misinformed Valori about several other points.

The King, riding diligently, with or without ejaculations, back toward Löwen, comes at an early hour to the Mill of Hilbersdorf, within a mile-and-half of that place. He alights at the Mill; sends one of his attendants, almost the only one now left, to inquire what is in Löwen. The answer, we know, is, "A squadron of Gens d'Armes there; furthermore, a Prussian Adjutant come to say, Victory at Mollwitz!" Upon which the King mounts again, issues into daylight, and concludes these mythical adventures. That "in Löwen, in the shop at the corner of the Market-place, Widow Panzern, subsequently Wife Somethingelse, made his Majesty a cup of coffee, and served a roast fowl along with it," can not but be welcome news, if true; and that "his Majesty got to Mollwitz again before dark that same day"[1] is liable to no controversy.

In this way was Friedrich snatched by Morgaute into Fairyland, carried by Diana to the top of Pindus (or even by Proserpine to Tartarus, through a bad sixteen hours) till the Battle-whirlwind subsided. Friendly imaginative spirits would, in the antique time, have so construed it; but these moderns were malicious-valetish, not friendly, and wrapped the matter in mere stupid worlds of cobweb, which require burning. Friedrich himself was stone-silent on this matter all his life after, but is understood never quite to have pardoned Schwerin for the ill-luck of giving him such advice.[2]

Friedrich's adventure is not the only one of that kind at Mollwitz; there is another equally indubitable, which will remain obscure, half-mythical to the end of the world. The truth is, that Right Wing of the Prussian Army was fallen chaotic, ruined; and no man, not even one who had seen it, can give account of what went on there. The sage Mauper-

[1] Fuchs, p. 11.

[2] Nicolai, ii., 180–195 (the one true account); Leveaux, i., 194; Valori, i., 104; &c., &c., (the myth in various stages). Most distractedly mythical of all, with the truth clear before it, is the latest version, just come out, in *Was sich die Schlesier vom alten Fritz erzählen* (Brieg, 1860), p. 113–125.

tuis, for example, had climbed some tree or place of impregnability ("tree" Voltaire calls it, though that is hardly probable), hoping to see the Battle there. And he did see it, much too clearly at last! In such a tide of charging and chasing on that Right Wing, and round all the Field in the Prussian rear; in such wide bickering and boiling of Horse-currents, which fling out, round all the Prussian rear quarters, such a spray of Austrian Hussars for one element, Maupertuis, I have no doubt, wishes much he were at home, doing his sines and tangents. An Austrian Hussar-party gets sight of him on his tree or other stand-point (Voltaire says elsewhere he was mounted on an ass, the malicious spirit!)—too certain the Austrian Hussars got sight of him: his purse, gold watch, all he has of movable is given frankly; all will not do. There are frills about the man, fine laces, cloth; a goodish yellow wig on him for one thing: their Slavonic dialect, too fatally intelligible by the pantomime accompanying it, forces sage Maupertuis from his tree or stand-point; the big red face flurried into scarlet, I can fancy, or scarlet and ashy-white mixed; and—Let us draw a veil over it! He is next seen shirtless, the once very haughty, blustery, and now much humiliated man; still conscious of supreme acumen, insight, and pure science; and, though an Austrian prisoner, and a monster of rags, struggling to believe that he is a genius and the Trismegistus of mankind. What a pickle! The sage Maupertuis, as was natural, keeps passionately asking, of gods and men, for an Officer with some tincture of philosophy, or even who could speak French. Such Officer is at last found; humanely advances him money, a shirt, and suit of clothes, but can in no wise dispense with his going to Vienna as prisoner. Thither he went accordingly, still in a mythical condition. Of Voltaire's laughing there is no end; and he changes the myth from time to time, on new rumors coming, and there is no truth to be had from him.[1]

Thus much is certain: at Vienna, Maupertuis, Prisoner on parole, glided about for some time in deep eclipse, till the

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (*Vie Privée*), ii., 33–4; and see his *Letters* for some weeks after the event.

Newspapers began babbling of him. He confessed then that he was Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth; but for the rest, "told rather a blind story about himself," says Robinson; spoke as if he had been of the King's suite, "riding with the King," when that Hussar accident befell; rather a blind story, true story being too sad. The Vienna Sovereignties, in the turn things had taken, were extremely kind; Grand-Duke Franz handsomely pulled out his own watch, hearing what road the Maupertuis one had gone; dismissed the Maupertuis, with that and other gifts, home—to Brittany (not to Prussia), till times calmed for ingrafting the Sciences.[1]

On Wednesday Friedrich writes this Note to his Sister, the first utterance we have from him since those wild roamings about Oppeln and Hilbersdorf Mill:

King to Wilhelmina (at Baireuth, two days after Mollwitz).

"Ohlau, 12th April, 1741.

"My dearest Sister,—I have the satisfaction to inform you that we have yesterday" (day before yesterday; but some of us have only had one sleep!) "totally beaten the Austrians. They have lost more than 5,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. We have lost Prince Friedrich, Brother of Margraf Karl; General Schulenburg, Wartensleben of the Carabineers, and many other Officers. Our troops did miracles, and the result shows as much. It was one of the rudest Battles fought within memory of man.

"I am sure you will take part in this happiness; and that you will not doubt of the tenderness with which I am, my dearest Sister," yours wholly. FÉDÉRIC.[2]

And on the same day there comes from Breslau Jordan's Answer to the late anxious little Note from Pogarell; anxieties now gone, and smoky misery changed into splendor of flame:

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 902; Robinson's Dispatch (Vienna, 22d April, 1741, N. S.); Voltaire, *ubi suprà*.

[2] *Œuvres*, xxvii., i., 101.

Jordan to the King (finds him at Ohlau).

"Breslau, 11th April, 1741.

"Sire,—Yesterday I was in terrible alarms. The sound of the cannon heard, the smoke of powder visible from the steeple-tops here, all led us to suspect that there was a Battle going on. Glorious confirmation of it this morning! Nothing but rejoicing among all the Protestant inhabitants, who had begun to be in apprehension from the rumors which the other party took pleasure in spreading. Persons who were in the Battle can not enough celebrate the coolness and bravery of your Majesty. For myself, I am at the overflowing point. I have run about all day, announcing this glorious news to the Berliners who are here. In my life I have never felt a more perfect satisfaction.

"M. de Camas is here, very ill for the last two days; attack of fever: the Doctor hopes to bring him through," which proved beyond the Doctor: the good Camas died here three days hence (age sixty-three); an excellent German Frenchman, of much sense, dignity, and honesty; familiar to Friedrich from infancy onward, and no doubt regretted by him as deserved. The Widow Camas, a fine old Lady, German by birth, will again come in view. Jordan continues:

"One finds at the corner of every street an orator of the Plebs celebrating the warlike feats of your Majesty's troops. I have often, in my idleness, assisted at these discourses; not artistic eloquence, it must be owned, but spurting rude from the heart." * *

Jordan adds in his next Note: "This morning (14th) I quitted M. de Camas, who, it is thought, can not last the day. I have hardly left him during his illness;" [1] and so let that scene close.

Neipperg, meanwhile, had fallen back on Neisse; taken up a strong encampment in that neighborhood; he lies thereabouts all summer, stretched out, as it were, in a kind of vigilant dog-sleep on the threshold, keeping watch over Neisse, and tries fighting no more at this time, or indeed ever after, to speak of; and always, I think, with disadvantage, when he does try a little. He had been Grand-Duke Franz's Tutor in War-matters; had got into trouble at Belgrad once before,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii., 99.

and was almost hanged by the Turks. George II. had occasionally the benefit of him in coming years. Be not too severe on the poor man, as the Vienna public was: he had some faculty, though not enough. "Governor of Luxemburg" before long: there, for most part, let him peacefully drill, and spend the remainder of his poor life. Friedrich says, neither Neipperg nor himself, at this time, knew the least of War, and that it would be hard to settle which of them made the more blunders in their Silesian tussle.

Friedrich, in about three weeks hence, was fully ready for opening trenches upon Brieg; did open trenches accordingly, by moonlight, in a grand nocturnal manner (as readers shall see anon), and, by vigorous cannonading—Maréchal de Belleisle having come, by this time, to enjoy the fine spectacle—soon got possession of Brieg, and held it thenceforth. Neisse now alone remained, with Neipperg vigilantly stretched upon the threshold of it. But the Maréchal de Belleisle, we say, had come; that was the weighty circumstance; and before Neisse can be thought of, there is a whole Europe bickering aloft into conflict, embattling itself from end to end in sequel of Mollwitz Battle, and such a preliminary sea of negotiating, diplomatic finessing, pulse-feeling, projecting, and palavering, with Friedrich for centre all summer, as—as I wish readers could imagine without my speaking of it farther! But they can not.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BURSTING FORTH OF BEDLAMS: BELLEISLE AND THE BREAKERS OF PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

The Battle of Mollwitz went off like a signal-shot among the Nations, intimating that they were, one and all, to go battling, which they did with a witness, making a terrible thing of it, over all the world, for about seven years to come. Foolish Nations, doomed to settle their jarring accounts in that terrible manner! Nay, the fewest of them had any accounts, ex-

cept imaginary ones, to settle there at all, and they went into the adventure *gratis*, spurred on by spectralities of the sick brain, by phantasms of hope, phantasms of terror, and had, strictly speaking, no actual business in it whatever.

Not that Mollwitz kindled Europe; Europe was already kindled for some two years past, especially since the late Kaiser died, and his Pragmatic Sanction was superadded to the other troubles afoot. But ever since that Image of *Jenkins's Ear* had at last blazed up in the slow English brain like a fiery constellation or Sign in the Heavens, symbolic of such injustices and unendurabilities, and had lighted the Spanish-English War, Europe was slowly but pretty surely taking fire. France "could not see Spain humbled," she said; England (in its own dim feeling, and also in the fact of things) could not do at all without considerably humbling Spain. France, endlessly interested in that Spanish-English matter, was already sending out fleets, firing shots, almost, or altogether, putting forth her hand in it. "In which case, will not, must not Austria help us?" thought England, and was asking, daily, at Vienna (with intense earnestness, but without the least result), through Excellency Robinson there, when the late Kaiser died. Died, poor gentleman, and left his big Austrian Heritages lying, as it were, in the open market-place, elaborately tied by diplomatic pack-thread and Pragmatic Sanction, but not otherwise protected against the assembled cupidities of mankind! Independently of Mollwitz, or of Silesia altogether, it was next to impossible that Europe could long avoid blazing out, especially unless the Spanish-English quarrel got quenched, of which there was no likelihood.

But, if not as cause, then as signal, or as signal and cause together (which it properly was), the Battle of Mollwitz gave the finishing stroke, and set all in motion. This was "the little stone broken loose from the mountain;" this, rather than the late Kaiser's Death, which Friedrich defined in that manner. Or, at least, this was the first *leap* it took, hitting other stones big and little, which again hit others with their leaping and rolling, till the whole mountain-side was in mo-

tion under law of gravity, and you behold one wide stone-torrent thundering toward the valleys, shivering woods, farms, habitations clean away with it, fatal to any Image of composite Clay and Brass which it may meet!

There is, accordingly, from this point, a change in Friedrich's Silesian Adventure, which becomes infinitely more complicated for him, and for those that write of him no less! Friedrich's business henceforth is not to be done by direct fighting, but rather by waiting to see how, and on what side, others will fight; nor can we describe or understand Friedrich's business except as in connection with the immense, obsolete, and indeed delirious Phenomenon called Austrian-Succession War, upon which it is difficult to say any human word. If History, driven upon Dismal Swamp with its horrors and perils, can get across unsunk, she will be lucky!

For, directly on the back of Mollwitz, there ensued, first, an explosion of Diplomatic activity such as was never seen before; Excellencies from the four winds taking wing toward Friedrich, and talking and insinuating, and fencing and fugling, after their sort, in that Silesian Camp of his, the centre being there—a universal rookery of Diplomatists, whose loud cackle and cawing is now as if gone mad to us, their work wholly fallen putrescent and avoidable, dead to all creatures. And, secondly, in the train of that, there ensued a universal European War, the French and the English being chief parties in it, which abounds in battles and feats of arms, spirited but delirious, and can not be got stilled for seven or eight years to come, and in which Friedrich and his War swim only as an intermittent Episode henceforth. What to do with such a War; how extricate the Episode, and leave the War lying? The War was at first a good deal mad, and is now, to men's imagination, fallen wholly so, who indeed have managed mostly to forget it, only the Episode (reduced thereby to an *un*intelligible state) retaining still some claims on them.

It is singular into what oblivion the huge Phenomenon called Austrian-Succession War has fallen, which, within a hundred years ago or little more, filled all mortal hearts!

The English were principals on one side; did themselves fight in it, with their customary fire and their customary guidance ("courageous Wooden Pole with Cocked Hat," as our friend called it), and paid all the expenses, which were extremely considerable, and are felt in men's pockets to this day; but the English have more completely forgotten it than any other People. "Battle of Dettingen, Battle of Fontenoy —what, in the Devil's name, were we ever doing there?" the impatient Englishman asks; and can give no answer except the general one: "Fit of insanity; *Delirium Tremens*, perhaps *Furens;* don't think of it!" Of Philippi and Arbela educated Englishmen can render account; and I am told young gentlemen entering the Army are pointedly required to say who commanded at Aigos-Potamos and wrecked the Peloponnesian War; but of Dettingen and Fontenoy where is the living Englishman that has the least notion, or seeks for any? The Austrian-Succession War did veritably rage for eight years at a terrific rate, deforming the face of Earth and Heaven, the English paying the piper always, and founding their National Debt thereby; but not even that could prove mnemonic to them; and they have dropped the Austrian-Succession War, with one accord, into the general dustbin, and are content it should lie there. They have not, in their language, the least approach to an intelligible account of it: How it went on, whitherward, whence—why it was there at all, are points dark to the English, and on which they do not wish to be informed. They have quitted the matter, as an unintelligible huge English-and-foreign Delirium (which in good part it was); Delirium unintelligible to them; tedious, not to say in parts, as those of the Austrian Subsidies, hideous and disgusting to them; happily now fallen extinct; and capable of being skipped, in one's inquiries into the wonders of this England and this World, which, in fact, is a practical conclusion not so unwise as it looks.

"Wars are not memorable," says Sauerteig, "however big they may have been, whatever rages and miseries they may have occasioned, or however many hundreds of thousands they

may have been the death of, except when they have something of World-History in them withal. If they are found to have been the travail-throes of great or considerable changes, which continue permanent in the world, men of some curiosity can not but inquire into them, keep memory of them ; but if they were travail-throes that had no birth, who of mortals would remember them, unless perhaps the feats of prowess, virtue, valor, and endurance they might accidentally give rise to were very great indeed? Much greater than the most were, which came out in that Austrian-Succession case! Wars otherwise are mere futile transitory dust-whirlwinds stilled in blood ; extensive fits of human insanity, such as we know are too apt to break out—such as it rather beseems a faithful Son of the House of Adam *not* to speak about again, as in houses where the grandfather was hanged the topic of ropes is fitly avoided.

"Never again will that War, with its deliriums, mad outlays of blood, treasure, and of hope and terror, and far-spread human destruction, rise into visual life in any imagination of living man. In vain shall Dryasdust strive : things mad, chaotic, and without ascertainable purpose or result, can not be fixed into human memories. Fix them there by never so many Documentary Histories, elaborate long-eared Pedantries, and cunning threads, the poor human memory has an alchemy against such ill usage—it forgets them again ; grows to know them as a mere torpor, a stupidity and horror, and instinctively flies from Dryasdust and them."

Alive to any considerable degree, in the poor human imagination, this Editor does not expect or even wish the Austrian-Succession War to be. Enough for him if it could be understood sufficiently to render his poor History of Friedrich intelligible ; for it enwraps Friedrich like a world-vortex henceforth ; modifies every step of his existence henceforth ; and, apart from it, there is no understanding of his business or him. "So much as sticks to Friedrich:" that was our original bargain. Assist loyally, O reader, and we will try to make the indispensable a minimum for you.

Who was to blame for the Austrian-Succession War?

The first point to be noted is, Where did it originate? To which the answer mainly is, With that lean Gentleman whom we saw with Papers in the Œil-de-Bœuf on New-year's day

last. With Monseigneur the Maréchal de Belleisle principally —with the ambitious cupidities and baseless vanities of the French Court and Nation, as represented by Belleisle. George II.'s Spanish War, if you will examine, had a real necessity in it. Jenkins's Ear was the ridiculous outside figure this matter had; Jenkins's Ear was one final item of it; but the poor English People, in their wrath and bellowings about that small item, were intrinsically meaning, "Settle the account; let us have that account cleared up and liquidated; it has lain too long!" And seldom were a People more in the right, as readers shall yet see.

The English-Spanish War had a basis to stand on in this Universe. The like had the Prussian-Austrian one; so all men now admit. If Friedrich had not business there, what man ever had in an enterprise he ventured on? Friedrich, after such trial and proof as has seldom been, got his claims on Schlesien allowed by the Destinies—his claims on Schlesien, and on infinitely higher things, which were found to be his and his Nation's, though he had not been consciously thinking of them in making that adventure; for, as my poor Friend insists, there *are* Laws valid in Earth and in Heaven, and the great soul of the world is just. Friedrich had business in this War; and Maria Theresa *versus* Friedrich had likewise cause to appear in court, and do her utmost pleading against him.

But if we ask what Belleisle, or France and Louis XV. had to do there? the answer is rigorously, Nothing. Their own windy vanities, ambitions, sanctioned not by fact and the Almighty Powers, but by phantasm and the babble of Versailles; transcendent self-conceit, intrinsically insane; pretensions over their fellow-creatures which were without basis any where in Nature except in the French brain alone: it was this that brought Belleisle and France into a German War. And Belleisle and France having gone into an Anti-Pragmatic War, the unlucky George and his England were dragged into a Pragmatic one—quitting their own business on the Spanish Main, and hurrying to Germany—in terror as at Doomsday, and zeal to save the Keystone of Nature there. That is the nota-

ble point in regard to this War: That France is to be called the author of it, who, alone of all the parties, had no business there whatever. And the wages due to France for such a piece of industry—the reader will yet see what wages France and the other parties got at the tail of the affair; for that, too, is apparent in our day.

We have often said the Spanish-English War was itself likely to have kindled Europe, and again Friedrich's Silesian War was itself likely, France being nearly sure to interfere. But if both these Wars were necessary ones, and if France interfered in either of them on the wrong side, the blame will be to France, not to the necessary Wars. France could in no way have interfered in a more barefacedly unjust and gratuitous manner than she now did, nor, on any terms, have so palpably made herself the author of the conflagration of deliriums that ensued for above Seven years henceforth—nay, for above Twenty years, the settlement of this Silesian Pragmatic-Antipragmatic matter (and of Jenkins's Ear incidentally, *along* with this!) not having fairly completed itself till 1763.

How Belleisle made Visit to Teutschland, and there was no fit Henry the Fowler to welcome him.

It is very wrong to keep Enchanted Wiggeries sitting in this world as if they were things still alive! By a species of "conservatism," which gets praised in our Time, but which is only a slothful cowardice, base indifference to truth, and hatred to trouble in comparison with lies that sit quiet, men now extensively practice this method of procedure, little dreaming how bad and fatal it at all times is. When the brains are out, things really ought to die; no matter what lovely things they were, and still affect to be, the brains being out, they actually ought in all cases to die, and with their best speed get buried. Men had noses at one time, and smelt the horror of a deceased reality fallen putrid, of a once dear verity become mendacious, phantasmal; but they have, to an immense degree, lost that organ since, and are now living comfortably cheek-by-jowl with lies—lies of that sad "conservative" kind, and, indeed, of all kinds whatsoever; for that

kind is a general mother, and *breeds* with a fecundity that is appalling, did you heed it much !

It was pity that the "Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch by Nation," had not got itself buried some ages before. Once it had brains and life, but now they were out. Under the sway of Barbarossa, under our old Anti-chaotic friend Henry the Fowler, how different had it been ! No field for a Belleisle to come and sow tares ; no rotten thatch for a French Sun-god to go sailing about in the middle of, and set fire to! Henry, when the Hungarian Pan-Slavonic Savagery came upon him, had got ready in the interim, and a mangy dog was the "tribute" he gave them, followed by the due extent of broken crowns, since they would not be content with that. That was the due of Belleisle too, had there been a Henry to meet him with it on his crossing the marches, in Trier Country, in Spring 1741 : "There, you anarchic Upholstery-Belus, fancying yourself God of the Sun, there is what Teutschland owes you. Go home with that, and mind your own business, which I am told is plentiful, if you had eye for it ! "

But the sad truth is, for above Four Centuries now—and especially for Three, since little Kaiser Karl IV. "gave away all the moneys of it" in his pressing occasions—this Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch by Nation, has been more and ever more becoming an imaginary quantity, the Kaisership of it not capable of being worn by any body except a Hapsburger who had resources otherwise his own. The fact is palpable. And Austria, an Anti-Reformation Entity, "conservative" in that bad sense of slothfully abhorring trouble in comparison with lies, had not found the poison more malodorous in this particular than in many others, and had cherished its "Holy Romish Reich" grown *un*holy, phantasmal, like so much else in Austrian things, and had held firm grip of it these Three Hundred years, and found it a futhersome and suitable thing, though sensible it was more and more becoming an Enchanted Wiggery pure and simple. Nor have the consequences failed ; they never do. Belleisle, Louis XIV., Henri II., François I.—it is long since the French have known this state of matters, and been in the habit of breaking in upon

it, fomenting internal discontents, getting up unjust Wars, with or without advantage to France, but with endless disadvantage to Germany. Schmalkaldic War; Thirty-Years War; Louis XIV.'s Wars, which brought Alsace and the other fine cuttings; late Polish-Election War, and its Lorraine; Austrian-Succession War—many are the wars kindled on poor Teutschland by neighbor France, and large is the sum of woes to Europe and to it chargeable to that score, which appears even yet not to be completed? Perhaps not, even yet. For it is the penalty of being loyal to Enchanted Wiggeries; of living cheek-by-jowl with lies of a peaceable quality, and stuffing your nostrils and searing your soul against the accursed odor they all have! For I can assure you, the curse of Heaven does dwell in one and all of them, and the son of Adam can not too soon get quit of their bad partnership, cost him what it may.

Belleisle's Journey as Sun-god began in March—"end of March, 1741;" no date of a day to be had for that memorable thing—and he went gyrating about through the German Courts for almost a year afterward, his course rather erratic, but always in a splendor, as of Belus, with those Hundred-and-thirty French Lords and Valets, and the glory of Most Christian King irradiating him. Very diligent for the first six months, till September or October next, which we may call his *seed-time*, and by no means resting after nine or twelve months, while the harrowing and hoeing went on. In January, 1742, he had the great satisfaction to see a Bavarian Kaiser got instead of an Austrian, and every where the fruit of his diligent husbandry begin to *beard* fairly above ground into a crop of facts (like armed men from dragon's teeth), and "the pleasure of the"—*whom* was it the pleasure of!—"prosper in his hands." Belleisle was a pretty man, but I doubt it was not "the Lord" he was doing the pleasure of on this occasion, but a very Different Personage, disguised to resemble him in poor Belleisle's eyes!

Austria was not dangerous to France in late times, and now least of all; how far from it, humbled by the loss of Lorraine;

and now, as it were bankrupt, itself in danger from all the world. And France, so far as express Treaties could bind a Nation, was bound to maintain Austria in its present possessions. The bitter loss of Lorraine had been sweetened to the late Kaiser by that solitary drop of consolation, as his Failure of a Life had been, poor man: "Failure the most of me has been; but I have got Pragmatic Sanction, thanks to Heaven, and even France has signed it!" Loss of Lorraine, loss of Elsass, loss of the Three Bishoprics; since Karl V.'s times, not to speak of earlier, there has been mere loss on loss; and now is the time to consummate it, think Belleisle and France, in spite of Treaties.

Toward humbling or extinguishing Austria, Belleisle has two preliminary things to do: *First*, Break the Pragmatic Sanction, and get every body to break it; *second*, guide the *Kaiserwahl* (Election of a Kaiser), so that it issue, not in Grand-Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, as all expect it will, but in another party friendly to France—say in Karl Albert of Bavaria, whose Family have long been good clients of ours, dependent on us for a living in the Political World. Belleisle, there is little doubt, had from the first cast his eye on this unlucky Karl Albert for Kaiser, but is uncertain as to carrying him. Belleisle will take another, if he must—Kur-Sachsen, for example; any other, and all others, only not the Grand-Duke: that is a point already fixed with Belleisle, though he keeps it well in the background, and is careful not to hint it till the time come.

In regard to Pragmatic Sanction, Belleisle and France found no difficulty, or the difficulty only (which we hope must have been considerable) of eating their own Covenant in behalf of Pragmatic Sanction, and declaring, which they did without visible blush, That it was a Covenant including, if not expressly, then tacitly, as all human covenants do, this clause: "*Salvo jure tertii* (Saving the rights of Third Parties)" —that is, of Electors of Bavaria, and others who may object against it! O soul of honor, O first Nation of the Universe, was there ever such a subterfuge? Here is a field of flowering corn, the biggest in the world, begirt with elaborate ring-

fence, many miles of firm oak-paling pitched and buttressed; the poor gentleman now dead gave you his Lorraine, and almost his life, for swearing to keep up said paling. And you do keep it up, all except six yards, through which the biggest team on the highway can drive freely, and the paltriest cadger's ass can step in for a bellyful!

It appears the first Nation of the Universe had, at an early period of their consultations, hit upon this of *Salvo jure tertii* as the method of eating their Covenant before an enlightened public,[1] and they persisted in it, there being no other for them. An enlightened public grinned sardonically, and was not taken in; but, as so many others were eating their Covenants, under equally poor subterfuges, the enlightened public could not grin long on any individual—could only gape mutely, with astonishment, on all. A glorious example of veracity and human nobleness, set by the gods of this lower world to their gazing populations, who could read in the Gazettes! What is truth, falsity, human Kingship, human Swindlership? Are the Ten Commandments only a figure of speech, then? And it was some beggarly Attorney-*Devil* that built this sublunary world and us? Questions might rise—had long been rising; but now there was about enough, and the *response* to them was falling due; and Belleisle himself, what is very notable, had been appointed to get ready the response. Belleisle (little as Belleisle dreamt of it, in these high Enterprises) was ushering in, by way of response, a *Ragnarök*, or Twilight of the Gods, which, as "French Revolution, or Apotheosis of *Sansculottism*," is now well known, and that is something to consider of!

Downbreak of Pragmatic Sanction; Manner of the chief Artists in handling their Covenants.

The operation once accomplished on its own Pragmatic Covenant, France found no difficulty with the others. Every

[1] 20th January, 1741, in their Note of Ceremony, recognizing Maria Theresa as Queen of Hungary, Note which had been due so very long (*Adelung*, ii., 206), there is ominous silence on Pragmatic Sanction; "beginning of March," there is virtual avowal of *Salvo jure* (ib., 279); open avowal on Belleisle's advent (ib., 305).

body was disposed to eat his Covenant, who could see advantage in so doing, after that admirable example. The difficulty of France and Belleisle rather was to keep the hungry parties back: "Don't eat your Covenant *till* the proper time; patience, we say!" A most sad Miscellany of Royalties coming all to the point, "Will you eat your Covenant, Will you keep it?" and eating, nearly all; in fact, wholly all that needed to eat.

On the first invasion of Silesia, Maria Theresa had indignantly complained in every Court, and, pointing to Pragmatic Sanction, had demanded that such Law of Nature be complied with according to Covenant. What Maria Theresa got by this circuit of the Courts every body still knows. Except England, which was willing, and Holland, which was unwilling, all Courts had answered, more or less uneasily, "Law of Nature—humph! yes!" and, far from doing any thing, not one of them would with certainty promise to do any thing. From England alone and her little King (to whom Pragmatic Sanction is the Palladium of Human Freedoms and the Keystone of Nature) could she get the least help. The rest hung back; would not open heart or packet; waited till they saw. They do now see, now that Belleisle has done his feat of Covenant-eating!

Eleven great Powers, some count Thirteen, some Twelve[1]—but no two agree, and hardly one agrees with himself—enough, the Powers of Europe, from Naples and Madrid to Russia and Sweden, have all signed it, let us say a Dozen or a Baker's-Dozen of them; and except our little English Paladin alone, whose interest, and indeed salvation, seemed to him to lie that way, and who needed no Pragmatic Covenant to guide him, nobody whatever distinguished himself by keeping it. Between December, 1740, when Maria Theresa set up her cries in all Courts, on to April, 1741, England, painfully dragging Holland with her, had alone of the Baker's-Dozen spoken word of disapproval, much less done act of hinderance. Two especially (France and Bavaria, not to mention Spain) had done the reverse, and disowned, and declared against Prag-

[1] Schöll, ii., 286; Adelung, *list*, ii., 127.

matic Sanction. And after the Battle of Mollwitz, when the "little stone" took its first leap, and set all thundering, then came, like the inrush of a fashion, throughout that high Miscellany or Baker's-Dozen, the general eating of Covenants (which was again quickened in August, for a reason we shall see), and before November of that Year there was no Covenant left to eat. Of the Baker's-Dozen nobody remained but little George the Paladin, dragging Holland painfully along with him; and Pragmatic Sanction had gone to water, like ice in a June day, and its beautiful crystalline qualities and prismatic colors were forever vanished from the world. Will the reader note a point or two, a personage or two, in this sordid process, not for the process's sake, which is very sordid and smells badly, but for his own sake, to elucidate his own course a little in the intricacies now coming or come upon him and me?

1°. *Elector of Bavaria.*—Karl Albert of Baiern is by some counted as a Signer of the Pragmatic Sanction, and by others not, which occasions that discrepancy of sum-total in the Books. And he did once, in a sense, sign it, he and his Brother of Köln; but, before the late Kaiser's death, he had openly drawn back from it again, and counted himself a Non-signer. Signer or not, he, for his part, lost no moment (but rather the contrary) in openly protesting against it and signifying that he never would acknowledge it. Of this the reader saw something at the time of her Hungarian Majesty's Accession. Date and circumstances of it, which deserve remembering, are more precisely these: October 20th, 1740, Karl Albert's Embassador, Perusa by name, wrote to Karl from Vienna announcing that the Kaiser was just dead. From München, on the 21st, Karl Albert, anticipating such an event, but not yet knowing it, orders Perusa, in *case* of the Kaiser's decease, which was considered probable at München, to demand instant audience of the proper party (Kanzler Sinzendorf), and there openly lodge his Protest, which Perusa did, punctually in all points—no moment *lost*, but rather the contrary, as we said! Let poor Karl Albert have what benefit there is in that fact. He was, of all the Anti-Pragmatic Covenant-Breakers (if he

ever fairly were such), the only one that proceeded honorably, openly and at once, in the matter, and he was, of them all, by far the most unfortunate.

This is the poor gentleman whom Belleisle had settled on for being Kaiser ; and Kaiser he became, to his frightful sorrow as it proved, his crown like a crown of burning iron, or little better ! There is little of him in the Books, nor does one desire much ; a tall, aquiline type of man ; much the gentleman in aspect ; and, in reality, of decorous serious deportment, and the wish to be high and dignified. He had a kind of right, too, in the Anti-Pragmatic sense, and was come of Imperial kindred—Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian, and Kaiser Rupert of the Pfalz, called Rupert *Klemm*, or Rupert Smith's-vice, if any reader now remembered him, were both of his ancestors. He might fairly pretend to Kaisership and to Austrian ownership, had he otherwise been equal to such enterprises. But, in all ambitions and attempts, howsoever grounded otherwise, there is this strict question on the threshold : " Are you of weight for the adventure ; are not you far too light for it ? " Ambitious persons often slur this question, and get squelched to pieces by bringing the Twelve Labors of Hercules on Unherculean backs ! Not every one is so lucky as our Friedrich in that particular, whose back, though with difficulty, held out, which poor Karl Albert's never had much likelihood to do. Few mortals in any age have offered such an example of the tragedies which Ambition has in store for her votaries, and what a matter Hope *Fulfilled* may be to the unreflecting Son of Adam.

We said he had a kind of right to Austria withal. He descended by the female line from Kaiser Ferdinand I. (as did Kur-Sachsen, though by a younger Daughter than Karl Albert's Ancestress), and he appealed to Kaiser Ferdinand's Settlement of the Succession as a higher than any subsequent Pragmatic could be, upon which there hangs an incident, still famous to German readers. Karl Albert, getting into Public Argument in this way, naturally instructed Perusa to demand sight of Kaiser Ferdinand's Last Will, the tenor of which was known by authentic Copy in München, if not elsewhere among the

kindred. After some delay, Perusa (4th November, 1740), summoning the other Excellencies to witness, got sight of the Will: to his horror, there stood; in the cardinal passage, instead of "*männliche*" (male descendants), "*eheliche*" (lawfully-begotten descendants)—fatal to Karl Albert's claim! Nor could he *prove* that the Parchment had been scraped or altered, though he kept trying and examining for some days. He withdrew thereupon, by order, straightway from Vienna, testifying in dumb show what he thought. "It is your Copy that is false," cried the Vienna people: "it has been foisted on you, with this wrong word in it; done by somebody (your friend, the Excellency Herr von Hartmann, shall we guess?) wishing to curry favor with ambitious foolish persons!" Such was the Austrian story. Perhaps in München itself their Copyist was not known; for aught I learn, the Copy was made long since, and the Copyist dead. Hartmann, named as Copyist by the Vienna people, made emphatic public answer, "Never did I Copy it or see it!" And there rose great argument, which is not yet quite ended, as to the question, "Original falsified, or Copy falsified?" and the modern vote, I believe, rather clearly is, That the Austrian Officials had done it—in a case of necessity.[1] Possible? "But you will lose your soul!" said the Parson once to a poor old Gentlewoman, English by Nation, who refused, in dying, to contradict some domestic fiction, to give up some domestic secret: "but you will lose your soul, Madam!" "Tush, what signifies my poor silly soul compared with the honor of the family?"

2°. *King Friedrich.*—King Friedrich may be taken as the Anti-Pragmatic next in order of time. He, too, lost not a moment, and proceeded openly; no quirking to be charged upon him. His account of himself in this matter always was, "By the Treaty of Wusterhausen, 1726, unquestionably Prus-

[1] Adelung, ii., 150–154 (14th–20th November, 1740), gives the public facts, without commentary. Hormayr (*Anemonen aus dem Tagebuch eines alten Pilgersmannes*, Jena, 1845, i., 162–169—our old Hormayr of the *Austrian Plutarch*, but now Anonymous, and in opposition humor) considers the case nearly proved against Austria, and that Bartenstein and one Bessel, a pillar of the Church, were concerned in it.

sia undertook to guarantee Pragmatic Sanction; the late Kaiser undertaking in return, by the same Treaty, to secure Berg and Jülich to Prussia, and to have some progress made in it within six months from signing. And, unquestionably also, the late Kaiser did thereupon, or even had already done, precisely the reverse, namely, secured, so far as in him was possible, Berg and Jülich to Kur-Pfalz. Such Treaty, having in this way done suicide, is dead and become zero, and I am free, in respect of Pragmatic Sanction, to do whatever shall seem good to me. My wish was, and would still be, To maintain Pragmatic Sanction, and even to support it by 100,000 men, and secure the Election of the Grand-Duke to the Kaisership, were my claims on Silesia once liquidated. But these have no concern with Pragmatic Sanction for or against; these are good against whoever may fall Heir to the House of Austria, or to Silesia; and my intention is, that the strong hand, so long clenched upon my rights, shall open itself by this favorable opportunity, and give them out." That is Friedrich's case. And, in truth, the jury every where has to find—so soon as instructed, which is a long process in some sections of it (in England, for example)—That Pragmatic Sanction has not, except helpless lamentations—"Alas! that *you* should be here to insist upon your rights, and to open fists long closed"—the least word to say to Friedrich.

3°. *Termagant of Spain.*—Perhaps the most distracted of the Anti-Pragmatic subterfuges was that used by Spain, when the She-dragon or Termagant saw good to eat her Covenant, which was at a very early stage. The Termagant's poor Husband is a Bourbon, not a Hapsburg at all: "But has not he fallen heir to the Spanish Hapsburgs; become all one as they, an *alter-ego* of the Spanish Hapsburgs?" asks she. "And the Austrian Hapsburgs being out, do not the Spanish Hapsburgs come in? He, I say, this *Bourbon*-Hapsburg, he is the real Hapsburg, now that the Austrian Branch is gone; President he of the Golden Fleece" (which a certain "Archduchess," Maria Theresa, has been meddling with); "Proprietor, he, of Austrian Italy, and of all or most things Austrian!" and produces Documentary Covenants of Philip II. with his Austrian

Cousins, "to which Philip," said the Termagant, "we Bourbons surely, if you consider it, are Heir and Alter-Ego!" Is not this a curious case of testamentary right, human greed obliterating personal identity itself?

Belleisle had a great deal of difficulty keeping the Termagant back till things were ripe. Her hope practically was, Baby Carlos being prosperous King of Naples this long while, to get the Milanese for another Baby she has—Baby Philip, whom she once thought of making Pope; and she is eager beyond measure to have a stroke at the Milanese. "Wait!" hoarsely whispers Belleisle to her; and she can scarcely wait. Maria Theresa's Note of Announcement, "New Queen of Hungary, may it please you!" the French, as we saw, were very long in answering. The Termagant did not answer it at all; complained, on the contrary, "What is this, Madam! Golden Fleece, you?" and, early in March, informed mankind that she was Spanish Hapsburg, the genuine article, and sent off Excellency Montijos, a little man of great expense, to assist at the Election of a proper Kaiser, and be useful to Belleisle in the great things now ahead.[1]

4°. *King of Poland.*—The most ticklish card in Belleisle's game, and probably the greatest fool of these Anti-Pragmatic Dozen, was Kur-Sachsen, King of Poland. He, like Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, derives from Kaiser Ferdinand, though by a *younger* Daughter, and has a like claim on the Austrian Succession; claim nullified, however, by that small circumstance itself, but which he would fain mend by one makeshift or another, and thinks always it must surely be good for something. This is August II., this King of Poland, as readers know, son of August the Strong: Papa made him change to the Catholic religion so-called, for the sake of getting Poland, which proves a very poor possession to him. Who knows what damage the poor creature may have got by that sad operation, which all Saxony sighed to the heart on hearing of; for it was always

[1] Spain's Golden-Fleece pretensions, 17th January, 1741 (Adelung, ii., 233, 234); "Publishes at Paris," in March (ib., 293); and on the 23d March, accredits Montijos (ib., 293): Italian War, held back by Belleisle and the English Fleets, can not get begun till October following.

hoped he had some real religion, and would deliver them from that Babylonish Captivity again! He married Kaiser Joseph I.'s Daughter—Maria Theresa's Cousin, and by an Elder Brother; this, too, ought surely to be something in the Anti-Pragmatic line? It is true, Kur-Baiern has to Wife another Daughter of Kaiser Joseph's, but she is the younger: "I am senior *there*, at least!" thinks the foolish man.

Too true, he had finally, in past years, to sign Pragmatic Sanction; no help for it, no hope without it, in that Polish-Election time. He will have to eat his Covenant, therefore, as the first step in Anti-Pragmatism, and he is extremely in doubt as to the How, sometimes as to the Whether, and shifts and whirls, accordingly, at a great rate in these months and years, now on Maria Theresa's side, deluded by shadows from Vienna, and getting into Russian Partition-Treaties, anon tickled by Belleisle into the reverse posture, then again reversing—an idle, easy-tempered, yet greedy creature, who, what with religious apostasy in early manhood, what with flaccid ambitions since, and idle gapings after shadows, has lost helm in this world, and will make a very bad voyage for self and country.

His Palinurus and chief Counselor, at present and afterward, is a Count von Brühl, once Page to August the Strong, now risen to such height—Brühl of the Three-hundred and Sixty-five suits of clothes, whom it has grown wearisome even to laugh at—a cunning little wretch, they say, and of deft tongue, but surely among the unwisest of all the Sons of Adam in that day, and such a Palinurus as seldom steered before. Kur-Sachsen, being Reichs-Vicar in the Northern Parts—(Kur-Baiern and Kur-Pfalz, as friends and good Wittelsbacher Cousins surely ought, in a crisis like this, have agreed to be *Joint*-Vicars in the Southern Parts, and no longer quarrel upon it)—Kur-Sachsen has a good deal to do in the Election preludings, formalities, and pre-arrangements, and is capable, as Kur-Pfalz and Cousin always are, of serving as chisel to Belleisle's mallet in such points, which will plentifully turn up.

5°. *King of Sardinia.*—Reichs-Vicar in the Italian Parts is

Charles Amadeus, King of Sardinia (tough old Victor's Son, whom we have heard of), an office mostly honorary, suitable to the important individual who keeps the Door of the Alps. Charles Amadeus had signed the Pragmatic Sanction, but eats his Covenant, like the others, on example of France, having, as he now bethinks himself, claims on the Milanese. There are two claimants on the Milanese, then; the Spanish Termagant, and he? Yes; and they will have their difficulties, their extensive tusslings in Italian War and otherwise, to make an adjustment of it, and will give Belleisle (at least the Doorkeeper will) an immensity of trouble in years coming.

In this way do the Pragmatic people eat their own Covenant one after the other, and are not ashamed, till all have eaten, or as good as eaten, and, almost within year and day, Pragmatic Sanction is a vanished quantity, and poor Kaiser Karl's life-labor is not worth the sheepskin and stationery it cost him. History reports in sum, That "nobody kept the Pragmatic Sanction; that the few" (strictly speaking, the one) "who acted by it would have done precisely the same though there had never been such a Document in existence. To George II., it is, was and will be, the Key-stone of Nature, the true Anti-French palladium of mankind; and he, dragging the unwilling Dutch after him, will do great things for it; but nobody else does any thing at all. Might we hope to bid adieu to it, in this manner, and never to mention it again!

Document more futile there had not been in Nature, nor will be. Friedrich had not yet fought at Mollwitz in assertion of his Silesian claim, when the poor Pope—poor soul! who had no Covenant to eat, but took pattern by others—claimed in solemn Allocution, Parma and Piacenza for the Holy See.[1] All the world is exclaiming. Of the Court of Würtemberg and its Protestings, and "extensive Deduction" about nothing at all, we do not speak;[2] nor of Montmorency claiming Luxemburg, of which he is Titular "Duke;" nor of Monsignore di Guastalla claiming Mantua; nor of—In brief, the fences are now down; a broad French gap in those miles of

[1] Adelung, ii., 376 (5th April, 1741). [2] Ibid., 195, 403.

elaborate paling, which are good only as firewood henceforth, and any ass may rush in and claim a bellyful. Great are the works of Belleisle!

Concerning the Imperial Election (Kaiserwahl) *that is to be; Candidates for Kaisership.*

At equal step with the ruining of Pragmatic Sanction goes on that spoiling of Grand-Duke Franz's Election to the Kaisership: these two operations run parallel, or, rather, under different forms, they are one and the same operation. "To assist, as a Most Christian neighbor ought, in picking out the fit Kaiser," was Belleisle's ostensible mission; and, indeed, this does include virtually his whole errand. Till three months after Belleisle's appearance in the business, Grand-Duke Franz never doubted but he should be Kaiser; Friedrich's offers to help him in it he had scorned as the offer of a fifth wheel to his chariot, already rushing on with four. "Here is Kur-Böhmen, Austria's own vote," counts the Grand-Duke; "Kur-Sachsen, doing Prussian-Partition Treaties for us; Kur-Trier, our fat little Schönborn, Austrian to the bone; Kur-Mainz, important chairman, regulator of the Conclave—here are Four Electors for us; then also Kur-Pfalz, he surely, in return for the Berg-Jülich service; finally, and liable to no question, Kur-Hanover, little George of England, with his endless guineas and resources, a little Jack-the-Giant-killer, greater than all Giants, Paladin of the Pragmatic and us—here are Six Electors of the Nine. Let Brandenburg and the Bavarian Couple, Kur-Baiern and Kur-Köln, do their pleasure!" This was Grand-Duke Franz's calculation.

By the time Belleisle had been three months in Germany the Grand-Duke's notion had changed, and he began "applying to the Sea-Powers," "to Russia," and all round. In Belleisle's sixth month, the Grand-Duke, after such demolition of Pragmatic, and such disasters and contradictions as had been, saw his case to be desperate; though he still stuck to it, Austrian-like—or, rather, Austria for him stuck to it, the Grand-Duke being careless of such things—and, indeed, privately, never did give in, even *after* the Election, as we shall have to note.

The Reich itself being mainly a Phantasm or Enchanted Wiggery, its Kaiser-Choosing (*Kaiserwahl*) — now getting under way at Frankfurt, with preliminary outskirts at Regensburg and in the Chancery of Mainz—is very phantasmal, not to say ghastly, and forbidding, not inviting, to the human eye. Nine Kurfürsts, Choosers of Teutschland's real Captain, in none of whom is there much thought for Teutschland or its interests, and, indeed, in hardly more than One of whom (Prussian Friedrich, if readers will know it) is there the least thought that way, but in general, much indifference to things divine or diabolic, and thought for one's own paltry profits and losses only! So it has long been, and so it now is more than usual. Consider again, are Enchanted Wiggeries a beautiful thing in this extremely earnest World.

The Kaiserwahl is an affair depending much on processions, proclamations, on delusions optical, acoustic; on palaverings, manœuvrings, holdings back, then hasty pushings forward; and, indeed, is mainly, in more senses than one, under guidance of the Prince of the Power of the Air. Unbeautiful, like a World-Parliament of Nightmares (if the reader could conceive such a thing); huge formless, tongueless monsters of that species, doing their "three readings" under Presidency or chief-pipership as above! Belleisle, for his part, is consummately skillful, and manages as only himself could; keeps his game well hidden, not a hint or whisper of it except in studied proportions; spreads out his lines, his bird-lime; tickles, entices, astonishes; goes his rounds, like a subtle Fowler, taking captive the minds of men; a Phœbus-Apollo, god of melody and of the sun, filling his net with birds.

I believe old Kur-Pfalz, for the sake of French neighborhood, and Berg-and-Jülich, were there nothing more, was very helpful to him: in March past, when the Election was to have been, when it would have gone at once in favor of the Grand-Duke, Kur-Pfalz got the Election "postponed a little." Postponing, procrastinating; then again pushing violently on when things are ripe—Belleisle has only to give signal to a fit Kur-Pfalz. In all Kurfürst Courts, the French Embassa-

dors sing diligently to the tune Belleisle sets them ; and Courts give ear, or will do, when the charmer himself arrives.

Kur-Sachsen, as above hinted, was his most delicate operation in the charming or trout-tickling way ; and Kur-Sachsen —and poor Saxony ever since—knows if he did not do it well! "Deduct this Kur-Sachsen from the Austrian side," calculates Belleisle ; "add him to ours, it is almost an equality of votes. Kur-Baiern our own Imperial Candidate ; Kur-Köln, his Brother ; Kur-Pfalz, by genealogy his Cousin (not to mention Berg-Jülich matters)—here are three Wittelsbachers knit together—three sure votes ; King Friedrich, Kur-Brandenburg, there is a fourth ; and if Kur-Sachsen would join?" But who knows if Kur Sachsen will! The poor soul has himself thoughts of being Kaiser ; then no thoughts, and again some ; thoughts which Belleisle knows how to handle. "Yes, Kaiser you, your Majesty ; excellent!" And sets to consider the methods : "Hm, ha—hm! Think, your Majesty : ought not that Bohemian vote to be excluded, for one thing? Kur-Böhmen is fallen into the distaff, Maria Theresa herself can not vote. Surely question will rise whether distaff can validly hand it over to distaff's husband, as they are about doing? Whether, in fact, Kur Böhmen is not in abeyance for this time?" "So!" answered Kur-Sachsen, Reichs-Vicarius. And thereupon meetings were summoned ; Nightmare Committees sat on this matter under the Reichs-Vicar, slowly hatching it ; and at length brought out, "Kur-Böhmen *not* transferable by the distaff ; Kur-Böhmen in abeyance for this time," greatly to the joy of Belleisle, infinitely to the chagrin of her Hungarian Majesty, who declared it a crying injustice (though I believe legally done in every point), and by-and-by even made it a plea of Nullity, destructive to the Election altogether, when her Hungarian Majesty's affairs looked up again, and the world would listen to Austrian sophistries and obstinacies. This was an essential service from Kur-Sachsen.[1]

After which Kur-Sachsen's own poor Kaisership died away

[1] Began, indistinctly, "in March" (1741) ; languid "for some months" (Adelung, ii., 292) ; "November 4th," was settled in the negative, "Kur-Böhmen not to have a vote" (*Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 47, n.).

into "Hm, ha, hm!" again, with a grateful Belleisle, who nevertheless dexterously retained Kur-Sachsen as ally, tickling the poor wretch with other baits. Of the Kaiser he had really meant all along there was dead silence except between the parties; no whisper heard for six months after it had been agreed upon; none for two or near three months after formal settlement, and signing and sealing. Karl Albert's Treaty with Belleisle was 18th May, 1741, and he did not declare himself a Candidate till 1st-4th July following.[1] Belleisle understands the Nightmare Parliaments, the electioneering art, and how to deal with Enchanted Wiggeries. More perfect master in that sad art has not turned up on record to one's afflicted mind. Such a Sun-god, and doing such a Scavengerism! Belleisle, in the sixth month (end of August, 1741), feels sure of a majority. How Belleisle managed after that to checkmate George of England, and make even George vote for him, and the Kaiserwahl to be unanimous against Grand-Duke Franz, will be seen. Great are Belleisle's doing in this world, if they were useful either to God or man, or to Belleisle himself first of all!

Teutschland to be carved into something of Symmetry, should the Belleisle Enterprises succeed.

Belleisle's schemes, in the rear of all this labor, are grandiose to a degree. Men wonder at the First Napoleon's mad notions in that kind; but no Napoleon in the fire of the revolutionary element; no Sham-Napoleon in the ashes of it; hardly a Parisian Journalist of imaginative turn, speculating on the First Nation of the Universe and what its place is, could go higher than did this grandiose Belleisle; a man with clear thoughts in his head, under a torpid Louis XV. Let me see, thinks Belleisle. Germany, with our Bavarian for Kaiser—Germany to be cut into, say, Four little Kingdoms: 1°. Bavaria with the lean Kaiserhood; 2°. Saxony, fattened by its share of Austria; 3°. Prussia the like; 4°. Austria itself, shorn down as above, and shoved out to the remote Hungarian parts: *voilà*. These, not reckoning Hanover, which

[1] Adelung, ii, 357, 421.

perhaps we can not get just yet, are Four pretty Sovereign ties ; Three, or Two of those hirable by gold, it is to be hoped. And will not France have a glorious time of it, playing master of the revels there, egging one against the other! Yes Germany is then, what Nature designed it, a Province of France : little George of Hanover himself, and who knows but England after him, may one day find their fate inevitable, like the others. O Louis, O my King, is not this an outlook? Louis le Grand was great, but you are likely to be Louis the Grandest ; and here is a World shaped, at last, after the real pattern!

Such are, in sad truth, Belleisle's schemes ; not yet entirely hatched into daylight or articulation, but becoming articulate, to himself and others, more and more. Reader, keep them well in mind ; I had rather not speak of them again. They are essential to our Story, but they are afflictively vain, contrary to the Laws of Fact, and can, now or henceforth, in no wise be. My friend, it was not Beelzebub, nor Mephistopheles, nor Autolycus-Apollo that built this world and us ; it was Another ; and you will get your crown well rapped, M. le Maréchal, for so forgetting that fact! France is an extremely pretty creature, but this of making France the supreme Governor and God's-Vicegerent of Nations is, was, and remains one of the maddest notions. France at its ideal *best*, and with a demigod for King over it, were by no means fit for such function ; nay, of many Nations, is eminently the unfittest for it ; and France at its *worst* or nearly so, with a Louis XV. over it by way of demigod—O Belleisle, what kind of France is this, shining in your grandiose imagination in such contrast to the stingy fact, like a creature consisting of two enormous wings, five hundred yards in potential extent, and no body bigger than that of a common Cock, weighing three pounds avoirdupois. Cock with his own gizzard much out of sorts, too!

It was "early in March"[1] when Belleisle, the Artificial Sungod, quitted Paris on this errand. He came by the Moselle

[1] Adelung, ii., 305.

road ; called on the Rhine Kurfürsts, Köln, Trier, Mainz, dazzling them, so far as possible, with his splendor for the mind and for the eye. He proceeded next to Dresden, which is a main card, and where there is immense manipulation needed, and the most delicate trout-tickling ; this being a skittish fish, and an important, though a foolish. Belleisle was at Dresden when the Battle of Mollwitz fell out ; what a windfall into Belleisle's game ! He ran across to Friedrich at Mollwitz to congratulate, to consult, as we shall see anon.

Belleisle, I am informed, in this preliminary Tour of his, speaks only, or hints only (except in the proper quarters) of Election Business ; of the need there perhaps is, on the part of an Age growing in liberal ideas, to exclude the Austrian Grand-Duke ; to curb that ponderous, harsh, ungenerous House of Austria, too long lording it over generous Germany, and to set up some better House—Bavaria, for example ; Saxony, for example ? Of his plans in the rear of this he is silent ; speaks only by hints, by innuendoes, to the proper parties. But ripening or ripe, plans do lie to rear ; far-stretching, high-soaring ; in part, dark even at Versailles ; darkly fermenting, not yet developed, in Belleisle's own head ; only the Future Kaiser a luminous fixed point, shooting beams across the grandiose Creation-Process going on there.

By the end of August, 1741, Belleisle had become certain of his game ; 24th January, 1742, he saw himself as if winner. Before August he had got his Electors manipulated, tickled to his purpose, by the witchery of a Phœbus-Autolycus or Diplomatic Sun-god ; majority secured for a Bavarian Kaiser, and against an Austrian one. And in the course of that Month—what was still more considerable !—he was getting, under mild pretexts, about a Hundred Thousand armed Frenchmen gently wafted over upon the soil of Germany. Two complete French Armies, 40,000 each (*plus* their Reserves), one over the Upper Rhine, one over the Lower, about which we shall hear a great deal in time coming ! Under mild pretexts : "Peaceable as lambs, don't you observe ? Merely to protect Freedom of Election in this fine neighbor country, and as allies to our Friend of Bavaria, should he

chance to be new Kaiser, and to persist in his modest claims otherwise." This was his crowning stroke, which finished straightway the remnants of Pragmatic Sanction and of every obstacle, and in a shining manner swept the roads clear. And so, on January 24th following, the Election, long held back by Belleisle's manœuvrings, actually takes effect—in favor of Karl Albert, our invaluable Bavarian Friend. Austria is left solitary in the Reich ; Pragmatic Sanction, Keystone of Nature, which Belleisle and France had sworn to keep in, is openly torn out by Belleisle and by France and the majority of mankind, and Belleisle sees himself, to all appearance, winner.

This was the harvest reaped by Belleisle within year and day, after endless manœuvring, such as only a Belleisle in the character of Diplomatic Sun-god could do. Beyond question, the distracted ambitions of several German Princes have been kindled by Belleisle ; what we called the rotten thatch of Germany is well on fire. This diligent sowing in the Reich —to judge by the 100,000 armed men here, and the counter hundreds of thousands arming—has been a pretty stroke of dragon's teeth husbandry on Belleisle's part.

Belleisle on Visit to Friedrich ; sees Friedrich besiege Brieg, with Effect.

It was April 26th when Maréchal de Belleisle, with his Brother the Chevalier, with Valori and other bright accompaniment, arrived in Friedrich's Camp—"Camp of Mollwitz" so named, between Mollwitz and Brieg, where Friedrich is still resting, in a vigilant expectant condition ; and, except it be the taking of Brieg, has nothing military on hand. Wednesday, 26th April, the distinguished Excellency, escorted for the last three miles by 120 Horse and the other customary ceremonies, makes his appearance, no doubt an interesting one to Friedrich for this and the days next following. Their talk is not reported any where, nor is it said with exactitude how far, whether wholly now, or only in part now, Belleisle expounded his sublime ideas to Friedrich, or what precise reception they got. Friedrich himself writes long afterward of the event, but, as usual, without precision, except in general

effect. Now, or some time after, Friedrich says he found Belleisle one morning with brow clouded, knit into intense meditation: "Have you had bad news, M. le Maréchal?" asks Friedrich. "No, oh no! I am considering what we shall make of that Moravia?" "Moravia; Hm!" Friedrich suppresses the glance that is rising to his eyes; "Can't you give it to Saxony, then? Buy Saxony into the Plan with it!" "Excellent," answers Belleisle, and unpuckers his stern brow again.

Friedrich thinks highly, and about this time often says so, of the man Belleisle; but as to the man's effulgencies, and wide-winged Plans, none is less seduced by them than Friedrich: "Your chickens are not hatched, M. le Maréchal; some of us hope they never will be, though the incubation-process may have uses for some of us!" Friedrich knows that the Kaisership given to any other than Grand-Duke Franz will be mostly an imaginary quantity. "A grand Symbolic Cloak in the eyes of the vulgar, but empty of all things, empty even of cash, for the last Two Hundred Years: Austria can wear it to advantage; no other mortal. Hang it on Austria, which is a solid human figure—so." And Friedrich wishes, and hopes always, Maria Theresa will agree with him, and get it for her Husband. "But to hang it on Bavaria, which is a lean bare pole? Oh, M. le Maréchal! And those Four Kingdoms of yours—what a brood of poultry, those? Chickens happily yet *un*hatched; eggs addle, I should venture to hope; only do go on incubating, M. le Maréchal!" That is Friedrich's notion of the thing. Belleisle staid with Friedrich "a few days," say the Books; after which, Friedrich, finding Belleisle too winged a creature, corresponded, in preference, with Fleury and the Head Sources, who are always intensely enough concerned about those "aces" falling to him, and how the same are to be "shared."[1]

Instead of parade or review in honor of Belleisle, there happened to be a far grander military show of the practical kind.

[1] Details in *Helden Geschichte*, i., 912, 916, 962; in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 79, 80; &c.

The Siege of Brieg, the Opening of the Trenches before Brieg, chanced to be just ready on Belleisle's arrival, and would have taken effect, we find, that very night, April 26th, had not a sudden wintry outburst, or "tempest of extraordinary violence," prevented. Next night, night of the 27th–28th, under shine of the full Moon, in the open champaign country, on both sides of the River, it did take effect—an uncommonly fine thing of its sort, as one can still see by reading Friedrich's strict Program for it—a most minute, precise, and all-anticipating Program, which still interests military men, as Friedrich's first Piece in that kind, and comparing therewith the Narratives of the performance which ensued.[1]

Kalkstein, Friedrich's old Tutor, is Captain of the Siege; under him Jeetz, long used to blockading about Brieg. The silvery Oder has its due bridges for communication; all is in readiness, and waiting manifold as in the slip; and there is Engineer Walrave, our Glogau Dutch friend, who shall, at the right instant, "with his straw-rope (*Strohseil*), mark out the first parallel," and be swift about it! There are 2000 diggers, with the due implements, fascines, equipments, duly divided into Twelve equal Parties, and "always two spademen to one pickman" (which indicates soft sandy ground): these, with the escorting or covering battalions, Twelve Parties they also, on both sides of the River, are to be in their several stations at the fixed moments, man, musket, mattock strictly exact. They are to advance at Midnight, the covering battalions so many yards ahead: no speaking is permissible, nor the least tobacco-smoking; no drum to be allowed for fear of accident; no firing unless you are fired on. The covering battalions are all to "lie flat so soon as they get to their ground, all but the Officers and sentries." To rear of these stand Walrave and assistants, silent, with their straw-rope—silent, then anon swift, and in whisper or almost by dumb-show, "Now, then!" after whom the diggers, fascine-

[1] *Ordre und Dispositiones* (sic), *wornach sich der General-Lieutenant von Kalckstein bei Eroffnung der Trancheen &c.* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxx., 39–44): the Program. *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 916–28: the Narrative.

men, workers, each in his kind, shall fall-to, silently, and dig and work as for life.

All which is done, exact as clock-work ; beautiful to see, or half see, and speak of to your Belleisle in the serene moonlight! Half an hour's marching, half an hour's swift digging —the Town-clock of Brieg was hardly striking One when "they had dug themselves in." And, before daybreak, they had, in two batteries, fifty cannon in position, with a proper set of mortars (other side the River), ready to astonish Piccolomini and his Austrians, who had not had the least whisper of them all night, though it was full moon. Graf von Piccolomini, an active gallant person, had refused terms some time before, and was hopefully intent on doing his best. And now, suddenly, there rose round Piccolomini such a tornado of cannonading and bombardment, day after day, always "three guns of ours playing against one of theirs," that his guns got ruined ; that "his hay-magazines took fire," and the Schloss itself, which was adjacent to them, took fire (a sad thing to Friedrich, who commanded pause, that they might try quenching, but in vain) ; and that, in short, Piccolomini could not stand it ; but on the 4th of May, precisely after one week's experience, hung out the white flag, and "beat chamade at 3 of the afternoon." He was allowed to march out next morning with escort to Neisse ; parole pledged, Not to serve against us for two years coming.

Friedrich in person (I rather guess, Belleisle not now at his side) saw the Garrison march out ; kept Piccolomini to dinner —a gallant Piccolomini, who had hoped to do better, but could not. This was a pretty enough piece of Siege-practice. Torstenson, with his Swedes, had furiously besieged Brieg in 1642, a hundred years ago, and could do nothing to it—nothing, but withdraw again, futile, leaving 1400 of his people dead. Friedrich, the Austrian Garrison once out, set instantly about repairing the works, and improving them into impregnability, our ugly friend Walrave presiding over that operation too.

Belleisle, we may believe, so long as he continued, was full of polite wonder over these things ; perhaps had critical advices

here and there, which would be politely received. It is certain he came out extremely brilliant, gifted, and agreeable in the eyes of Friedrich, who often afterward, not in the very strictest language, calls him a great man, great soldier, and by far the considerablest person you French have. It is no less certain, Belleisle displayed, so far as displayable, his magnificent Diplomatic Ware to the best advantage, to which, we perceive, the young King answered, "Magnificent, indeed!" but would not bite all at once, and rather preferred corresponding with Fleury on business points, keeping the matter dexterously hanging, in an illuminated element of hope and contingency, for the present.

Belleisle, after we know not how many days, returned to Dresden—perfected his work at Dresden, or shoved it well forward, with "that Moravia" as bait. "Yes, King of Moravia, you your Polish Majesty shall be!" and it is said the simple creature did so style himself by-and-by in certain rare Manifestoes, which still exist in the cabinets of the curious. Belleisle next, after only a few days, went to München, to operate on Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, a willing subject. And, in short, Belleisle whirled along incessantly, torch in hand, making his "circuit of the German Courts," details of said circuit not to be followed by us farther. One small thing only I have found rememberable, probably true, though vague. At München, still more out at Nymphenburg, the fine Country-Palace not far off, there was, of course, long conferencing, long consulting, secret and intense, between Belleisle with his people and Karl Albert with his. Karl Albert, as we know, was himself willing; but a certain Baron von Unertl—heavy-built Bavarian of the old type, an old stager in the Bavarian Ministries—was of far other disposition. One day, out at Nymphenburg, Unertl got to the Council-room while Belleisle and Company were there. Unertl found the Apartment locked, absolutely no admittance; and heard voices, the Kurfürst's and French voices, eagerly at work inside. "Admit me, Gracious Herr; *um Gottes Willen*, me!" No admission. Unertl, in despair, rushed round to the garden side of the Apartment, desperately snatched a ladder, set it up to the

window, and conjured the Gracious Highness: "For the love of Heaven, my *Allergnädigster*, don't! Have no trade with those French! Remember your illustrious Father, Kurfürst Max, in the Eugene-Marlborough time, what a job he made of it, building actual architecture on *their* big promises, which proved mere acres of gilt balloon!"[1] Words terribly prophetic; but they were without effect on Karl Albert.

The rest of Belleisle's inflammatory circuitings and extensive travelings, for he had many first and last in this matter, shall be left to the fancy of the reader. May 18th, he made formal Treaty with Karl Albert: Treaty of Nymphenburg, "Karl Albert to be Kaiser; Bavaria, with Austria Proper added to it, a Kingdom; French armies, French moneys, and other fine items."[2] Treaty to be kept dead secret; King Friedrich, for the present, would not accede.[3] June 25th, after some preliminary survey of the place, Belleisle made his Entry into Frankfurt, magnificent in the extreme; and still did not rest there, but had to rush about, back to Versailles, to Dresden, hither, thither: it was not till the last day of July that he fairly took up his abode in Frankfurt; and—the Election eggs, so to speak, being now all laid—set himself to hatch the same, a process which lasted him six months longer, with curious phenomena to mankind. Not till the middle of August did he bring those 80,000 armed Frenchmen across the Rhine, "to secure peace in those parts, and freedom of voting." Not till November 4th had Kur-Sachsen, with the Nightmares, finished that important problem of the Bohemian Vote, "Bohemian Vote *excluded* for this time;" after which all was ready, though still not in the least hurry. November 20th came the first actual "Election-Conference (*Wahl-Conferenz*)" in the Römer at Frankfurt, to which succeeded Two Months more of conferrings (upon almost nothing at all); and finally, 24th January, 1742, came the Election itself, Karl Albert the man; poor wretch! who never saw another good day in this world.

Belleisle during those six months was rather high and airy;

[1] Hormayr, *Anemonen* (cited above), ii., 152.

[2] Given in *Adelung*, ii., 359. [3] Ibid, 421.

extremely magnificent, but did not want discretion: "more like a Kurfürst than an Embassador;" capable of "visiting Kur-Mainz with servants purposely in *old* liveries," where the case needed old, where Kur-Mainz needed snubbing; not otherwise.[1] "The Maréchal de Belleisle," says an Eyewitness, of some fame in those days, "comes out in a variety of parts among us here; plays now the General, now the Philosopher, now the Minister of State, now the French Marquis, and does them all to perfection. Surely a master in his art. His Brother the Chevalier is one of the sensiblest and best-trained persons you can see. He has a penetrating intellect; is always occupied, and full of great schemes; and has, nevertheless, a staid kind of manner. He is one of the most important Personages here, and in all things his Brother's right hand."[2] In Frankfurt both Belleisle and his Brother were much respected, the Brother especially, as men of dignified behavior and shining qualities; but as to their Hundred-and-thirty French Lords and other Valetry, these, by their extravagances and excesses (*Ausschweifungen*), made themselves extremely detestable, it would appear.[3]

CHAPTER XII.

SORROWS OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY.

George II. did not hear of Mollwitz for above a fortnight after it fell out; but he had no need of Mollwitz to kindle his wrath or his activity in that matter.[1] George II. had seen, all along, with natural manifold aversion and indignation, these high attempts of his Nephew. "Who is this new little King, that will not let himself be snubbed, and laughed

[1] Buchholz, ii., 57 n.

[2] Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften* (cited in Adelung, ii., 400).

[3] Buchholz, ii., 54; in Adelung, ii., 398, n., a French *brocard* on the subject, of sufficient emphasis.

[4] Mollwitz first heard of in London, April 25th (14th); Subsidy of £300,000 voted same day. *London Gazette* (April 11th 14th, 1741); *Commons Journals*, xxiii., 705.

at, and led by the nose, as his Father did, but seems to be taking a road of his own, and tacitly defying us all? A very high conduct indeed for a Sovereign of that magnitude; aspires seemingly to be the leader among German Princes; to reduce Hanover and us—us, with the gold of England in our breeches-pocket—to the second place? A reverend old Bishop of Liége twitched by the rochet, and shaken hither and thither, like a reverend old clothes-screen, till he agree to stand still and conform; and now a Silesia seized upon; a Pragmatic Sanction kicked to the winds; the whole world to be turned topsy-turvy, and Hanover and us, with our breeches-pocket, reduced to—"

The emotions, the prognosticatings, and distracted procedures of his Britannic Majesty, of which we have ourselves seen somewhat in this fermentation of the elements, are copiously set down for us by the English Dryasdust (mostly in unintelligible form); but, except for sane purposes, one must be careful not to dwell on them, to the sorrow of readers. Seldom was there such a feat of Somnambulism as that by the English and their King in the next Twenty Years. To extract the particle of sanity from it, and see how the poor English did get their own errand done withal, and Jenkins's Ear avenged, that is the one interesting point; Dryasdust and the Nightmares shall, to all time, be welcome to the others. Here are some Excerpts, a select few, which will perhaps be our readiest expedient. These do, under certain main aspects, shadow forth the intricate posture of King George and his Nation, when Belleisle, as Protagonistes or Chief Bully, stepped down into the ring in that manner, asking, "Is there an Antagonistes, then, or Chief Defender?" I will label them, number them, and, with the minimum of needful commentary, leave them to imaginative readers.

No. 1. *Snatch of Parliamentary Eloquence by Mr. Viner* (19th April, 1741).

The fuliginous explosions, more or less volcanic, which went on in Parliament and in English society, against Friedrich's Silesian Enterprise, for long years from this date, are now all

dead and avoidable, though they have left their effects among us to this day. Perhaps readers would like to see the one reasonable word I have fallen in with of opposite tendency—Mr. Viner's word, at the first starting of that question; plainly sensible word, which, had it been attended to (as it was not), might have saved us so much nonsense, not of idle talk only, but of extremely serious deed which ensued thereupon!

"*London, 19th April*, 1741. This day" (Mollwitz not yet known, Camp of Göttin too well known!) "King George, in his own high person, comes down to the House of Lords, which, like the Other House, is sunk painfully in Walpole Controversies, Spanish-War Controversies, of a merely domestic nature, and informs both Honorable Houses, with extreme caution, naming nobody, That he much wishes they would think of helping him in these alarming circumstances of the Celestial Balance, ready apparently to go heels uppermost. To which the general answer is, 'Yes, surely!' with a vote of £300,000 for her Hungarian Majesty a few days hence. From those continents of Parliamentary tufa, now fallen so waste and mournful, here is one little piece which ought to be extricated into daylight:

"*Mr. Viner* (on his legs): * * 'If I mistake not the true intention of the Address proposed,' in answer to his Majesty's most gracious Speech from the Throne, 'we are invited to declare that we will oppose the King of Prussia in his attempts upon Silesia: a declaration in which I see not how any man can concur who *knows not* the nature of his Prussian Majesty's Claim, and the Laws of the German Empire' (*nor do I, Mr. V.*)! 'It ought therefore, Sir, to have been the first endeavor of those by whom this Address has been so zealously supported to show that his Prussian Majesty's Claim, so publicly explained' (*by Kanzler Ludwig, of Halle, who, it seems, has staggered or convinced Mr. Viner*), 'so firmly urged, and so strongly supported, is *without* foundation and reason, and is only one of those imaginary titles which Ambition may always find to the dominions of another.' (*Hear, Mr. Viner!*)"[1] * *

A most indispensable thing, surely, which was never done, nor can ever be done, but was assumed as either unnecessary or else done of its own accord by that Collective Wisdom of

[1] Tindal, xx., 491, gives the Royal Speech (*date* in a very slobbery condition); see also Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii., 365. Viner's Fragment of a Speech is in Thackeray, *Life of Chatham*, i., 87.

England (with a sage George II. at the head of it), who plunged into Dettingen, Fontenoy, Austrian Subsidies, Aix-la-Chapelle, and foundation of the English National Debt, among other strange things, in consequence!

Upon that of Kanzler Ludwig, and the "so public Explanation" (which we slightly heard of long since), here is another Note, unless readers prefer to skip it:

"That the Diplomatic and Political world is universally in travail at this time, no reader need be told; Europe every where in dim anxiety, heavy-laden expectation (which to us has fallen so vacant), looking toward inevitable changes and the huge inane—all in travail, and already uttering printed Manifestoes, Patents, Deductions, and other public travail-*shrieks* of that kind—printed, not to speak of the unprinted, of the oral which vanished on the spot, or even of the written which were shot forth by breathless estafettes, and unhappily did not vanish, but lie in archives, still humming upon us, 'Won't you read me, then?' Alas! except on compulsion, No! Life being precious (and time, which is the stuff of life), No!

"At Reinsberg as elsewhere, at Reinsberg first of all, it had been felt, in October last, that there would be Manifestoes needed; learned Proof, the more irrefragable the better, of our Right to Silesia. It was settled there, Let Ludwig, Kanzler of the University of Halle, do it." (Herr Kanzler Ludwig, monster of Antiquarian, Legal, and other Learning there; wealthy, too, and close-fisted; whom we have seen obliged to open his closed fist, and to do building in the Friedrich Strasse before now; Nässler, his son-in-law, having no money, as careless readers have perhaps forgotten?) "Ludwig set about his new task with a proud joy. Ludwig knows that story, if he know any thing. Long years ago he put forth a Chapter upon it—weighty Chapter—in a Book of weight, said judges; Book weighing, in pounds avoirdupois and otherwise, none of us now knows what;[1] but in after years it used to be said

[1] Title of this weighty Performance (see Preuss *Thronbesteigung*, p. 432) is, or was (size not given), *Germania Princeps* (Halæ, 1702). Preuss says farther, "That Book ii., c. 3, handles the Prussian claims, Jägerndorf being § 13; Liegnitz, § 14; Oppeln and Ratibor, § 16; and that Ludwig had sent a Copy of this Argument" (weighty Performance altogether? Or Book ii., c. 3, of it, which would have had a better chance?) "to King Friedrich on the death of Kaiser Karl VI."

by flatterers of the Kanzler, 'Herr Kanzler, see the effect of Learning. It was you, it was your weighty Book, that caused all this World-tumult, and flung the Nations into one another's hair!' Upon which the old Kanzler would blush: 'You do me too much honor!'

"Ludwig, directly on order given, gathered out his documents again, in the King's name this time, and promised something weighty by New-year's day at latest." Doubtless to the joy of Nussler, who has still no regular appointment, though well deserving one. "And sure enough, on January 7th, at Berlin, 'in three languages,' Ludwig's *Deduction* had come out, an eager Public waiting for it;[1] and at Berlin it was generally thought to be conclusive. I have looked into Ludwig's Deduction, stern duty urging, in this instance for one: such portions as I read are nothing like so stupid as was expected; and, in fact, are not to be called stupid at all, but fit for their purpose, and moderately intelligible to those who need them," which happily we do not in this place.

Judicious Mr. Viner availed nothing against the Proposed Address, any more than he would against the Atlantic Tide coming-in unanimous under influence of the Moon itself, as, indeed, this Address, and the triumphant Subsidy which was voted in the rear of it, may be said to have done[2]—subsidy of £300,000 to her Hungarian Majesty, which, with the £200,000 already gone that road, makes a handsome Half-million for the present Year—the first gush of the Britannic Fountain, which flowed like an Amalthea's Horn for seven years to come, refreshing Austria, and all thirsty Pragmatic Nations, to defend the Keystone of this Universe. Unluckily, every guinea of it went, at the same time, to encourage Austria in scorning King Friedrich's offers to it—which perhaps are just offers, thinks Mr. Viner—which, once listened to, Pragmatic Sanction would be safe.[3]

[1] Title is, *Rechtsgegründetes Eigenthum* (in the Latin copies, *Patrimonium*, and *Propriété fondé en Droit* in the French copies) *des &c.*—that is to say, *Legal Right of Property in the Royal-Electoral House of Brandenburg to the Duchies and Principalities of Jägerndorf, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau* (Berlin, 7th January, 1741).

[2] Coxe, iii, 265.

[3] Mr. Viner was of Pupham, or Pupholm, in Lincolnshire, for which County he sat then, and for many years before and after—from about

This Parliament is strong for Pragmatic Sanction, and has high resentments against Walpole, in both which points the New Parliament, just getting elected, will rival and surpass it, especially in the latter point, that of uprooting Walpole, which the Nation is bent on with a singular fury. Pragmatic Sanction like to be ruined, and Walpole furiously thrown out: what a pair of sorrows for poor George! During his late Caroline's time all went peaceably, and that of "governing" was a mere pleasure; Walpole and Caroline cunningly doing that for him, and making him believe he was doing it. But now has come the crisis, the collapse, and his poor Majesty left alone to deal with it!

No. 2. *Constitutional Historian on the Phenomenon of Walpole in England.*

"For above Ten Years Walpole himself," says my Constitutional Historian (unpublished)—"for almost Twenty Years Walpole virtually and through others has what they call 'governed' England; that is to say, has adjusted the conflicting Parliamentary Chaos into counterpoise by what methods he had, and allowed England, with Walpole atop, to jumble whither it would and could. Of crooked things made straight by Walpole, of heroic performance or intention, legislative or administrative, by Walpole, nobody ever heard; never of the least handbreadth gained from the Night-Realm in England, on Walpole's part: enough if he could manage to keep the Parish Constable walking, and himself floät atop; which task (though intrinsically zero for the Community, but all-important to the Walpole, of Constitutional Countries) is a task almost beyond the faculty of man, if the careless reader knew it!

"This task Walpole did in a sturdy, deep-bellied, long-headed, John-Bull fashion, not unworthy of recognition. A man of very forcible natural eyesight, strong natural heart—courage in him to all lengths; a very block of oak, or of oak-root, for natural strength. He was always very quiet with it,

1713 till 1761, when he died. A solid, instructed man, say his contemporaries "He was a friend of Bolingbroke's, and had a house near Bolingbroke's Battersea one." He is Great-great-grandfather to the present Mr. Viner, and to the Countess De Grey and Ripon, which is an interesting little fact.

too ; given to digest his victuals, and be peaceable with every body. He had one rule that stood in place of many : to keep out of every business which it was possible for human wisdom to stave aside. 'What good will you get of going into that? Parliamentary criticism, argument and botheration! Leave well alone. And even leave ill alone : are you the tradesman to tinker leaky vessels in England? You will not want for work. Mind your pudding, and say little!' At home and abroad, that was the safe secret ; for, in Foreign Politics, his rule was analogous : 'Mind your own affairs. You are an Island, you can do without Foreign Politics ; Peace, keep Peace with everybody : what, in the Devil's name, have you to do with those dog-worryings over Seas? Once more, mind your pudding!' Not so bad a rule ; indeed, it is the better part of an extremely good one ; and you might reckon it the real rule for a pious Britannic Island (reverent of God, and contemptuous of the Devil) in times of general Downbreak and Spiritual Bankruptcy, when quarrelings of Sovereigns are apt to be mere dog-worryings and Devil's work not good to interfere in.

"In this manner, Walpole, by solid John-Bull faculty (and methods of his own), had balanced the Parliamentary swaggings and clashings for a great while, and England had jumbled whither it could, always in a stupid, but also in a peaceable way. As to those same 'methods of his own,' they were —in fact, they were Bribery ; actual purchase of votes by money slipped into the hand. Go straight to the point. 'The direct real method this,' thinks Walpole : 'is there, in reality, any other?" A terrible question to Constitutional Countries, which, I hear, has never been resolved in the negative by the modern improvements of science. Changes of form have introduced themselves ; the outward process, I hear, is now quite different. According as the fashions and conditions alter—according as you have a Fourth Estate developed, or a Fourth Estate still in the grub stage and only developing—much variation of outward process is conceivable.

"But Votes, under pain of Death Official, are necessary to your poor Walpole, and votes, I hear, are still bidden for and bought. You may buy them by money down (which is felony, and theft simple, against the poor Nation), or by preferments and appointments of the unmeritorious man, which is felony double-distilled (far deadlier, though more refined) and theft most compound ; theft, not of the poor Nation's money, but

of its soul and body so far, and of *all* its moneys and temporal and spiritual interests whatsoever; theft, you may say, of collops cut from its side, and poison put into its heart, poor Nation! Or, again, you may buy, not of the Third Estate in such ways, but of the Fourth, or of the Fourth and Third together, in other still more felonious and deadly, though refined ways, by doing claptraps, namely; letting off Parliamentary blue-lights to awaken the Sleeping Swineries, and charm them into diapason for you—what a music! Or, without claptrap or previous felony of your own, you may feloniously, in the pinch of things, make truce with the evident Demagogos, and Son of Nox and of Perdition, who has got 'within those walls' of yours, and is grown important to you by the Awakened Swineries, risen into alt, that follow him. Him you may, in your dire hunger of votes, consent to comply with; his Anarchies you will pass for him into 'Laws,' as you are pleased to term them, instead of pointing to the whipping-post, and to his wicked long ears, which are so fit to be nailed there, and of sternly recommending silence, which were the salutary things. Buying may be done in a great variety of ways. The question, How you buy? is not, on the moral side, an important one. Nay, as there is a beauty in going straight to the point, and by that course there is likely to be the minimum of mendacity for you, perhaps the direct money-method is a shade *less* damnable than any of the others since discovered, while, in regard to practical damage resulting, it is of childlike harmlessness in comparison!

"That was Walpole's method; with this to aid his great natural faculty, long-headed, deep-bellied, suitable to the English Parliament and Nation, he went along with perfect success for ten or twenty years. And it might have been for longer, had not the English Nation accidentally come to wish that it should *cease* jumbling *no*whither, and try to jumble *some*whither, at least for a little while, on important business that had risen for England in a certain quarter. Had it not been for Jenkins's Ear blazing out in the dark English brain, Walpole might have lasted still a long while. But his fate lay there: the first Business vital to England which might turn up, and this chanced to be the Spanish War. How vital, readers shall see anon. Walpole, knowing well enough in what state his War-apparatus was, and that of all his Apparatuses there was none in a working state but the Parliamentary one, resisted the Spanish War; stood in the door against it with a rhinoceros determination, nay, almost something of a

mastiff's; resolute not to admit it, to admit death as soon. Doubtless he had a feeling it would be death, the sagacious man, and such it is now proving; the Walpole Ministry dying by inches from it—dying hard, but irremediably.

"The English Nation was immensely astonished, which Walpole was not, any more than at the other Laws of Nature, to find Walpole's War-apparatus in such a condition. All his Apparatuses, Walpole guesses, are in no better, if it be not the Parliamentary one. The English Nation is immensely astonished, which Walpole again is not, to find that his Parliamentary Apparatus has been kept in gear and smooth going by the use of *oil:* 'Miraculous Scandal of Scandals!' thinks the English Nation. 'Miracle? Law of Nature, you fools!' thinks Walpole. And, in fact, there is such a storm roaring in England, in those and in the late and the coming months, as threatens to be dangerous to high roofs—dangerous to Walpole's head at one time—storm such as had not been witnessed in men's memory; all manner of Counties and Constituencies, with solemn indignation, charging their representatives to search into that miraculous Scandal of Scandals, Law of Nature, or whatever it may be, and abate the same, at their peril.

"To the now reader there is something almost pathetic in these solemn indignations, and high resolves to have Purity of Parliament and thorough Administrative Reform in spite of Nature and the Constitutional Stars, and nothing I have met with, not even the Prussian Dryasdust, is so unsufferably wearisome, or can pretend to equal in depth of dull inanity to ingenuous living readers, as our poor English Dryasdust's interminable, often-repeated Narratives, volume after volume of the debatings and colleaguings, the tossings and tumults, fruitless and endless, in Nation and National Palaver, which ensued thereupon. Walpole (in about a year hence),[1] though he stuck to the ground like a rhinoceros, was got rolled out, and a Successor, and series of Successors, in the bright brand-new state, was got rolled in, with immense shouting from mankind; but up to this date we have no reason to believe that the Laws of Nature were got abrogated on that occasion, or that the constitutional stars have much altered their courses since."

[1] February 13th (2d), 1742, quitting the House after bad usage there, said he would never enter it again; nor did: February 22d, resigned in favor of Pulteney and Company (Tindal, xx., 530; Thackeray, i., 45).

That Walpole will probably be lost goes much home to the Royal bosom in these troublous Spring months of 1741, as it has done and will do. And here, emerging from the Spanish Main just now, is a second sorrow, which might quite transfix the Royal bosom, and drive Majesty itself to despair, awakening such insoluble questions, furnishing such proof that Walpole and a good few other persons (persons, and also things, and ideas and practices, deep-rooted in the Country) stand much in need of being lost, if England is to go a good road!

The Spanish War being of moment to us here, we will let our Constitutional Historian explain, in his own dialect, How it was so vital to England, and shall even subjoin what he gives as History of it, such being so admirably succinct, for one quality.

No. 3. *Of the Spanish War, or the Jenkins's-Ear Question.*

"There was real cause for a War with Spain. It is one of the few cases, this, of a war from necessity. Spain, by Decree of the Pope—some Pope long ago, whose name we will not remember, in solemn Conclave, drawing accurately 'his Meridian Line,' on I know not what Telluric or Uranic principles, no doubt with great accuracy, 'between Portugal and Spain' —was proprietor of all those Seas and Continents; and now England, in the interim, by Decree of the Eternal Destinies, had clearly come to have property there too, and to be practically much concerned in that theoretic question of the Pope's Meridian. There was no reconciling of theory with fact. 'Ours indisputably,' said Spain, with loud articulate voice; 'Holiness the Pope made it ours!' while fact and the English, by Decree of the Eternal Destinies, had been grumbling inarticulately the other way for almost Two Hundred years past, and no result had.

"In Oliver Cromwell's time it used to be said, 'With Spain, in Europe, there may be peace or war; but between the Tropics it is always war.' A state of things well recognized by Oliver, and acted on according to his opportunities. No settlement was had in Oliver's brief time, nor could any be got since, when it was becoming yearly more pressing. Buccaneers, desperate naval gentlemen living on *boucan*, or hung beef, who are also called Flibustiers (*Flibūtiers*, 'Freebooters' in French pronunciation, which is since grown strangely into

Filibusters, Fillibustiers, and other mad forms, in the Yankee Newspapers now current)—readers have heard of those dumb methods of protest—dumb and furious, which could bring no settlement, but which did astonish the Pope's Decree, slashing it with cutlasses and sea-cannon in that manner, and circuitously forwarded a settlement. Settlement was becoming yearly more needful; and, ever since the Treaty of Utrecht especially, there had been an incessant haggle going on to produce one, without the least effect hitherto. What embassyings, bargainings, bargain-breakings; what galloping of estafettes; acres of diplomatic paper, now fallen to the spiders, who always privately were the real owners! Not in the Treaty of Utrecht, not in the Congresses of Cambray, of Soissons, Convention of Pardo, by Ripperda, Horace Walpole, or the wagging of wigs, could this matter be settled at all. Near two hundred years of chronic misery; and had there been, under any of those wigs, a Head capable of reading the Heavenly Mandates, with heart capable of following them, the misery might have been briefly ended by a direct method. With what immense saving in all kinds, compared with the oblique method gone upon! In quantity of bloodshed needed, of money, of idle talk and estafettes, not to speak of higher considerations, the saving had been incalculable. For it was England's one Cause of War during the Century we are now upon; and poor England's course, when at last driven into it, went ambiguously circling round the whole Universe instead of straight to the mark. Had Oliver Cromwell lived ten years longer! But Oliver Cromwell did not live; and, instead of Heroic Heads, there came in Constitutional Wigs, which makes a great difference.

"The pretensions of Spain to keep Half the World locked up in embargo were entirely chimerical; plainly contradictory to the Laws of Nature; and no amount of Pope's Donation Acts, or Ceremonial in Rota or Propaganda, could redeem them from untenability in the modern days. To lie like a dog in the manger over South America, and say snarling, 'None of you shall trade here, though I can not!' what Pope or body of Popes can sanction such a procedure? Had England had a Head, instead of Wigs, amid its diplomatists, England, as the chief party interested, would have long since intimated gently to such dog in the manger, 'Dog, will you be so obliging as to rise! I am grieved to say we shall have to do unpleasant things otherwise. Dogs have doors for their hutches; but to pretend barring the Tropic of Cancer—that is too big

a door for any dog. Can nobody but you have business here, then, which is not displeasing to the gods? We bid you rise!' And in this mode there is no doubt the dog, bark and bite as he might, would have ended by rising; not only England, but all the Universe being against him. And furthermore, I compute with certainty, the quantity of fighting needed to obtain such result would, by this mode, have been a minimum. The clear right being there, and now also the clear might, why take refuge in diplomatic wiggeries, in Asiento-Treaties, and Arrangements which are *not* analogous to the facts; which are but wigged mendacities, therefore, and will but aggravate in quantity and in quality the fighting yet needed? Fighting is but (as has been well said) a battering out of the mendacities, pretenses, and imaginary elements: well battered out, these, like dust and chaff, fly torrent-wise along the winds, and darken all the sky; but these once gone, there remain the facts and their visible relation to one another, and peace is sure.

"The Asiento Treaty being fixed upon, the English ought to have kept it; but the English did not in any measure, nor could pretend to have done. They were entitled to supply Negroes, in such and such number, annually to the Spanish Plantations, and, besides this delightful branch of trade, to have the privilege of selling certain quantities of their manufactured articles on those coasts—quantities regulated briefly by this stipulation, That their Asiento Ship was to be of 600 tons burden, so many and no more. The Asiento ship was duly of 600 tons accordingly, promise kept faithfully to the eye; but the Asiento Ship was attended and escorted by provision-sloops, small craft said to be of the most indispensable nature to it, which provision-sloops and indispensable small craft not only carried merchandise as well, but went and came to Jamaica and back, under various pretexts, with ever new supplies of merchandise, converting the Asiento ship into a Floating Shop, the Tons burden and Tons sale of which set arithmetic at defiance. This was the fact, perfectly well known in England, veiled over by mere smuggler pretenses, and obstinately persisted in, so profitable was it. Perfectly well known in Spain also, and to the Spanish Guarda Costas and Sea-captains in those parts, who were naturally kept in a perennial state of rage by it, and disposed to fly out into flame upon it when a bad case turned up! Such a case that of Jenkins had seemed to them; and their mode of treating it, by tearing off Mr. Jenkins's Ear, proved to be—bad shall we

say, or good?—intolerable to England's thick skin, and brought matters to a crisis in the ways we saw." * * *

The Jenkins's-Ear Question, which then looked so mad to every body, how sane has it now grown to my Constitutional Friend! In abstruse ludicrous form, there lay immense questions involved in it, which were serious enough, certain enough, though invisible to every body. Half the World lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial-Empire, whose is it to be? Shall half the World be England's, for industrial purposes, which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the Multiplication-table at least, and other plain Laws, or shall it be Spain's, for arrogant-torpid sham-devotional purposes, contradictory to every Law? The incalculable Yankee Nation itself, biggest Phenomenon (once thought beautifullest) of these Ages—this too, little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee Nation, shall there not be; shall the New World be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? issues which we may call immense. Among the then extant Sons of Adam, where was he who could in the faintest degree surmise what issues lay in the Jenkins's-Ear Question! And it is curious to consider now with what fierce, deep-breathed doggedness the poor English Nation, drawn by their instincts, held fast upon it, and would take no denial, as if *they* had surmised and seen; for the instincts of simple guileless persons (liable to be counted *stupid* by the unwary) are sometimes of prophetic nature, and spring from the deep places of this Universe! My Constitutional Friend entitles his next Section *Carthagena*, but might more fitly have headed it (for such in reality it is, Carthagena proving the evanescent point of that sad business),

Succinct History of the Spanish War, which began in 1739, *and ended—When did it end?*

1°. *War, and Porto Bello* (*November*; 1739—*March*, 1740). "November 4th, 1739, War was at length (after above four months obscure quasi-declaring of it, in the shape of Orders in Council, Letters of Marque, and so on) got openly declared;

'Heralds at Arms at the usual places' blowing trumpets upon it, and reading the royal Manifesto, date of which is five days earlier, 'Kensington, October 30th (19th).' The principal Events that ensue arrange themselves under Three Heads, this of Porto-Bello being the *first*, and (by intense smelting) are datable as follows:[1]

"Wednesday Evening, 1st December, 1739, Admiral Vernon, our chosen Anti-Spaniard, finding, a while ago, that he had missed the Azogue Ships on the Coast of Spain, and must try America and the Spanish Main, in that view arrives at Porto-Bello. Next day, December 2d, Vernon attacks Porto-Bello; attacks certain Castles so-called with furious broadsiding, followed by scalading; gets surrender (on the 3d); seamen have allowance instead of plunder; blows up what Castles there are, and returns to Port Royal in Jamaica.

"Never-imagined joy in England, and fame to Vernon, when the news came: 'Took it with Six Ships,' cry they; 'the scurvy Ministry, who had heard him, in the fire of Parliamentary debate, say Six, would grant him no more: invincible Vernon!' Nay, next Year, I see, 'London was illuminated on the Anniversary of Porto-Bello:' day settled in permanence, as one of the High-tides of the Calendar, it would appear. And 'Vernon's Birthday' withal—how touching is stupidity when loyal!—was celebrated amazingly in all the chief Towns, like a kind of Christmas, when it came round, Nature having deigned to produce such a man for a poor Nation in difficulties. Invincible Vernon, it is thought by Gazetteers, 'will look in at Carthagena shortly;' much more important Place, where a certain Governor Don Blas has been insolent withal, and written Vernon letters.

"2°. *Preliminaries to Carthagena* (*March—November*, 1740). Monday, 14th March, 1740, Vernon did accordingly look in on Carthagena;[2] cast anchor in the shallow waste of surfs there, that Monday, and tried some bombarding, with bomb-ketches and the like, from Thursday till Saturday following. Vernon hopes he did hit the Jesuits' College, South Bastion, Custom-House, and other principal edifices, but found that there was no getting near enough on that seaward side. Found that you must force the Interior Harbor, a big Inland Gulf or

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, ix., 551; x., 124, 142, 144, 350; Tindal, xx., 430–3, 442; &c.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, x., 350.

Lake, which gushes in by what they call *Little-Mouth* (Boca-Chica), and has its Booms, Castles, and Defenses, which are numerous and strongish; and that, for this end, you must have Seven or Eight Thousand Land Forces, as well as an addition of Ships. On Saturday Evening, therefore, Vernon calls-in his bomb-ketches; sails past, examining these things; and goes forth on other small adventures. For example,

"Saturday, 3d April, 1740, 'about 10 at night,' Opens cannonade on Chagres (place often enough taken, by cutlass and pistol, in the Buccaneer times); and on Monday, 5th, gets surrender of Chagres: 'Custom-house crammed with goods, which we set fire too;' on news of which there is again, in England, joy over the day of small things. The poor English People are set on this business of avenging Jenkins's Ear, and of having the Ocean Highway unbarred, and hope always it can be done by the Walpole Apparatuses, which ought to be in working order, and are not! 'Support this hero, you Walpole and Company, in his Carthagena views: it will be better for you!'

"Walpole and Company, aware of that fact, do take some trouble about it; and now, may not we say, *Paullo majora canamus?* All through that Summer, 1740"—while King Friedrich went rushing about, to Strasburg, to Wesel, doing his Herstals and Practicalities with a light high hand, in almost an entertaining manner, and intent, still more, on his Voltaires and a Life to the Muses—"there was, in England, serious heavy tumult of activity, secret and public. In the Dockyards, on the Drill-grounds, what a stir: Camp in the Isle of Wight, not to mention Portsmouth and the Sea-industries; 6000 Marines are to be embarked, as well as Land Regiments —can any body guess whither? America itself is to furnish 'one Regiment, with Scotch Officers to discipline it,' if they can.

"Here is real haste and effort, but by no means such speed as could be wished; multiplex confusions and contradictions occurring, as is usual, when your machinery runs foul. Nor are the Gazetteers without their guesses, though they study to be discreet. 'Here is something considerable in the wind; a grand idea, for certain;' and, to men of discernment, it points surely toward Carthagena and heroic Vernon out yonder? Government is dumb altogether, and lays occasional embargo, trying hard (without success), in the delays that occurred, to keep it secret from Don Blas and others, the outcome of all which was,

"3°. *Carthagena itself* (*November*, 1740—*April*, 1741). On November 6th—by no means 'July 3d,' as your first fond program bore, which delay was itself likely to be fatal, unless the Almanac and course of the Tropical Seasons would delay along with you!—we say, On Sunday, 6th November, 1741" (Kaiser Karl's Funeral just over, and great thoughts going on at Reinsberg), "Rear-Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle—so many weeks and months after the set time—does sail from St. Helen's (guessed for Carthagena), all people sending blessings with him. Twenty-five big Ships of the Line, with three Half-Regiments on board; fire-ships, bomb-ketches in abundance; and eighty Transports, with 6000 drilled Marines: a Sea-and-Land Force fit to strengthen Hero Vernon with a witness, and realize his Carthagena views. A very great day at Portsmouth and St. Helen's for these Sunday folk![1]

"Most obscure among the other items in that Armada of Sir Chaloner's just taking leave of England—most obscure of the items then, but now most noticeable, or almost alone noticeable, is a young Surgeon's-Mate, one Tobias Smollett, looking over the waters there and the fading coasts, not without thoughts—a proud, soft-hearted, though somewhat stern-visaged, caustic, and indignant young gentleman—apt to be caustic in speech, having sorrows of his own under lock and key on this and subsequent occasions. Excellent Tobias; he has, little as he hopes it, something considerable by way of mission in this Expedition, and in this Universe generally—mission to take Portraiture of English Seamanhood, with the due grimness, due fidelity, and convey the same to remote generations before it vanish. Courage, my brave young Tobias; through endless sorrows, contradictions, toils, and confusions, you will do your errand in some measure, and that will be something!

"Five weeks before (29th September, 1740, which was also several months beyond time set), there had sailed, strictly hidden by embargoes which were little effectual, another expedition, all Naval, intended to be subsidiary to this one—Commodore Anson's, of three inconsiderable Ships—who is to go round Cape Horn if he can, to bombard Spanish America from the other side, and stretch out a hand to Vernon in his grand Carthagena or ulterior views. Together they may do

[1] Tindal, xx., 463 (*Lists*, &c., there; date wrong, "31st October," instead of 26th (O. S.)—many things wrong, and all things left loose and flabby, and not right! As is poor Tindal's way).

some execution, if we judge by the old Buccaneer and Queen-Elizabeth experiences? Anson's Expedition has become famous in the world, though Vernon got no good of it."

Well! here truly was a business not so ill-contrived. Somebody of head must have been at the centre of this; and it might, in result, have astonished the Spaniard, and tumbled him much topsy-turvy in those latitudes, had the machinery for executing it been well in gear. Under Friedrich Wilhelm's captaincy and management, every person, every item, correct to its time, to its place, to its function, what a thing! But with mere Walpole Machinery—alas! it was far too wide a Plan for Machinery of that kind, habitually out of order, and only used to be as correct as as it could. Those *delays* themselves, first to Anson, then to Ogle, since the Tropical Almanac would not delay along with them, had thrown both Enterprises into weather such as all-but meant impossibility in those latitudes! This was irremediable; had not been remediable by efforts and pushings here and there. The best of management, as under Anson, could not get the better of this; worst of management, as in the other case, was likely to make a fine thing of it! Let us hasten on:

"January 20th, 1741, We arrive, through much rough weather and other confused hardships, at Port Royal in Jamaica; find Vernon waiting on the slip; the American Regiment, tolerably drilled by the Scotch Lieutenants, in full readiness and equipment; a body of Negroes superadded, by way of pioneer laborers fit for those hot climates. One sad loss there had been on the voyage hither: Land forces had lost their Commander, and did not find another. General Cathcart had died of sickness on the voyage; a Charles Lord Cathcart, who was understood to possess some knowledge of his business; and his Successor, one Wentworth, did not happen to have any, which was reckoned unlucky by the more observant. Vernon, though in haste for Carthagena, is in some anxiety about a powerful French Fleet, which has been manœuvring in those waters for some time, intent on no good that Vernon can imagine. The first thing now is, See into that French Fleet. French Fleet, on our going to look in the proper Island, is found to be all off for home; men 'mostly starved or otherwise dead,' we hear; so that now, after this last short delay, To Carthagena, with all sail.

"Wednesday evening, 15th March, 1741, We anchor in the Playa Grande, the waste surfy Shallow which washes Carthagena seaward; 124 sail of us, big and little. We find Don

Blas in a very prepared posture. Don Blas has been doing his best this twelvemonth past, plugging up that Boca-Chica (*Little Mouth*) Ingate with batteries, booms, great ships, and has castles not a few thereabouts and in the Interior Lake or Harbor, all which he has put in tolerable defense, so far as can be judged; not an inactive, if an insolent Don. We spend the next five days in considering and surveying these Performances of his: What is to be done with them; how, in the first place, we may force Boca-Chica, and get in upon his Interior Castles and him. After consideration, and plan fixed,

"Monday, 20th March, Sir Chaloner, with broadsides, sweeps away some small defenses which lie to left of Boca-Chica" (to our *left*, to Boca-Chica's *right*, if any body cares to be particular); whereupon the Troops land, some of them that same evening, and, within the next two days, are all ashore, implements, Negroes, and the rest, building batteries, felling wood, intent to capture Boca-Chica Castle, and demolish the War-Ships, Booms, and fry of Fascine and other Batteries, and thereby to get in upon Don Blas, and have a stroke at his Interior Castles and Carthagena itself. Till April 5th, here are sixteen days of furious intricate work, not ill done: the physical labor itself, the building of batteries, with Boca-Chica firing on you over the woods, is scarcely doable by Europeans in that season; and the Negroes, who are able for it, 'fling down their burdens and scamper whenever a gun goes off.' Furious fighting, too, there was, by seamen and landsmen; not ill done, considering circumstances.

"On the sixteenth day, April 5th" (King Friedrich hurrying from the Mountains that same day toward Steinau, which took fire with him at night), "Boca-Chica Castle and the intricate War-ships, Booms, and Castles thereabouts (Don Blas running off when the push became intense) are at last got; so that now, through Boca-Chica, we enter the Interior Harbor or Harbors—'Harbors' which are of wide extent, and deep enough, being, in fact, a Lake, or rather Pair of Lakes, with Castles (*Castello Grande*, 'Castle Grand,' the chief of them), with War-Ships sunk or afloat, and miscellaneous obstructions, beyond all which, at the farther shore, some five miles off, Carthagena itself does at last lie potentially accessible, and we hope to get in upon Don Blas and it. There ensue five days of intricate sea-work; not much of broadsiding, mainly tugging-out of sunk War-Ships and the like, to get alongside of Castle Grand, which is the chief obstruction.

"April 10th, Castle Grand itself is got; nobody found in it when we storm. Don Blas and the Spaniards seem much in terror, burning any Ships they still have near Carthagena, as if there were no chance now left." This is the very day of Mollwitz Battle; near about the hour when Schwerin broke into field-music, and advanced with thunderous glitter against the evening sun! "Carthagena Expedition is, at length, fairly in contact with its Problem—the question rising, 'Do you understand it, then?'

"Up to this point, mistakes of management had been made good by obstinate energy of execution; clear victory had gone on so far, the Capture of Carthagena now seemingly at hand. One thing was unfortunate: 'the able Mr. Moor' (meritorious Captain of Foot, who, by accident, had spent some study on his business), 'the one real Engineer we had,' got killed in that Boca-Chica struggle—an end to poor Moor!—so that the Siege of Carthagena will have to go on *without* Engineer science henceforth. Maybe important that—who knows? Another thing was still more palpably important: Sea-General Vernon had an undisguised contempt for Land-General Wentworth. 'A mere blockhead, whose Brother has a Borough,' thinks Vernon (himself an Opposition Member, of high-sniffing, angry, not too magnanimous turn), and withdraws now to his Ships, intimating, 'Do your Problem, then; I have set you down beside it, which was my part of the affair!' Let us give the attack of Fort Lazar, and end this sad business.

"Sunday, 16th April, Wentworth, once master of the Uppermost Lake or Harbor (what the Natives call the *Surgidero*, or Anchorage Proper), had disembarked, high up to the right, a good way south of Carthagena, meaning to attack therefrom a certain Fort Lazar, which stands on a Hill between Carthagena and him: this Hill and Fort once his, he has Carthagena under his cannon—Carthagena in his pocket, as it were. 'Fort not to be had without batteries,' thinks Wentworth, though the sickly rainy reason has set in. 'Batteries? Scaling-ladders, you mean!' answers Vernon, with undisguised contempt; for the two are, by this time, almost in open quarrel. Wentworth starts building batteries in spite of the rain-deluges; then stops building; decides to do it by scalade after all; and, at two in the morning of this Sunday, April 16th, sets forth in certain columns, by roads ill known, with arrangements that do *not* fit like clock-work, to storm said Hill

and Fort. The English are an obstinate people, and strenuous execution will sometimes amend defects of plan, sometimes not.

"The obstinate English, nothing in them but sullen fire of valor, which has to burn *un*luminous, did, after mistake on mistake, climb the rocks or heights of Lazar Hill, in spite of the world and Don Blas's cannonading; but found, when atop, that Fort Lazar, raining cannon-shot, was still divided from them by chasms; that the scaling ladders had not come (never did come, owing to indiscipline somewhere); and that, without wings as of eagles, they could not reach Fort Lazar at all! For about four hours they struggled with a desperate doggedness to overcome the chasms, to wrench aside the Laws of Nature, and do something useful for themselves; patiently, though sulkily; regardless of the storm of shot, which killed 600 of them the while. At length, finding the Laws of Nature too strong for them, they descended gloomily; 'in gloomy silence' marched home to their tents again, in a humor too deep for words.

"Yes; and we find they fell sick in multitudes that night, and 'in two days more were reduced from 6645 to 3200 effective;' Vernon, from the sea, looking disdainfully on; and it became evident that the big Project had gone to water, and that nothing would remain but to return straightway to Jamaica in bankrupt condition, which accordingly was set about. And ten days hence (April 26th), the final party of them did get on board—punctual to take 'three tents,' their last rag of Siege-furniture, along with them, 'lest Don Blas have trophies,' thinks poor Wentworth—and sailed away, with their sad Siege finished in such fashion. Strenuous Siege, which, had the War-Sciences been foolishness, and the Laws of Nature and the rigors of Arithmetic and Geometry been stretchable entities, might have succeeded better!"[1]

"Evening of April 26th"—I perceive it was in the very hours while Belleisle arrived in Friedrich's Camp of Mollwitz—eve of that Siege of Brieg, which we saw performing itself with punctual regard to said Laws and rigors, and issuing in so different a manner! Nothing that my Constitutional Historian has said equals in pungent enormity the matter-of-fact

[1] Smollett's Account, *Miscellaneous Works* (Edinburgh, 1806), iv., 445 469, is that of a highly intelligent Eyewitness, credible and intelligible in every particular.

Picture left by Tobias Smollett of the sick and wounded in the interim which followed that attempt on Fort Lazar and the Laws of Nature:

"As for the sick and wounded," says Tobias, "they were, next day, sent on board of the transports and vessels called hospital-ships, where they languished in want of every necessary comfort and accommodation. They were destitute of surgeons, nurses, cooks, and proper provision; they were pent up between decks in small vessels, where they had not room to sit upright; they wallowed in filth; myriads of maggots were hatched in the putrefaction of their sores, which had no other dressing than that of being washed by themselves with their own allowance of brandy; and nothing was heard but groans, lamentations, and the language of despair, invoking death to deliver them from their miseries. What served to encourage this despondence was the prospect of those poor wretches who had strength and opportunity to look around them; for there they beheld the naked bodies of their fellow-soldiers and comrades floating up and down the harbor, affording prey to the carrion-crows and sharks, which tore them in pieces without interruption, and contributing by their stench to the mortality that prevailed.

"This picture can not fail to be shocking to the humane reader, especially when he is informed that, while those miserable objects cried in vain for assistance, and actually perished for want of proper attendance, every ship of war in the fleet could have spared a couple of surgeons for their relief, and many young gentlemen of that profession solicited their captains in vain for leave to go and administer help to the sick and wounded. The necessities of the poor people were well known; the remedy was easy and apparent; but the discord between the chiefs was inflamed to such a degree of diabolical rancor, that the one chose rather to see his men perish than ask help of the other, who disdained to offer his assistance unasked, though it might have saved the lives of his fellow-subjects." [1]

In such an amazing condition is the English Fighting Apparatus under Walpole, being important for England's self only, while the Talking Apparatus, important for Walpole, is in such excellent gearing, so well kept in repair and oil! By

[1] Smollett, *ibid.* (Anderson's Edition), iv., 466.

Wentworth's blame, who had no knowledge of war; by Vernon's, who sat famous on the Opposition side, yet wanted loyalty of mind; by one's blame and another's, *whose* it is idle arguing, here is how your Fighting Apparatus performs in the hour when needed. Unfortunate General, or General's Cocked-Hat (a brave heart too, they say, though of brain too vacant, too opaque); unfortunate Admiral (much blown away by vanity, ill nature, and Parliamentary wind); doubly unfortunate Nation, that employs such to lead its armaments! How the English Nation took it? The English Nation has had much of this kind to take, first and last, and apparently will yet have. "Gloomy silence," like that of the poor men going home to their tents, is our only dialect toward it.

This is a dreadful business, this of the wrecked Carthagena Expedition; such a force of war-munitions in every kind, including the rare kind human Courage and force of heart, only not human Captaincy, the rarest kind, as could have swallowed South America at discretion had there been Captains over it; had gone blundering down into Orcus and the shark's belly in that unutterable manner; might have been didactic to England more than it was, England's skin being very thick against lessons of that nature; might have broken the heart of a little Sovereign Gentleman, Curator of England, had he gone hypochondriacally into it, which he was far from doing, brisk little Gentleman, looking out elsewhither, with those eyes *à fleur de tête*, and nothing of insoluble admitted into the brain that dwelt inside.

What became subsequently of the Spanish War we in vain inquire of History-Books. The War did not die for many years to come, but neither did it publicly live; it disappears at this point: a River Niger, seen once flowing broad enough, but issuing—Does it issue nowhere, then? Where does it issue? Except for my Constitutional Historian, still unpublished, I should never have known where. By the time these disastrous Carthagena tidings reached England, his Britannic Majesty was in Hanover, involved, he, and all his State-

doctors, English and Hanoverian, in awful contemplation on Pragmatic Sanction, Kaiserwahl, Celestial Balance, and the saving of Nature's Keystone, should this still prove possible to human effort and contrivance; in which imminency of Doomsday itself, the small English-Spanish matter, which the Official people, and his Majesty as much as any, had bitterly disliked, was quite let go, and dropped out of view; forgotten by Official people; left to the dumb English Nation, whose concern it was, to administer as *it* could.

Anson—with his three ships gone to two, gone ultimately to one—is henceforth what Spanish War there officially is. Anson could not meet those Vernon-Wentworth gentlemen "from the other side of the Isthmus of Darien," the gentlemen with their Enterprise, being already bankrupt and away. Anson, with three inconsiderable ships, which rotted gradually into one, could not himself settle the Spanish War, but he did, on his own score, a series of things, ending in beautiful finis of the Acapulco Ship, which were of considerable detriment and of highly considerable disgrace to Spain, and were, and are long likely to be, memorable among the Sea-heroisms of the world, giving proof that real Captains, taciturn Sons of Anak, are still born in England, and Sea-kings equal to any that were. Luckily, too, he had some chaplain or ship's surgeon on board who saw good to write account of that memorable *Voyage* of his, and did it in brief, perspicuous terms, wise and credible: a real Poem in its kind, or Romance all Fact; one of the pleasantest little Books in the World's Library at this date. Anson sheds some tincture of heroic beauty over that otherwise altogether hideous puddle of mismanagement, platitude, disaster, and vindicates, in a pathetically potential way, the honor of his poor Nation a little.

Apart from Official Anson, the Spanish War fell mainly, we may say, into the hands of—of Mr. Jenkins himself, and such Friends of his at Wapping, Bristol, and the Sea-ports as might be disposed to go privateering; in which course, after some crosses at first, and great complaints of losses *to* Spanish Privateers, Wapping and Bristol did at length eminently get the upper hand, and thus carried on this Spanish War (or

Spanish-French, Spain and France having got into one boat) for long years coming in an entirely inarticulate, but by no means quite ineffectual manner—indeed, to the ultimate clearance of the Seas from both French and Spaniard within the next twenty years. Readers shall take this little Excerpt, dated Three Years hence, and set it twinkling in the night of their imaginations:

Bristol, Monday, 21*st* (10*th*) *September,* 1744. * * "Nothing is to be seen here but rejoicings for the number of French prizes brought into this port. Our Sailors are in high spirits, and full of money, and while on shore, spend their whole time in carousing, visiting their Mistresses, going to plays, serenading, &c., dressed out with laced hats, tossels (*sic*), swords with sword-knots, and every other way of spending their money."[1]

Carthagena, Walpole, Viners—here are Sorrows for a Britannic Majesty; and these are nothing like all. But poor readers should have some respite—brief breathing-time, were it only to use their pocket-handkerchiefs, and summon new courage!

CHAPTER XIII.

SMALL-WAR: FIRST EMERGENCE OF ZIETHEN, THE HUSSAR GENERAL, INTO NOTICE.

After Brieg, Friedrich undertook nothing military except strict vigilance of Neipperg for a couple of months or more. Military, especially offensive operations, are not the methods just now. Rest on your oars; see how this seething Ocean of European Politics, and Peace or War, will settle itself into currents, into set winds, by which of them a man may steer who happens to have a fixed port in view. Neipperg, too, is glad to be quiescent; "my Infantry hopelessly inferior," he writes to head-quarters: "Could not one hire 10,000 Saxons, think you"—or do several other chimerical things, for help? Except with his Pandour people, working what mischief they

[1] Extract of a Letter from Bristol, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv., 504.

can, Neipperg does nothing. But this Hungarian rabble is extensively industrious, scouring the country far and wide, and gives a great deal of trouble both to Friedrich and the peaceable inhabitants, so that there is plenty of Small-War always going on—not mentionable here, any passage of it, except perhaps one, at a place called Rothschloss, which concerns a remarkable Prussian Hussar Major, their famed Ziethen, and is still remembered by the Prussian public.

We have heard of Captain, now Major Ziethen, how Friedrich Wilhelm sent him to the Rhine Campaign, six years ago, to learn the Hussar Art from the Austrians there. One Baronay (*Baranjay*, or even *Barangai*, as others write him), an excellent hand, taught him the Art, and how well he has learned Baronay now sadly experiences. The Affair of Rothschloss (in abridged form) befell as follows:

"In these Small-War businesses, Baronay, Austrian Major-General of Hussars, had been exceedingly mischievous hitherto. It was but the other day a Prussian regular party had to go out upon him just in time, and to *re*-wrench 'sixty cart-loads of meal' wrenched by him from suffering individuals, with which he was making off to Neisse, when the Prussians" (from their Camp of Mollwitz, where they still are) "came in sight.

"And now again (May 16th) news is, That Baronay, and 1400 Hussars with him, has another considerable set of meal-carts in the Village of Rothschloss, about twenty miles southward, Frankenstein way, and means to march with them Neisse-ward to-morrow. Two marches or so will bring him home, if Prussian diligence prevent not. 'Go instantly,' orders Friedrich, appointing Winterfeld to do it: Winterfeld with 300 dragoons, with Ziethen and Hussars to the amount of 600, which is more than one to two of Austrians.

"Winterfeld and Ziethen march that same day; are in the neighborhood of Rothschloss by nightfall, and take their measures—block the road to Neisse, and do the other necessary things—and go in upon Baronay next morning at the due rate, fiery men both of them; sweep poor Baronay away *minus* the meal, who finds even his road blocked (bridge bursting into cannon-shot upon him at one point)—instead of bridge, a stream, or slow current of quagmire for him—and is in immi-

nent hazard. Ziethen's behavior was superlative (details of it unintelligible off the ground); and Baronay fled totally in wreck; his own horse shot, and at the moment no other to be had; swam the quagmire, or swashed through it 'by help of a tree,' and had a near miss of capture. Recovering himself on the other side, Baronay, we can fancy, gave a grin of various expression as he got into saddle again: 'The arrow so near killing was feathered from one's own wing, too!' And, indeed, a day or two after, he wrote Ziethen a handsome Letter to that effect." [1]

Ziethen, for minor good feats, had been made Lieutenant-Colonel the very day he marched; his commission dates May 16th, 1741; and on the morrow he handsels it in this pretty manner. He is now forty-two; much held down hitherto, being a man of inarticulate turn, hot and abrupt in his ways, liable always to multifarious obstruction and unjust contradiction from his fellow-creatures. But Winterfeld's report on this occasion was emphatic, and Ziethen shoots rapidly up henceforth; Colonel within the year, General in 1744, and more and more esteemed by Friedrich during their subsequent long life together.

Though perhaps the two most opposite men in Nature, and standing so far apart, they fully recognized one another in their several spheres. For Ziethen, too, had good eyesight, though in abstruse sort; rugged, simple son of the moorlands; nourished, body and soul, on orthodox frugal oatmeal (so to speak), with a large sprinkling of fire and iron thrown in!—a man born poor; son of some poor Squirelet in the Ruppin Country; "used to walk five miles into Ruppin on Saturday nights," in early life, "and have his hair done into club, which had to last him till the week following" [2]—a big-headed, thick-lipped, decidedly ugly little man, and yet so beautiful in his ugliness; wise, resolute, true, with a dash of high, uncomplaining sorrow in him; not the "bleached nig-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 927; Orlich, i, 120. *The Life of General de Zieten* (English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), *by Frau von Blumenthal* (a vaguish eloquent Lady, but with access to information, being a connection of Z.'s), p. 84.

[2] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv., 310.

ger" at all, as Print-Collectors sometimes call him! no; but (on those oatmeal terms) the Socrates-Odysseus, the valiant, pious Stoic, and much-enduring man—one of the best Hussar-Captains ever built. By degrees, King Friedrich and he grew to be—with considerable tiffs now and then, and intervals of gloom and eclipse—what we might call sworn friends; on which and on general grounds, Ziethen has become, like Friedrich himself, a kind of mythical person with the soldiery and common people—more of a demigod than any other of Friedrich's Captains.

Friedrich is always eagerly in quest of men like Ziethen—specially so at this time. He has meditated much on the bad figure his Cavalry made at Mollwitz, and is already drilling them anew in multiplex ways during those leisure days he now has, with evident success on the next trial, this very Summer; and, as his wont is, will not rest satisfied there, but strives incessantly, for a series of summers and years to come, till he bring them to perfection, or to the likeness of his own thought, which probably was not far from that—till at length it can be said his success became world-famous, and he had such Seidlitzes and Ziethens as were not seen before or since.

BOOK XIII.

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, LEAVING THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE ABLAZE ALL ROUND, GETS ENDED.

May, 1741—July, 1742.

CHAPTER I.

BRITANNIC MAJESTY AS PALADIN OF THE PRAGMATIC.

PART FIRST of his Britannic Majesty's Sorrows, the Britannic or Domestic Part, is now perhaps conceivable to readers. But as to the Second, the Germanic or Pragmatic Part, articulate History, after much consideration, is content to renounce attempting these; feels that these will remain forever inconceivable to mankind in the now altered times. So small a gentleman; and he feels, dismally though with heroism, that he has got the axis of the world on his shoulder. Poor Majesty! His eyes, proud as Jove's, are nothing like so perspicacious; a pair of the poorest eyes; and he has to scan with them, and unriddle, under pain of death, such a waste of insoluble intricacies, troubles, and world-perils as seldom was, even in Dreams. In fact, it is of the nature of a long Nightmare Dream, all this of the Pragmatic, to his poor Majesty and Nation, and wakeful History must not spend herself upon it beyond the essential.

May 12th, betimes this Year, his Majesty got across to Hanover, Harrington with him, anxious to contemplate near at hand that Camp of the Old Dessauer's at Göttin, and the other fearful phenomena, French, Prussian, and other, in that Country. His Majesty, as natural, was much in Germany in

those Years, scanning the phenomena, a long while not knowing what in the world to make of them. Bully Belleisle having stepped into the ring, it is evident, clear as the sun, that one must act, and act at once, but it is a perfect sphinx-enigma to say How. Seldom was Sovereign or man so spurred and goaded on by the highest considerations, and then so held down, and chained to his place, by an imbroglio of considerations and sphinx-riddles! Thrice over, at different dates (which shall be given), the first of them this Year, he starts up as in spasm, determined to draw sword and plunge in; twice he is crushed down again, with sword half drawn; and only the third time (in 1743) does he get sword out, and brandish it in a surprising though useless manner, after which he feels better; but up to that crisis his case is really tragical—had idle readers any bowels for him, which they have not! One or two Fractions, snatched from the circumambient Paper Vortex, must suffice us for the indispensable in this place:

Cunctations, yet incessant and ubiquitous Endeavorings of his Britannic Majesty (1741–1743).

* * After the wonderful Russian Partition-Treaty, which his English Walpoles would not hear of—and which has produced the Camp of Gottin, see, your Majesty!—George does nothing rashly. Far from it; indeed, except it be paying money, he becomes again a miracle of cunctations, and staggers about for years to come like the —Shall we say, like the White Hanover Horse amid half-a-dozen sieves of beans? Alas! no, like the Hanover Horse with the shadows of half-a-dozen Damocles'-swords dangling into the eyes of it; enough to drive any horse to its wit's end!

"To do, to dare," thinks the Britannic Majesty; yes, and of daring there is a plenty; but "In which direction? What, How?" these are questions for a fussy little gentleman called to take the world on his shoulders. We suppose it was by Walpole's advice that he gave her Hungarian Majesty that £200,000 of Secret-Service Money —advice sufficiently Walpolean: "Russian Partition-Treaties; horrible to think of; beware of these again! Give her Majesty that cash; can be done; it will keep matters afloat, and spoil nothing!" That,

till the late Subsidy payable within year and day hence, was all of tangible his Majesty had yet done ; truly that is all her Hungarian Majesty has yet got by hawking the world, Pragmatic Sanction in hand. And if that were the bit of generosity which enabled Neipperg to climb the Mountains and be beaten at Mollwitz, that has helped little ! Very big generosities, to a frightful cipher of Millions Sterling through the coming years, will go the same road, and amount also to zero, even for the receiving party, not to speak of the giving ! For men and things are wise creatures.

But wise or unwise, how great are his Britannic Majesty's activities in this Pragmatic Business ! We may say they are prodigious, incessant, ubiquitous. They are forgotten now, fallen wholly to the spiders and the dust-bins ; though Friedrich himself was not a busier King in those days, if perhaps a better directed. It is a thing wonderful to us, but sorrowful and undeniable. We perceive the Britannic Majesty's own little mind pulsing with this Pragmatic Matter as the biggest volcano would do, shooting forth dust and smoke (subsidies, diplomatic emissaries, treaties, offers of treaty, plans, foolish futile exertions) at an immense rate. When the Celestial Balances are canting, a man ought to exert himself. But as to this of saving the House of Austria from France, surely, your Britannic Majesty, the shortest way to that, if that is so indispensable, were, That the House of Austria should consent to give up its stolen goods—better late than never—and to make this King of Prussia its friend, as he offers to be ! Joined with this King, it would manage to give account of France and its balloon projects by-and-by. Could your Britannic Majesty but take Mr. Viner's hint, and, in the interim, mind your *own* business !

His Britannic Majesty intends immediate fighting, and, both in England and Hanover, is making preparation loud and great. Nay, he will in his own person fight, if necessary, and rather likes the thought of it : he saw Oudenarde in his young days, and, I am told, traces in himself a talent for Generalship. Were the Britannic Majesty to draw his own puissant sword ! His own puissant purse he has already drawn, and is subsidizing to right and left ; knocking at all doors with money in hand, and the question, "Any fighting done here ?" In England itself there goes on much drilling, enlisting ; camping, proposing to camp ; which is noisy enough in the British Newspapers, much more in the Foreign. One actual Camp there was, "on Lexden Heath, near Colchester," from May till

October of this 1741 '—Camp waiting always to be shipped across to the scene of action, but never was—this actual Camp, and several imaginary ones here, which were alarming to the Continental Gazetteer. In England his Majesty is busy that way ; still more among his Hanoverians, now under his own royal eye ; and among his Danes and Hessians, whom he has now brought over into Hanover, to combine with the others. Danes and Hessians, 6000 of each kind, he for some time back keeps in stall, upon subsidy, ready for such an occasion. Their "Camp at Hameln," "Camp at Neinburg" (will, with the Hanoverians, be 30,000 odd) ; their swashing and blaring about, intending to encamp at Hameln, at Nienburg, and other places, but never doing it, or doing it with any result—this, with the alarming English Camps at Lexden and in Dreamland, which also were void of practical issue, filled Europe with rumor this Summer. Eager enough to fight ; a noble martial ardor in our little Hercules-Atlas! but there lie such enormous difficulties on the threshold ; especially these Two, which are insuperable, or nearly so.

Difficulty *First* is that of the laggard Dutch—a People apt to be heavy in the stern-works. They are quite languid about Pragmatic Sanction, these Dutch ; they answer his Britannic Majesty's enthusiasm with an obese torpidity, and hope always they will drift through in some way ; buoyant in their own fat, well ballasted astern, and not need such swimming for life. "What a laggard notion," thinks his Majesty ; "notion in ten pairs of breeches, so to speak!" This stirring up of the Dutch, which lasts year on year, and almost beats Lord Stair, Lord Carteret, and our chief Artists, is itself a thing like few! One of his Britannic Majesty's great difficulties—insuperable he never could admit it to be. "Surely you are a Sea-Power, ye valiant Dutch ; the *Other* Sea-Power? Bound by Barrier Treaty, Treaty of Vienna, and Law of Nature itself, to rise with us against the fatal designs of France ; fatal to your Dutch Barrier, first of all, if the Liberties of Mankind were indifferent to you! How is it that you will not?" The Dutch can not say how. France rocks them in security by oily-mouthed Diplomatists, Fénélon and others : "Would not touch a stone of your Barrier for the world, ye admirable Dutch neighbors : on our honor, thrice and four times, No!" They have an eloquent Van Hoey of their own at Paris, re-

[1] Manifold but insignificant details about it in the old Newspapers of those Months.

nowned in Newspapers: "Nothing but friendship here!" reports Van Hoey always; and the Dutch answer his Britannic Majesty: "Hm, rise? Well, then, if we must!" but sit always still.

Nowhere in Political Mechanics have I seen such a problem as this of hoisting to their feet the heavy-bottomed Dutch. The cunningest leverage, every sort of Diplomatic block-and-tackle, Carteret and Stair themselves running over to help in critical seasons, is applied, to almost no purpose. Pull long, pull strong, pull all together—see, the heavy Dutch do stir; some four inches of daylight fairly visible below them—bear a hand, oh bear a hand! Pooh! the Dutch flap down again as low as ever. As low, unless (by Diplomatic art) you have *wedged* them at the four inches higher, which, after the first time or two, is generally done. At the long last, partially in 1743 (upon which his Britannic Majesty drew sword), completely in 1747, the Dutch were got to their feet—unfortunately good for nothing when they were! Without them his Britannic Majesty durst not venture. Hidden in those dustbins, there is nothing so absurd, or which would be so wearisome, did it not at last become slightly ludicrous, as this of hoisting the Dutch.

Difficulty *Second*, which in enormity of magnitude might be reckoned first, as in order of time it ranks both first and last, is the case of dear Hanover—case involved in mere insolubilities. Our own dear Hanover, which (were there nothing more in it) is liable, from that Camp at Göttin, to be slit in pieces at a moment's warning! No drawing sword against a nefarious Prussia on those terms. The Camp at Göttin holds George in checkmate. And then finally, in this same Autumn, 1741, when a Maillebois with his 40 or 50,000 French (the Leftward or western of those Two Belleisle Armies), threatening our Hanover from another side, crossed the Lower Rhine—But let us not anticipate. The case of Hanover, which every body saw to be his Majesty's vulnerable point, was the constant open door of France and her machinations, and a never-ending theme of angry eloquences in the English Parliament as well.

So that the case of Hanover proved insoluble throughout, and was like a perpetual running sore. Oh the pamphleteerings, the denouncings, the complainings, satirical and elegiac, which grounded themselves on Hanover, the *The Case of the Hanover Forces*, and innumerable other Hanoverian cases, griefs, and difficulties! so pungently vital to somnambulent mankind

at that epoch ; to us fallen dead as carrion, and unendurable to think of. My friends, if you send for Gentlemen from Hanover, you must take them with Hanover adhering more or less, and ought not to quarrel with your bargain, which you reckoned so divine ! No doubt it is singular to see a Britannic Majesty neglecting his own Spanish War, the one real business he has at present, and running about over all the world, busy, soul, body, and breeches-pocket, in other people's wars ; egging on other fighting ; whispering every likely fellow he can meet, "Won't you perhaps fight ? Here is for you, if so !" hand to breeches-pocket accompanying the word. But it must be said, and ought to be better known than in our day it is, His Majesty's Ministers, and the English State-Doctors generally, were precisely of the same mind. To them, too, the Austrian Quarrel was every thing, their own poor Spanish Quarrel nothing ; and the complaint they make of his Majesty is rather that he does not rush rapidly enough, with brandished sword, as well as with guineas raining from him, into this one indispensable business. "Owing to his fears for Hanover !" say they, with indignation, with no end of suspicion, angry pamphleteering, and covert eloquence, "within those walls" and without.

The suspicion of Hanover's checking his Majesty's Pragmatic velocity is altogether well founded, and there need no more be said on that Hanover score. Be it well understood and admitted, Hanover was the Britannic Majesty's beloved son, and the British Empire his opulent milk-cow—richest of milk-cows ; staff of one's life, for grand purposes and small ; beautiful big animal, not to be provoked, but to be stroked and milked. Friends, if you will do a Glorious Revolution of that kind, and burn such an amount of tar upon it, why eat sour herbs for an inevitable corollary therefrom ? And let my present readers understand, at any rate, that—except in Wapping, Bristol, and among the simple instinctive classes (with whom, it is true, go Pitt and some illustrious figures) – political England generally, whatever of England had Parliamentary discourse of reason, and did Pamphlets, Dispatches, Harangues, went greatly along with his Majesty in that Pragmatic Business ! And be the blame of delirium laid on the right back, where it ought to lie, not on the wrong, which has enough to bear of its own. And go not into that dust-whirlwind of extinct stupidities, O reader : what reader would, except for didactic objects ? Know only that it does of a truth whirl there ; and fancy always, if you can, that cer-

tain things and Human Figures, a Friedrich, a Chatham, and some others, have it for their Life-Element, which, I often think, is their principal misfortune with Posterity, said Life-Element having gone to such an unutterable condition for gods and men.

"One other thing surprises us in those Old Pamphlets," says my Constitutional friend: "How the phrase 'Cause of Liberty' ever and anon turns up, with great though extinct emphasis, evidently sincere. After groping, one is astonished to find it means Support of the House of Austria; keeping of the Hapsburgs entire in their old Possessions among mankind! That, to our great-grandfathers, was the 'Cause of Liberty;' said 'Cause' being, with us again, Electoral Suffrage and other things; a notably different definition, perhaps still wider of the mark.

"Our great-grandfathers lived in perpetual terror that they would be devoured by France; that French ambition would overset the Celestial Balance, and proceed next to eat the British Nation. Stand upon your guard, then, one would have said: Look to your ships, to your defences, to your industries; to your virtues first of all—your *virtutes*, manhoods, conformities to the Divine Law appointed you, which are the great and, indeed, sole strength to any Man or Nation! Discipline yourselves wisely in all kinds; more and more, till there be no anarchic fibre left in you. Unanarchic, disciplined at all points, you might then, I should say, with supreme composure, let France, and the whole World at its back, try what they could do upon you and the unique little Island you are so lucky as to live in! Foolish mortals! what Potentiality of Battle, think you (not against France only, but against Satanas and the Ministers of Chaos generally), would a poor Friedrich Wilhelm, not to speak of better, have got out of such a Possession, had it been his to put in drill! And drill is not of soldiers only, though perhaps of soldiers first and most indispensably of all, since 'without Being,' as my friend Oliver was wont to say, 'Well-being is not possible.' There is military drill; there is industrial, economic, spiritual; gradually there are all kinds of drill, of wise discipline, of peremptory mandate become effective every where, '*Obey* the Laws of Heaven, or else disappear from these latitudes!' Ah me! if one dealt in day-dreams, and prophecies of an England grown celestial, celestial she should be, not in gold nuggets, continents all of beef, and seas all of beer, Abolition of Pain,

and Paradise to All and Sundry, but in that quite different fashion; and there, I should say, *there* were the magnificent Hope to indulge in! That were to me the 'Cause of Liberty,' and any the smallest contribution toward that kind of 'Liberty,' were a sacred thing!

"Belleisle again may, if he pleases, call his the Cause of Sovereignty. A Sovereign Louis, it would appear, has not governing enough to do within his own French borders, but feels called to undertake Germany as well—a gentleman with an immense governing faculty, it would appear? Truly, good reader, I am sick of heart contemplating those empty sovereign mountebanks, and empty antagonist ditto, with their Causes of Liberty and Causes of Anti-Liberty, and can not but wish that we had got the ashes of that World-Explosion of 1789 well riddled and smelted, and the poor World were quit of a great many things!"

My Constitutional Historian of England, musing on Belleisle and his Anti-Pragmatic industries and grandiosities—"how Chief-Bully Belleisle stepped down into the ring as a gay Volunteer, and foolish Chief-Defender George had to follow, dismally heroic, as a Conscript of Fate"—drops these words in regard to the Wages they respectively had:

"Nations that go into War without business there are sure of getting business as they proceed; and if the beginning were phantasms—especially phantasms of the hoping, self-conceited kind—the results for them are apt to be extremely real, as was the case with the French in this War and those following, in which his Britannic Majesty played chief counter-tenor. From 1741, in King Friedrich's First War, onward to Friedrich's Third War, 1756–1763, the volunteer French found a great deal of work lying ready for them, gratuitous on their part from the beginning; and the results to them came out, first completely visible, in the World-Miracles of 1789 and the years following!

"Nations, again, may be driven upon War by phantasm *terrors*, and go into it in sorrow of heart, not gayety of heart; and that is a shade better. And one always pities a poor Nation in such case, as the very Destinies rather do, and judge it more mercifully. Nay, the poor bewildered Nation may, among its brain-phantasms, have something of reality and sanity inarticulately stirring it withal. It may have a real or-

dinance of Heaven to accomplish on those terms ; and *if* so, it will sometimes, in the most chaotic circuitous ways, through endless hazards, at a hundred or a hundred-thousand times the natural expense, ultimately get it done ! This was the case of the poor English in those Wars.

"They were Wars extraneous to England little less than to France ; neither Nation had real business in them ; and they seem to us now a very mad object on the part of both. But they were not gratuitously gone into on the part of England ; far from that. England undertook them, with its big heart very sorrowful, strange spectralities bewildering it, and managed them (as men do sleep-walking) with a gloomy solidity of purpose, with a heavy-laden energy, and, on the whole, with a depth of stupidity which were very great. Yet look at the respective net-results. France lies down to rot into grand Spontaneous-Combustion, Apotheosis of Sansculottism, and much else, which still lasts, to her own great peril, and the great affliction of neighbors. Poor England, after such enormous stumbling among the chimney-pots, and somnambulism over all the world for twenty years, finds, on awakening, that she is arrived, after all, where she wished to be, and a good deal farther ! Finds that her own important little errand is somehow or other done, and, in short, that 'Jenkins's Ear' (as she named the thing) '*has* been avenged,' and the Ocean Highways 'opened,' and a good deal more, in a most signal way ! For the Eternal Providences—little as poor Dryadust now knows of it, mumbling and maundering that sad stuff of his —do rule ; and the great soul of the world, I assure you once more, is *just*. And always for a Nation, as for a man, it is very behooveful to be honest, to be modest, however stupid !"

By this time, however—Mollwitz having fallen out, and Belleisle being evidently on the steps—his Britannic Majesty recognizes clearly, and insists upon it, strengthened by his Harringtons and every body of discernment, That, nefarious or not, this Friedrich will require to be bargained with ; that, far from breaking in upon him, and partitioning him (how far from it !), there is no conceivable method of saving the Celestial Balances till *he* be satisfied in some way. This is the one step his Britannic Majesty has yet made out of these his choking imbroglios, and truly this is one. Hyndford, his best negotiator, is on the road for Friedrich's Camp ; Robin-

son, at Vienna, has been directed to say and insist, "Bargain with that man; he must be bargained with, if our Cause of Liberty is to be saved at all!"

And now, having opened the dust-bin so far, that the reader's fancy might be stirred without affliction to his lungs and eyes, let us shut it down again—might we but hope forever! That is too fond a hope. But the background or sustaining element made imaginable, the few events deserving memory may surely go on at a much swifter pace.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP OF STREHLEN.

FRIEDRICH'S Silesian Camps this Summer, Camp of Strehlen chiefly, were among the strangest places in the world. Friedrich, as we have often noticed, did not much pursue the defeated Austrians at or near Mollwitz, or press them toward flat ruin in their Silesian business: it is clear he anxiously wished a bargain without farther exasperation, and hoped he might get it by judicious patience. Brieg he took, with that fine outburst of bombardment which did not last a week; but Brieg once his, he fell quiet again; kept encamping, here, there, in that Mollwitz-Neisse region, for above three months to come; not doing much beyond the indispensable; negotiating much, or rather negotiated with, and waiting on events.[1]

Both Armies were re-enforcing themselves; and Friedrich's, for obvious reasons, in the first weeks especially, became much the stronger. Once in May, and again afterward, weary of the pace things went at, he had resolved on having Neisse at once; on attacking Neipperg in his strong camp there, and cutting

[1] In Camp of Mollwitz (nearer Brieg than the Battle-field was) till 28th May (after the Battle seven weeks); then to Camp at Grotkau (28th May—9th June, twelve days); thence (9th June) to Friedewalde, Herrnsdorf; to Strehlen (21st June—20th August, nine or ten weeks in all). See *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 924; ii., 931; Rödenbeck, Orlich, &c.

short the tedious janglings and uncertainties. He advanced to Grotkau accordingly, some twelve or fifteen miles nearer Neisse (28th May—staid till 9th June), quite within wind of Neipperg and his outposts, but found still, on closer inspection, that he had better wait, and do so, withal, at a greater distance from Neipperg and his Pandour Swarms. He drew back, therefore, to Strehlen, northwestward, rather farther from Neisse than before, and lay encamped there for nine or ten weeks to come. Not till the beginning of August did there fall out any military event (Pandour skirmishing in plenty, but nothing to call an event), and not till the end of August any that pointed to conclusive results. As it was at Strehlen where mostly these Diplomacies went on, and the Camp of Strehlen was the final and every way the main one, it may stand as the representative of these Diplomatizing Camps to us, and figure as the sole one, which in fact it nearly was.

Strehlen is a pleasant little Town, nestled prettily among its granite Hills, the steeple of it visible from Mollwitz, some twenty-five miles west of Brieg, some thirty south of Breslau, and about as far northwest of Neisse: there Friedrich and his Prussians lie, under canvas mainly, with outposts and detachments sprinkled about under roofs—a Camp of Strehlen, more or less imaginable by the reader; and worth his imagining; such a Camp, if not for soldiering, yet for negotiating and wagging of diplomatic wigs as there never was before. Here, strangely shifted hither, is the centre of European Politics all Summer. From the utmost ends of Europe come Embassadors to Strehlen: from Spain, France, England, Denmark, Holland—there are sometimes nine at once; how many successively and in total I never knew.[1] They lodge generally in Breslau, but are always running over to Strehlen. There sits, properly speaking, the general Secret Parliament of Europe; and from most Countries, except Austria, representatives attend at Strehlen, or go and come between Breslau and Strehlen, submissive to the evils of field-life when need is—a surprising thing enough to mankind, and big as the world in its own day, though gone now to small bulk, one Human Figure

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 932.

pretty much all that is left of memorable in it to mankind and us.

French Belleisle we have seen, who is gone again, long since, on his wide errands ; fat Valori, too, we have seen, who is assiduously here. The other figures, except the English, can remain dark to us. Of Montijos, the eminent Spaniard, a brown little man, magnificent as the Kingdom of the Incas, with half a page of titles (half a peck, five-and-twenty or more, of handles to his little name, if you should ever require it), who, finding matters so backward at Frankfurt, and nothing to do there, has been out, in the interim, touring to while away the tedium, and is here only as sequel and corroboration of Belleisle—say as bottle-holder, or as high-wrought peacock's tail to Belleisle—of the eminent Montijos I have to record next to nothing in the shape of negotiation ("Treaty" with the Termagant was once proposed by him here, which Friedrich in his politest way declined), and shall mention only that his domestic arrangements were sumptuous and commodious in the extreme. Let him arrive in the meanest village, destitute of human appliances, and be directed to the hut where he is to lodge, straightway from the fourgons and baggage-chests of Montijos is produced, first of all, a round of arras hangings, portable tables, portable stove, gold plate and silver ; thus, with wax-lights, wines of richest vintage, exquisite cookeries, Montijos lodges, a king every where, creating an Aladdin's palace every where ; able to say, like the Sage Bias, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* These things are recorded of Montijos. What he did in the way of negotiation has escaped men's memory, as it could well afford to do.

Of Hyndford's appurtenances for lodging we already had a glimpse, through Büsching once, pointing toward solid dinner-comforts rather than arras hangings, and justifying the English genius in that respect. The weight of the negotiations fell on Hyndford ; it is between him and French Valori that the matter lies, Montijos and the others being mere satellites on their respective sides. Much battered upon, this Hyndford, by refractory Hanoverians pitting George as Elector against the same George as King, and egging these two iden-

tities to woful battle with each other—"Lay me at his Majesty's feet," full length, and let his Majesty say which is which, then! A heavy, eating, haggling, unpleasant kind of mortal this Hyndford; bites and grunts privately, in a stupid ferocious manner, against this young King: "One of the worst of men, who will not take up the Cause of Liberty at all, and is not made in the image of Hyndford at all." They are dreadfully stiff reading, those Dispatches of Hyndford, but they have particles of current news in them, interesting glimpses of that same young King—likewise of Hyndford laid at his Majesty's feet, and begging for self and brothers any good benefice that may fall vacant. We can discern, too, a certain rough tenacity and horse-dealer finesse in the man; a broad-based, shrewdly practical Scotch Gentleman, wide awake; and can conjecture that the diplomatic function in that element might have been in worse hands. He is often laid metaphorically at the King's feet, King of England's, and haunts personally the King of Prussia's elbow at all times, watching every glance of him like a British house-dog that will not be taken in with suspicious travelers if he can help it, and casting perpetual horoscopes in his dull mind.

Of Friedrich and his demeanor in this strange scene, centre of a World all drawing sword, and jumbling in huge Diplomatic and other delirium about his ears, the reader will desire to see a direct glimpse or two. As to the sad general Imbroglio of Diplomacies which then weltered every where, readers can understand that *it* has, at this day, fallen considerably obscure (as it deserved to do), and that even Friedrich's share of it is indistinct in parts. The game, wide as Europe, and one of the most intricate ever played by Diplomatic human creatures, was kept studiously dark while it went on, and it has not since been a pleasant object of study. Many of the Documents are still unpublished, inaccessible, so that the various moves in the game, especially what the exact dates and sequence of them were (upon which all would turn), are not completely ascertainable, nor, in truth, are they much worth hunting after through such an element. One thing we could wish to have out of it, the one thing of sane that was in it:

the demeanor and physiognomy of Friedrich as there manifested; Friedrich alone, or pretty much alone of all these Diplomatic Conjurers, having a solid veritable object in hand. The rest—the spiders are very welcome to it; who of mortals would read it, were it made never so lucid to him? Such traits of Friedrich as can be sifted out into the conceivable and indubitable state the reader shall have; the extinct Bedlam, that begirdled Friedrich far and wide, need not be resuscitated except for that object. Of Friedrich's fairness or of Friedrich's "trickiness, machiavelism, and attorneyism," readers will form their own notion as they proceed. On one point they will not be doubtful, That here is such a sharpness of steady eyesight (like the lynx's, like the eagle's), and privately such a courage and fixity of resolution as are highly uncommon.

April 26th, 1741, in the same days while Belleisle arrived in the Camp at Mollwitz, and witnessed that fine opening of the cannonade upon Brieg, Excellency Hyndford got to Berlin; and on notifying the event, was invited by the King to come along to Breslau and begin business. England has been profuse enough in offering her "good offices with Austria" toward making a bargain for his Prussian Majesty, but is busy also, at the Hague, concerting with the Dutch "some strong joint resolution"—resolution, Openly to advise Friedrich to withdraw his troops from Silesia, by way of starting fair toward a bargain. A very strong resolution, they and the Gazetteers think it; and ask themselves, Is it not likely to have some effect? Their High Mightinesses have been screwing their courage, and under English urgency have decided (April 24th),[1] "Yes, we will jointly so advise!" and Friedrich has got inkling of it from Räsfeld, his Minister there. Hyndford's first business (were the Dutch Excellency once come up; but those Dutch are always hanging astern!) is to present said "Advice," and try what will come of that —an "Advice" now fallen totally insignificant to the Uni-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i, 964; the *Advice* itself, a very mild-spoken Piece, but of riskish nature think the Dutch, is given, ib., 965-6.

verse and us, only that readers will wish to see how Friedrich takes it, and if any feature of Friedrich discloses itself in the affair.

Excellency Hyndford has his First Audience (Camp of Mollwitz, May 7th) ; *and Friedrich makes a most important Treaty—not with Hyndford.*

May 2d, Hyndford arrived in Breslau, and after some preliminary flourishings, and difficulties about post-horses and furnitures in a seat of War, got to Brieg, and thence, May 7th, "to the Camp" (Camp of Mollwitz still), "which is about an English mile off;" Podewils escorting him from Brieg, and what we note farther, Pöllnitz too—our poor old Pollnitz, some kind of Chief Goldstick, whom we did not otherwise know to be on active duty in those rude scenes. Belleisle had passed through Breslau while Hyndford was there : "am unable to inform your Lordship what success he has had." Brieg Siege is done only three days ago ; Castle all lying black ; and the new trenching and fortifying hardly begun. In a word, May 7th, 1741, "about 11 A.M.," Excellency Hyndford is introduced to the King's Tent, and has his First Audience. Goldstick having done his motions, none but Podewils is left present, who sits at a table, taking notes of what is said. Podewils's Notes are invisible to me ; but here, in authentic though carefully compressed state, is Hyndford's minute Narrative.

Excellency Hyndford mentioned the Instructions he had as to "good offices," friendship, and so forth. "But his Prussian Majesty had hardly patience to hear me out, and said in a passion" (we use, where possible, Hyndford's own wording ; readers will allow for the leaden quality in some parts) :

King (in a passion). "How is it possible, my Lord, to believe things so contradictory ? It is mighty fine, all this that you now tell me on the part of the King of England ; but how does it correspond to his last Speech to his Parliament" (19th April last, when Mr. Viner was in such minority of one), "and to the doings of his Ministers at Petersburg" (a pretty Partition-Treaty that ; and the Excellency Finch still busy, as I know !) "and at the Hague" (Excellency Trevor there, and

this beautiful Joint-Resolution and Advice which is coming !), "to stir up allies against me? I have reason rather to doubt the sincerity of the King of England. They perhaps mean to amuse me." (That is Friedrich's real opinion.[1]) "But, by God, they are mistaken! I will risk every thing rather than abate the least of my pretensions."

Poor Hyndford said and mumbled what he could; knew nothing what Instructions Finch had, Trevor had, and—

King. "My Lord, there seems to be a contradiction in all this. The King of England, in his Letter, tells me you are instructed as to every thing; and yet you pretend ignorance! But I am perfectly informed of all. And I should not be surprised if, after all these fine words, you should receive some strong letter or resolution for me"—Joint-Resolution to Advise, for example?

Hyndford, *not* in the strength of conscious innocence, stands silent; the King, "in his heat of passion," said to Podewils,

King to *Podewils* (on the sudden). "Write down that my Lord would be surprised" (as he should be) "to receive such Instructions!" (A mischievous sparkle, half quizzical, half practical, considerably in the Friedrich style.) Hyndford, "quite struck, my Lord, with this strange way of acting," and of poking into one, protests with angry grunt, and "was put extremely upon my guard." Of course Podewils did not write. * *

Hyndford. "Europe is under the necessity of taking some speedy resolution, things are in such a state of crisis. Like a fever in a human body, got to such a height that quinquina becomes necessary." "That expression made him smile, and he began to look a little cooler." * * "Shall we apply to Vienna, your Majesty?"

Friedrich. "Follow your own will in that."

Hyndford. "Would your Majesty consent now to stand by his Excellency Gotter's original Offer at Vienna on your part? Agree, namely, in consideration of Lower Silesia and Breslau, to assist the Queen with all your troops for maintenance of Pragmatic Sanction, and to vote for the Grand-Duke as Kaiser?"

King. "Yes" (what the reader may take notice of, and date for himself).

Hyndford. "What was the sum of money then offered her Hungarian Majesty?"

[1] His letter to Podewils (Ranke, ii., 268).

King hesitated, as if he had forgotten ; Podewils answered, "Three million florins (£300,000)."

King. "I should not value the money ; if money would content her Majesty, I would give more." "Here was a long pause, which I did not break," nor would the King. Podewils reminded me of an idea we had been discoursing of together ("on his suggestion, my Lord, which I really think is of importance, and worth your Lordship's consideration") ; whereupon, on such hint,

Hyndford. "Would your Majesty consent to an Armistice ?"

Friedrich. "Yes ; but" (counts on his fingers, May, June, till he comes to December) "not for less than six months—till December 1st. By that time they could do nothing"—the season out by that time.

Hyndford. "His Excellency Podewils has been taking notes ; if I am to be bound by them, might I first see that he has mistaken nothing ?"

King. "Certainly !" Podewils's Note-protocol is found to be correct in every point ; Hyndford, with some slight flourish of compliments on both sides, bows himself away (invited to dinner, which he accepts ; "will surely have that honor before returning to Breslau") ; and so the First Audience has ended.[1] Baronay and Pandours are about—this is ten days before the Ziethen feat on Baronay—but no Pandour, now or afterward, will harm a British Excellency.

These utterances of Friedrich's, the more we examine them by other lights that there are, become the more correctly expressive of what Friedrich's real feelings were on the occasion —much contrary, perhaps, to expectation of some readers. And, indeed, we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse, and the like, which was once widely current in the world, and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking ; there being no such thing as "mendacity" discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself. "Mendacity," my friends ? How busy have the Owls been with

[1] Hyndford's Dispatches, Breslau, 5th and 13th May, 1741. Are in State-Paper Office, like the rest of Hyndford's ; also in British Museum (Additional MSS., 11, 365, &c.), the rough draughts of them.

Friedrich's memory in different countries of the world; perhaps even more than their sad wont is, in such cases! For, indeed, he was apt to be of swift, abrupt procedure, disregardful of Owleries, and gave scope for misunderstanding in the course of his life. But a veracious man he was at all points; not even conscious of his veracity; but had it in the blood of him, and never looked upon "mendacity" but from a very great height indeed. He does not, except where suitable, at least he never should, express his whole meaning; but you will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to "finesse," do not believe in that either, in the vulgar or bad sense. Truly you will find his finesse is a very fine thing, and that it consists, not in deceiving other people, but in being right himself; in well discerning for his own behoof what the facts before him are, and in steering, which he does steadily, in a most vigilant, nimble, decisive, and intrepid manner, by monition of the same. No salvation but in the facts. Facts are a kind of divine thing to Friedrich, much more so than to common men: this is essentially what Religion I have found in Friedrich. And, let me assure you, it is an invaluable element in any man's Religion, and highly indispensable, though so often dispensed with! Readers, especially in our time English readers, who would gain the least knowledge about Friedrich in the extinct Bedlam where his work now lay, have a great many things to forget, and sad strata of Owl-droppings, ancient and recent, to sweep away!

To Friedrich, a bargain with Austria, which would be a getting into port, in comparison to going with the French in that distracted voyage of theirs, is highly desirable. "Shall I join with the English in hope of some tolerable bargain from Austria? Shall I have to join with the French in despair of any?" Readers may consider how stringent upon Friedrich that question now was, and how ticklish to solve. And it must be solved soon, under penalty of "being left with no ally at all" (as Friedrich expresses himself), while the whole world is grouping itself into armed heaps for and against! If the English would but get me a bargain— Friedrich dare

not think they will. Nay, scanning these English incoherences, these contradictions between what they say here and what they do and say elsewhere, he begins to doubt if they zealously wish it, and at last to believe that they sincerely do *not* wish it; that "they mean to amuse me" (as he said to Hyndford) till my French chance too is over. "To amuse me; but, *par Dieu*—" His Notes to Podewils, of which Ranke, who has seen them, gives us snatches, are vivid in that sense: "I should be ashamed if the cunningest Italian could dupe me; but that a lout of a Hanoverian should do it!" and Podewils has great difficulty to keep him patient yet a little, Valori being so busy on the other side, and the time so pressing. Here are some dates and some comments which the reader should take with him; here is a very strange issue to the Joint-Resolution of a strong nature now on hand!

A few days after that First Audience, Ginckel, the Dutch Excellency, with the due Papers in his pocket, did arrive. Excellency Hyndford, who is not without rough insight into what lies under his nose, discovers clearly that the grand Dutch-English Resolution, or Joint Exhortation to evacuate Silesia, will do nothing but mischief, and (at his own risk, persuading Ginckel also to delay) sends a Courier to England before presenting it. And from England, in about a fortnight, gets for answer, "Do harm, think you? Hm, ha! Present it all the same, and modify by assurances afterward"—as if these would much avail! This is not the only instance in which St. James's rejects good advice from its Hyndford; the pity would be greater were not the Business what it is! Podewils has the greatest difficulty to keep Friedrich quiet till Hyndford's courier gets back. And on his getting back with such answer, "Present it all the same," Friedrich will not wait for that ceremony, or delay a moment longer. Friedrich has had his Valori at work all this while—Valori and Podewils, and endless correspondence and consultation going on, and things hypothetically almost quite ready, so that—

June 5th, 1741, Friedrich, spurring Podewils to the utmost speed, and "ordering secrecy on pain of death," signs his

Treaty with France! A kind of provisional off-and-on Treaty I take it to be, which was never published, and is thought to have had many *ifs* in it; signs this Treaty, and next day (June 6th, such is the impetuosity of haste) instructs his Räsfeld at the Hague, "You will beforehand inform the High Mightinesses, in regard to that Advice of April 24th, which they determined on giving me, through the Excellency Herr von Ginckel along with Excellency Hyndford, That such Advice can, by me, only be considered as a blind complaisance to the Court of Vienna's improper urgencies, improper in such a matter. That for certain I will not quit Silesia till my claims be satisfied. And the longer I am forced to continue warring for them here," wasting more resource and risk upon them, "the higher they will rise!"[1] And this is what comes of that terribly courageous Dutch-English "Joint Resolution of a strong nature;" it has literally cut before the point: the Exhortation is not yet presented, but the Treaty with France is signed in virtue of it!

Undoubtedly this of June 5th is the most important Treaty in the Austrian Sucession-War, and the cardinal element of Friedrich's procedure in that Adventure. And it has never been published, nor, till Herr Professor Ranke got access to the Prussian Archives, has even the date of signing it been rightly known, but is given two or three ways in different express Collections of Treaties.[2] Herr Ranke knows this Treaty, and the correspondences, especially Friedrich's correspondence with Podewils preparatory to it, and speaks, as his wont is, several exact things about it, thanks to him in the circumstances. I wish it could be made, even with his help, fully intelligible to the reader! For, were the Treaty never so ex-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 963.

[2] Schöll, ii., 297 (copying "Flassan, *Hist. de la Diplom. Franç.*, v., 142"), gives "5th July" as the date; Adelung (ii., 357, 390, 441) guesses that it was "in August;" Valori (i., 108), who was himself in it, gives the correct date; but then his Editor (thought inquiring readers) was such a sloven and ignoramus. See Stenzel, iv., 143; Ranke, ii., 274.

press, surely the mode of keeping it, on both parts, was very strange, and that latter concerns us somewhat.

A very fast and loose Treaty to all appearance! Outwardly it is a mere Treaty of Alliance, each party guaranteeing the other for Fifteen Years, without mention made of the joint Belleisle Adventure now in the wind. But then, like the post-script to a lady's letter, there come "secret articles" bearing upon that essential item: How France, in the course of this current season 1741, is to bring an Army across the Rhine in support of its friend Kur-Baiern *versus* Austria; is, in the same term of time, to make Sweden declare war on Russia (important for Friedrich, who is never sure a moment that those Russians will not break in upon him); and, finally, most important of all, That France "guarantees Lower Silesia with Breslau to his Prussian Majesty." In return for which, his Prussian Majesty—will do what? It is really difficult to say what. Be a true ally and second to France in its grand German Adventure? Not at all. Friedrich does not yet know, nor does Belleisle himself quite precisely, what the grand German Adventure is, and Friedrich's wishes never were, nor will be, for the prosperity of that. Support France, at least in its small Bavarian Anti-Austrian Adventure? By no means definitely even that. "Maintain myself in Lower Silesia with Breslau, and fight my best to such end:" really that, you might say, is in substance the most of what Friedrich undertakes, though inarticulately he finds himself bound to much more, and will frankly go into it *if* you do as you have said, and, unless you do, will not. Never was a more contingent Treaty: "Unless you stir up Sweden, Messieurs; unless you produce that Rhine Army; unless—" such is steadily Friedrich's attitude. Long after this, he refuses to say whom he will vote for as Kaiser: "Fortune of War will decide it," answers he, in regard to that and to many other things, and keeps himself to an incomprehensible extent loose, ready, for weeks and months after, to make bargain on his own Silesian Affair with any body that can.[1]

For, indeed, the French also are very contingent; Fleury

[1] Ranke, ii., 271-275-280.

hanging one way, Belleisle pushing another, and know not how far they will go on the grand German Adventure, nor conclusively whether at all. Here is an Anecdote by Friedrich himself. Valori was one night with him, and, on rising to take leave, the fat hand, sticking probably in the big waistcoat-pocket, twitched out a little diplomatic-looking Note, which Friedrich, with gentle adroitness (permissible in such circumstances), set his foot upon till Valori had bowed himself out. The Note was from Amelot, French Minister of the Foreign Department: "Don't give his Prussian Majesty Glatz, if it can possibly be helped." Very well, thought Friedrich; and did not forget the fine little Note on burning it.[1] There went, in French couriers' bags, a great many such, to Austria some of them, of far more questionable tenor, within the next twelve months.

Two things we have to remark: *First*, That Friedrich, with an eye to real business on his part in the Bavarian Adventure, in which Kur-Pfalz is sure to accompany, volunteered (like a real man of business, and much to Belleisle's surprise) to renounce the Berg-Jülich Controversy, and let Kur-Pfalz have his way, that there might be no quarreling among allies. This, too, is contingent, but was gladly accepted by Belleisle. *Second*, That Belleisle had instructed Valori not to insist on active help from Friedrich in the German Adventure, but merely to stipulate for his Neutrality throughout, in case they could get no more. How joyfully would Friedrich have accepted this, had Valori volunteered with it, which he did not![2] But, after all, in result it was the same, and had to be—*plus* only a great deal of clamor by-and-by, from the French and the Gazetteers, about the Article in question.

Was there ever so contingent a Treaty before? It is signed Breslau, 5th June, 1741, and both parties have their hands loose, and make use of their liberty for months to come; nay, in some sort, all along, feeling how contingent it was! Friedrich did not definitely tie himself till 4th November next, five months after, when he signed the French-Bavarian Treaty, renounced Berg-Jülich controversies, and fairly went into the

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 90. [2] Ranke, ii., 280.

French-Bavarian, smaller French-Adventure ; into the greater, or wide-winged Belleisle one, he never went nor intended to go—perhaps even the contrary, if needful. Readers may try to remember these elucidative items, riddled from the immensities of Dryasdust: I have no more to give, nor can afford to return upon it. May not we well say, as above, "A Treaty thought to have many *ifs* in it!" And now, 8th June, comes solemnly the Joint-Resolution itself, like mustard (under a flourish of trumpets) three days after dinner:

"*Camp of Grotkau, 8th June.* Hyndford and Ginckel" (the same respectable old Ginckel whom we used to know in Friedrich Wilhelm's time), "having, according to renewed order, got out from Breslau with that formidable Dutch-English 'Advice' or Joint Exhortation in their pocket, did this day, in the Camp at Grotkau, present the same—a very mild-spoken Piece, though it had required such courage, and which is not now worth speaking of, things having gone as we see. Friedrich received it with a gracious mien: 'Infinitely sensible to the trouble his Britannic Majesty and their High Mightinesses took with his affairs; Document should receive his best consideration,' which indeed it has already done, and its Answer withal: A *French* Treaty signed three days ago in virtue of it! 'Might I request a short Private Audience of your Majesty?' solicits Hyndford, intending to modify by new assurances, as bidden. 'Surely,' answers Friedrich.

"The two Excellencies dine with the King, who is in high spirits. After dinner Hyndford gets his Private Audience; does his best in the way of 'new assurances,' which produce what effect we can fancy. Among other things, he appeals to the King's 'magnanimity, how grand and generous it will be to accept moderate terms from Austria, to—' *King* (interrupting.) 'My Lord, don't talk to me of magnanimity; a Prince' (acting, not for himself, but for his Nation) 'ought to consult his interest in the first place. I am not against Peace; but I expect to have Four Duchies given me.'"[1]

Hyndford and Ginckel slept that night in Grotkau Town: "at 4 next morning the King sent us word, That if we had a mind to see the Army on march," just moving off, Strehlen way, "we might come out by the North Gate. We accordingly saw the whole Army leave Camp, and march in four

[1] State-Paper Office (Hyndford, Breslau, 12th June, 1741).

columns toward Friedewald, where Marshal Neipperg is encamped." Not a bit of it, your Excellency! Neipperg is safe at Neisse, amid inaccessible embankments and artificial mud, and these are mere Huzzar-Pandour rabble out here, whom a push or two sends home again—would it could keep them there! But they are of sylvan (or *salvage*) nature, affecting the shade; and burst out, for theft and arson, sometimes at great distances, no calculating where. "The King's Army lay all that night upon their arms, and encamped next morning, the 10th. I believe nothing happened that day, for we were obliged to stay at Grotkau, for want of post-horses, a good part of it."

Hyndford hears (in secret Opposition Circles, and lays the flattering unction to his soul and your Lordship's): "The King of Prussia's Army, as I am informed, unless he will take counsel, another campaign will go near to ruin. Every thing is in the greatest disorder; utmost dejection among the Officers from highest to lowest;" fact being that the King has important improvements and new drillings in view (to go on at Strehlen), Cavalry improvements, Artillery improvements, unknown to Hyndford and the Opposition, and will not be ruined next campaign. "I hope the news we have here, of the taking of Carthagena, is true," concludes he. Alas! your Excellency.

By a different hand, from the southward Hungarian regions, far over the Hills, take this other entry, almost of enthusiastic style:

"*Presburg, 25th June.* Maria Theresa, in high spirits about her English Subsidy and the bright aspects, left Vienna about a week ago for Presburg" (a drive of fifty miles down the fine Donau country), "and is celebrating her Coronation there, as Queen of Hungary, in a very sublime manner. Sunday, 25th June, 1741, that is the day of putting on your Crown—Iron Crown of St. Stephen, as readers know. The Chivalry of Hungary, from Palfy and Esterhazy downward, and all the world, are there, shining in loyalty and barbaric gold and pearl. A truly beautiful Young Woman, beautiful to soul and eye, devout too and noble, though ill-informed in Political or other Science, is in the middle of it, and makes the scene still more noticeable to us. See, as the finish of the ceremonies, she has mounted a high, swift horse, sword girt

to her side—a great rider always, this young Queen—and gallops, Hungary following like a comet-tail, to the Königsberg" (*Kings-Hill* so-called; no great things of a Hill, O reader; made by barrow, you can see), "to the top of the Königsberg; there draws sword, and cuts, grandly flourishing, to the Four Quarters of the Heavens: 'Let any mortal, from whatever quarter coming, meddle with Hungary if he dare!'[1] Chivalrous Hungary bursts into passionate acclaim; old Palfy I could fancy into tears; and all the world murmurs to itself, with moist-gleaming eyes, '*Rex Noster!*' This is, in fact, the beautifullest King or Queen that now is, this radiant young woman; beautiful things have been, and are to be, reported of her; and she has a terrible voyage just ahead, little dreaming of it at this grand moment. I wish his Britannic Majesty, or Robinson who has followed out hither, could persuade her to some compliance on the Silesian matter; what a thing were that, for herself and for all mankind, just now! But she will not hear of that, and is very obstinate, and her stupid Hofraths equally and much more blamably so—deaf to hard Facts knocking at their door; ignorant what Noah's-Deluges have broken out upon them, and are rushing on inevitable."

By a notable coincidence, precisely while those sword-flourishings go on at Presburg, Maréchal Excellency Belleisle is making his Public Entry into Frankfurt on the Mayn:[2] Frankfurt, too, is in cheery emotion; streets populous with Sunday gazers, and critics of the sublime in spectacle! This is not Belleisle's first entrance; he himself has been here some time, settling his Household and a good many things, but to-day he solemnly leads-in his Countess and Appendages (over from Metz, where Madame and he officially reside in common times, "Governor of Metz" one of his many offices)—leads-in Madame, in suitably resplendent manner, to kindle household fire, as it were, and indicate that here is his place till he have got a Kaiser to his mind. Twin Phenomena, these two, going on 500 miles apart, unconscious of one another, or of what kinship they happen to have!

[1] Adelung, ii., 293, 294.

[2] 25th June, 1741 (Adelung, ii., 399).

Excellency Robinson busy in the Vienna Hofrath Circles to produce a Compliance.

Britannic George, both for Pragmatic's sake and for dear Hanover's, desires much there were a bargain made with Friedrich: How is the Pragmatic to be saved at all if Friedrich join France in its Belleisle machinations, thinks George? And already here is that Camp of Göttin, glittering in view like a drawn sword pointed at one's throat or at one's Hanover. Nay, in a month or two hence, as the Belleisle schemes got above ground in the shape of facts, this desire became passionate, and a bargain with Prussia seemed the one thing needful. For, alas! the reader will see there comes, about that time, a second sword (the Maillebois Army, namely), pointed at one's throat from the French side of things; so that a Paladin of the Pragmatic, and Hanoverian King of England, knows not which way to turn! George's sincerity of wish is perhaps underrated by Friedrich, who indeed knows well enough on which side George's wishes would fall if they had liberty (which they have not), but much overrates "the astucity" of poor George and his English, ascribing, as is often done, to fine-spun attorneyism what is mere cunctation, ignorance, negligence, and other forms of a stupidity perhaps the most honest in the world! By degrees Friedrich understood better; but he never much liked the English ways of doing business. George's desire is abundantly sincere, not wholly resting on sublime grounds, and grows more and more intense every day, but could not be gratified for a good while yet.

Co-operating with Hyndford from the Vienna side is Excellency Robinson, who has a still harder job of it there. Pity poor Robinson, O English reader, if you can, for indignation at the business he is in. Saving the Liberties of Europe! thinks Robinson confidently: Founding the English National Debt, answers Fact; and doing Bottom the Weaver, with long ears, in the miserablest Pickleherring Tragedy that ever was! This is the same Robinson who immortalized himself, nine or ten years ago, by the First Treaty of Vienna; thrice-

salutary Treaty, which *disjoined* Austria from Bourbon-Spanish Alliances, and brought her into the arms of the grateful Sea-Powers again. Imminent Downfall of the Universe was thus, glory to Robinson, arrested for that time. And now we have the same Robinson instructed to sharpen all his faculties to the cutting pitch, and do the impossible for this new and reverse face of matters. What a change from 1731 to 1741! Bugbear of dreadful Austrian-Spanish Alliance dissolves now into sunlit clouds, encircling a beautiful Austrian Andromeda, about to be devoured for us; and the Downfall of the Universe is again imminent, from Spain and others joining *against* Austria. Oh, ye wigs, and eximious wig-blocks, called right-honorable! If a man, sovereign or other, were to stay well at home, and mind his own visible affairs, trusting a good deal that the Universe would shift for itself, might it not be better for him? Robinson, who writes rather a heavy style, but is full of inextinguishable heavy zeal withal, will have a great deal to do in these coming years. Ancestor of certain valuable Earls that now are, author of immeasurable quantities of the Diplomatic cobwebs that then were.

To a modern English reader it is very strange, that Austrian scene of things in which poor Robinson is puffing and laboring. The ineffable pride, the obstinacy, impotency, ponderous pedantry, and helplessness of that dull old Court and its Hofraths is nearly inconceivable to modern readers. Stupid dilapidation is in all departments, and has long been; all things lazily crumbling downward, sometimes stumbling down with great plunges. Cash is done; the world rising all round with plunderous intentions, and hungry Ruin, you would say, coming visibly on with seven-league boots: here is little room for carrying your head high among mankind. High, nevertheless, they do carry it, with a grandly mournful though stolid insolent air, as if born superior to this Earth, and its wisdoms, and successes, and multiplication-tables, and iron ramrods—really with "a certain greatness," says somebody; "greatness as of great blockheadism" in themselves and their neighbors; and, like some absurd old Hindoo Idol (crockery Idol of Somnauth, for instance, with the belly of

him smashed by battle-axes, and the cart-load of gold coin all run out), persuade mankind that they are a god, though in dilapidated condition. That is our first impression of the thing.

But again, better seen into, there is not wanting a certain worthily steadfast, conservative, and broad-based high air (reminding you of "Kill our own mutton, Sir!" and the ancient English Tory species), solid and loyal, though stolid. Ancient Austrian Tories, that definition will suffice for us; and Toryism too, the reader may rely on it, is much patronized by the Upper Powers, and goes a long way in this world. Nay, without a good solid substratum of that, what thing, with never so many ballot-boxes, stump-orators, and liberties of the subject, is capable of going on at all, except swiftly to perdition? These Austrians have taken a great deal of ruining, first and last! Their relation to the then Sea-Powers, especially to England embarked on the Cause of Liberty, fills one with amazement, by no means of an idolatrous nature, and is difficult to understand at all, or to be patient with at all.

Of disposition to comply with Prussia, Robinson finds, in spite of Mollwitz and the sad experiences, no trace at Vienna. The humor at Vienna is obstinately defiant; simply to regard Friedrich as a housebreaker or thief in the night, whom they will soon deal with were they once on foot and implements in their hand: "Swift, ye Sea-Powers; where are the implements, the cash, that means implements?" The Young Hungarian Majesty herself is magnificently of that opinion, which is sanctioned by her Bartensteins and wisest Hofraths, with hardly a dissentient (old Sinzendorf almost alone in his contrary notion, and he soon dies). Robinson urges the dangers from France. No Hofrath here will allow himself to believe them; to believe them would be too horrible. "Depend upon it, France's intentions are not that way. And, at the worst, if France do rise against us, it is but bargaining with France; better so than bargaining with Prussia, surely? France will be contentable with something in the Netherlands; what else can she want of us? Parings from that Outskirt, what are these compared with Silesia, a horrid

gash into the vital parts? And what is yielding to the King of France compared with yielding to your Prussian King?"

It is true they have no money, these blind dull people; but are not the Sea-Powers, England especially, there, created by Nature to supply money? What else is their purpose in Creation? By Nature's law, as the Sun mounts in the Ecliptic and then falls, these Sea-Powers, in the Cause of Liberty, will furnish us money. No surrender; talk not to me of Silesia or surrender; I will die defending my inheritances: what are the Sea-Powers about, that they do not furnish more money in a prompt manner? These are the things poor Robinson has to listen to: Robinson and England, it is self-evident at Vienna, have one duty, that of furnishing money; and in a prompt manner, if you please, sir; why not prompt and abundant?

An English soul has small exhilaration looking into those old expenditures and bullyings for want of promptitude! But if English souls will solemnly, under high Heaven, constitute a Duke of Newcastle and a George II. their Captains of the march Heavenward, and say, without blushing for it, nay, rejoicing at it, in the face of the sun, "You are the most godlike Two we could lay hold of for that object," what have English souls to expect? My consolation is, and, alas! it is a poor one, the money would have been mostly wasted any way. Buy men and gunpowder with your money, to be shot away in foreign parts, without renown or use: is that so much worse than buying ridiculous upholsteries, idle luxuries, frivolities, and, in the end, unbeautiful potbellies corporeal and spiritual with it here at home? I am struck silent looking at much that goes on under these stars, and find that misappointment of your Captains, of your Exemplars and Guiding and Governing individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always; and that especially, as highest instance of it, which includes all the lower ones, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain, and King by the Grace of God, a gentleman who is *not* so (and seems to be so mainly by Malice of the Devil, and by the very great and nearly unforgivable indifference of

Mankind to resist the Devil in that particular province for the present), is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the head mendacity capable of being done!

As for the brave young Queen of Hungary, my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young Lady; had they left the world, and grown to mere costume elsewhere, you might find certain of them again here. Most brave, high and pious-minded; beautiful too, and radiant with good-nature, though of temper that will easily catch fire: there is, perhaps, no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner, as if Heaven itself and the voice of Duty called her: "The Inheritances which my Fathers left me, we will not part with these. Death, if it so must be, but not dishonor. Listen not to that thief in the night!" Maria Theresa has not studied at all the History of the Silesian Duchies; she knows only that her Father and Grandfather peaceably held them; it was not she that sent out Seckendorf to ride 25,000 miles, or broke the heart of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Household. Pity she had not complied with Friedrich, and saved such rivers of bitterness to herself and mankind! But how could she see to do it, especially with little George at her back, and abundance of money? This, for the present, is her method of looking at the matter; this magnanimous, heroic, and occasionally somewhat female one.

Her Husband, the Grand-Duke, an inert, but good-tempered, well-conditioned Duke after his sort, goes with her. Him we shall see try various things, and at length take to banking and merchandise, and even meal-dealing on the great scale. "Our Armies had most part of their meal circuitously from him," says Friedrich, of times long subsequent. Now as always he follows loyally his Wife's lead, never she his; Wife being, intrinsically as well as extrinsically, the better man, what other can he do? Of compliance with Friedrich in this Court there is practically no hope till after a great deal of beating have enlightened it. Out of deference to George and his ardors, they pretend some intention that way, and are

"willing to bargain, your Excellency;" no doubt of it, provided only the price were next to nothing!

And so, while the watchful edacious Hyndford is doing his best at Strehlen, poor Robinson, blown into triple activity, corresponds in a boundless zealous manner from Vienna, and at last takes to flying personally between Strehlen and Vienna, praying the inexorable young Queen to comply a little, and then the inexorable young King to be satisfied with imaginary compliance, and has a breathless time of it indeed. His Dispatches, passionately long-winded, are exceedingly stiff reading to the like of us. O reader, what things have to be read and carefully forgotten; what mountains of dust and ashes are to be dug through, and tumbled down to Orcus, to disengage the smallest fraction of truly memorable! Well if, in ten cubic miles of dust and ashes, you discover the tongue of a shoe-buckle that has once belonged to a man in the least heroic, and wipe your brow, invoking the supernal and the infernal gods. My heart's desire is to compress these Strehlen Diplomatic horse-dealings into the smallest conceivable bulk; and yet how much that is not metal, that is merely cinders, has got through, impossible to prevent—may the infernal gods deal with it, and reduce Dryasdust to limits one day! Here, however, are important Public News transpiring through the old Gazetteers:

"*München, July 1st*" (or in effect a few days later, when the Letters *dated* July 1st had gone through their circuitous formalities),[1] "Karl Albert Kur-Baiern publicly declares himself Candidate for the Kaisership, as, privately, he had long been rumored and believed to be. Kur-Baiern, they say, has of militias and regulars together about 30,000 men on foot, all posted in good places along the Austrian Frontier; and it is commonly thought, though little credible at Vienna, that he intends invading Austria as well as contesting the Election. To which the Vienna Hofrath answers in the style of 'Pshaw!'

"*Versailles, 11th July.* Extraordinary Council of State; Belleisle being there, home from Frankfurt, to take final orders, and get official fiat put upon his schemes. 'All the

[1] Adelung, ii., 421.

Princes of the Blood and all the Maréchals of France attend;' question is, How the War is to be, nay, Whether War is to be at all, so contingent is the French-Prussian Bargain signed five weeks ago. Old Fleury, to give freedom of consultation and vote, quits the room. Some are of opinion, one Prince of the Blood emphatically so, That Pragmatic Sanction should be kept, at least War *against* it be avoided. But the contrary opinion triumphs, King himself being strongly with it; Belleisle to be supreme in field and cabinet; shall execute, like a kind of Dictator or Vice-Majesty, by his own magnificent talent, those magnificent devisings of his, glorious to France and to the King.[1] These many months the French have been arming with their whole might. The Vienna people hear now that an 'Army of 40,000 is rumored to be coming,' or even two Armies 40,000 each, but will not imagine that this is certain, or that it can be seriously meant against their high House, Precious to gods and men. Belleisle, having perfected the multiplex Army details, rushes back to Frankfurt and his endless Diplomatic businesses (July 25): Armies to be on actual march by the 10th of August coming. 'During this Versailles visit, he had such a crowd of Officers and great people paying court to him as was like the King's Levee itself.'[2]

"*Passau*, 31*st July*. Passau is the Frontier Austrian City on the Donau (meeting of the Inn and Donau Valleys); a place of considerable strength, and a key of great position for military purposes. Austrian, or Quasi-Austrian; for, like Salzburg, it has a Bishop claiming some imaginary sovereignties, but always holds with Austria. July 31st, early in the morning, a Bavarian Exciseman ('Salt Inspector') applied at the gate of Passau for admission; gate was opened; along with the Exciseman 'certain peasants' (disguised Bavarian soldiers) pushed in; held the gate choked till General Minuzzi, Karl Albert's General, with horse, foot, cannon, who had been lurking close by, likewise pushed in, and at once seized the Town. Town speedily secured, Minuzzi informs the Bishop, who lives in his Schloss of Oberhaus (strongish place on a Hill-top, other side the Donau), That he likewise, under pain of bombardment, must admit garrison. The poor Bishop hesitates; but, finding bombardment actually ready for him, yields in about

[1] Adelung, ii., 417, 418; see also Raumer, p. 104 (if you can for his date, which is given in *Old Style* as if it were in New; a very eclipsing method!).

[2] Barbier, ii., 305.

two hours. Karl Albert publishes his Manifesto, 'in forty-five pages folio'[1] (to the effect, 'All Austria mine, or as good as all, if I liked!'), and fortifies himself in Passau. 'Insidious, nefarious!' shrieks Austria, in Counter-Manifesto; calculates privately it will soon settle Karl Albert, 'Unless, O Heavens, France with Prussia did mean to back him!' and begins to have misgivings in spite of itself."

Misgivings which soon become fatal certainties. Robinson records, doubtless on sure basis, though not dating it, a curious piece of stage-effect in the form of reality: "On hearing, beyond possibility of doubt, that Prussia, France, and Bavaria had combined, the whole Aulic Council," Vienna Hofrath in a body, "fell back into their chairs" (and metaphorically into Robinson's arms) "like dead men!"[2] Sat staring there; the wind struck out of them, but not all the folly by a great deal. Now, however, is Robinson's time to ply them.

Excellency Robinson has Audience of Friedrich (Camp of Strehlen, 7th August, 1741).

By unheard-of entreaties and conjurations, aided by these strokes of fate, Robinson has at length extorted from his Queen of Hungary and her wise Hofraths something resembling a phantasm of compliance, with which he hurries to Breslau and Hyndford, hoping against hope that Friedrich will accept it as a reality. Gets to Breslau on the 3d of August; thence to Strehlen, consulting much with Hyndford upon this phantasm of a compliance. Hyndford looks but heavily upon it; from us, in this place, far be it to look at all: alas! this is the famed Scene they Two had at Strehlen with Friedrich on Monday, August 7th, reported by the faithful pen of Robinson, and vividly significant of Friedrich, were it but compressed to the due pitch. We will give it in the form of Dialogue: the thing of itself falls naturally into the Dramatic when the flabby parts are cut away, and was perhaps worthier of a Shakspeare than of a Robinson, all facts of it considered, in the light they have since got.

[1] Adelung, ii., 426.

[2] Raumer, p. 104.

Scene is Friedrich's Tent, Prussian Camp in the neighborhood of the little Town of Strehlen; time 11 o'clock A.M. Personages of it, Two British subjects in the high Diplomatic line: ponderous Scotch Lord of an edacious gloomy countenance; florid Yorkshire Gentleman with important Proposals in his pocket. Costume, frizzled peruke powdered; frills, wrist-frills and other; shoe-buckles, flapped waistcoat, court coat of antique cut and much trimming: all this shall be conceived by the reader. Tight young gentleman in Prussian military uniform, blue coat, buff breeches, boots; with alert flashing eyes, and careless, elegant bearing, salutes courteously, raising his plumed hat; Podewils in common dress, who has entered escorting the other Two, sits rather to rearward, taking refuge beside the writing apparatus. First passages of the Dialogue I omit: mere pickeerings and beatings about the bush, before we come to close quarters. For Robinson, the florid Yorkshire Gentleman, is charged to offer—what thinks the reader?—two million guilders, about £200,000, if that will satisfy this young military King with the alert eyes!

Robinson. * * "Two hundred thousand pounds sterling if your Majesty will be pleased to retire out of Silesia and renounce this enterprise!"

King. "Retire out of Silesia? And for money? Do you take me for a beggar! Retire out of Silesia, which has cost me so much treasure and blood in the conquest of it? No, Monsieur, no; that is not to be thought of! If you have no better proposals to make, it is not worth while talking." "These words were accompanied with threatening gestures and marks of great anger," considerably staggering to the Two diplomatic British Gentlemen, and of evil omen to Robinson's phantasm of a compliance. Robinson apologetically hums and haws, flounders through the bad bit of road as he can, and flounderingly indicates that he has more to offer.

King. "Let us see, then (*voyons*), what is there more?"

Robinson (with preliminary flourishings and flounderings, yet confidently, as now tabling his best card). * * "Permitted to offer your Majesty the whole of Austrian Guelderland; lies contiguous to your Majesty's Possessions in the Rhine Country; important completion of these: I am permitted to say, the whole of Austrian Guelderland!" Important indeed; a dirty stripe of moorland (if you look in Büsching), about equivalent to half a dozen parishes in Connemara.

King. "What do you mean?" (turning to Podewils)—

"*Qu'est-ce que nous manque de toute la Gueldre* (How much of Guelderland is theirs, not ours already)?"

Podewils. "Almost nothing (*Presque rien*)."

King (to Robinson). "*Voici encore de gueuseries* (more rags and rubbish yet)! *Quoi*, such a paltry scraping (*bicoque*) as that for all my just claims in Silesia? Monsieur—" "His Majesty's indignation increased here, all the more as I kept a profound silence during his hot expressions, and did not speak at all except to beg his Majesty's reflection upon what I had said." "Reflection?" asked the King, with eyes dangerous to behold. "My Lord," continues Robinson, heavily narrative, "his contempt of what I had said was so great," kicking his boot through Guelderland and the guilders as the most contemptible of objects, "and was expressed in such violent terms, that now, if ever (as your Lordship perceives), it was time to make the last effort;" play our trump-card down at once; "a moment longer was not to be lost, to hinder the King from dismissing us," which sad destiny is still too probable after the trump-card. Trump-card is this:

Robinson. * * The whole Duchy of Limburg, your Majesty! It is a Duchy which—" "I extolled the Duchy to the utmost, described it in the most favorable terms, and added that 'the Elector Palatine' (old Kur-Pfalz, on one occasion) 'had been willing to give the whole Duchy of Berg for it.'"

Podewils. "Pardon, Monsieur, that is not so; the contrary of so; Kur-Pfalz was not ready to give Berg for it!" (We are not deep in German History, we British Diplomatic gentlemen, who are squandering, now and of old, so much money on it! The Aulic Council "falls into our arms like dead men;" but it is certain the Elector Palatine was not ready to give Berg in that kind of exchange).

King. "It is inconceivable to me how Austria should dare to think of such a thing. Limburg? Are there not solemn Engagements upon Austria, sanctioned and again sanctioned by all the world, which render every inch of ground in the Netherlands inalienable?"

Robinson. "Engagements good as against the French, your Majesty. Otherwise the Barrier Treaty, confirmed at Utrecht, was for our behoof and Holland's."

King. "That is your present interpretation. But the French pretend it was an arrangement more in their favor than against them."

Robinson. "Your Majesty, by a little Engineer Art, could render Limburg impregnable to the French or others."

King. "Have not the least desire to aggrandize myself in those parts, or spend money fortifying there. Useless to me. Am not I fortifying Brieg and Glogau? These are enough for one who intends to live well with his neighbors. Neither the Dutch nor the French have offended me, nor will I them by acquisitions in the Netherlands. Besides, who would guarantee them?"

Robinson. "The Proposal is to give guarantees at once."

King. "Guarantees! Who minds or keeps guarantees in this age? Has not France guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction; has not England? Why don't you all fly to the Queen's succor?" Robinson, inclined to pout, if he durst, intimates that perhaps there will be succorers one day yet.

King. "And pray, Monsieur, who are they?"

Robinson. "Hm, hm, your Majesty. . . . Russia, for example, which Power with reference to Turkey—"

King. "Good, sir, good (*beau, Monsieur, beau*), the Russians! It is not proper to explain myself; but I have means for the Russians" (a Swedish War just coming upon Russia, to keep its hand in use; so diligent have the French been in that quarter!)

Robinson (with some emphasis as a Britannic gentleman). "Russia is not the only Power that has engagements with Austria, and that must keep them too; so that, however averse to a breach—"

King ("laying his finger on his nose," mark him; aloud, and with such eyes). "No threats, sir, if you please; no threats" ("in a loud voice," finger to nose, and with such eyes looking in upon me).

Hyndford (heavily coming to the rescue). "Am sure his Excellency is far from such meaning, sire. His Excellency will advance nothing so very contrary to his Instructions." "Podewils too put in something proper" in the appeasing way.

Robinson. "Sire, I am not talking of what this Power or that means to do, but of what will come of itself. To prophesy is not to threaten, sire! It is my zeal for the Public that brought me hither, and—"

King. "The Public will be much obliged to you, Monsieur! But hear me. With respect to Russia, you know how matters stand. From the King of Poland I have nothing to fear. As for the King of England, he is my relation" (dear Uncle, in the Pawnbroker sense), "he is my all; if he don't attack me, I won't him. And if he do, the Prince of Anhalt" (Old Dessauer out at Göttin yonder) "will take care of him."

Robinson. "The common news now is" (rumor in Diplomatic circles, rather below the truth this time), "your Majesty, after the 12th of August, will join the French." (King looks fixedly at him in silence.) "Sire, I venture to hope not! Austria prefers your friendship; but if your Majesty disdain Austria's advances, what is it to do? Austria must throw itself entirely into the hands of France, and endeavor to outbid your Majesty!" (King quite silent.)

"King was quite silent upon this head," says Robinson, reporting: silence, guesses Robinson, founded most probably upon "his consciousness of guilt"—what I, florid Yorkshire Gentleman, call *guilt*, as being against the Cause of Liberty and us! "From time to time he threw out remarks on the advantageousness of his situation."

King. * * "At the head of such an Army, which the Enemy has already made experience of, and which is ready for the Enemy again, if he have appetite! With the Country which alone I am concerned with conquered and secured behind me; a Country that alone lies convenient to me; which is all I want, which I now have; which I will and must keep! Shall I be bought out of this country? Never! I will sooner perish in it with all my troops. With what face shall I meet my Ancestors if I abandon my right which they have transmitted to me? My first enterprise, and to be given up lightly?" with more of the like sort, which Friedrich, in writing of it long after, seems rather ashamed of, and would fain consider to have been mock fustian, provoked by the real fustian of Sir Thomas Robinson, "who negotiated in a wordy, high-droning way, as if he were speaking in Parliament," says Friedrich (a Friedrich not taken with that style of eloquence, and hoping he rather quizzed it than was serious with it,[1] though Robinson and Hyndford found in him no want of vehement seriousness, but rather the reverse!) He concludes: "Have I need of Peace? Let those who need it give me what I want, or let them fight me again and be beaten again. Have not they given whole Kingdoms to Spain?" (Naples at one swoop to the Termagant, as broken glass, in that Polish-Election freak!) "And to me they can not spare a few trifling Principalities? If the Queen does not now grant me all I require, I shall in four weeks demand Four Principalities more!" (Nay, I now do it, being in Sibillyne tune.) "I now demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included; and with that Answer you can return to Vienna."

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 84.

Robinson. "With that Answer! Is your Majesty serious?"

King. "With that." A most vehement young King; no negotiating with him, Sir Thomas! It is like negotiating for the Sibyl's Books: the longer you bargain, the higher he will rise. In four weeks' time he will demand Four Principalities more; nay, already demands them, the whole of Lower Silesia and Breslau. A precious negotiation I have made of it! Sir Thomas, wide-eyed, asks a second time:

Robinson. "Is that your Majesty's deliberate Answer?"

King. "Yes, I say. That is my Answer, and I will never give another."

Hyndford and Robinson (much flurried, to Podewils). "Your Excellency, please to comprehend, the Proposals from Vienna were—"

King. "Messieurs, Messieurs, it is of no use even to think of it." "And, taking off his hat," slightly raising his hat, as salutation and finale, "he retired precipitately behind the curtain of the interior corner of the tent," says the reporter. *Exit* King!

Robinson (totally flurried, to Podewils). "Your Excellency, France will abandon Prussia, will sacrifice Prussia to self-interest."

Podewils. "No, no! France will not deceive us; we have not deceived France." (*Scene closes; curtain falls.*)[1]

The unsuccessfullest negotiation well imaginable by a public man. Strehlen, Monday, 7th August, 1741: Friedrich has vanished into the interior of his tent, and the two Diplomatic gentlemen, the wind struck out of them in this manner, remain gazing at one another. Here truly is a young Royal gentleman that knows his own mind, while so many do not. Unspeakable imbroglio of negotiations, mostly insane, welters over all the Earth; the Belleisles, the Aulic Councils, the British Georges, heaping coil upon coil; and here, notably, in that now so extremely sordid murk of wiggeries, inane diplomacies, and solemn deliriums, dark now and obsolete to all creatures, steps forth one little Human Figure with something of sanity in it, like a star, like a gleam of steel, sheering

[1] State-Paper Office (Robinson to Harrington, Breslau, 9th August, 1741); Raumer, p. 106–110. Compare *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii, 84; and Valori, i., 119, 122.

asunder your big balloons, and letting out their diplomatic hydrogen; salutes with his hat, "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, it is of no use!" and vanishes into the interior of his tent. It is to Excellency Robinson, among all the sons of Adam then extant, that we owe this interesting Passage of History—authentic glimpse, face to face, of the young Friedrich in those extraordinary circumstances; every feature substantially as above, and recognizable for true. Many Dispatches his Excellency wrote in this world—sixty or eighty volumes of them still left—but among them is this One: the angriest of mankind can not say that his Excellency lived and embassied quite in vain!

The Two Britannic Gentlemen, both on that distressing Monday and the day following, had the honor to dine with the King, who seemed in exuberant spirits, cutting and bantering to right and left, upon the Court of Vienna among other topics, in a way which I Robinson "will not repeat to your Lordship." Bade me, for example, "As you pass through Neisse, make my compliments to Marshal Neipperg; and you can say, Excellency Robinson, that I hope to have the pleasure of calling one of these days!" Podewils, who was civil, pressed us much to stay over Wednesday the 9th. "On Thursday is to be a Grand Review, one of the finest military sights, to which the Excellencies from Breslau, one and all, are coming out." But we, having our Dispatches and Expresses on hand, pleaded business, and declined, in spite of Podewil's urgencies, and set off for Breslau Wednesday morning, meeting various Excellencies—by degrees, all the Excellencies, on the road for that Review we had heard of.

Readers must accept this Robinsoniad as the last of Friedrich's Diplomatic performances at Strehlen, which in effect it nearly was, and from these instances imagine his way in such things. Various Letters there are, to Jordan principally, some to Algarotti, both of whom he still keeps at Breslau, and sends for if there is like to be an hour of leisure. The Letters indicate cheerfulness of humor, even levity, in the Writer, which is worth noting in this wild clash of things now

tumbling round him, and looking to him as its centre; but they otherwise, though heartily and frankly written, are, to Jordan and us, as if written from the teeth outward, and throw no light whatever either on things befalling, or on Friedrich's humor under them. Reading diligently, we do notice one thing, That the talk about "fame (*gloire*)" has died out. Not the least mention now of *gloire;* perception now, most probably, that there are other things than "*gloire*" to be had by taking arms, and that War is a terribly grave thing, lightly as one may go into it at first! This small inference we do negatively draw from the Friedrich Correspondence of those months; and except this, and the levity of humor noticeable, we practically get no light whatever from it, the practical soul and soul's business of Friedrich being entirely kept veiled there, as usual.

And veiled, too, in such a way that you do not notice any veil, the young King being, as we often intimate, a master in this art, which useful circumstance has done him much ill with readers and mankind. For, if you intend to interest readers—that is to say, idle neighbors, and fellow-creatures in need of gossip—there is nothing like unveiling yourself: witness Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and many other poor waste creatures, going off in self-conflagration, for amusement of the parish, in that manner. But may not a man have something other on hand with his Existence than that of "setting fire to it" (such the process terribly *is*), "to show the people a fine play of colors, and get himself applauded, and pathetically blubbered over?" Alas! my friends!

It is certain there was seldom such a life-element as this of Friedrich's in Summer 1741. Here is the enormous jumbling of a World broken loose, boiling as in very chaos; asking of him, him more than any other, "How? What?" Enough to put *gloire* out of his head, and awaken thoughts—terrors, if you were of apprehensive turn! Surely no young man of twenty-nine more needed all the human qualities than Friedrich now. The threatenings, the seductions, big Belleisle hallucinations, the perils to you infinite if you *miss* the road. Friedrich did not miss it, as is well known; he managed to

pick it out from that enormous jumble of the elements, and victoriously arrived by it, he alone of them all, which is evidence of silent or latent faculty in him, still more wonderful than the loud-resounding ones of which the world has heard. Probably there was not, in his history, any chapter more significant of human faculty than this, which is not on record at all.

CHAPTER III.

GRAND REVIEW AT STREHLEN: NEIPPERG TAKES AIM AT BRESLAU, BUT ANOTHER HITS IT.

A DAY or two before that famous Audience of Hyndford and Robinson's, Neipperg had quitted his impregnable Camp at Neisse, and taken the field again, in the hope of perhaps helping Robinson's Negotiations by an inverse method. Should Robinson's offers not prove attractive enough, as is to be feared, a push from behind may have good effects. Neipperg intends to have a stroke on Breslau; to twitch Breslau out of Friedrich's hands by a private manœuvre on new resources that have offered themselves.[1]

In Breslau, which is by great majority Protestant in creed and warmly Prussian in temper, there has been no oppression or unfair usage heard of to any class of persons, and certainly in the matter of Protestant and Catholic there has been perfect equality observed. True, the change from favor and ascendency to mere equality is not in itself welcome to human creatures; one conceives, for various reasons of lower and higher nature, a minority of discontented individuals in Breslau, zealous for their creed and old perquisites sacred and profane, who long in secret, sometimes vocally to one another, for the good old times, when souls were *not* liable to perish wholesale, and people guilty only of loyalty and orthodoxy to be turned out of their offices on suspicion. Friedrich says it was mainly certain zealous Old Ladies of Quality who went into this adventure, and from whispering to one another, got

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 982, and ii., 227.

into speaking, into meeting in one another's houses for the purpose of concerting and contriving.[1] Zealous Old Ladies of Quality—these we consider were the Talking-Apparatus or Secret-Parliament of the thing; but it is certain one or two Official Gentlemen (Syndic Guzmar for instance, and others *not* yet become Ex-Official) had active hand in it, and furnished the practical ideas.

Continual Correspondence there was with Vienna by those Old Ladies; Guzmar and the others shy of putting pen to paper, and only doing it where indispensable. Zealous Addresses go to her Hungarian Majesty: "Oh, may the Blessed Virgin assist your Majesty!" accompanied, it is said, with Subscriptions of money (poor old souls); and, what is much more dangerous and feasible, there goes prompt notice to Neipperg of every thing the Prussian Army undertakes, and the Postscript always, "Come and deliver us, your Excellency." Of these latter Documents, I have heard of some with Syndic Guzmar's and other Official hands to them. Generally such things can, through accidental Pandour channels, were there no other, easily reach Neipperg, though they do not always. Enough, could Neipperg appear at the Gates of Breslau in some concerted night-hour, or push out suitable Detachment on forced-march that way, it is evident to him he would be let in; might smother the few Prussians that are in the Dom Island, and get possession of the Enemy's principal Magazine and the Metropolis of the Province. Might not the Enemy grow more tractable to Robinson's seductions in such case?

Neipperg marches from Neisse (1st–6th August) with his whole Army; first some thirty miles westward up the right or southern bank of the Neisse; then crosses the Neisse, and circles round to northward, giving Friedrich wide room:[2] that night of Robinson's Audience, when Friedrich was so merry at dinner, Neipperg was engaged in crossing the River; the second night after, Neipperg lay encamped and entrenched at Baumgarten (old scene of Friedrich's Pandour Adventure), while Hyndford and Robinson had got back to Breslau. In another day or so, he may hope to be within forced-march of

[1] *Œuvres*, ii., 82, 83. [2] Orlich, i., 130, 133.

Breslau, to detach Feldmarschall Browne or some sharp head, and to do a highly considerable thing?

Unluckily for Neipperg's Adventure, the Prussians had wind of it some time ago. They have got "a false Sister smuggled into that Old Ladies' Committee" who has duly reported progress; nay, they have intercepted something in Syndic Guzmar's own hand, and every thing is known to Friedrich. The Protestant population, and generally the practical quiet part of the Breslauers, are harassed with suspicion of some such thing, but can gain no certainty, nor understand what to do. Protestants especially, who have been so zealous, "who were seen dropping down on the streets to pray while the muffled thunder came from Molwitz that day"[1]—fancy how it would now be were the tables suddenly turned, and indignant Orthodoxy made supreme again, with memory fresh! But, in fact, there is no danger whatever to them. Schwerin has orders about Breslau; Schwerin and the Young Dessauer are maturely considering how to manage.

Readers recollect how Podewils pressed the Two Britannic Excellencies to stay in Strehlen a day or two longer: "Grand review, with festivities, just on hand; whole of the Foreign Ministers in Breslau invited out to see it," though Hyndford and Robinson would not consent, but left on the 9th, meeting the others at different points of the road. Next day, Thursday, 10th August, was in fact a great day at Strehlen; grand muster, manœuvring of cavalry above all, whom Friedrich is delighted to find so perfect in their new methods; riding as if they were centaurs, horse and man one entity; capable of plunging home, at full gallop, in coherent masses upon an enemy, and doing some good with him. "Neipperg's Croat-people, and out-pickets on the distant Hill-sides, witnessed these manœuvres,"[2] I know not with what criticism. Furthermore, about noon-time, there was heard (mark it, reader!) a distant cannon-shot, one and no more, from the Northern side, which gave his Majesty a lively pleasure, though he treated it as nothing. All the Foreign Ministers were on the

[1] Ranke, ii, 289.

[2] Ib., ii., 288.

ground, doubtless with praises so far as receivable ; and in the afternoon came festivities not a few. A great day in Strehlen, but in Breslau a much greater, which explained to our Two Excellencies why Podewils had been so pressing !

August 10th, at six in the morning, Schwerin, and under him the Young Dessauer—who had arrived in the Southwestern suburbs of Breslau overnight with 8000 foot and horse, and had posted themselves in a vigilant Anti-Neipperg manner there, and laid all their plans—appear at the Nicolai Gate, and demand, in the common way, transit for their regiments and baggage : " bound Northward," as appears ; " to Leubus," where something of Pandour sort has fallen out. So many troops or companies at a time, that is the rule ; one quotity of companies you admit ; then close and bolt till it have marched across and out at the opposite Gate ; after which, open again for a second lot. But in this case—owing to accident (very unusual) of a baggage-wagon breaking down, and people hurrying to help it forward—the whole regiment gets in, escorted as usual by the Town-guard—whole regiment ; and marches, not straight through, but at a certain corner strikes off leftward to the Market-place, where, singular to say, it seems inclined to pause and rearrange itself a little. Nay, more singular still, other regiments (owing to like accidents), from other Gates, join it ; and—in fact—" Herr Major of the Town-guard, in the King's name, you are required to ground arms ! " What can the Town Major do, Prussian grenadiers, cannoneers, gravely environing him ? He sticks his sword into the scabbard, an Ex-Town Major, and Breslau City is become Friedrich's, softly like a movement during drill.[1]

Not the least mistake occurred. Cannon with case-shot planted themselves in all the thoroughfares, Horse patrols went circulating every where ; Town-arsenal, gates, walls, are laid hold of ; Town-guards all disarmed, rather " with laughter on their part " than otherwise : " Majesty, perhaps, will give us muskets of his own—well ! " The operation altogether did not last above an hour-and-half, and nobody's skin got

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 982 ; ii., 227-268 ; Adelung, ii., 439 ; Stenzel, iv., 152.

scratched. Toward 9 A.M. Schwerin summoned the Town-Dignitaries to their Rathhaus to swear fealty, who at once complied; and on his stepping out with proposal to the general population of "a cheer for King Friedrich, Duke of Lower Silesia," the poor people rent the skies with their "Friedrich and Silesia forever!" which they repeated, I think, seven times; upon which Schwerin fired off his signal-cannon, pointing to the South, where other posts and cannons took up the sound, and pushed it forward, till, as we noticed, it got to Friedrich in few minutes on the review-ground at Strehlen; right welcome to him, among the manœuvrings there. Protestant Breslau or Cordwainer Döblin can not lament such a result; still less dare the devout Old Ladies of Quality openly lament, who are trembling to the heart, poor old creatures, though no evil came of it to them; penitent, let off for the fright; checking even their aspirations henceforth.

Syndic Guzmar and the peccant Officials being summoned out to Strehlen, it had been asked of them, "Do you know this Letter?" Upon which they fell on their knees, "*Ach Ihro Majestät!*" unable to deny their handwriting, yet anxious to escape death on the scaffold, as Friedrich said was usual under such behavior, and were sent home after a few hours of arrest.[1] Schwerin (as King's substitute till the King himself one day arrive) continued to take the Homaging, and to make the many new arrangements needful, all which went off in a soft and pleasantly harmonious manner; only the Jesuits scrupling a little to swear as yet, and getting gently sent their ways, with revenues stopped in consequence. Otherwise the swearing, which lasted for several days, was to appearance a joyful process, and on the part of the general population an enthusiastic one, "*Es lebe König Friedrich!*" rising to the welkin with insatiable emphasis, seven times over, on the least signal given. Neipperg's Adventure and Orthodox Female Parliament have issued in this sadly reverse manner.

Robinson and Hyndford have to witness these phenomena; Robinson to shoot off for Presburg again, with the worst news

[1] Orlich, i., 134; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 228.

in the world. Queen and Hofraths have been waiting in agony of suspense, "Will Friedrich bargain on those gentle terms, and help us with 100,000 men?" Far from it, my friends; how far! "My most important intelligence," writes the Russian Envoy there, some days ago,[1] "is that a Bavarian War has broken out; that Kur-Baiern is in Passau. God grant that Monsieur Robinson may succeed in his negotiation! All here are in the completest irresolution and total inactivity till Monsieur Robinson return, or at least send news of himself."

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE FIELD AGAIN, INTENT ON HAVING NEISSE.

THIS Breslau Adventure, which had yielded Friedrich so important an acquisition, was furthermore the cause of ending these Strehlen inactivities and of recommencing field operations. August 11th, Neipperg, provoked by the grievous news just come from Breslau, pushes suddenly forward on Schweidnitz by way of consolation; Schweidnitz, not so strong as it might be made, where the Prussians have a principal magazine: "One might at least seize that?" thinks Neipperg in his vexed humor. But here too Friedrich was beforehand with him; broke out, rapidly enough, to Reichenbach, westward, which bars the Neipperg road to Schweidnitz; upon which—or even before which (on rumor of it coming, which was not *yet* true)—Neipperg, half-done with his first day's march, called halt; prudently turned back, and hastened, Baumgarten way, to his strong Camp at Frankenstein again. His hope in the Schweidnitz direction had lasted only a few hours; a hope springing on the mere spur of pique, soon recognizable by him as futile; and now anxieties for self-preservation had succeeded it on Neipperg's part; for now Friedrich actually advances on him in a menacing manner, hardly hoping Neipperg will fight, but determined to have done with the Neisse

[1] "5th August, 1741," not said to whom (in Ranke, ii., 324, n.).

business, in spite of strong camps and cunctations, if it be possible.[1]

It was August 16th when Friedrich stirred out of Strehlen; August 21st when he encamped at Reichenbach. Till September 7th he kept manœuvring upon Neipperg, who countermanœuvred with vigilance, good judgment, and would not come to action: September 7th, Friedrich, weary of these hagglings, dashed off for Neisse itself; hoped to be across Neisse River, and be between Neisse Town and Neipperg before Neipperg could get up. There would then be no method of preventing the Siege of Neisse except by a Battle: so Friedrich had hoped; but Neipperg again proved vigilant.

Accordingly, September 11th, Friedrich's Vanguard was actually across the Neisse; had crossed at a place called Woitz, and had there got Two Pontoon Bridges ready, when Friedrich, in the evening, came up with the main Army, intending to cross, and was astonished to find Neipperg taking up position, in intricate ground, near by, on the opposite side! Ground so intricate, hills, bogs, bushes of wood, and so close upon the River, there was no crossing possible, and Friedrich's Vanguard had to be recalled. Two days of waiting, of earnest ocular study—no possibility visible. On the third day, Friedrich, gathering in his pontoons overnight, marched off, down stream, Neisse-wards, but on the left or north bank of the River; passed Neisse Town (the River between him and it), and encamped at Gross Neundorf, several miles from Neipperg and the River. Neipperg, at an equal step, has been wending toward his old Camp, which lies behind Neisse, between Neisse and the Hills: there, a river in front, dams and muddy inundations all round him, begirt with plentiful Pandours, Neipperg awaits what Friedrich will attempt from Gross Neundorf.

From Gross Neundorf, Friedrich persists twelve days (13th–25th September) studying, endeavoring—mere impossibility ahead. And by this time (what is much worth noting), Hyndford, silently quitting Breslau, has got back to these scenes of war, occasionally visible in Friedrich's Camp again on impor-

[1] Orlich, i., 137, 138.

tant and mysterious business, which will have results. Valori also is here in Camp, these two Excellencies jealously eying one another ; both of them with teeth rather on edge, Europe having suddenly got into such a plunge, (as if the highest mountains were falling into the deepest seas) since Friedrich began this Neipperg problem of his, in which, after twelve days, he sees mere impossibility ahead.

On the twelfth day Friedrich privately collects himself for a new method ; marches, soon after midnight,[1] fifteen miles down the River (which goes northward in this part, as the reader may remember) ; crosses, with all his appurtenances, unmolested, and takes camp a few miles inland, or on the right bank, and facing toward Neisse again. He intends to be in upon Neipperg from the rear quarter, and cut him off from Mähren and his daily convoys of food. "Daily food cut off—the thickest-skinned rhinoceros, the wildest lion, can not stand that : here, for Neipperg, is one point on which all his embankments and mud-dams will not suffice him!" thinks Friedrich. Certain preliminary operations and military indispensabilities there first are for Friedrich—Town of Oppeln to be got, which commands the Oder, our rearward highway ; Castle of Friedland, and the country between Oder and Neisse Rivers —while these preliminary things are being done (September 28th—October 3d), Friedrich in person gradually pushes forward toward Neipperg, reconnoitring, bickering with Croats : October 3d, preliminaries done, Neipperg's rear had better look to itself.

Neipperg, well enough seeing what was meant, has by this time come out of his mud-dams and impregnabilities, and advanced a few miles toward Friedrich. Neipperg lies now encamped in the Hamlet of Griesau, a little way behind Steinau —poor Steinau, which the reader saw on fire one night, when Friedrich and we were in those parts, in Spring last. Friedrich's Camp is about five miles from Neipperg's, on the other side of Steinau. A tolerable champaign country ; I should think, mostly in stubble at this season. Nearly midway between these two Camps is a pretty Schloss called Klein-Schnel-

[1] 26th September, 2 A.M. : Orlich, i., 144.

lendorf, occupied by Neipperg's Croats just now, of which Prince Lobkowitz (he, if I remember, but it matters nothing), an Austrian General of mark, far away at present, is proprietor.

Friedrich's Oppeln preparations are about complete, and he intends to advance straightway. "Hold, for Heaven's sake, your Majesty!" exclaims Hyndford, getting hold of him one day (waylaying him, in fact; for it is difficult, owing to Valori). "Wait, wait; I have just been to the—to the Camp of Neipperg," silently gesticulates Hyndford: "within a week all shall be right, and not a drop of blood shed!" Friedrich answers, by silence chiefly, to the effect, "Tush! tush!" but not quite negatively, and does in effect wait. We had better give the snatch of Dialogue in primitive authentic form; date is, Camp of Neundorf, October 4th:

"*Friedrich* (pausing impatiently, on the way toward his tent). '*Milord, de quoi s'agit-il à présent* (what is it now, then)?'

"*Hyndford.* 'Should much desire to have some assurance from your Majesty with regard to that neutrality of Hanover you were pleased to promise.' All else is coming right; hastening toward beautiful settlement, were that settled.

"*Friedrich.* 'Have not I great reason to be dissatisfied with your Court? Britannic Majesty as King of England and as Elector of Hanover, is wonderful! Milord, when you say a thing is white, Schweichelt, the Hanoverian Excellency, calls it black, and *vice versâ*. But I will do your King no harm; none, I say! Follow me to dinner; dinner is cold by this time, and we have made more than one person think of us. Swift!' (and *exit*)."[1]

This is a strange motion on the part of Hyndford; but Friedrich, severely silent to it, understands it very well, as readers soon will, when they hear farther. But marvelous things have happened on the sudden! In these three weeks, since the Camp of Strehlen broke up, there have been such Events, strategic, diplomatic; a very avalanche of ruin; hurling Austria down to the Nadir, of which it is now fit that the reader have some faint conception, an adequate not being possible for him or me:

[1] Hyndford's Dispatch, Neisse, 4th October, 1741.

"*August* 15*th*, 1741. Robinson reappears in Presburg, and precious surely are the news he brings to an Aulic Council fallen back in its chairs, and staring with the wind struck out of it. Their expected Seizure of Breslau gone heels over head in that way; Friedrich imperiously resolute, gleaming like the flash of steel amid these murky imbecilities, and without the Cession of Silesia no Peace to be made with him! And all this is as nothing to news which arrives just on the back of Robinson from another quarter.

"*August* 15*th*–21*st*. French Army of 40,000 men, special Army of Belleisle, sedulously equipped and completed, visibly crosses the Rhine at Fort Louis (an Island Fortress in the Rhine, thirty miles below Strasburg; *stones* of it are from the old Schloss of Hagenau)—steps over deliberately there, and on the sixth day is all on German ground. These troops, to be commanded by Belleisle so soon as he can join them, are to be the Elector of Bavaria's troops, Kur-Baiern Generalissimo over Belleisle and them;[1] and they are on rapid march to join that ambitious Kurfürst in his Passau Expedition, and probably submerge Vienna itself.

"And what is this we hear farther, O Robinson, O Excellencies Hyndford, Schweichelt, and Company: That another French Army, of the same strength, under Maillebois, has in the self same days gone across the Lower Rhine (at Kaiserswörth, an hour's ride below Düsseldorf)! At Kaiserswörth, ostensibly for comforting and strengthening Kur-Köln (the lanky Ecclesiastical Gentleman, Kur-Baiern's Brother), their excellent ally, should any body meddle with him. Ostensibly for this, but in reality to keep the Sea-Powers, and especially George of England, quiet. It marches toward Osnabrück, this Maillebois Army; quarters itself up and down, looking over into Hanover—able to eat Hanover, especially if joined by the Prussians and Old Leopold, at any moment.

"These things happen in this month of August, close upon the rear of that steel-shiny scene in the Tent at Strehlen, where Friedrich lifted his hat, saying, 'Tis of no use, Messieurs!' which was followed by the siezure of Breslau the wrong way. Never came such a cataract of evil news on an Aulic Council before. The poor proud people, all these months they have been sitting torpid, helpless, loftily stupid, like dumb idols; 'in flat despair,' as Robinson says once, 'only without the strength to be desperate.'

[1] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, ii., 264.

"Sure enough, the Sea-Powers are checkmated now. Let them make the least attempt in favor of the Queen if they dare. Holland can be overrun from Osnabrück quarter at a day's warning. Little George has his Hanoverians, his subsidized Hessians, Danes, in Hanover, his English on Lexden Heath: let him come one step over the marches, Maillebois and the Old Dessauer swallow him. It is a surprising stroke of theatrical-practical Art, brought about, to old Fleury's sorrow, by the genius of Belleisle, and they say of Madame Châteauroux; enough to strike certain Governing Persons breathless for some time, and denotes that the Universal Hurricane, or World-Tornado, has broken out. It is not recorded of little George that he fell back in his chair, or stared wider than usual with those fish-eyes; but he discerned well, glorious little man, that here is left no shadow of a chance by fighting; that he will have to sit stock still, under awful penalties; and that, if Maria Theresa will escape destruction, she must make her peace with Friedrich at any price."

This fine event, 80,000 French actually across the Rhine, happened in the very days while Friedrich and Neipperg had got into wrestle again—Neipperg just off from that rash march for Schweidnitz, and whirling back on rumor (15th August), while the first installment of the French were getting over. Friedrich must admit that the French fulfill their promises so far. A week ago or more, they made the Swedes declare War against Russia, as covenanted. War is actually declared at Stockholm August 4th, the Faction of Hats prevailing over that of Nightcaps, after terrible debates and efforts about the mere declaring of it, as if that alone were the thing needed. We mentioned this War already, and would not willingly again—one of the most contemptible Wars ever declared or carried on, but useful to Friedrich as keeping Russia off his hands at a critical time, and conclusively forbidding help to Austria from that quarter.

Maréchal de Belleisle, rapt in Diplomatic and Electioneering business, can not personally take command for the present, but has excellent lieutenants, one of whom is Comte de Saxe, Moritz our old friend, afterward Maréchal de Saxe. Among the finest French Armies, this of Belleisle's is thought

to be, that ever took the field; so many of our Nobility in it, and what best Officers, Ségurs, Saxes, future Maréchals, we have. Army full of spirit and splendor; come to cut Germany in Four, and put France at last in its place in the Universe. Here is courage, here is patriotism, of a sort; and if this is not the good sort, the divinely pious, the humanly noble, Fashionable Society feels it to be so, and can hit no nearer. New-fashioned "Army of the Oriflamme," one might call this of Belleisle's; kind of Sham-Sacred French Army (quite in earnest, as it thinks); led on, not by St. Denis and the Virgin, but by Sun-god Belleisle and the Châteauroux, under these sad new conditions, which did not prosper as expected.

"Let the Holy German Reich take no offense," said this Army, eager to conciliate: "we come as friends merely; our intentions charitable, and that only. Bavarian Treaty of Nymphenburg (18th May last) binds us especially this time; Treaty of Westphalia bind us sacredly at all times. Peaceable to you, nay, brotherly, if only you will be peaceable," which the poor Reich, all but Austria and the Sea-Powers, strove what it could to believe.

On reaching the German shore out of Elsass, "every Officer put the Bavarian Colors, cockade of blue-and-white, on his hat"[1]—a mere "Bavarian Army," don't you see? And the 40,000 wend steadily forward through Schwaben eastward till they can join Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, who is Generalissimo, or has the name of such. They march in Seven Divisions. Donauwörth (a Town we used to know, in Marlborough's time and earlier) is to be their first resting-point; Ingolstadt their place-of-arms: will readers recollect those two essential circumstances? To Donauwörth is 250 miles; to Passau will be 180 more: five or six long weeks of marching. But after Donauwörth they are to go, the Infantry of them are, in boats; Horse, under Saxe, marching parallel. Forward, ever forward, to Passau (properly to Schärding, twelve miles up the Inn Valley, where his Bavarian Highness is in Camp), and thence, under his Bavarian Highness, and in con-

[1] Adelung, ii., 431.

cert with him, to pour forth, deluge-like, upon Linz, probably upon Vienna itself, down the Donau Valley—why not to Vienna itself, and ruin Austria at one swoop?[1]

The second, or Maillebois French Army, spreads itself, by degrees, considerably over Westphalia; straitened for forage, and otherwise not the best of neighbors. But in theory, in speech, this too was abundantly conciliatory—to the Dutch at least. "Nothing earthly in view, nothing, ye magnanimous Dutch, except to lodge here in the most peaceable manner, paying our way, and keep down disturbances that might arise in these parts. That might arise—not from you ye magnanimous High Mightinesses, how far from it! Nor will we meddle with one broken brick of your respectable Barrier, or Barrier Treaty, which is sacred to us, or do you the shadow of an injury. No; a thousand times, upon our honor, No!" For brevity's sake, I lend them that locution, "No, a thousand times;" and, in actual arithmetic, I should think there are at least four or five hundred times of it in those extinct Diplomatic Eloquences of Excellency Fénélon and the other French, vaguely counting, in one's oppressed imagination, during the Two Years that ensue. For the Dutch lazily believed, or strove to believe, this No of Fénélon's, and took an obstinate laggard sitting posture in regard to Pragmatic Sanction, whereby the task of "hoisting" them (as above hinted), which fell upon a certain King, became so famous in Diplomatic History.

Imagination may faintly picture what a blow this advent of Maillebois was to his Britannic Majesty over in Herrenhausen yonder! He has had of Danes six thousand, of Hessians six, of Hanoverians sixteen—in all, some 30,000 men, on foot here

[1] Espagnac, *Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe* (German Translation, Leipzig, 1774), i, 83; an excellent military compend. *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux* (Maillebois, Broglio, Belleisle: Amsterdam, 1773), ii., 53–56: in nine handy little volumes (or, if we include the *Noailles* and the *Coigny* set, making "*Cinq Maréchaux*," nineteen volumes in all, and a twentieth for *Index*), consisting altogether of Official Letters (brief, rapid, meant for business, *not* for printing in the Newspapers), which are elucidative *beyond* bargain, and would even be amusing to read, were the topic itself worth one's time.

since Spring last, camping about (in two formidable Camps at this moment), not to mention the 6000 of English on Lexden Heath, eager to be shipped across, would Parliament permit; and now—let him stir in any direction if he dare! Camp of Göttin like a drawn sword at one's throat (at one's Hanover) from the east, and lo, here a twin fellow to it gleaming from the south side! Maillebois can walk into the throat of Hanover at a day's warning. And such was actually the course proposed by Maillebois's Government, more than once, in these weeks, had not Friedrich dissuaded and forbidden. It is a strangling crisis. What is his Britannic Majesty to do? Send orders, "Double *your* diligence, Excellency Robinson!" that is one clear point; the others are fearfully insoluble, yet pressing for solution: in a six weeks hence (September 27th) we shall see what they issue in!

As for Robinson, he is duly with the Queen at Presburg; duly conjuring incessantly, "Make your peace with Friedrich!" And her Majesty will not, on the terms. Poor Robinson, urged two ways at once, is flurried doubly and trebly; tossed about as Diplomatist never was. King of Prussia flashes lightning looks upon him, clapping finger to nose; Maria Theresa, knowing he will demand cession of Silesia, shudders at sight of him; and the Aulic Council fall into his arms like dead men, murmuring, "Money; where is your money?"

"*August* 29*th*. While Friedrich was pushing into Neipperg, in the Baumgarten Country, and could get no battle out of him, Excellency Robinson reappears at Breslau; Maria Theresa, after deadly efforts on his part, has mended her offers in these terrible circumstances, and Robinson is here again. 'Half of Silesia, or almost half, provided his Majesty will turn round and help against the French:' these, secretly, are Robinson's rich offers. The Queen, on consenting to these new offers, had 'wrung her hands' like one in despair, and said passionately, 'Unless accepted within a fortnight, I will not be bound by them!' 'Admit his Excellency to the honor of an interview,' solicits Hyndford; 'his offers are much mended.' Notable to witness, Friedrich will not see Robinson at all this time, nor even permit Podewils to see him; signifies plainly

that he wants to hear no more of his offers, and that, in fact, the sooner he can take himself away from Breslau, it will be the better. To that effect, Robinson, rushing back in mortified astonished manner, reports progress at Presburg; to that and no better. 'High Madam,' urges Robinson, still indefatigable, 'The King of Prussia's help would be life, his hostility is death at this crisis. Peace must be with him, at any price!' 'Price?' answers her Majesty once: 'if Austria must fall, it is indifferent to me whether it be by Kur-Baiern or Kur-Brandenburg!'[1] Nevertheless, in about a week she again yields to intense conjuring and the ever-tightening pressure of events; King George, except it be for counseling, is become stock-still, with Maillebois's sword at his throat, and is, without metaphor, sinking toward absolute neutrality: 'Can not help you, Madam, any farther; must not try it, or I perish, my Hanover and I!' So that Maria Theresa again mends her offers: 'Give him all Lower Silesia, and he to join with me!' and Robinson post-haste dispatches a courier to Breslau with them. Notable again: King Friedrich will not hear of them; answers by a 'No, I tell you! Time was, time is not. I have now joined with France; and to join against it in this manner? Talk to me no more!'"[2] * *

Here is a catastrophe for the Two Britannic Excellencies and the Cause of Freedom! Robinson, in dudgeon and amazement, has hurried back to Presburg, has ceased sending even couriers, and, in a three weeks hence (9th October, a day otherwise notable), wishes "to come home," the game being up.[3] Such is Robinson's gloomy view: finished he, and the game lost—unless perhaps Hyndford could still do something? Of which, what hope is there? Hyndford, who has

[1] Stenzel, iv., 156.

[2] Friedrich to Hyndford: "*Au Camp*" (*de Neuendorf*), "14*th septembre*" 1741. "*Milord, j'ai reçu les nouvelles propositions d'alliance que l'infatigable Robinson vous envoie. Je les trouve aussi chimériques que les précédentes.*" *Ces gens sont-ils fols, Milord, de s'imaginer que je commisse la trahison de tourner en leur faveur mes armes, et de—*" "*Je vous prie de ne me plus fatiguer avec de pareilles propositions, et de me croire assez honnête homme pour ne point violer mes engagements.*—FÉDÉRIC." (British Museum: Hyndford Papers, fol. 133.)

[3] His Letter, "9th October 1741" (in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, iii., Appendix, p. lii.: edit. London, 1839).

a rough sagacity in him, and manifests often a strong sense of the practical and the practicable, strikes into—Readers, from the following Fragments of Correspondence, now first made public, will gather for themselves what new course, veiled in triple mystery, Hyndford had struck into. Four bits of Notes, well worth reading, under their respective dates:

1°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington* (Two Notes).

"*Breslau, 2d September*, 1741" (on the heel of Robinson's second miscarriage). * * "My Lord, all these contretemps are very unlucky at present, when time is so precious; for France is pressing the King of Prussia in the strongest manner to declare himself; but, whatever eventual preliminaries may be probably agreed between them, I still doubt if they have any Treaty signed"—have had one any time these three months (since 5th June last), signed sufficiently, but of a most fast-and-loose nature, neither party intending to be rigorous in keeping it. "I wish to God the Court of Vienna may be brought to think before it is too late."[1]

2°. "*Breslau, 6th September.* * * I am not without hopes of succeeding in a project which has occurred to me on this occasion, and which seems to be pretty well relished by some people" (properly by one individual, Goltz, the King's Adjutant and factotum) "who are in great confidence about the King of Prussia's person, and I think it is the only thing that now remains to be tried; and as it is the least of two evils, I hope I shall have the King my Master's approbation in attempting it; and if the Court of Vienna will open their eyes, they must see it is the only thing left to save them from utter destruction;" and, finally, here it is:

"Since Mr. Robinson left this place"—("Sooner *you* go, the better, Sir!")—"I have been sounding the people aforementioned," the individual afore hinted at, "Whether the King of Prussia would hearken to a Neutrality with respect to the Queen of Hungary, and at the same time fulfill his engagements to his Majesty with respect to the defense of his Majesty's German Dominions, *if* she would give him the Lower Silesia with Breslau? At first they rejected it, saying it was a thing they dared not propose. However, I have reason to believe, by a Letter I saw this day, that it has been proposed

[1] *Hyndford Papers* (Brit. Mus., Additional MSS., 11,366), ii., fol. 91.

to the King, and that he is not absolutely averse to it. I shall know more in a few days ; but if it can be done at all, it must be done in the very greatest secrecy, for neither the King nor his Ministers wish to appear in it, and I question if his Minister Podewils will be informed of it." [1]

3°. *Excellency Robinson* (in a flutter of excitement, temporary hope and excitement, about Goltz) *to Hyndford at Breslau.*

"*Presburg, 8th September* (N. S.), 1741. My Lord, I could desire your Lordship to summon up, if it were necessary, the spirit of all your Lordship's Instructions, and the sense of the King, of the Parliament, and of the whole British Nation. It is upon this great moment that depends the fate, not of the House of Austria, not of the Empire, but of the House of Brunswick, of Great Britain, and of all Europe. I verily believe the King of Prussia does not himself know the extent of the present danger. With whatever motive he may act, there is not one, not that of the wildest resentment, that can blind him to this degree of himself perishing in the ruin he is bringing upon others. With his concurrence, the French will, in less than six weeks, be masters of the German Empire. The weak Elector of Bavaria is but their instrument : Prague and Vienna may, and probably will, be taken in that short time. Will even the King of Prussia himself be reserved to the last?

"Upon this single transaction" (of your Lordship's affair with the mysterious individual) "depend the *cita mors*, or the *victoria læta* of all Europe. Nothing will equal the glory of your Lordship in the latter case but that to be acquired by the King of Prussia in his immediate imitation of the great Sobieski"—reputed "savior of Vienna," O your Excellency! * * "Prince Lichtenstein will, if found in time upon his estates in Bohemia, be, I believe, the person to repair to the King of Prussia the moment your Lordship shall have signed the Preliminaries. Once again, give me leave, my Lord, to express my most ardent wishes, my"—T. Robinson.[2]

4°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington.*

"*Breslau, 9th September.* * * Received a message to meet him"—*him*, for we now speak in the singular number, though still without naming Goltz—"one of the persons I mentioned in my former Dispatch, in a very unsuspected place, for we have agreed to avoid all appearance of familiarity. He told

[1] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 97, 98.

[2] Ibid., fol. 102.

me he had received a Letter this morning from the Camp "—Prussian Majesty's Camp, or Bivouac (in the Münsterberg Hill-Country), on that march toward Woitz, for crossing the Neisse upon Neipperg, which proved impracticable—"and that he could with pleasure tell me that the King agreed to this last trial, although he would not, nor could appear in it. * * Then this person read to me a Paper, but I could not see whether it was the King's hand or not; for when I desired to take a copy, he said he could not show me the original, but dictated as follows:

"'*Toute la Basse Silésie, la rivière de Neisse pour limite, la ville de Neisse à nous, aussi bien que Glatz; de l'autre côté de l'Oder l'ancien limite entre les Duchés de Brieg et d'Oppeln. Namslau à nous. Les affaires de religion* in statu quo. *Point de dépendance de la Bohème; cession éternelle. En échange nous n'irons pas plus loin. Nous assiégerons Neisse* pro formâ: *le commandant se rendra et sortira. Nous prendrons les quartiers tranquillement, et ils pourront mener leur Armée où ils voudront. Que tout cela soit fini en douze jours.*' That is to say:

"'The whole of Lower Silesia, Neisse Town included; Neisse River for boundary; Glatz withal. Beyond the Oder, for the Duchies of Brieg and Oppeln the ancient limits. Namslau ours. Affairs of Religion to continue *in statu quo*. No dependence' (feudal tie or other, as there used to be) 'on Bohemia; cession of Silesia to be absolute and forever. We, in return, will proceed no farther. We will besiege Neisse for form; the Commandant shall surrender and depart. We will pass quietly into winter quarters, and the Austrian Army may go whither it will. Bargain to be concluded within twelve days.'"[1] Can his Excellency Hyndford get Vienna, get Feldmarschall Neipperg, with power from Vienna, to accept: Yes or No? Excellency Hyndford thinks Yes; will try his very utmost!

"He (Goltz) then tore the Paper in very small pieces; and he repeated again that if the affair should be discovered, both the King and he were determined to deny it. * * 'But how about engagements with regard to my Master's German Dominions; not a word about that?' He answered, 'You have not the least to fear from France;' protested the King of Prussia's great regard for his Majesty of England, &c. 'I told him these fine words did not satisfy me; and that, if this affair should succeed, I expected there should be some stipulation."[2]

[1] Coxe (iii., 272) gives this Translation, not saying whence he had it.

[2] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 115.

Yes; and came, about a month hence, "waylaying his Majesty" to get one, as readers saw above.

Prussian Dryasdust (poor soul, to whom one is often cruel!) shall glad himself with the following Two bits of Autography from Goltz, who had instantly quitted Breslau again, and to us they will serve as date for the actual arrival of Excellency Hyndford in those fighting regions, and commencement of his mysterious glidings about between Camp and Camp.

Goltz to the Excellency Hyndford at Breslau (most Private).

Au Camp de Neuendorf, 16me *septembre, à 9 heures du soir.*

(1.) "*Milord,—Vous savez que je suis porté pour la bonne cause. Sur ce pied je prends la liberté de vous conseiller en ami et serviteur, de venir ici incessamment, et de presser votre voyage de sorte que vous puissiez paraître publiquement lundi*" (18*th*) "*vers midi. Vous trouverez* 6 (sic) *chevaux de postes à Olau et à Grottkau tout prêts. Hâtez-vous, Milord, tout ce que vous pourrez au monde. J'ai l'honneur.*" Meaning in brief English, "Be at Neundorf here, publicly, on Monday next, 18th, toward noon," things being ripe. "Haste, Milord, haste!"

"*Ce* 18me *à 3 heures après-midi.*

(2.) "*Je suis au désespoir, Milord, de votre maladie. Voici le courrier que vous attendiez. Venez le plutôt que vous pourrez au monde; si non, dites au Général Marwitz de quoi il s'agit, afin qu'il puisse me le faire savoir. * * Le courrier serait arrivé quatre heures plutôt, si nous ne l'avions renvoyé au Comte Neuberg* (sic) *à cause de votre maladie.*"—"GOLTZ."[1] That is to say:

"Distressed expressibly by your Lordship's biliary condition. One can not travel under colic; and things were so ripe! Courier would have reached you four hours sooner, but we had to send him over to Neipperg first. Come, oh come!" which Hyndford, now himself again, at once does.

This is the Mystery which, on October 4th, had arrived at that stage indicated above: "Tush! Follow me: Dinner is already falling cold, and there are eyes upon us!" Five days after that Dinner—But we shall have to take the luggage with us, what minimum of it is indispensable.

[1] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 150–152.

CHAPTER V.

KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF: FRIEDRICH GETS NEISSE, IN A FASHION.

WHILE these combined Mysteries and War-movements go on in Neisse and its Environs, the World-Phenomena continue in Upper Austria and elsewhere, of which take these select summits, or points chiefly luminous in the dusk of the forgotten Past:

Linz, September 14th. Karl Albert, being joined some days ago at Schärding by the first three French Divisions, 15,000 men in all (the other Four divisions of them are still in the Donauwörth-Ingolstadt quarter, making their manifold arrangements), has pushed forward sixty miles (land-marches, south side of the Donau, which makes a bend here), and this day, September 14th, appears at Linz—pleasant City of Linz, where, as readers may remember, Mr. John Kepler, long ago, busy discovering the System of the World (grandest Conquest ever made, or to be made, by the Sons of Adam), had his poor *Camera Obscura* set out, to get himself a livelihood in the interim: here now is Karl Albert's flag on the winds, and, as it were, the Oriflamme with it, on a singularly different adventure. "Open gates!" demands Karl Albert with authority: "admit me to my Capital of Upper Austria!" Which can not be denied him, there being nothing but Town-guards in the place.

Karl Albert continued there some weeks in a serenely victorious posture, doing acts of authority, getting homaged by the *Stände*, pushing out his forces farther and farther down the Donau, post after post—victorious Oriflamme-Bavarian Army may be 40,000 strong or so in those parts. Friedrich urged him much to push on without pause, and take opportunity by the forelock; sent Schmettau (elder of the Two Schmettaus, who is much employed on such business) to urge him; wrote an express Paper of Considerations pressingly urgent; but he would not, and continued pausing.

Vienna, all in terror, is fortifying itself; citizens toiling at the earth-works, resolute for making some defense; Consti-

tuted Authorities, National Archives even, Court in a body, and all manner of Noble and Official people, flying elsewhither to covert—chiefly to Presburg, where her Majesty already is. The Archives were carried to Grätz; the two Dowager Empresses (for there are two, Maria Theresa's Mother, and Maria Theresa's Aunt, Kaiser Joseph's Widow) fled different ways —I forget which. An agitated, paralyzed population. Except the diligent wheelbarrows on the ramparts, no vehicle is rolling in Vienna but furniture-wagons loading for flight. General Khevenhüller with 6000, who presides with fine scientific skill, and an iron calmness and clearness, over these fortifyings, is the only force left.[1] Neipperg's, our only Army in the world, is hundreds of miles away, countermarching and manœuvring about Woitz, and Neisse Town and River, pretty sure to be beaten in the end, and it is high time there were a Silesian bargain had, if Hyndford can get us any.

Dresden, September 19th (Excellency Hyndford just recovering from his colic in Breslau), Kur-Sachsen, after many waverings, signs Treaty of Copartnery with France and Bavaria, seduced by "that Moravia," and the ticklings of Belleisle acting on a weak mind.[2] His troops are 20,000, or rather more; said to be of good quality, and well equipped. In February last we saw him engaged in Russian, Anti-Prussian Partition schemes. In April, as these suddenly (on sight of the Camp of Göttin) extinguished themselves, he agreed to go, in the pacific way, with her Hungarian Majesty for friend (Treaty with her signed 11th April), but never went (Treaty never ratified); kept his 20,000 lying about in Camp, in an enigmatic manner, first about Torgau, latterly in the Lausitz, much nearer to the *Erzgebirge* (Metal-Mountains), Frontier of Bohemia; and now signs as above, intent to march as soon as possible. Is to have Four Circles of Bohemia, imaginary Kingships of Moravia, and other prizes. Belleisle has tickled that big trout: Belleisle could now have the Election as he wishes it, would the Electors be but speedy; but they will not, and he is obliged to push continually.

[1] Anonymous, *Histoire de la Dernière Guerre de Bohème* (à Frankfort, 1745–47), i., 190. A lively, succinct little Book, vague, not false; still readable, though not now, as then, with complete intelligence to the unprepared reader. Said to be by Mauvillon *Père*, though it resembles nothing else of his that is known to me.

[2] Adelung, ii., 304, 469, 503.

"Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ," *in the Poetic, and then also in the Prose Form.*

Presburg, September 21*st.* This is the date (or chief date, for, alas! there turn out to be two!) of the world-famous "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ,*" of which there are now needed Two Narratives, the generally received (in part mythical) going first, in the following strain:

"The Queen has been in Presburg mainly, where the Hungarian Diet is sitting, ever since her Coronation-ceremony. On the 11th September" (or 11th and 21st together) "the afflicted Lady makes an appearance there which, for theatrical reality, has become very celebrated. Alas! it is but three months since she galloped to the top of the Königsberg, and cut defiantly with bright sabre toward the Four Points of the Universe, and already it has come to this. Hungarian Magnates in high session, the high Queen enters, beautiful and sad, and among her ministers is noticeable a Nurse with the young Archduke, some six months old, a fine thriving child, perhaps too wise for his age, who became Kaiser Joseph II. in after time.

"The Hungarian Session is not on record for me; Hull of meeting, Magyar Parliamentary eloquence unknown; nor is any point conspicuously visible, exact and certain, except these" (alas! not even these): "That it was the 11th of September, that her Majesty, coming forward to speak, took the child in her arms, and there, in a clear and melodiously piercing voice, sorrow and courage on her noble face, beautiful as the Moon riding among wet stormy clouds, spake, as the Hungarian Archives still have it, a short Latin Harangue, in substance as follows: * * 'Hostile invasion of Austria; imminent peril to this Kingdom of Hungary, to our person, to our children, to our crown. Forsaken by all—*ab omnibus derelicti*' (Britannic Majesty himself standing stock-still—blamably, one thinks, the two swords being only at *his* throat, and a good way off!)—'I have no resource but to throw myself on the loyalty and help of Your renowned Body, and invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise swiftly and save me!' Whereat the assembled Hungarian Synod, their wild Magyar hearts touched to the core, start up in impetuous acclaim, flourish aloft their drawn swords, and shout unanimously in passionate tenor-voice, '*Moriamur* (Let us die) for our Rex

Maria Theresa!'[1] which were not vain words. For a general 'Insurrection' was thereupon decreed; what the Magyars call their 'Insurrection,' which is by no means of rebellious nature; and many noblemen, old Count Palfy himself a chief among them, though past threescore and ten, took the field at their own cost; and the noise of the Hungarian Insurrection spread like a voice of hope over all Pragmatic Countries."

A very beautiful heroic scene, which has gone about the world, circulating triumphantly through all hearts for above a Century past, and has only of late acknowledged itself mythical—not true, except as toned down to the following stingy prose-pitch:

Presburg, September 21*st.* Maria Theresa, since that fine Coronation scene, June 25th, has had a mixed time of it with her Hungarian Diet, soft passages alternating with hard: a chivalrous people, most consciously chivalrous, but a constitutional withal; very stiff upon their Charter (*Pacta Conventa*, or whatever the name is); who wrangle much upon privileges, upon taxes, and are difficult to keep long in tune. Ten days ago (September 11th) her Majesty tried them on a new tack; summoned them to her Palace; threw herself upon their nobleness, "No allies but you in the world" (and other fine things, authentically, as above, legible in the Archives to this day): so spake the beautiful young Queen, her eyes filling with tears as she went on, and yet a noble fire gleaming through them, which melted the Hungarian heart a good deal, and produced fine cheering, some persons even shedding tears, and voices of "Life and Fortune for your Majesty!" being heard in it. In which humor the Diet returned to its Session-House, and voted the "Insurrection," or general Arming of Hungary, County by County, each according to its own contingent, with all speed, in pursuance of her Majesty's implied desire. This was voted in rapid manner; but again, in the detail of executing, it was liable to haggles. From this day, however, matters did decidedly improve; *Pacta Conventa*, or any remainder of them, are got adjusted, the good Queen yielding on many points. So that, September 20th, Grand-Duke Franz is elected Co-regent—let him start from Vienna instantly, for Installment—and it is hoped the Insurrection will go well, and not prove haggly, or hang fire in the details.

At any rate, next day, September 21st, Duke Franz, who

[1] *Maria Theresiens Leben* (which speaks hypothetically), iv., 44; Coxe, iii., 270 (who is positive, "after examining the Documents").

arrived last night—and Baby with him, or in the train of him (to the joy of Mamma !)—is in the Palace Audience-Hall "at 8 A.M.," ready for the Diet, and what Homagings and mutual Oath, as new Co-regent, are necessary—Grand-Duke Franz, Mamma by his side, with the suitable functionaries, and to rearward Nurse and Baby, not so conspicuous till needed. Diet enters with the stroke of 8 ; solemnity proceeds. At the height of the solemnity, when Duke Franz, who is really risen now to something of a heroic mood in these emergencies and perils, has just taken his Oath, and will have to speak a fit word or two, the Nurse, doubtless on hint given, steps forward, holds up Baby (a fine, noticing fellow, I have no doubt—"weighed sixteen pounds avoirdupois when born") ; as if Baby, too, fine mutual product of the Two Co-regents, were mutually swearing and appealing. Enough to touch any heart. "Life and blood (*vitam et sanguinem*) for our Queen and Kingdom !" exclaims the Grand-Duke, among other things. "Yes, *vitam et sanguinem !*" re-echoes the Diet, "our life and our blood !" many-voiced, again and again ; and returns to its own Place of Session, once more in a fine strain of loyal emotion.

And there, O reader, is the naked truth, neither more nor less. It was some Vienna Pamphleteer of theatrical imaginative turn, finding the thing apt, a year or two afterward—who, by kneading different dates and objects into one, boldly annihilating time and space, and adding a little paint—gave it that seductive mythical form, from whom Voltaire adopted it, with improvements, especially in the little Harangue, and from Voltaire gratefully the rest of mankind.[1] Cut down to the practical, it stands as above ; by no means a bad thing still. That of "bringing in Baby" was a pretty touch in the domestic-royal way, and surely very natural, and has no "art" in it, or none to blame, and not love rather, on the part of the bright young Mother, now girdled in such tragic outlooks, and so glad to have Baby back at least, and Papa with him ! It is certain the "Insurrection" was voted with enthusiasm, and even became rapidly a fact. And there was, in few

[1] Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XV.*, c. 6 (*Œuvres*, xxviii , 78) ; Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii., 270 ; and innumerable others (who give this Myth) ; *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 44, n. (who cites the Vienna Pamphleteers without much believing them) ; Mailäth (a Hungarian), *Geschichte des Œsterreichischen Kaiser Staats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 11–13 (who explodes the fable).

months hence, an immense mounted force of Hungarians raised, which galloped and plundered (having almost no pay), and occasionally fenced and fought, very diligently during all these Wars—Hussars, Croats, Pandours, Tolpatches, Warasdins, Uscocks, never heard of in war before, who were found very terrible to look upon once, in the imagination or with the naked eye, but whose fighting talent against regular troops was next to worthless, and who gradually became hateful rather than terrible in the military world.

Hanover, September 27th. Britannic Majesty, reduced to that frightful pinch, has at last given way. Treaty of Neutrality for Hanover: engagement again to stick one's puissant Pragmatic sword into its scabbard, to be perfectly quiescent and contemplative in these French-Bavarian Anti-Austrian undertakings, and digest one's indignation as one can. For our Paladin of the Pragmatic, what a posture! This is the first of Three Attempts by our puissant little Paladin to draw sword; not till the third could he get his sword out, or do the least fighting (even foolish fighting), with all the 40,000 he had kept on pay and subsidy for years back. The Neutrality was for Hanover only, and had no specific limit as to time. Opportunities did rise, but something always rose along with them—mainly the impossibility of hoisting those lazy Dutch—and checked one's noble rage. His Majesty has covenanted to vote for Karl Albert as Kaiser; even he, and will make the thing unanimous! A thoroughly checkmated Majesty. Passing home to England, this time in a gloomy condition of mind, shortly after these humiliations, he was just issuing from Osnabrück by the Eastern Gate, when Maillebois's people entered by the Western, the ugly shoes of them insulting his kibes in this manner. And a furious Anti-Walpole Parliament, most perturbed of National Palavers, is waiting him at St. James's, heavy-laden little Hercules that he is!

Karl Albert lay at Linz for a month longer (till October 24th, six weeks in all), pausing in uncertainties, in a pleasant dream of victory and sovereignty; not pouncing on Vienna, as Friedrich urged on the French and him, to cut the matter by the root. He does push forward certain troops, Comte de Saxe with Three Horse Regiments as vanguard, ever nearer to Vienna; at last to within forty miles of it; nay, light-horse parties came within twenty-five miles. And there was skirm-

ishing with Mentzel, a sanguinary fellow, of whom we shall hear more, who had got "1000 Tolpatches" under him, and stood ruggedly at bay.

Karl Albert has been sending out sovereign messages from Linz: Letters to Vienna; one letter addressed "To the Archduchess Maria Theresa," which came back unopened; "No such person known here." October 2d, he is getting homaged at Linz by the *Stände* of the Province—on summons sent some time before—many of whom attend, with a willing enough appearance; Kur-Baiern rather a favorite in Upper Austria, say some. Much fine processioning, melodious haranguing, there now is for Karl Albert, and a pleasant dream of Sovereignty at Linz; but if he do not pounce upon Vienna till Khevenhüller get it fortified? Khevenhüller is drawing home Italian Garrisons, gradually gathering something like an Army round him. In Khevenhüller's imperturbable military head, one of the clearest and hardest, there is some hope. Above all, if Neipperg's Army were to disengage itself, and be let loose into those parts?

Excellency Hyndford brings about a Meeting at Klein-Schnellendorf (9th October, 1741).

It was the second day after that Homaging at Linz when Hyndford (October 4th), with mysterious negotiations, now nearly ripe, for disengaging Neipperg, waylaid his Prussian Majesty, and was answered, as we saw, with "Tush, tush! Dinner is already cold!"

It must be owned, these Friedrich-Hyndford Negotiations, following on an express French-Prussian Treaty of June 5th, which have to proceed in such threefold mystery now and afterward, are of questionable distressing nature; nor can the fact that they are escorted copiously enough by a correspondent sort on the French side, and, indeed, on the Austrian and on all sides, be a complete consolation—far otherwise, to the ingenuous reader. Smelfungus indignantly calls it an immorality and a dishonor, "a playing with loaded dice," which in good part it surely was. Nor can even Friedrich, who has many pleas for himself, obtain spoken acquittal; un-

spoken, accompanied with regrets and pity, is all even Friedrich can aspire to. My own impression is, Smelfungus, if candid, would, on clearer information and consideration, have revoked much of what he says here in censure of Friedrich. At all events, if asked, Where, then, is the specifical, not "superstitious" *want* of "veracity" you ever found in Friedrich? and How, *otherwise* than even as Friedrich did, would you, most veracious Smelfungus, have plucked out your Silesia from such an Element and such a Time? he would be puzzled to answer. I give his Fragment as I find it, with these deductions:

"What negotiating we have had and shall have," exclaims Smelfungus, my sad foregoer, "fit rather to be omitted from a serious History, which intends to be read by human creatures! Bargaining, Promising, Non-performing—False in general as dicers' oaths: false on this side and on that, from beginning to end. Intercepted Letters from Fleury; Letter dropping from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, upon which Friedrich claps his foot; alas! alas! we are in the middle of a whole world of that. Friedrich knows that the French are false to him; he by no means intends to be romantically true to them, and that also they know. What is the use to human creatures of recording all that melancholy stuff? If sovereign persons want their diplomacies *not* to be swept into the ash-pit, there are two conditions, especially one which is peremptory: *First*, that they should not be lies; *Second*, that they should be of some importance, some wisdom; which with known lies is not a possible condition. To unravel cobwebs, and register laboriously, and date and sort in the sorrow of your soul the oaths of crowned dicers, what use is it to gods or men? Having well dressed and sliced your cucumber, the next clear human duty is, Throw it out of window. In that foul Lapland-witch world of seething Diplomacies and monstrous wigged mendacities, horribly wicked and despicably unwise, I find nothing notable, memorable even in a small degree, except this aspect of a young King who does know what he means in it. Clear as a star, sharp as cutting steel (very dangerous to hydrogen balloons), he stands in the middle of it, and means to extort his own from it by such methods as there are.

"Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies

and neighbors, nor even superstitiously veracious in this business; but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wigged mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers, their dice all cogged, and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it, and, in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering melley, and go home safe with it if he can."

Very well, my friend! Let us keep to windward of the Diplomatic wizard's-caldron; let Hyndford, Valori, and Company preside over it, throwing-in their eye of newt and limb of toad as occasion may be. Enough if the reader can be brought to conceive it, and how the young King, who perhaps alone had real business in this foul element, and did not volunteer into it like the others, though it now unexpectedly envelops him like a world-whirlwind (frightful enough, if one spoke of that to any body), is struggling with his whole soul to get well out of it. As supremely adroit, all readers already know him; his appearance what we called starlike—always something definite, fixed and lucid in it.

He is dexterously holding aloof from Hyndford at present, clinging to French Valori as his chosen companion: we may fancy what a time he has of it, like a polygamist amid jealous wives. It will quicken Hyndford, he perceives, in these ulterior stages, to leave him well alone. Hyndford accordingly, as we have noticed, could not see the King at all; had to try every plan, to watch, waylay the King for a bit of interview, when indispensable. However, Hyndford, with his Neipperg in sight of the peril, manages better than Robinson with his Aulic Council at a distance; besides, he is a long-headed, dogged kind of man, with a surly edacious strength, not inexpert in negotiation, nor easily turned aside from any purpose he may have.

Between the two Camps, nearly midway, lies a Hamlet called Klein-Schnellendorf, *Little* Schnellendorf, to distinguish it from another Schnellendorf called *Great*, which is a mile or two north-westward out of the straight line. Not far from the first of these poor Hamlets lies a Schloss or noble Mansion,

likewise called Klein-Schnellendorf, belonging to a certain Count von Sternberg, who is not there at present, but whose servants are, and a party of Croats over them for some days back: a pleasant airy Mansion among pleasant gardens, well shut out from the intrusion of the world. Upon this Castle of Klein-Schnellendorf judicious Hyndford has cast his eye; and Neipperg, now come to a state of readiness, approves the suggestion of Hyndford, and promptly, at the due moment, converts it into a fact—arrests namely, on a given morning (the last act of his Croats there, who withdrew directly with their batch of prisoners), every living soul within or about the Mansion—"suspected of treason," only for one day—and in this way has it reduced to the comfortable furnished solitude of Sleeping Beauty's Castle—a place fit for high persons to hold a Meeting in, which shall remain secret as the grave. Such a thing was indispensable. For Friedrich, keeping shy of Hyndford, as he well may with a Valori watching every step, has by words, by silences, when Hyndford could waylay him for a moment, sufficiently indicated what he will and what he will not; and, for one indispensable condition, in the present thrice-delicate Adventure, he will not sign any thing; will give and take word of honor, and fully bind himself, but absolutely not put pen to paper at all. Neipperg being willing too, judicious Hyndford finds a medium. Let the parties meet at Klein-Schnellendorf, and judicious Hyndford be there with pen and paper.[1]

Monday, 9th October, 1741, accordingly, there is meeting to be held. Hyndford, Neipperg with his General Lentulus (a Swiss-Austrian General, whose Son served under Friedrich afterward), these wait for Friedrich on the one hand—"to fix some cartel for exchange of prisoners," it is said—in these precincts of Klein-Schnellendorf, which are silent, vacant, yet comfortably furnished, like Sleeping Beauty's Castle; and Friedrich, on the other hand, is actually riding that way, with Goltz; visiting outposts, reconnoitring, so to speak. "Dine you with Prince Leopold (the Young Dessauer), my fine Valori; I fear I sha'n't be home to dinner!" he had said when going

[1] Orlich, i., 146; *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 1009.

off, hood-winking his fine Valori, who suspects nothing. At a due distance from Klein-Schnellendorf the very groom is left behind, and Friedrich, with Goltz only, pushes on to the Schloss. All ready there; salutations soon done; business set about, perfected; and Hyndford, with pen and ink in his hand, he, by way of Protocol, or summary of what had been agreed to, on mutual word of honor, most brief but most clear on this occasion, writes a State Paper, which became rather famous afterward. This is the Paper in condensed state; though clear, it is very dull!

Klein-Schnellendorf, 9th October, 1741. Britannic Excellency Hyndford testifies that, here and now, his Majesty of Prussia, and Neipperg on behalf of her Hungarian Majesty, do, solemnly though only verbally, agree to the following Four Things:

"*First*, That General Neipperg, on the 16th of the month" (this day week), "shall have liberty to retire through the Mountains toward Moravia, unmolested, or with nothing but sham-attacks in the rear of him. *Second*, That, in consequence, his Prussian Majesty, on making sham-siege of Neisse, shall have the place surrender to him on the fifteenth day. *Third*, That there shall be, nay, in a sense, there hereby is, a Peace made, his Majesty retaining Neisse and Silesia" (according to the limits known to us; nothing said of Glatz); "and that a Complete Treaty to that effect shall be perfected, signed, and ratified before the Year is out. *Fourth*, That these sham-hostilities, but only sham, shall continue; and that his Majesty, wintering in Bohemia, and carrying on sham-hostilities" (to the satisfaction of the French), "shall pay his own expenses, and do no mischief."[1]

To these Four Things they pledge their word of honor; and Hyndford signs and delivers each a Copy. Unwritten, a Fifth Thing is settled, That the present transaction in all parts of it shall be secret as death; his Majesty expressly insisting that, if the least inkling of it ooze out, he shall have right to deny it, and refuse in any way to be bound by it, which likewise is assented to.

Here is a pretty piece of work done for ourself and our allies while Valori is quietly dining with the Prince of Dessau!

[1] Given in *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 1009; in &c.

The King staid about two hours; was extremely polite, and even frank and communicative. "A very high-spirited young King," thinks Neipperg, reporting of it; "will not stand contradiction; but a great deal can be made of him if you go into his ideas, and humor him in a delicate, dexterous way. He did not the least hide his engagements with France, Bavaria, Saxony; but would really, so far as I, Neipperg, could judge, prefer friendship with Austria on the given terms, and seems to have secretly a kind of pique at Saxony, and no favor for the French and their plans."[1]

"Business being done" (this is Hyndford's report), "the King, who had been politeness itself, took Neipperg aside, beckoning Hyndford to be of the party: "I wish you too, my Lord, to hear every word: his Britannic Majesty knows, or should know, my intentions never were to do him hurt, but only to take care of myself; and pray inform him' (what is the fact) 'that I have ordered my Army in Brandenburg to go into winter-quarters, and break up that Camp at Göttin.' Friedrich's talk to Neipperg is, How he may assault the French with advantage: 'Join Lobkowitz and what force he has in Böhmen; go right into your enemies, before they can unite there. If the Queen prosper, I shall—perhaps I shall have no objection to join her by-and-by? If her Majesty fail—well, every one must look to himself.'" These words Hyndford listened to with an edacious solid countenance, and greedily took them down.[2]

Once more, a curious glimpse (perhaps imprudently allowed us, in the circumstances) into the real inner man of Friedrich. He had, at this time, now that the Belleisle Adventure is left in such a state, no essential reason to wish the French ruined, nor probably did he; but only stated both chances as in the way of unguarded soliloquy, and was willing to leave Neipperg a sweet morsel to chew. Secret mode of corresponding with the Court of Austria is agreed upon; not direct, but through certain Commandants, till the Peace-Treaty be perfected—at latest "by December 24th," we hope.

[1] Orlich, i., 149 (in condensed state).

[2] Hyndford's Dispatch, Breslau, 14th October, 1741.

And so, "*Bon voyage*, and well across the Mountains, *M. le Maréchal*, till we meet again! And you, Excellency Hyndford, be so good you as write to me, for Valori's behoof, complaining that I am deaf to all proposals, that nothing can be had of me. And other letters, pray, of the like tenor, all round—to Presburg, to England, to Dresden: if the Couriers are seized, it shall be well. Your Letter to myself, let a trumpet come with it while I am at dinner, and Valori beside me!" "Certainly, your Majesty," answers Hyndford; and does it, does all this, which produces a soothing effect on Valori, poor soul!

Friedrich takes Neisse by Sham Siege (Capture not Sham); gets Homaged in Breslau; and returns to Berlin.

Thus, if the Austrians hold to their bargain, has Friedrich, in a most compendious manner, got done with a Business which threatened to be infinite; by this short cut he, for his part, is quite out of the waste howling jungle of Enchanted Forest, and his foot again on the firm free Earth. If only the Austrians hold to their bargain! But probably he doubts if they will. Well, even in that case he has got Neisse; stands prepared for meeting them again; and, in the mean while, has freedom to deny that there ever was such a bargain.

Of the Political morality of this game of fast-and-loose, what have we to say, except that the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it forever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity) and what of folly (which is always falsity) there was in Friedrich and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances; and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you can not work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. Friedrich has got into the Enchanted Wilderness, populous with devils and their works, and, alas! it will be long before he get out of it again; *his* life waning toward night before he get victoriously out, and bequeath his conquest to luckier successors! It is one of the tragic elements of this King's life, little contemplated by him when he went

lightly into the Silesian Adventure, looking for honor bright, what he called "*gloire*," as one principal consideration, hardly a year ago!

Neipperg, according to covenant, broke up punctually that day week, November 16th, and went over the Mountains, through Jägerndorf, Troppau, toward Mähren; Prussians hanging on his rear, and skirmishing about, but only for imaginary or ostensible purposes. After a three weeks' march he gets to a place called Frating,[1] easternmost border of Mähren, on the slopes of the Mannhartsberg Hill-Country, which is within wind of Vienna itself, where, as we can fancy, his presence is welcome as morning-light in the present dark circumstances.

Friedrich, on the morrow after Neipperg went, invested Neisse (November 17th); set about the Siege of Neisse with all gravity, as if it had been the most earnest operation, which nobody of mankind, except three or four, doubted but it was. Before opening of the trenches, Leopold Young Dessauer took the road for Glatz Country and the adjoining Circles of Bohemia, there to canton himself, peaceably according to contract, and especially to have an eye upon Glatz should the Klein-Schnellendorf engagement go awry in any point. The King, in his Dialogue with Neipperg, had said several things about Glatz, and what a sacrifice he made there for the sake of speedy peace, the French having guaranteed him Glatz, though he now forbore it. Leopold, who has with him some 15,000 horse and foot, cantons himself judiciously in those ultramontane parts—"all the artillery in the Glatz Country;"[2] and we shall hear of him again by-and-by in regard to other business that rises there.

Neisse is a formidable Fortress, much strengthened since last year; but here is a Besieger with much better chance! He marked out parallels, sent summonses, reconnoitred, manœuvred, in a way more or less surprising to the eye of Valori, who is military, and knows about sieges. Rather singular, remarks Valori; good engineers much wanted here! But the bombardment did finally begin; night of October 26–27th, the

[1] Espagnac, i., 104. [2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 431; Orlich, i., 174.

Prussians opened fire, and, at a terrible rate, cannonaded and bombarded without intermission. In point of fire and noise it is tremendous; Valori trusts it may be effective in spite of faults; goes to Breslau in hope: "Yes, go to Breslau, *mon cher Valori;* wait for me there. Neipperg be chased, say you? shall not he—if we had got this place!" And so the fire continues night and day.[1]

Fantastic Bielfeld, in his semi-fabulous style, has a *Letter* on this bombardment, attractive to Lovers of the Picturesque (written long afterward, and dated, &c., *wrong*). As Bielfeld is a rapid, clever creature of the coxcomb sort, and doubtless did see Neisse Siege, and entertained seemingly a blazing incorrect recollection of it, his Pseudo-Neisse Letter may be worth giving, to represent approximately what kind of scene it was there at Neisse in the October nights:

"Maréchal Schwerin was lodged in a Village about three quarters of a mile from Head-Quarters. One day he did me the honor to invite me to dinner, and even offered me a horse to ride thither with him. I found excellent company; a superb repast, and wine of the gods. Host and guests were in high spirits; and the pleasures of the table were kept up so late, that it was midnight when we rose. I was obliged to return to Head-Quarters, having still to wait upon the King as usual. The Maréchal was kind enough to lend me another horse; but the groom mischievously gave me the charger which the Maréchal rode at the Battle of Mollwitz—a very powerful animal, and which, from that day, had grown very skittish.

"I was made aware of this circumstance before we were fairly out of the Village; and the night being of the darkest, I twenty times ran the risk of breaking my neck. We had to pass over a hill to get to Head-Quarters. When I reached the top, a shudder came over me, and my hair stood on end. I had nobody with me but a strange groom. The country all around was infested with troops and marauders; I was mounted on an unmanageable horse. Under my feet, so to say, I saw the bombardment of the Town of Neisse. I heard the roar of cannon and doleful shrieks. Above our batteries the whole atmosphere was inflamed; and, to complete the calamity, I missed the way, and got lost in the darkness. Finally, in de-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 1006.

scending the hill, my horse, frightened, made a terrible swerve or side-jump. I did not know the cause; but, after having, with difficulty, got him into the road again, I found myself opposite to a deserter who had been hanged that day! I was horribly disgusted by the sight; the gallows being very low, and the head of the malefactor almost parallel with mine. I spurred on, and galloped away from such unpleasant night-company. At last I arrived at Head-Quarters, all in a perspiration. I sent my horse back, and went in to the King, who asked me at once why I was so heated. I made his Majesty a faithful report of all my disasters. He laughed much, and advised me seriously not again to go out by night, and alone, beyond the circuit of Head-Quarters."[1]

After four days and nights of this sublime Playhouse thunder (with real bullets in it, which killed some men and burned considerable property), the Neisse Commandant (not Roth this time: Roth is now in Brünn)—his "fortnight of siege," October 17th to October 31st, being accomplished or nearly so—beat chamade, and was, after grave enough treatying, allowed to march away. Marched, accordingly, on the correct Klein-Schnellendorf terms, most of his poor garrison deserting, and taking Prussian service. Ever since which moment, Neisse, captured in this curious manner, has been Friedrich's and his Prussia's.

November 1st, the Prussian soldiers entered the place; and Friedrich, after diligent inspection and what orders were necessary, left for Brieg on the following day, where general illuminating and demonstrating awaited him amid more serious business. After strict examinations, and approval of Walrave and his works at Brieg, he again takes the road; enters Breslau in considerable state (November 4th), where many Persons of Quality are waiting, and the general Homaging is straightway to be—or, indeed, should have been some days ago, but has fallen behind by delays in the Neisse affair.

The Breslau *Huldigung*—Friedrich sworn-to and homaged with the due solemnities as "Sovereign Duke of Lower Silesia"—was an event to throw into fine temporary frenzy the descriptive Gazetteers, and Breslau City, overflowing with

[1] Bielfeld, ii., 31, 32.

Quality people come to act and to see on the occasion—event which can be left to the reader's fancy at this date. There were Corporations out in quantity, "all in cloaks," and with sublime Addresses, partly in poetry, happily rather brief. There were beautiful Prussian Life-guards ("First Battalion," admirable to the softer sex, not to speak of the harder); much military resonance and splendor. Friedrich drove about in carriages-and-six, "nay, carriage-and-eight, horses cream-color:" a very high King indeed, and a very busy one, for those four days (November 4th–8th, 1741), but full of grace and condescension. The *Huldigung* itself took effect on the 7th in the fine old Rathhaus, which Tourists still know, the surrounding Apple-women sweeping themselves clear away for one day. Ancient Ducal throne and proper apparatus there was; state-sword unluckily wanting: Schwerin, who was to act Grand-Marshal, could find no state-sword till Friedrich drew his own and gave it him.[1]

Podewils, the Minister, said something, not too much; to which one Prittwitz, head of a Silesian Family of which we shall know individuals, made pithy and pretty response before swearing. "There were above Four Hundred of Quality present, all in gala." The customary Free-Gift of the *Stände* Friedrich magnanimously refused: "Impossible to be a burden to our Silesia in such harassed war-circumstances, instead of benefactor and protector, as we intended and intend!" The Ceremony, swearing and all, was over in two hours; hundreds of silver medals, not to speak of the gold ones, flying about; and Breslau giving itself up joyfully to dinner and festivities; and, after dinner, that evening, to Illumination, followed by balls and jubilations for days after, in a highly harmonious key. Of the lamps-festoons, astonishing transparencies, and glad symbolic devices, I could say a great deal, but will mention only two, both of comfortably edible or quasi-edible tendency:

1°. That of David Schulze, Flesher by profession, who had a Transparency, large as life, representing his own fat Person

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 1022, 1025; ii., 349.

in the act of felling a fat Ox, to which was appended this epigraph :

> "*Wer mir wird den König in Preussen verachten,*
> *Den will ich wie diesen Ochsen schlachten.*"

> "Who dares me the King of Prussia insult,
> Him I will serve like this fat head of nolt."
> Signed, "DAVID SCHULZE, A BRANDENBURGER."

And then,

2°. How, in another quarter, there was set aloft *in re*, by some Pastry-cook of patriotic turn, "An actual Ox roasted whole, filled with pheasants, partridges, grouse, hares, and geese ; Prussian Eagle atop, made of roasted fowls, larks, and the like"—unattainable, I doubt, except for money down.[1]

On the fifth morning, 9th November—after much work done during this short visit, much ceremonial audiencing, latterly, and raising to the peerage—Friedrich rolled on to Glogau ; took accurate survey of the engineering and other interests there for a couple of days ; thence to Berlin (noon of the 11th), joyfully received by Royal Family and all the world ; and, as we might fancy, asking himself, "Am I actually home, then ; out of the enchanted jungles and their devilries ; safe here, and listening, I alone in Peace, to the universal din of War?" Alas! no ; that was a beautiful hypothesis—too beautiful to be long credible! Before reaching Berlin—or even Breslau, as appears—Friedrich, vigilantly scanning and discerning, had seen that fine hope as good as vanish, and was silently busy upon the opposite one.

In a fortnight hence, Hyndford, who had followed to Berlin, got transient sight of the King one morning, hastening through some apartment or other : "'My Lord,' said the King, 'the Court of Vienna has entirely divulged our secret. Dowager Empress Amelia' (Kaiser Joseph's widow, mother of Karl Albert's wife) 'has acquainted the Court of Bavaria with it ; Wasner' (Austrian Minister at Paris) 'has told Fleury ; Sinzendorf' (ditto at Petersburg) 'has told the Court of Russia ; Robinson, through Mr. Villiers' (your Saxon Min-

[1] Ibid., ii., 359.

ister), 'has told the Court of Dresden; and several members of your Government in England have talked publicly about it!' And, with a shrug of the shoulders, he left me," standing somewhat agape there.[1]

CHAPTER VI.

NEW MAYOR OF LANDSHUT MAKES AN INSTALLATION SPEECH.

THE late general Homaging at Breslau, and solemn Taking Possession of the Country by King Friedrich under such peaceable omens, had straightway, as we gather, brought about, over Silesia at large, or at least where pressingly needful, various little alterations—rectifications by the Prussian model and new rule now introduced; of which, as it is better that the reader have some dim notion, if easily procurable, than none at all, I will offer him one example, itself dim enough, but coming at first-hand, in the actual or concrete form, and beyond disputing in whatever light or twilight it may yield us.

At Landshut, a pleasant little Mountain Town in the Principality of Schweidnitz, high up on the infant River Bober, near the Bohemian Frontier—(English readers may see Quincy *Adams's* description of it, and of the long wooden spouts which throw cataracts on you if walking the streets in rain[2])—at Landshut, as in some other Towns, it had been found good to remodel the Town Magistracy a little; to make it partly Protestant, for one thing, instead of Catholic (and Austrian), which it had formerly been. Details about the "high controversies and discrepancies" which had risen there we have absolutely none; nor have the special functions of the Magistracy, what powers they had, what work they did, in the least become distinct to us: we gather only that a certain nameless Bürgermeister (probably Austrian and Catholic) had, by

[1] Hyndford, Dispatch, Berlin, 28th November, 1741; Breslau, 28th October (secret already known).

[2] John Quincy Adams (afterward President of the United States), *Letters on Silesia* (London, 1804). "The wooden spouts are now gone" (*Note of* 1858).

"Most gracious Royal Special-Order," been at length relieved from his labors, and therewith "the much by him persecuted and afflicted Herr Theodorus Spener" been named Bürgermeister instead; which respectable Herr Theodorus Spener, and along with him Herr Johann David Fischer as *Raths-Senior*, and Herr Johann Caspar Rüffer, and also Herr Johann Jacob Umminger, as new Raths (how many of the old being left I can not say), were accordingly, on the 4th of December, 1741, publicly installed, and with proper solemnity took their places; all Landshut looking on, with the conceivable interest and astonishment, almost as at a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic—change probably for the better.

Respectable Herr Theodorus Spener (we hope it is Spener, for they print him *Speer* in one of the two places, and we have to go by guess) is ready with an Installation Speech on the occasion, and his Speech was judged so excellent that they have preserved it in print. Us it by no means strikes by its Demosthenic or other qualities; meanwhile we listen to it with the closest attention, hoping, in our great ignorance, to gather from it some glimmerings of instruction as to the affairs, humors, disposition, and general outlook and condition of Landshut, and Silesia in that juncture; and, though a good deal disappointed, have made an Abstract of it in the English language, which perhaps the reader too, in his great ignorance, will accept in defect of better. Scene is Landshut, among the Giant Mountains on the Bohemian Border of Silesia: an old stone Town, where there is from of old a busy trade in thread and linen; Town consisting, as is common there, of various narrow winding streets comparable to spider-legs, and of a roomy central market-place comparable to the body of the spider; wide irregular Market-place with the wooden spouts (dry for the moment) all projecting round it. Time, 4th December, 1741 (doubtless in the forenoon); unusual crowd of population simmering about the Market-place, and full audience of the better sort gravely attentive in the interior of the Rathhaus; Bürgermeister Spener *loquitur*[1] (liable to abridgment here and there, on warning given);

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 416.

"I enter, then, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, upon an Office, to which Divine Providence has appointed, and the gracious and potent hand of a great King has raised me. Great as is the dignity" (giddy height of Mayoralty in Landshut), "though undeserved, which the Ever Merciful has thus conferred upon me, equally great and much greater is the burden connected therewith. I confess—" He confesses, in high-stalking, earnest wooden language, very foreign to us in every way, (1°.) That his shoulders are too weak; but that he trusts in God. For (2°.) it is God's doing; and He that has called Spener will give Spener strength; the essential work being to do God's will, to promote his honor and the common weal. (3°.) That he comes out of a smaller Office (Office not distinctly specified, but seems to have been a Senior Rathship), and has taken upon him the Mayoralty of this Town an (evident fact!); but that the labor and responsibility are dreadfully increased; and that the point is not increase of honor, of respectability, or income, but of heavy duties. (A sonorous, pious-minded Spener; much more in earnest than readers now think!)

"It is easy," intimates he, "to govern a Town, if," as some have perhaps done, "you follow simply your own will, regardless of the sighs and complaints your subjects utter for injustice undergone—indifferent to the thought that the caprice of one Town Sovereign is to be glorified by so many thousand tears" (dim glance into the past history of Landshut!). "Such Town Sovereign persecutes innocence, stops his ears to its cry, flourishes his sharp scourge—no one shall complain; for is it not justice? thinks such a Town Sovereign. The reason is, He does not know himself, poor man; has had his eye always on the duties of his subjects toward him, and rarely or never on his toward them. A Sovereign Mayor that governs by fear, he must live in continual fear of every one, and of himself withal. A weak basis, and capable of total overturn in one day. On the contrary, the love of your burgher subjects—that, if you can kindle it, will go on like a house on fire (*Ausbruch eines Feuers*), and streams of water won't put it out." * * "And" (let us now take Spener's very words), "if a man keep the fear of God before his eyes, there will be no need for any other kind of fear.

"I will therefore, you especially High-honored Gentlemen, study to direct all my judicial endeavors to the honor of the Great God, and to inviolable fidelity toward my most gracious King and Lord" (Friedrich, by Decision of Providence—at Mollwitz and elsewhere).

"To the Citizens of this Town, from of old so dear to me, and now by Royal grace committed to my charge, and therefore doubly and trebly to be held dear, I mean to devote myself altogether. I will, on every occasion and occurrence, still more expressly than aforetime, stand by them; and when need is, not fail to bring their case before the just Throne of our Anointed" (Friedrich, by Decision of Providence). "Justice and fairness I will endeavor, under whatever complexities, to make my loadstar. Yes, I shall and will, by means of this my Office, equip myself with weapons whereby I may be capable to damp such humors (*Intelligentien*), should such still be (but I believe there are now none such), as may repugn against the Royal interest, with possibility of being dangerous; and to put a bridle on mouths that are unruly. And, to say much in little compass, I will be faithful to God, to my King, and to this Town.

"Having now the honor and happiness to be put into an Official friendship with those Gentlemen who, as Bürgermeisters, and as old and as new Members of Council, have for long years made themselves renowned among us, I will entertain, in respect of the former" (the old), "a firm confidence that the zeal they have so strongly manifested for behoof of the most serene Archducal House of Austria will henceforth burn in them for our most Beloved Land's-Prince whom God has now given us; that the fire of their lately plighted truth and devotion toward his Royal Majesty shall shine, not in words only, but in works, and be extinguished only with their lives." (Can that be, O Spener or Speer? Are we alarm-clocks, that need only to be wound up, and told at what hour, and for whom?) "God, who puts Kings in and casts them out, has given to us a no less potent Sovereign than supremely loving Land's-Father, who, by the renown of his more than royal virtues, had taken captive the hearts of his future subjects and children still sooner than even by his arms, familiar otherwise to victory, he did the Land. And who shall be puissant and mighty enough now to lead men's minds in a contrary direction; to control the Most High Power, ruler over hearts and Lands, who had decreed it should be so, and again to change this change?" (Hear Spener: he has taken great pains with his Discourse, and understands composition!)

"This change, High-honored Gentlemen" of the Catholic persuasion, "is also for you a not unhappy one. For our now as pious as wise King will, especially in one most vital point, take pattern by the King of all Kings, and means to be lord

of his subjects only, not of the consciences of his subjects. He requires nothing from you but what you are already bound by God, by conscience, and duty, to render, to wit, obedience and inviolable unbroken fidelity. And by that, and without more asked than that, you will render yourselves worthy of his protection, and become partakers of the Royal favor. Nay, you will render yourselves all the worthier in that high quarter, and the more meritorious toward our civic commonweal, the more you, High-honored Gentlemen" of the Catholic persuasion, "accept with all frankness of colleague-love and amity, me and the Evangelical brother Raths now introduced by Royal grace and power, and make the new position generously tenable and available to us, and thereby bind with us the more firmly the band of peace and colleague-unity for helping up this dear, and, for some years, greatly fallen Town along with us.

"We, for our poor part, will, one and all, strive only to surpass each other in obedience and faith to our Most Gracious King. We will, as Regents of the Citizenry committed to us, go before them with a good example, and prove to all and every one that, little and in war untenable as our Landshut is, it shall, in extent and impregnability of faith toward its Most Dearest Land's-Prince, approve itself unconquerable. As well I as—" Professes now, in the most intricate phraseology, that he, and Fischer, and Umminger (giving not only the titles, but a succinct history of all three, in a single sentence, before he comes to the verb!) bring a true heart, &c., &c. Or would the reader perhaps like to see it *in naturâ*, as a specimen of German human nature and the art these Silesian spinners have in drawing out their yarns?

"As well I as" (1°.) "The Titular Herr Johann David Fischer, distinguished trader and merchant of this Town, who, by his tradings in and beyond our Silesian Countries, has made himself renowned, and by his merit and address in particular instances" (delicate instances known to Landshut, not to us) "has made himself beloved, who has now been installed as Raths-Senior; and also as" (2°.) "The Titular Herr Johann Casper Rüffer, well-respected Citizen, and Revenue-office Manager here, who for many years has with much fidelity and vigilance managed the Revenue-office, and who, for his experience in the economic constitution of this Town, has been all-graciously nominated Raths-Herr; and not less" (3°.) "The Titular Johann Jacob Umminger, whilom Advocate at Law in Breslau, who, for his good studies in Law, and manifested skill in the practice of Law, has been all-graciously

nominated Supernumerary Councilor and Notary's Adjunct among us—As well I as these Three not only assure you, High-honored Gentlemen, of all imaginable estimation and return of love on our part, but do likewise assure all and sundry these respectable Herren Town Jurats" (specially present), "representing here the universal well-beloved Citizenry of our Town, that we bring a heart sincere, and intent only on aiming at the welfare of a Citizenry so love-worthy. We have the firm purpose, by God's grace, so to order our walk, and so to conduct our government, that we may, one day, when summoned from our judgment-seats to answer before the Universal Judgment-seat of Christ, be able to say, with that Pious King and Judge of Israel, 'Lord, thou knowest if we have walked uprightly before Thee.' And we hope to understand that the rewards of justice in that Life will be much more than those of injustice in this.

"We believe that the Most High will in so far bless these our honest purposes and wholesome endeavors as that the actual fruits thereof will in time coming, and when Peace, now soon expected (which God grant) has returned to us, be manifest; and that if, in our Office, as is common, we should rather have thorns of persecution than roses of recompense to expect, yet to each of us there will at last accrue praise in the Earth and reward in Heaven." (Hear Spener!)

"Meanwhile we will unite all our wishes that the Almighty may vouchsafe to his Royal Majesty, our now All-dearest Duke and Land's-Father, many long years of life and of happy reign, and maintain this All-highest Royal-Prussian and Elector-Brandenburgic House in supremest splendor and prosperity undisturbed to the end of all Days; and along with it, our Town-Council, and whole Merchantry and Citizenry, safe under this Prussian Sceptre, in perpetual blessing, peace, and unity" (what a modest prayer!); "to all which may Heaven speak its powerful Amen!"[1]

Whereupon solemn waving of hats; indistinct sough of loyal murmur from the universal Landshut Population; after which, continued to the due extent, they return to their spindles and shuttles again.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 416–22.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH PURPOSES TO MEND THE KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF FAILURE: FORTUNES OF THE BELLEISLE ARMAMENT.

We shall not dwell upon the movements of the French into Germany for the purpose of overwhelming Austria, and setting up Four subordinate little Sovereignties to take their orders from Louis XV. The plan was of the mad sort, not recognized by Nature at all; the diplomacy was wide, expensive, grandiose, but vain and baseless; nor did the soldiering that followed take permanent hold of men's memory. Human nature cannot afford to follow out these loud inanities; and, at a certain distance of time, is bound to forget them, as ephemera of no account in the general sum. Difficult to say what profit human nature could get out of such transactions. There was no good soldiering on the part of the French, except by gleams here and there; bad soldiering for the most part, and the cause was radically bad. Let us be brief with it; try to snatch from it, huge rotten heap of old exuviæ and forgotten noises and deliriums, what fractions of perennial may turn up for us, carefully forgetting the rest.

Maillebois with his 40,000, we have seen how they got to Osnabrück, and effectually stilled the war-fervor of little George II.; sent him home, in fact, to England a checkmated man, he riding out of Osnabrück by one gate, the French at the same moment marching in by the other. There lies Maillebois ever since, and will lie, cantoned over Westphalia, "not nearer than three leagues to the boundary of Hanover," for a year and more. There let Maillebois lie till we see him called away elsewhither; upon which the gallant little George, checkmate being lifted, will get into notable military activity, and attempt to draw his sword again, though without success, owing to the laggard Dutch; which also, as British subjects, if not otherwise, the readers of this Book will wish to see something of. Maillebois did not quite keep his stipulated

distance of "three leagues from the boundary" (being often short of victual), and was otherwise no good neighbor. Among his Field-Officers there is visible (sometimes in trouble about quarters and the like) a Marquis du Châtelet, who, I find, is Husband or Ex-Husband to the divine Émilie, if readers care to think of that![1] Other known face, or point of interest for or against, does not turn up in the Maillebois Operation in those parts.

As for the other still grander Army—Army of the Oriflamme as we have called it—which would be Belleisle's were not he so overwhelmed with embassying, and persuading the Powers of Germany—this, since we last saw it, has struck into a new course, which it is essential to indicate. The major part of it (Four rear Divisions, if readers recollect) lay at Ingolstadt, its place of arms, while the Vanward Three Divisions, under Maurice Comte de Saxe, flowed onward, joining with Bavaria at Passau; down the Donau Country to Linz and farther, terrifying Vienna itself, and driving all the Court to Presburg, with (fabulous) "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ*," but with actual armanent of Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins, Uscocks, and the like unsightly beings of a predatory centaur nature; which fine Hungarian Armament, and others still more ominous, have been diligently going on, while Karl Albert sat enjoying his Homagings at Linz, his Pisgah-views Vienna-ward, and asking himself, "Shall we venture forward, and capture Vienna, then?"

The question is intricate, and there are many secret biasings concerned in the solution of it. Friedrich, before Klein-Schnellendorf time, had written eagerly, had sent Schmettau with eager message, "Push forward; it is feasible, even easy; cut the matter by the root!" This, they say, was Karl Albert's own notion, had not the French overruled him; not willing, some guess, he should get Austria, and become too independent of them all at once. Nay, it appears Karl Albert had inducements of his own toward Bohemia rather. The French have had Kur-Sachsen to manage withal; and there

[1] *Campagnes* (i., 45, 193); and French Peerage-Books, § *Du Châtelet.*

are interests in Bohemia of his and theirs—clippings of Bohemia promised him as bribes, besides that "Kingdom of Moravia," to get his 21,000 set on march. "Clippings of Bohemia? Interests of Kur-Sachsen's in that Country?" asks Karl Albert with alarm, and thinks it will be safer were he himself present there while Saxony and France do the clippings in question! Sure enough, he did not push on. Belleisle, from the distance, strongly opined otherwise; Karl Albert himself had jealous fears about Böhmen. Friedrich's importunities and urgencies were useless; and the one chance there ever was for Karl Albert, for Belleisle and the Ruin of Austria, vanished without return.

Karl Albert has turned off leftward toward his Bohemian Enterprises; French, Bavarians, Saxons, by their several routes, since the last days of October, are all on march that way. We will mark an exact date here and there, as fixed point for the reader's fancy. Poor Karl Albert, he had sat some six weeks at Linz—about three weeks since that Homaging there (October 2d)—imaginary Sovereign of Upper Austria, looking over to Vienna and the Promised Land in general. And that fine Pisgah-view was all he ever had of it. Of Austrian or other Conquests earthly or heavenly, there came none to him in this Adventure; mere *minus* quantities they all proved. For a few weeks more there are, blended with awful portents, an imaginary gleam or two in other quarters; after which, nothing but black horror and disgrace, deepening downward into utter darkness, for the poor man. Belleisle is an imaginary Sun-god; but the poor Icarus, tempted aloft in that manner into the earnest elements, and melting at once into quills and rags, is a tragic reality! Let us to our dates:

"*October* 24*th*, The Bavarian Troops, who had lain at Mautern on the Donau some time, forty miles from Vienna and the Promised Land, got under way again; not *forward*, but sharp to left, or northward, toward the Bohemian parts. Thither all the Belleisle Armaments are now bound; and a general rallying of them is to be at Prag, for conquest of that Country, as more inviting than Austria at present. Comte de Saxe, who had lain at St. Pölten, a march to southward of

Mautern, he, with the Vanward of the great Belleisle Army, bestirred himself at the same time, and followed steadily (Karl Albert in person was with Saxe), at a handy distance, by parallel roads. To Prag may be about 200 miles. Across the Mannhartsberg Country, clear out of Austria, into Böhmen, toward Prag. At Budweis, or between that and Tabor—Towns of our old friend Zisca's, of which we shall hear farther in these Wars; Towns important by their intricate environment of rock and bog, far up among the springs of the Moldau—there can these Bavarians, and this French Vanward of Belleisle, halt a little, till the other parties, who are likewise on march, get within distance.

"For in these same days, as hinted above, the Rearward of the Belleisle Army (Four Divisions, strength not accurately given) pushes forward from Donauwörth, well rested, through the Bavarian Passes, toward Bohemia and Prag: these have a longer march (say 250 miles) to northeast; and the leader of them is one Polastron, destined unhappily to meet us on a future occasion. With them go certain other Bavarians, accompanying or preceding, as in the Vanward case. And then the Saxons (21,000 strong, a fine little Army, all that Saxony has) are, at the same time, come across the Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*) in quest of those Bohemian clippings of that Kingdom of Moravia, and march from the westward upon Prag, Rutowski leading them. Comte de Rutowski, Comte de Saxe's Half-Brother, one of the Three-hundred and fifty-four; with whom is *Chevalier* de Saxe, a second younger ditto; and I think there is still a third, who shall go unnamed—in this grand Oriflamme Expedition, Four of the Royal-Saxon Bastards altogether," who cost us more distinguishing than they are worth!

Chief General of these Saxons, says an authentic Author, is Rutowski—got from a Polish mother, I should guess: he commands in chief here; once had a regiment under Friedrich Wilhelm for a while, but has not much head for strategy, it may be feared. But mark that Fourth individual of the Three-hundred and fifty-four, who has a great deal—Fourth individual, called Comte de Saxe, who is now in that French Vanward a good way to east, was (must I again remind you!) the produce of the fair Aurora von Königsmark, Sister of the Königsmark who vanished instantaneously from the light of day at Hanover long since, and has never reappeared more. It was in search of him that Aurora, who was indeed a shining creature (terribly insolvent all her life, whose charms even Charles XII. durst not front), came to Dresden; and—in this

Comte de Saxe, men see the result. Tall enough, restless enough ; most eupeptic, brisk, with a great deal of wild faculty—running to waste, nearly all. There, with his black arched eyebrows, black, swift, physically-smiling eyes, stands Monseigneur le Comte, one of the strongest-bodied and most dissolute-minded men now living on our Planet. He is now turned of forty : no man has been in such adventures, has swum through such seas of transcendent eupepticity determined to have its fill. In this new Quasi-sacred French Enterprise, under the Banner of Belleisle and the Châteauroux, he has at last, after many trials, unconsciously found his culmination, and will do exploits of a wonderful nature, very worthy of said Banner and its patrons.

"Here, then, are Three streams or Armaments pouring forward upon Prag—perhaps some 60,000 men in all—a good deal uncertain what they are to do at Prag except to arrive simultaneously so far as possible. Belleisle, far off, has fallen sick in these critical days. Comte de Saxe can not see his way in the matter at all : 'What are we to live upon,' asks Comte de Saxe, 'were there nothing more!' For, simultaneously with these Three Armaments on march, there is an important Austrian one, likewise on the road for Prag—that of Grand-Duke Franz, who has left Presburg, with say 30,000 (including the Pandour element), and duly meets the Neipperg, or late Silesian Army—well capable, now, to do a stroke upon the Three Armaments, if he be speedy? 'November 7th' it was when Grand-Duke Franz picked up Neipperg 'at Frating,' deep in Moravia (November 7th, the very day while Friedrich was getting homaged in Breslau), and turned him north-westward again. The Grand-Duke, in such strength, marches Pragward what he can ; might be there before the French, were he swift ; and is, at any rate, in disagreeable proximity to that Budweis-Tabor Country, appointed as one's halting-place."

And Belleisle, in these critical days, is—consider it!—"Poor Belleisle, he has all the Election Votes ready ; he has done unspeakable labors in the diplomatic way, and leaves Europe in ebullition and conflagration behind him. He has all these Armies in motion, and has got rid of 'that Moravia'—given it to Saxony, who adds the title 'King of Moravia' to his other dignities, and has set on march those 21,000 men. 'Would he were ready with them!' Belleisle had been saying ever since the Treaty for them—Treaty was September 19th. Belleisle, to expedite him, came to Dresden" (what day is not

said, but deep in October), "intending next for the Prag Country, there to commence General, the diplomacies being satisfactorily done. Valori ran over from Berlin to wait upon him there. Alas! the Saxons are on march, or nearly so; but the great man himself, worn down with these Herculean labors, has fallen into rheumatic fever; is in bed, out at Hubertsburg (serene Country Palace of his Moravian Polish Majesty), and can not get the least well, to march in person with the Three Armaments, with the flood of things he has set reeling and whirling at such rate.

"The sympathies of Valori go deep at this spectacle. The Alcides, who was carrying the axis of the world, fallen down in physical rheumatism! But what can sympathies avail? The great man sees the Saxons march without him. The great man, getting no alleviation from physicians, determines, in his patriotic Heroism, to surrender glory itself; writes home to Court 'that he is lamed, disabled utterly; that they must nominate another General. And they nominate another; nominate Broglio, the fat choleric Marshal, of Italian breed and physiognomy, whom we saw at Strasburg last year, when Friedrich was there. Broglio will quit Strasburg too soon, and come—a man fierce in fighting, skilled too in tactics; totally incompetent in strategy, or the art of *leading* armies and managing campaigns; defective in intelligence indeed, not wise to discern; dim of vision, violent of temper; subject to sudden cranks, a headlong, very positive, loud, dull, and angry kind of man, with whose tumultuous imbecilities the great Belleisle will be sore tried by-and-by. 'I reckon this,' Valori says, 'the root of all our woes'—this Letter which the great Belleisle wrote home to Court. Let men mark it, therefore, as a cardinal point, and snatch out the date when they have opportunity upon the Archives of France.'[1]

"Monsieur the Comte de Saxe, before quitting the Vienna Countries, had left some 10,000 French and Bavarians, posted chiefly in Linz, under a Comte de Ségur, to maintain those Donau Conquests, which have cost only the trouble of marching into them. Count Khevenhüller has ceased working at the ramparts of Vienna, nothing of siege to be apprehended now, civic terror joyfully vanishing again, and busies himself collecting an Army at Vienna, with intent of looking into those same French Ségurs before long. It is probable the so-called Conquests on the Donau will not be very permanent.

[1] See Valori, i., 131.

"*November* 19*th*–21*st*, The three Belleisle Armaments, Karl Albert's first, have, simultaneously enough for the case, arrived on three sides of Prag, and lie looking into it, extremely uncertain what to do when there. To Comte de Saxe, to Schmettau, who is still here, the outlook of this grand Belleisle Army, standing shelterless, provisionless, grim winter at hand, long hundreds of miles from home or help, is in the highest degree questionable, though the others seem to make little of it. 'Fight the Grand-Duke when he comes,' say they; 'beat him, and—' 'Or suppose he won't fight? Or suppose we are beaten by him?' answers Saxe and Schmettau, like men of knowledge in the same boat with men of none. 'We have no strong place or footing in this Country: what are we to do? Take Prag!' advises Comte de Saxe, with earnestness, day after day.[1] 'Take Prag; but how?' answer they. 'By escalade, by surprise, and sword in hand,' answers he: 'Ogilvy, their General, has but 3000, and is perhaps no wizard at his trade: we can do it thus and thus, and then farther thus; and I perceive we are a lost Army if we don't!'

So counsels Maurice Comte de Saxe, brilliant, fervent in his military views; and, before it is quite too late, Schmettau and he persuade Karl Albert, persuade Rutowsky, chief of the Saxons; and Count Polastron, Gaisson, or whatever subaltern Counts there are, of French type, have to accede, and be saved in spite of themselves. And so,

"*Saturday Night*, 25*th November*, 1741, brightest of moonshiny nights, our dispositions are all made: Several attacks, three if I remember; one of them false, under some Polastron, Gaisson, from the south side; a couple of them true, from the northwest and the southeast sides—under Maurice with his French, and Rutowsky with his Saxons, these two. And there is great marching 'on the side of the Karl-Thor (Charles-Gate),' where Rutowsky is, and by Count Maurice 'behind the Wischerad;' and shortly after midnight the grand game begins. That French-Polastron attack, false, though with dreadful cannonade from the south, attracts poor Ogilvy with almost all his forces to that quarter, while the couple of Saxon Captains (Rutowsky not at once successful, Maurice with his French completely so) break in upon Ogilvy from rearward, on the right flank and on the left, and ruin the poor man. Military readers will find the whole detail of it

[1] His Letters on it to Karl Albert and others (in Espagnac, i., 94–99).

well given in Espagnac. Looser account is to be had in the Book they call Mauvillon's."[1]

One thing I remember always—the bright moonlight; steeples of Prag towering serene in silvery silence, and on a sudden the wreaths of volcanic fire breaking out all round them. The opposition was but trifling, null in some places, poor Ogilvy being nothing of a wizard, and his garrison very small. It fell chiefly on Rutowsky, who met it with creditable vigor till relieved by the others. Comte Maurice, too, did a shifty thing. Circling round by the outside of the Wischerad, by rural roads in the bright moonshine, he had got to the Wall at last, hollow slope and sheer wall, and was putting-to his scaling-ladders, when, by ill luck, they proved too short! Ten feet or so—hopelessly too short. Casting his head round, Maurice notices the Gallows hard by: "There, see you, are a few short ladders: *mes enfans*, bring me these, and we will splice with rope!" Supplemented by the gallows, Maurice soon gets in, cuts down the one poor sentry, rushes to the Market-place, finds all his Brothers rushing, embraces them with "*Victoire!*" and, "You see I am eldest; bound to be foremost of you!"

"No point in all the War made a finer blaze in the French imagination, or figured better in the French gazettes, than this of the Scalade of Prag, 25th November, 1741. And surely it was important to get hold of Prag; nevertheless, intrinsically it is no great thing, but an opportune small thing, done by the Comte de Saxe, in spite of such contradiction as we saw."

It was while news of this exploit was posting toward Berlin, but not yet arrived there, that Friedrich, passing through the apartment, intimated to Hyndford, "Milord, all is divulged; our Klein-Schnellendorf mystery public as the house-tops;" and vanished with a shrug of the shoulders, thinking doubtless to himself, "What is *our* next move to be in consequence?" Treaty with Kur-Baiern (November 4th) he had already signed in consequence, expressly declaring for Kur-Baiern and the French intentions toward him. This news from Prag—Prag handsomely captured, if Vienna had been foolishly neglected

[1] *Dernière Guerre de Bohème*, i., 252–264. Saxe's own Account (Letter to Chevalier de Folard) is in Espagnac, i., 89), et seqq.

—put him upon a new Adventure, of which in following Chapters we shall hear more.

The French safe in Prag ; Kaiserwahl just coming on.

Grand-Duke Franz, with that respectable amount of Army under him, ought surely to have advanced on Prag, and done some stroke of war for relief of it while time yet was. Grand-Duke Franz, his Brother Karl with him and his old Tutor Neipperg, both of whom are thought to have some skill in war, did advance accordingly. But then, withal, there was risk at Prag, and he always paused again, and waited to consider. From Frating, on the 16th,[1] he had got to Neuhaus, quite across Mähren into Bohemian ground, and there joined with Lobkowitz and what Bohemian force there was, by this time an Army which you would have called much stronger than the French. Forward, therefore! Yes, but with pauses, with considerations. Pause of two days at Neuhaus ; thence to Tabor (famed Zisca's Tabor), a safe post, where again pause three days. From Tabor is broad highway to Prag, only sixty miles off now : screwing their resolution to the sticking-point, Grand-Duke and Consorts advance at length with fixed determination, all Friday, all Saturday (November 24th, 25th), part of Sunday too, not thinking it shall be only *part ;* and their light troops are almost within sight of Prag, when—they learn that Prag is scaladed the night before, and quite settled ; that there is nothing except destruction to be looked for in Prag ! Back again, therefore, to the Tabor-and-Budweis land. They strike into that boggy, broken country about Budweis some 120 miles south of Prag, and will there wait the signs of the times.

Grand-Duke Franz had seen war under Seckendorf, under Wallis and otherwise, in the disastrous Turk Countries, but, though willing enough, was never much of a soldier : as to Neipperg, among his own men especially, the one cry is, He ought to go about his business out of Austrian Armies as an imbecile and even a traitor. "Is it conceivable that Friedrich could have beaten us in that manner except by buying Neip-

[1] Espagnac, i., 87.

perg in the first place—Neipperg and the generality of them in that luckless Silesian Business? Glogau scaladed with the loss of half-a-dozen men; Brieg gone within a week; Neisse ditto; and Mollwitz above all, where, in spite of Römer and such Horse-charging as was never seen, we had to melt, dissolve, and roll away in the glitter of the evening sun!" The common notion is, they are traitors, partial-traitors, one and all.[1] Poor Neipperg, he has seen hard service; had ugly work to do: it was he that gave away Belgrad to the Turks (so interpreting his orders), and the Grand Vizier, calling him Dog of a Giaour, spat in his face, not far from hanging him; and the Kaiser and Vienna people, on his coming home, threw him into prison, and were near cutting off his head. And again, after such sleety marchings through the Mountains, he has had to dissolve at Mollwitz; float away in military deluge in the manner we saw. And now, next winter, here is he lodged among the upland bogs at Budweis, escorted by mere curses. What a life is the soldier's, like other men's; what a master is the world! Aulic Cabinet is not all-wise, but may readily be wiser than the vulgar, and, with a Maria Theresa at its head, is incapable of truculent impiety like that. Neipperg, guilty of not being a Eugene, is not hanged as a traitor, but placed quietly as Commandant in Luxemburg; spends there the afternoon of his life in a more commodious manner. Friedrich had, of late, rather admired his movements on the Neisse River, and found him a stiff article to deal with.

The French, now with Prag for their place of arms, stretched themselves as far as Pisek, some seventy miles southwestward; occupied Pisek, Pilsen, and other Towns and posts on the southwest side, some seventy miles from Prag, looking toward the Bavarian Passes and homeward succors that might come: the Saxons, a while after, got as far as Teutschbrod, eighty miles on the southeastward or Moravian hand. Behind these outposts Prag may be considered to hang on Silesia, and have Friedrich for security. This, in front or as forecourt of Friedrich's Silesia, this inconsiderable section, was

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, sæpiùs.

all of Bohemian Country the French and Confederates ever held, and they did not hold this long. As for Karl Albert, he had his new pleasant Dream of Sovereignty at Prag ; Titular of Upper Austria, and now of Böhmen as well ; and enjoyed his Feast of the Barmecide, and glorious repose in the captured Metropolis after difficulty overcome. December 7th, he was homaged (a good few of the Nobility attending, for which they smarted afterward), with much processioning, blaring, *te-deum*-ing ; on the 19th he rolled off home to München, there to await still higher Romish-Imperial glories, which it is hoped are now at hand.

A day or two after the Capture of Prag, Maréchal de Belleisle, partially cured of his rheumatism, had hastened to appear in that City, and for above four weeks he continued there, settling, arranging, ordering all things in the most consummate manner, with that fine military head of his. About Christmas time arrived Maréchal de Broglio, his unfortunate successor or substitute, to whom he made every thing over, and hastened off for Frankfurt, where the final crisis of *Kaiserwahl* is now at hand, and the topstone of his work is to be brought out with shouting. Maréchal de Broglio had an unquiet Winter of it in his new command, and did not extend his quarters, but the contrary.

Broglio has a Bivouac of Pisek ; Khevenhüller looks in upon the Donau Conquests.

Grand-Duke Franz edged himself at last a little out of that Tabor-Budweis region, and began looking Prag-ward again ; hung about, for some time, with his Hungarian light-troops scouring the country, but still keeping Prag respectfully to right, at seventy miles distance. December 28th, to Broglio's alarm, he tried a night-attack on Pisek, the chief French outpost, which lies France-ward too, and might be vital. But he found the French (Broglio having got warning) unexpectedly ready for him at Pisek—drawn up in the dark streets there, with torrents of musketry ready for his Pandours and him—and entirely failed of Pisek ; upon which he turned eastward to the Budweis-Tabor fastnesses again ; left Brother Karl as

Commander in those parts (who soon leaves Lobkowitz as Substitute, Vienna in the idle winter-time being preferable)—left Brother Karl, and proceeded in person south, toward the Donau Countries, to see how Khevenhüller might be prospering, who is in the field there, as we shall hear.

Of Pisek, and the night-skirmish at Pisek, glorious to France, think all the Gazettes, I should have said nothing, were it not that Maréchal Broglio, finding what a narrow miss he had made, established a night-watch there, or bivouac, for six weeks to come, such as never was before or since: Cavalry and Infantry, in quantity, bivouacking there, in the environs of Pisek, on the grim Bohemian snow or snow-slush, in the depth of winter, nightly for six weeks, without whisper of an enemy at any time, whereby the Maréchal did save Pisek (if Pisek was ever again in danger), but froze horse and man to the edge of destruction or into it, so that the "Bivouac of Pisek" became proverbial in French Messrooms for a generation coming.[1] And one hears in the mind a clangorous nasal eloquence from antique gesticulative mustachio-figures, witty and indignant, who are now gone to silence again, and their fruitless bivouacs and frosty and fiery toils tumbling pellmell after them. This of Pisek was but one of the many unwise hysterical things poor Broglio did in that difficult position, which, indeed, was too difficult for any mortal, and for Broglio beyond the average.

One other thing we note; Graf von Khevenhüller, solid Austrian man, issued from Vienna December 31st, last day of the Year, with an Army of only some 15,000, but with an excellent military head of his own, to look into those Conquests on the Donau, which he finds, as he expected, to be mere conquests of stubble, capable of being swept home again at a very rapid rate. "Khevenhüller, here as always, was consummate in his choice of posts," says Lloyd;[2] discovered where the *arteries* of the business lay, and how to handle the same. By

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 23, &c.

[2] General Lloyd, *History of Seven Years War*, &c. (incidentally, somewhere).

choice of posts, by silent energy and military skill, Khevenhüller very rapidly sweeps Ségur back, and shuts him up in Linz. There Ségur, since the first days of January, is strenuously barricading himself; "wedging beams from house to house across the streets," and hopes to get provision, the Donau and the Bavarian streams being still open behind him, and to hold out a little. It will be better if he do, especially for poor Karl Albert and his poor Bavaria! Khevenhüller has also detached through the Tyrol a General von Bärenklau (*Bear's-claw*, much heard of henceforth in these Wars), who has 12,000 regulars, and much Hussar-folk under bloody Mentzel—across the Tyrol, we say, to fall in upon Bavaria and München itself, which they are too like doing with effect. Ought not Karl Albert to be upon the road again? What a thing were the Kaiser Elect taken prisoner by Pandours!

In fine, within a short two weeks or so, Karl Albert quits München as no safe place for him; comes across to Mannheim to his Cousin Philip, old Kur-Pfalz whom we used to know, now extremely old, but who has marriages of Grand-daughters and other gayeties on hand, which a Cousin and prospective Kaiser, especially if in peril of his life, might as well come and witness. This is the excuse Karl Albert makes to an indulgent Public, and would fain make to himself, but can not. Bärenklau and Khevenhüller are too indisputable. Nay, this rumor of Friedrich's "Peace with Austria," divulged Bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf, if this also (horrible to think) were true—which Friedrich assures him it is not. Karl Albert writes to Friedrich, and again writes, conjuring him, for the love of God, to make some thrust, then some inroad or other, on those man-devouring Khevenhüllers, and take them from his, Karl Albert's, throat and his poor Country's, which Friedrich, on his own score, is already purposing to do.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIEDRICH STARTS FOR MORAVIA ON A NEW SCHEME HE HAS.

The Austrian Court had not kept Friedrich's secret of Klein-Schnellendorf hardly even for a day. It was whispered to the Dowager Empress or Empresses, who whispered it, or wrote it, to some other high party, by whom again as usual—in fact, the Austrian Court, having once got their Neipperg safe to hand, took no pains to keep the secret, but had probably an interest rather in letting it filter out, to set Friedrich and his Allies at variance. At all events, in the space of a few weeks, as we have seen, the rumor of a Treaty between Austria and Friedrich was every where rife; Friedrich, as he had engaged, every where denying it, and, indeed, clearly perceiving that there was like to be no ground for acknowledging it. The Austrian Court, instead of "completing the Treaty before New-year's day," had broken the previous bargain, evidently not meaning to complete; intent rather to wait upon their Hungarian Insurrection and the luck of War.

There is now, therefore, a new turn in the game; and for this, also, Friedrich has been getting the fit card ready, and is not slow to play it. Some time ago, November 4th—properly November 1st, hardly three weeks since that of Klein-Schnellendorf—finding the secret already out ("whispered of at Breslau 28th October," casually testifies Hyndford), he had tightened his bands with France; had, on November 4th, formally acceded to Karl Albert's Treaty with France.[1] Glatz to be his: he will not hear of wanting Glatz, nor of wanting elsewhere the proper Boundary for Schlesien—"Neisse River both banks" (which Neipperg had agreed to in his late Sham-Bargain)—quite strict on these preliminaries.

And furthermore, Kur-Sachsen being now a Partner in that French-Bavarian Treaty—and a highly active one (with 21,000

[1] Accession agreed to, "Frankfurt, November 1st, 1741;" ratified "November 4th."

in the field for him), who is "King of Moravia" withal, and has some considerable northern Paring of Bohemia thrown in by way of "Road to Moravia"—Friedrich made, at the same time, special Treaty with Kur-Sachsen on the points specially mutual to them—on the Boundary point first of all, which latter Treaty is dated also November 1st, and was "ratified November 8th."

Treaty otherwise not worth reading, except perhaps as it shows us Friedrich putting, in his brief direct way, Kur-Sachsen at once into Austria's place in regard to Ober-Schlesien. "Boundary between your Polish Majesty and me to be the River Neisse *plus* a full German mile," which (to Belleisle's surprise) the Polish Majesty is willing to accept; and consents, farther, Friedrich being of succinct turn, That Commissioners go directly and put down the boundary-stones, and so an end. "Let the Silesian matter stand where it stood," thinks Friedrich: "since Austria will not, will you? Put down the boundary-pillars, then!"—an interesting little glance into Friedrich's inner man. And a Prussian Boundary Commissioner, our friend Nüssler the man, did duly appear, whom perhaps we shall meet, though no Saxon one quite did.[1] It is this boundary clause, it is Friedrich's little decision, "Put down the pillars, then," that alone can now interest any mortal in this Saxon Bargain, the clause itself, and the bargain itself, having quite broken down on the Saxon side, and proved imaginary as a covenant made in dreams. Could not be helped in the sequel!

Meanwhile, the preliminary diplomacies being done in this manner, Friedrich had ordered certain of his own Forces to get into motion a little; ordered Leopold, who has had endless nicety of management since the French and Saxons came into those Bohemian Circles of his, to go upon Glatz—to lay fast hold of Glatz for one thing. And farther eastward, Schwerin, by order, has lately gone across the Mountains; seized Troppau, Friedenthal, nay, Olmütz itself, the Capital of Mähren, in one day (December 27th), garrison of Olmütz being too weak to resist, and the works in disrepair. "In Heaven's

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i., 339 (§ *Nüssler*).

name, what are your intentions, then?" asked the Austrians there. "Peaceable in the extreme," answered Schwerin, "if only yours are; and if they are *not*—" There sits Schwerin ever since, busy strengthening himself, and maintains the best discipline, waiting for farther orders.

"The Austrians will not complete their bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf?" thinks this young King. "Very well; we will not press them to completion. We will not ourselves complete, should they now press. We will try another method, and that without loss of time." It was a pungent reflection with Friedrich that Karl Albert had not pushed forward on Vienna from Linz that time, but had blindly turned off to the left and thrown away his one chance. "Can not one still mend it? can not one still do something of the like?" thinks Friedrich now: "Schwerin in Olmütz; Prussian Troops cantoned in the Highlands of Silesia, or over in Bohemia itself, near the scene of action; the Saxons eastward as far as Teutschbrod, still nearer; the French triumphant at Prag, and re-enforcement on the road for them: a combined movement on Vienna, done instantly and with an impetus!" That is the thing Friedrich is now bent upon; nor will he, like Karl Albert, be apt to neglect the hour of tide, which is so inexorable in such operations.

At Berlin, accordingly, he has been hurrying-on his work, inspection, preparation of many kinds—Marriage of his Brother August Wilhelm for one business[1]—and (January 18th), after a stay of two months, is off fieldward again on this new Project. To Dresden first of all, Saxony being an essential element, and Valori being appointed to meet him there on the French side. It is January 20th, 1742, when Friedrich arrives: due Opera festivities, "triple salute of all the guns," fail not at Dresden; but his object was not these at all. Polish Majesty is here, and certain of the Warlike Bastard Brothers home from Winter-quarters, Comte de Saxe for one; Valori also, punctually as due; and little Graf von

[1] 6th January, 1742 (in Bielfeld, ii., 55–69, exuberant account of the Ceremony, and of B.'s part in it).

Bruhl, highest-dressed of human creatures, who is factotum in this Court.

"Your Polish Majesty, by treaty and title you are King of Moravia withal; now is the time, now or never, to become so in fact! Forward with your Saxons!" urges Friedrich: "The Austrians and their Lobkowitz are weak in that Country: at Iglau, just over the Moravian border, they have formed a Magazine; seize that, snatch it from Lobkowitz: that gives us footing and basis there. Forward with your Saxons; Valori gives us so-many French; I myself will join with 20,000: swift, steady, all at once; we can seize Moravia, who knows if not Vienna itself, and for certain drive a stroke right home into the very bowels of the Enemy!" That is Friedrich's theme from the first hour of his arrival, and during all the four-and-twenty that he staid.

In one hour, Polish Majesty, who is fonder of tobacco and pastimes than of business, declared himself convinced, and declared also that the time of Opera was come, whither the two Majesties had to proceed together, and suspend business for a while. Polish Majesty himself was very easily satisfied; but with the others, as Valori reports it, the argument was various, long, and difficult. "Winter time; so dangerous, so precarious," answer Brühl and Comte de Saxe: there is this danger, this uncertainty, and then that other, which the King and Valori, with all their eloquence, confute. "Impossible, for want of victual," answers Maurice at last, driven into a corner: "Iglau, suppose we get it, will soon be eaten; then where is our provision?" "Provision?" answers Valori: "there is M. de Séchelles, Head of our Commissariat in Prag; such a Commissary never was before." "And you consent if I take that in hand?" urges Friedrich upon them. They are obliged to consent on that proviso. Friedrich undertakes Séchelles; the Enterprise can not now be refused.[1] "Alert, then; not a moment to be lost! Good-night; *au revoir*, my noble friends!" and to-morrow, many hours before daybreak, Friedrich is off for Prag, leaving Dresden to awaken when it can.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 170; Valori, i., 139; &c., &c.

At Prag he renews acquaintance with his old maladroit Strasburg friend, Maréchal de Broglio, not with increase of admiration, as would seem ; declines the demonstrations and civilities of Broglio, business being urgent ; finds M. de Séchelles to be in truth the supreme of living Commissaries (ready, in words which Friedrich calls golden, "to make the impossible possible") : "Only march, then, noble Saxons ; swift!" and dashes off again, next morning, to northeastward, through Leopold's Bohemian cantonments, Glatz-ward by degrees, to be ready with his own share of the affair ; no delay in him, for one. January 24th, after Königsgrätz and other Prussian posts—January 24th, which is elsewhere so notable a day—his rout goes northeast to Glatz, a hundred miles away, among the intricacies of the Giant Mountains, hither side of the Silesian Highlands ; wild route for winter season, if the young King feared any route. From Berlin, hither and farther, he may have gone well-nigh his seven-hundred miles within the week ; rushing on continually (starts, say at four in the winter morning) ; doing endless business, of the ordering sort, as he speeds along.

Glatz, a southwestern mountainous Appendage to Silesia, abutting on Moravia and Bohemia, is a small strong Country, upon which, ever since the first Friedrich times, we have seen him fixed ; claiming it too, as expenses from the Austrians, since they will not bargain. For he rises Sibyl-like ; a year ago you might have had him, with his 100,000 to boot, for the one Duchy of Glogau ; and now— At Glatz, or in these adjacent Bohemian parts, the Young Dessauer has been on duty, busy enough ever since the late Siege of Neisse : Glatz Town the Young Dessauer soon got, when ordered ; Town, Population, Territory, all is his—all but the high mountain Fortress (centre of the Town of Glatz), with its stiff-necked Austrian Garrison shut up there, which he is wearing out by hunger. We remember the little Note from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, "Don't give him Glatz if you can possibly help it!" In his latest treaties with the French and their Allies, Friedrich has very expressly bargained for the Country (will even pay money

for it),[1] and is determined to have it when the Austrians next take to bargaining. Of Glatz Fortress, now getting hungered out by Leopold's Prussian Detachment, I will say farther, though Friedrich heeds these circumstances little at present, that it stands on a scarped rock, girt by the grim intricate Hills; and that in the Arsenal, in dusty fabulous condition, lies a certain Drum, which readers may have heard of. Drum is not a fable, but an antique reality fallen flaccid; made, by express bequest, as is mythically said, from the skin of Zisca above 300 years ago: altogether mythic that latter clause. Drum, Fortress, Town, Villages, and Territory, all shall be Friedrich's, had hunger done its work.[2]

Friedrich, while at Glatz this time, gave a new Dress to the Virgin, say all the Biographers, of which the story is this. Holy Virgin stood in the main Convent of Glatz, in rather a threadbare condition, when the Prussians first approached; the Jesuits, and ardently Orthodox of both sexes, flagitating Heaven and her with their prayers that she would vouchsafe to keep the Prussians out, in which case pious Madam Something, wife of the Austrian Commandant, vowed her a new suit of clothes. Holy Virgin did not vouchsafe; on the contrary, here the Prussians are, and Starvation with them. "Courage, nevertheless, my new friends!" intimates Friedrich: "the Prussians are not bugaboos, as you imagined: Holy Virgin shall have a new coat, all the same!" and was at the expense of the bit of broadcloth with trimmings. He was in the way of making such investments in his light skeptical humor, and found them answer to him. At Glatz, and through those Bohemian and Silesian Cantonments, he sets his people in motion for the Moravian Expedition; rapidly stirs up the due Prussian detachments from their Christmas rest among the Mountains, and has work enough in these re-

[1] *Œuvres de Fërdëric*, ii., 85.

[2] Town already, after short scuffle, 14th January, 1742; Fortress by hunger (no firing nor being fired on in the interim), 25th April following, when the once 2000 of garrison, worn to about 200, pale as shadows, marched away to Brünn; "only ten of them able for duty on arriving. (Orlich, i., 174.)

gions, now here, now there. Schwerin is already in Olmütz for a month past, and toward him, or his neighborhood, the march is to be.

January 26th, Friedrich, now with considerable retinue about him, gets from Glatz to Landskron, some fifty miles Olmütz-ward; such a march as General Stille never saw—"through the ice and through the snow, which covered that dreadful Chain of Mountains between Böhmen and Mähren: we did not arrive till very late; many of our carriages broken down, and others overturned more than once."[1] At Landskron next day, Friedrich, as appointed, met the Chevalier de Saxe (*Chevalier*, by no means Comte, but a younger Bastard, General of the Saxon Horse), and endeavored to concert every thing: Prussian rendezvous to be at Wischau on the 5th next; thence straightway to meet the Saxons at Trebitsch (convenient for that Iglau), if only the Saxons will keep bargain.

January 28th, past midnight, after another sore march, Friedrich arrived at Olmütz; a pretty Town, with an excellent old Bishop, "a Graf von Lichtenstein, a little gouty man about fifty-two years of age, with a countenance open and full of candor,"[2] in whose fine Palace, most courteously welcomed, the King lodged till near the day of rendezvousing. We will leave him there, and look westward a little before going farther into the Moravian Expedition. Friedrich himself is evidently much bent on this Expedition; has set his heart on paying the Austrians for their trickery at Klein-Schnellendorf in this handsome way, and still picking up the chance against them which Karl Albert squandered. If only the French and Saxons would go well abreast with Friedrich, and thrust home! But will they? Here is a surprising bit of news, not of good omen when it reaches one at Olmütz!

"*Linz*, 24*th January*, 1742" (day otherwise remarkable). "After the much barricading, and considerable defiance and bravadoing by Comte de Ségur and his 10,000, he has lost

[1] Stille (Anonymous, Friedrich's Old-Tutor Stille), *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse* (English Translation, 12mo, London, 1763), p. 5. An intelligent, desirable little Volume; many misprints in the English form of it.

[2] Stille, p. 8.

this City in a scandalous manner" (not quite scandalous, but reckoned so by outside observers); "and Linz City is not now Ségur's, but Khevenhüller's. To Khevenhüller's first summons M. de Ségur had answered, 'I will hang on the highest gallows the next man that comes to propose such a thing!' and within a week" (Khevenhüller having seized the Donau River to rear of Linz, and blasted off the Bavarian party there), "M. de Ségur did himself propose it ('Free withdrawal; not serve against you for a year'), and is this day beginning to march out of Linz."[1] Here is an example of defending Key-Positions! If Ségur's be the pattern followed, those Conquests on the Donau are like to go a fine road!

There came to Friedrich, in all privacy, during his stay in Olmütz at this Bishop's, a Diplomatic emissary from Vienna, one Pfitzner, charged with apologies, with important offers probably; important, but not important enough. Friedrich blames himself for being too abrupt on the man; might perhaps have learned something from him by softer treatment.[2] After three days Pfitzner had to go his ways again, having accomplished nothing of change upon Friedrich.

CHAPTER IX.

WILHELMINA GOES TO SEE THE GAYETIES AT FRANKFURT.

On the day when Friedrich, overhung by the grim winter Mountains, was approaching Glatz, same day when Ségur was evacuating Linz on those sad terms, that is, on the 24th day of January, 1742, two Gentlemen were galloping their best in the Frankfurt-Mannheim regions, bearing what they reckoned grand tidings toward Mannheim and Karl Albert, who is there "on a visit" (for good reasons) after his triumphs at Prag and elsewhere. The hindmost of the two Gentlemen is an Official of rank (little conscious that he is preceded by a rival in message-bearing)—Official Gentleman dispatched by the Diet of Frankfurt to inform Karl Albert that he now is act-

[1] *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, iii., 280, &c.; Adelung, iii., *a*, p 12, and p. 15 (a Paris street-song on it).

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 109.

ually Kaiser of the Holy Romish Empire, votes, by aid of Heaven and Belleisle, having all fallen in his favor. Gallop, therefore, my Official Gentleman—alas! another Gentleman, Non-official, knowing how it would turn, already sat booted and saddled a good space beyond the walls of Frankfurt, waiting till the cannon should fire; at the first burst of cannon, he (cunning dog) gives his horse the spur, and is miles ahead of the toiling Official Gentleman all the way.[1]

In the dreary mass of long-winded ceremonial nothingnesses and intricate Belleisle cobwebberies, we seize this one poor speck of human foolery in the native state as almost the memorablest in that stupendous business—stupendous indeed, with which all Germany has been in travail these sixteen months, on such terms, and, in verity, has got the thing called "German Kaiser" constituted better or worse. Heavens! was a Nation ever so bespun by gossamer; enchanted into paralysis by mountains of extinct tradition, and the want of power to annihilate rubbish! There are glittering threads of the finest Belleisle diplomacy, which seem to go beyond the Dog-star, and to be radiant and irradiative, like paths of the gods; and they are, seem what they might, poor threads of idle gossamer, sunk already to dusty cobweb, unpleasant to poor human nature; poor human nature concerned only to get them well swept into the fire. The quantities of which sad litter, in this Universe, are very great!

Karl Albert, now at the topgallant of his hopes, homaged Archduke of Upper Austria, homaged King of Bohemia, declared Kaiser of the German Nation, is the highest-titled mortal going; and, poor soul! it is tragical, once more, to think what the reality of it was for him. Ejection from house and home into difficulty, poverty, despair; life in furnished lodgings, which he could not pay; and at last heart-break, no refuge for him but in the grave: all which is mercifully hidden at present, so that he seems to himself a man at the topgallant of his wishes, and lives pleasantly among his friends, with a halo round his head, to his own foolish sense and theirs.

[1] Adelung, iii., *a*, 52.

"Karl Albert, Kurfurst of Baiern" (lazy readers ought to be reminded), "whose achievements will concern us to an unpleasant extent for some years, is now a lean man of forty-five; lean, erect, and of middle stature; a Prince of distinguished look, they say; of elegant manners, and of fair extent of accomplishment, as Princes go. His experiences in this world, and sudden ups and downs, have been and will be many. Note a few particulars of them, the minimum of what are indispensable here.

"English readers know a Maximilian Kurfürst of Baiern, who took into French courses in the great Spanish-Succession War; the Anti-Marlborough Maximilian, who was quite ruined out by the Battle of Blenheim; put to the Ban of the Empire, and reduced to depend on Louis XIV. for a living till times mended with him again; till, after the Peace of Utrecht, he got reinstated in his Territories, and lived a dozen years more in some comparative comfort, though much sunk in debt. Well, our Karl Albert is the son of that Anti-Marlborough Kurfürst Maximilian—eldest surviving son; a daughter of the great Sobieski of Poland was his mother. Nay, he is great grandson of another still more distinguished Maximilian, him of the Thirty-Years War—(who took the Jesuits to his very heart, and let loose Até on his poor Country for the sake of them in a determined manner; and was the First of all the Bavarian *Kurfürsts*, mere Dukes till then, having got for himself the poor Winter-King's Electorship, or split it into Two as ultimately settled, out of that bad Business)—great-grandson, we say, of that forcible, questionable First Kurfürst Max, and descends from Kaiser Ludwig, 'Ludwig the *Baier*,' if that is much advantage to him.

"In his young time he had a hard upcoming; seven years old at the Battle of Blenheim, and Papa living abroad under Louis XIV.'s shelter, the poor Boy was taken charge of by the victorious Austrian Kaisers, and brought up in remote Austrian Towns as a young 'Graf von Wittelsbach' (nothing but his family name left him), mere Graf and private nobleman henceforth. However, fortune took the turn we know, and he became Prince again, nothing the worse for this Spartan part of his breeding. He made the Grand Tour, Italy, France, perhaps more than once; saw, felt, and tasted; served slightly, at a Siege of Belgrad (one of the many Sieges of Belgrad); wedded, in 1722, a Daughter of the late Kaiser Joseph's, niece of the late Kaiser Karl's, cousin of Maria Theresa's; making the due 'renunciations,' as was thought; and has been Kur-

fürst himself for the last Fourteen Years, ever since 1726, when his Father died—a thrifty Kurfürst, they say, or at least has occasionally tried to be so, conscious of the load of debts left on him; fond of pomps withal, extremely polite, given to Devotion and to *Billets-doux;* of gracious address, generous temper (if he had the means), and great skill in speaking languages. Likes hunting a little—likes several things, we see! -has lived tolerably with his Wife and children; tolerably with his Neighbors (though sour upon the late Kaiser now and then); and is an ornament to München, and well liked by the population there—a lean, elegant, middle-sized gentleman, descended direct from Ludwig the ancient Kaiser; from Maximilian, the First Kurfürst, who walked by the light of Father Lämmerlein (*Lambkin*) and Company, thinking *it* light from Heaven; and, lastly, is Son of Maximilian, the Third Kurfürst, whom learned English readers know as the Anti-Marlborough one, ruined out by the Battle of Blenheim.

"His most important transaction hitherto has been the marriage with Kaiser Joseph's Daughter, of which, in Pöllnitz somewhere, there is sublime account; forgetable, all except the date (Vienna, 5th October, 1722), if by chance that should concern anybody. Karl Albert (*Kurprinz*, Electoral Prince or Heir-Apparent at that time) made free renunciation of all right to Austrian Inheritances in such terms as pleased Karl VI., the then Kaiser—the due complete 'renunciations' of inheriting in Austria—and it was hoped he would at once sign the Pragmatic Sanction when published, but he has steadily refused to do so: 'I renounced for my Wife,' says Kurfürst Karl, 'and will never claim an inch of Austrian land on her account; but my own right, derived from Kaiser Ferdinand of blessed memory, who was Father of my Great-grandmother, I did not, do not, never will renounce; and I appeal to *his* Pragmatic Sanction, the much older and alone valid one, according to which, it is not you, it is I that am the real and sole Heir of Austria.'

"This he says, and has steadily said or meant: 'It is I that am to be King of Bohemia; I that shall and will inherit all your Austrias, Upper, Under, your Swabian Brisgau or Hither Austria, and what of the Tyrol remained wanting to me. Your Archduchess will have Hungary, the Styrian-Carinthian Territories; Florence, I suppose, and the Italian ones. What is hers by right I will be one of those that defend for her; what is not hers, but mine, I will defend against her, to

the best of my ability!' This was privately, what it is now publicly, his argument, from which he never would depart; refusing always to accept Kaiser Karl's new Pragmatic Sanction; getting Saxony (who likewise had a Ferdinand great-grandmother) to refuse, till Polish Election compelled poor Saxony for a time. Karl Albert had likewise secretly, in past years, got his abstruse old Cousin of the Pfalz (who mended the Heidelberg Tun) to back him in a Treaty; nay, still better, still more secretly, had got France itself to promise eventual backing; and, on the whole, lived generally on rather bad terms with the late Kaiser Karl, his Wife's Uncle, any reconciliation they had proving always of temporary nature. In the Rhenish War (1734), Karl Albert, far from assisting the Kaiser, raised large forces of his own; kept drilling them, in four or three camps, in an alarming manner; and would not even send his Reichs-Contingent (small body of 3000 he is by law bound to send) till he perceived the War was just expiring. He was in angry controversy with the Kaiser, claiming debts—debts contracted in the last generation, and debts going back to the Thirty-Years War, amounting to hundreds of millions—when the poor Kaiser died; refusing payment to the last, nay, claiming lands left *him*, he says, by Margaret Mouthpoke.[1] 'Can not pay your Serene Highness (having no money); and would not if I could!' Leaving Karl Albert to protest to the uttermost," which, as we ourselves saw in Vienna, he at once honorably did.

Karl Albert's subsequent history is known to readers, except the following small circumstance, which occurred in his late transit, flight, or whatever you may call it, to Mannheim, and is pleasantly made notable to us by Wilhelmina. "His Highness on the way from München," intimates our Princess, "passed through Baireuth in a very bad post-chaise." This, as we elsewhere pick out, was on January 16th; Karl in post-haste for the marriage-ceremony, which takes place at Mannheim to-morrow.[2] "My Margraf, accidentally hearing, galloped after him; came up with him about fifteen miles away: they embraced, talked half an hour; very content, both.[3]

[1] Michaelis, ii., 260; Buchholz, ii., 9; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii., 182; &c.

[2] Adelung, iii., *a*, 51.

[3] Wilhelmina, ii., 334.

And eight days afterward, 24th January, 1742, busy Belle-isle (how busy for this year past, since we saw him in the Œil-de Bœuf!) gets him elected Kaiser; and Ségur, in the self-same hours, is packing out of Linz; and one's Donau "Conquests," not to say one's München, one's Baiern itself, are in a fine way! The marriage-ceremony, witnessed on the 17th, was one of the sublimest for Kur-Pfalz and kindred; and it, too, had secretly a touch of tragedy in it for the poor Karl-Albert. A double marriage: two young Princesses, Grand-daughters, priceless Heiresses to old Kur-Pfalz, married, one of them, to Duke Clement of Baiern, Karl Albert's nephew, which is well enough; but married, the other and elder of them, to Theodor of Deux Ponts, who will one day—could we pierce the merciful veil—be Kurfürst of Baiern, and succeed our own childless Son![1]

"Kaiser Karl VII.," such the style he took, is to be crowned February 12th; makes sublime Public Entry into Frankfurt with that view January 31st—both ceremonies splendid to a wonder, in spite of finance considerations, which circumstance should little concern us were it not that Wilhelmina, hearing the great news (though in a dim ill-dated state), decided to be there and see; did go, and has recorded her experiences there in a shrill human manner. Wishful to see our fellow-creatures (especially if bound to look at them) even when they are fallen fantasmal, and to make persons of them again, we will give this Piece, sorry that it is the last we have of that fine hand. How welcome, in the murky puddle of Dryasdust, is any glimpse by a lively, glib Wilhelmina, which we can discern to be human! Hear what Wilhelmina says (in a very condensed form):

Wilhelmina at the Coronation.

Wilhelmina, in the end of January, 1742—Karl Albert having shot past, one day lately, in a bad post-chaise, and kindled the thought in her—resolved to go and see him crowned at Frankfurt by way of pleasure-excursion. We will, struggling

[1] Michaelis, ii., 265.

to be briefer, speak in her person, and indicate withal where the very words are hers, and where ours.

"The Marwitz—elder Marwitz, her poor father being wounded at Mollwitz,[1] had gone to Berlin to nurse him; but she returned just now, not much to my joy," I being, with some cause, jealous of that foolish minx. "The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg also came, sorrow on her; a foolish, talking woman, always cutting jokes, making eyes, giggling, and coqueting; '*has* some wit and manner, but wearies you at last: her charms, now on the decline, were never so considerable as rumor said; in the long-run she bores you with her French gayeties and sprightliness: her character for gallantry is too notorious. She quite corrupted Marwitz in this and a subsequent visit; turned the poor girl's head into a French whirligig, and undermined any little moral principle she had. She was on the road to Berlin,' of which anon, for it is not quite nothing to us; 'but she was in no hurry, and would right willingly have gone with us.' And it required all our female diplomacy to get her under way again, and fairly out of our course. January 28th, *she* off to Berlin; *we*, same day, to Frankfurt-on-Mayn."[2]

"Coronation was to have been" (or we Country-folk thought it was) "January 31st: Let us be there *incognito* the night before; see it, and return the day after. That was our plan. Bad roads, waters all out; we had to go night and day; reached the gates of Frankfurt 30th January, late. Berghover, our Legationsrath there, says we are known every where; Coronation is not to be till February 12th! I was fatigued to death, a bad cold on me too: we turned back to the last Village; staid there overnight. Back again to Berghover, in secret (*à la sourdine*), next night; will see the Public Entry of Karl Albert, which is to be to-morrow" (not quite, my Princess; January 31st for certain,[3] did one the least care). "It was a very grand thing indeed (*des plus superbes*); but I will not stop describing it. Masked ball that night, where I had much amusement tormenting the masks, not being known to any body. We next day retired to a small private House which Berghover had got for us out of Town, for fear of being discovered, and lodged there, waiting February 12th, under difficulties."

[1] *Militair-Lexikon*, iii., 23; and *Preussische Adels-Lexikon*, iii., 365.

[2] Wilhelmina, ii, 334; see p. 335, 338, 347, &c., for the other salient points that follow.

[3] Adelung, iii., *a*, 63; &c., &c.

"The weather was bitterly cold; we had brought no clothes; my dames and I nothing earthly but a black *andrienne* each" (whatever that may be) "to spare bulk of luggage: strictest incognito was indispensable. The Marwitzes, for giggling, raillery, French airs, and absolute impertinence, were intolerable in that solitary place. We return to Frankfurt again; have balls and theatres at least: 'of these latter I missed none. One evening, my head-dress got accidentally shoved awry, and exposed my face for a moment: Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, who was looking that way, recognized me; told the Prince of Orange of it; they are in our box next minute!'"

Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, did readers ever hear of him before? Transiently, perhaps, in Friedrich's *Letters to his Father*, but have forgotten him again; can know him only as the outline of a shadow—a fat, solid military man of fifty; junior Brother of that solid *Wilhelm*, Viceregent and virtual "Landgraf of Hessen"—(*vice* an elder and eldest Brother, *Friedrich*, the now Majesty of Sweden, who is actually Hereditary Landgraf, but being old, childless, idle, takes no hold of it, and quite leaves it to Wilhelm)—of whom English readers may have heard, and will hear; for it is Wilhelm that hires us those "subsidized 6000" who go blaring about on English pay (Prince George merely Commandant of them); and Wilhelm, furthermore, has wedded his Heir-Apparent to an English Princess lately,[1] which also (as the poor young fellow became Papist by-and-by) costs certain English people, among others, a good deal of trouble. Uncle George, we say, is merely Commandant of those blaring 6000; has had his own real soldiering before this; his own labors, contradictions in his time, but has borne all patiently, and grown fat upon it, not quarreling with his burdens or his nourishments. Perhaps we may transiently meet him again.

As to the Prince of Orange, him we have seen more than once in times past: a young fellow in comparison, sprightly, reckoned clever, but somewhat humpbacked; married an English Princess years ago ("Papa, if he were as ugly as a baboon!") which fine Princess, we find, has stopped short at Cassel, too fatigued on the present occasion. "His *esprit*," continues Wilhelmina, "and his conversation, delighted me.

[1] Princess Mary (age only about seventeen), 28th June, 1740; Prince's name was Friedrich (became Catholic 1749; *wife* made family-manager in consequence, &c., &c.).

His Wife, he said, was at Cassel; he would persuade her to come and make my acquaintance"—could not; too far in this cold season. "These two Serene Highnesses would needs take me home in their carriage; they asked the Margraf to let them stay supper: from that hour they were never out of our house. Next morning, by means of them, the secret had got abroad. Kur-Köln" (lanky, hook-nosed gentleman, richest Pluralist in the Church) "had set spies upon us; next evening he came up to me and said, 'Madame, I know your highness; you must dance a measure with me!' That comes of one's headgear getting awry! We had nothing for it but to give up the incognito and take our fate!"

This dancing Elector of Köln, a man still only entering his forties, is the new Emperor's Brother:[1] do readers wonder to see him dance, being an Archbishop? The fact is certain, let the Three Kings and the Eleven Thousand Virgins say to it what they will. "He talked a long time with me; presented to me the Princess Clemence his Niece" (that is to say, Wife of his Nephew Clement; one of the Two whom his now Imperial Majesty saw married the other day),[2] "and then the Princess"—in fact, presented all the three Sulzbach Princesses (for there is a youngest, still to wed), "and then Prince Theodor" (happy Husband of the eldest), "and Prince Clement" (ditto of the youngest), "and was very polite indeed." How keep our incognito with all these people heaping civilities upon us? Let us send to Baireuth for clothes, equipages, and retire to our country concealment till they arrive.

"Just as we were about setting off thither, I waiting till the Margraf were ready, the Margraf entered, and a Lady with him, who, he informed me, was Madame de Belleisle, the French Embassador's Wife"—Wife of the great Belleisle, the soul of all these high congregatings, consultations, coronations, who is not Kaiser, but maker of Kaisers: what is to be done? "I had carefully avoided her, reckoning she would have pretensions I should not be in the humor to grant. I took my resolution at the moment" (being a swift decisive creature), "and received her like any other Lady that might have come to me. Her visit was not long. The conversation turned altogether upon praises of the King" (my Brother). "I found Madame de Belleisle very different from the notion I had formed of her. You could see she had moved in high

[1] Clement August (Hübner, t. 134).

[2] Michaelis, ii., 256, 123; Hübner, t. 141, 134.

company (*sentait son monde*); but her air appeared to me that of a waiting-maid (*soubrette*), and her manners insignificant." Let madame take that.

"Monseigneur himself," when our equipages had come, "waited on me several times"—Monseigneur the grand Maréchal de Belleisle, among the other Principalities and Lordships; but of this lean man in black (who has done such famous things, and will have to do the Retreat of Prag within year and day) there is not a word farther said. Old Seckendorf too is here, "Reich's-Governor of Philipsburg;" very ill with Austria, no wonder, and striving to be well with the new Kaiser. Doubtless old Seckendorf made his visit too (being of Baireuth kin withal), and snuffled his respects: much unworthy of mention; not lovely to Wilhelmina. "Prince of Orange," hunchbacked, but sprightly and much the Prince, "bore me faithful company all the Coronation time; nor was George of Hessen-Cassel wanting, good fat man.

"Of the Coronation itself, though it was truly grand," and even of an Oriental splendor,[1] "I will say nothing. The poor Kaiser could not enjoy it much. He was dying of gout and gravel, and could scarcely stand on his feet." Poor gentleman! and the French are driven dismally out of Linz; and the Austrians are spreading like a lava-flood or general conflagration over Baiern: Demon Mentzel, whom they call Colonel Mentzel, he (if we knew it) is in München itself just as we are getting crowned here! And unless King Friedrich, who is falling into Mähren in the flank of them, call back this Infernal Chase a little, what hope is there in those parts! "The poor Kaiser, oftenest in his bed, is courting all manner of German Princes," consulting with Seckendorfs, with cunning old stagers. "He has managed to lead my Margraf into a foolish bargain about raising men for him, which bargain I, on fairly getting sight of it, persuade my Margraf to back out of; and, in the end, he does so. Meanwhile, it detains us some time longer in Frankfurt, which is still full of Principalities, busy with visitings and ceremonials.

"Among other things, by way of forwarding that Bargain I was so averse to, our Official People had settled that I could not well go without having seen the Empress after her crowning. Foolish people, entangling me in new intricacies! For, if she is a Kaiser's Daughter and Kaiser's Spouse, am not I

[1] *Anemonen*, ubi suprà.

somewhat too? 'How a King's Daughter and an Empress are to meet was probably never settled by example: What number of steps down stairs does she come? The arm-chair (*fauteuil*), is that to be denied me?' And numerous other questions. The official people, Baireuthers especially, are in despair; and, in fact, there were scenes. But I held firm; and the Berlin embassadors tempering, a medium was struck: steps of stairs, to the due number, are conceded me; arm-chair no, but the Empress to 'take a very small arm-chair,' and I to have a big common chair (*grand dossier*). So we meet, and I have sight of this Princess next day.

"In her place, I confess I would have invented all manner of etiquettes, or any sort of contrivance, to save myself from showing face. Heavens! 'The Empress is below middle size, and so corpulent (*puissante*) she looks like a ball; she is ugly to the utmost (*laide au possible*), and without air or grace:'" Kaiser Joseph's youngest Daughter—the gods, it seems, have not been kind to her in figure or feature! "And her mind corresponds to her appearance: she is bigoted to excess; passes her nights and days in her oratory, with mere rosaries and gaunt superstitious platitudes of that nature—a dark, fat, dreary little Empress. 'She was all in a tremble in receiving me, and had so discountenanced an air she couldn't speak a word. We took seats. After a little silence, I began the conversation in French. She answered me, in her Austrian jargon, that she did not well understand that language, and begged I would speak to her in German. Our conversation was not long. Her Austrian dialect and my Lower-Saxon are so different that, till you have practiced, you are not mutually intelligible in them. Accordingly we were not. A by-stander would have split with laughter at the Babel we made of it, each catching only a word here and there, and guessing the rest. This Princess was so tied to her etiquette, she would have reckoned it a crime against the Reich to speak to me in a foreign language, for she knew French well enough.

"'The Kaiser was to have been of this visit; but he had fallen so ill, he was considered even in danger of his life. Poor Prince, what a lot had he achieved for himself!'" reflects Wilhelmina, as we often do. "He was soft, humane, affable; had the gift of captivating hearts. Not without talent either; but then of an ambition far disproportionate to it. 'Would have shone in the second rank, but in the first went sorrowfully eclipsed,' as they say. He could not

be a great man, nor had about him any one that could; and he needed now to be so." This is the service a Belleisle can do, inflating a poor man to Kaisership beyond his natural size! Crowned Kaiser, and Mentzel just entering his München the while; a Kaiser bedrid, stranded; lying ill there of gout and gravel, with the Demon Mentzels eating him; well may his poor little bullet of a Kaiserinn pray for him night and day, if that will avail!

The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, returning from Berlin, favors us with another Visit.

I am sorry to say this is almost the last scene we shall get out of Wilhelmina. She returns to Baireuth; breaks there conclusively that unwise Frankfurt bargain; receives by-and-by (after several months, when much has come and gone in the world) the returning Duchess of Würtemberg, effulgent Dowager "spoken of only as a Lais;" and has other adventures, alluded to up and down, but not put in record by herself any farther. Sorrowfully let us hear Wilhelmina yet a little on this Lais Duchess, who will concern us somewhat—Dowager, much too effulgent, of the late Karl Alexander, a Reichs-Feldmarschall (or *fourth-part* of one, if readers could remember) and Duke of Würtemberg, whom we once dined with at Prag, in old Friedrich-Wilhelm and Prince-Eugene times:

"This Princess, very famous on the bad side, had been at Berlin to see her three Boys settled there, whose education she" (and the *Stände* of Würtemberg, she being Regent) "had committed to the King. These Princes had been with us on their road thither, just before their Mamma last time. The Eldest, age fourteen, had gone quite agog (*s'étoit amouraché*) about my little Girl, age only nine, and had greatly diverted us by his little gallantries" (mark that, with an Alas!). "The Duchess, following somewhat at leisure," had missed the King that time, who was gone for Mähren January 18th. * * "I found this Princess wearing pretty well. Her features are beautiful, but her complexion is faded and very yellow. Her voice is so high and screechy it cuts your ears; she does not want for wit, and expresses herself well. Her manners are engaging for those whom she wishes to gain, and with men

are very free. Her way of thinking and acting offers a strange contrast of pride and meanness. Her gallantries had brought her into such repute that I had no pleasure in her visits." [1] No pleasure, though she often came ; and her Eldest Prince and my little Girl—Well, who knows !

Besides her three Boys (one of whom, as Reigning Duke, will become notorious enough to Wilhelmina and mankind), the Lais Duchess has left at Berlin—at least I guess she has now left him, in exchange perhaps for some other—a certain very gallant, vagabond young Marquis d'Argens, "from Constantinople" last ; originally from the Provence countries ; extremely dissolute creature, still young (whom Papa has had to disinherit), but full of good-humor, of gesticulative loyal talk, and frothy speculation of an Anti-Jesuit turn (has written many frothy Books, too, in that strain, which are now forgotten), who became a very great favorite with Friedrich, and will be much mentioned in subsequent times.

"In the end of July," continues Wilhelmina, "we went to Stouccard" (Stuttgard, capital of Würtemberg, O beautiful glib tongue !), "whither the Duchess had invited us ; but—" And there we are on blank paper ; our dear Wilhelmina has ceased speaking to us ; her *Memoirs* end ; and oblivious silence wraps the remainder !

Concerning this effulgent Dowager of Würtemberg, and her late ways at Berlin, here, from Bielfeld, is another snatch, which we will excerpt, under the usual conditions :

"*Berlin, February*, 1742" (real date of all that is not fabulous in Bielfeld, who chaotically dates it "6th December" of that Year). * * "A day or two after this" (no matter *what*), "I went to the German Play, the only spectacle which is yet fairly afoot in Berlin. In passing in, I noticed the Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, who had arrived, during my absence, with a numerous and brilliant suite, as well to salute the King and the Queens" (King off, on his Moravian Business, before she came), "and to unite herself more intimately with our Court, as to see the Three Princes her Children settled in their new

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 335.

place, where, by consent of the States of Würtemberg, they are to be educated henceforth.

"As I had not yet had myself presented to the Duchess, I did not presume to approach too near, and passed up into the Theatre. But she noticed me in the side-scenes; asked who I was" (such a handsome fashionable fellow), "and sent me order to come immediately and pay my respects. To be sure I did so; was most graciously received; and, of course, called early next day at her Palace. Her Grand-Chamberlain had appointed me the hour of noon. He now introduced me accordingly; but what was my surprise to find the Princess in bed—in a negligee all new from the laundress, and the gallantest that art could imagine! On a table, ready to her hand, at the *dossier* or bed-head, stood a little Basin silver-gilt, filled with Holy Water: the rest was decorated with extremely precious Relics, with a Crucifix, and a Rosary of rock-crystal. Her dress, the cushions, quilt, all was of Marseilles stuff, in the finest series of colors, garnished with superb lace. Her cap was of Alençon lace, knotted with a ribbon of green and gold. Figure to yourself, in this gallant deshabille, a charming Princess, who has all the wit, perfection of manner —and is still only thirty-seven, with a beauty that was once so brilliant! Round the celestial bed were courtiers, doctors, almoners, mostly in devotional postures; the three young Princes; and a Dame D'Atours, who seemed to look slightly *ennuyée* or bored." I had the honor to kiss her Serene Highness's hand, and to talk a great many peppered insipidities suitable to the occasion.

Dinner followed, more properly supper, with lights kindled: "Only I can not dress, you know," her Highness had said; "I never do, except for the Queen-Mother's parties;" and rang for her maids. So that you are led out to the Anteroom, and go grinning about till a new and still more charming deshabille be completed, and her most Serene Highness can receive you again; "Now, Messieurs! Pshaw! one is always stupid; no *esprit* at all except by candle-light!" After which, such a dinner, unmatchable for elegance, for exquisite gastronomy, for Attic-Paphian brilliancy and charm! And, indeed, there followed hereupon, for weeks on weeks, a series of such unmatchable little dinners; chief parts, under that charming Pres-

idency, being done by "Grand Chamberlain Baron de" Something-or-other, "by your humble servant Bielfeld, M. Jordan, and a Marquis D'Argens, famous Provençal gentleman now in the suite of her Highness"[1] feasts of the Barmecide, I much doubt, poor Bielfeld being in this Chapter very fantastic, *misdate*ful to a mad extent, and otherwise, except as to general effect, worth little serious belief.

We shall meet this Paphian Dowager again (Crucifix and Myrtle joined); meet especially her D'Argens, and her Three little Princes more or less; wherefore, mark slightly (besides the D'Argens as above):

"1°. The Eldest little Prince, Karl Eugen, made 'Reigning Duke' within three years hence" (Mamma falling into trouble with the *Stände*): "a man still gloomily famous in Germany" (Poet Schiller's Duke of Würtemberg), "of inarticulate, extremely arbitrary turn—married Wilhelmina's Daughter by-and-by" (with horrible usage of her), "and otherwise gave Friedrich and the world cause to think of him.

"2°. The Second little Prince, Friedrich Eugen, Prussian General of some mark, will incidentally turn up again. He was afterward Successor to the Dukedom" (Karl Eugen dying childless), "and married his Daughter to Paul of Russia, from whom descend the Autocrats there to this day.

"3°. Youngest little Prince, Ludwig Eugen, a respectable Prussian Officer, and later a French one: he is that 'Duc de Wirtemberg' who corresponds with Voltaire" (inscrutable to readers in most of the Editions), and need not be mentioned farther."[2]

But enough of all this. It is time we were in Mähren, where the Expedition must be blazing well ahead, if things have gone as expected.

[1] Bielfeld, ii., 74–78.

[2] See Michaelis, iii., 449; Preuss, i., 476: &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

FRIEDRICH DOES HIS MORAVIAN EXPEDITION, WHICH PROVES A MERE MORAVIAN FORAY.

While these Coronation splendors had been going on, Friedrich, in the Moravian regions, was making experiences of a rather painful kind, his Expedition prospering there far otherwise than he had expected. This winter Expedition to Mähren was one of the first Friedrich had ever undertaken on the Joint-stock Principle, and it proved of a kind rather to disgust him with that method in affairs of war.

A deeply disappointing Expedition. The country hereabouts was in bad posture of defense; nothing between us and Vienna itself, in a manner. Rushing briskly forward, living on the country where needful, on that Iglau Magazine, on one's own Séchelles resources; rushing on, with the Saxons, with the French, emulous on the right hand and the left, a Captain like Friedrich might have gone far; Vienna itself—who knows!—not yet quite beyond the reach of him. Here was a way to check Khevenhüller in his Bavarian Operations, and whirl him back, double-quick, for another object nearer home! But, alas! neither the Saxons nor the French would rush on, in the least emulous. The Saxons dragged heavily arear; the French Detachment (a poor 5000 under Polastron, all that a captious Broglio could be persuaded to grant) would not rush at all, but paused on the very frontier of Moravia, Broglio so ordering, and there hung supine, or indeed went home.

Friedrich remonstrated, argued, turned back to encourage, but it was in vain. The Saxon Bastard Princes "lived for days in any Schloss they found comfortable," complaining always that there was no victual for their Troops; that the Prussians, always ahead, had eaten the country. No end to haggling; and, except on Friedrich's part, no hearty beginning to real business. "If you wish at all to be 'King of

Moravia,' what is this!" thinks Friedrich justly. Broglio, too, was unmanageable—piqued that Valori, not Broglio, had started the thing—showed himself captious, dark, hysterically effervescent, now overcautious, and again capable of rushing blindly headlong.

To Broglio, the fact at Linz, which every body saw to be momentous, was overwhelming. Magnanimous Ségur, and his Linz "all wedged with beams," what a road have they gone! Said so valiantly they would make defense; and did it, scarcely for four days—January 24th—before this Expedition could begin! True, M. de Maréchal, too true; and is that a reason for hanging back in this Mähren Business, or for pushing on in it, double-quick, with all one's strength? "But our Conquests on the Donau," thinks Broglio, "what will become of them and of us?" To Broglio, justly apprehensive about his own posture at Prag and on the Donau, there never was such a chance of at once raking back all Austrians homeward, post-haste out of those countries. But Broglio could by no means see it so—headstrong, blusterous, overcautious, and hysterically headlong old gentleman, whose conduct at Prag here brought Strasburg vividly to Friedrich's memory, upon which, as upon the ghost of Broglio's Breeches, Valori had to hear "incessant sarcasms" at this time.

In a word, from February 5th, when Friedrich, according to bargain, rendezvoused his Prussians at Wischau to begin this Expedition, till April 5th, when he re-rendezvoused them (at the same Wischau, as chanced) for the purpose of ending it and going home—Friedrich, wrestling his utmost with Human Stupidity, "*mit der Dummheit*" (as Schiller sonorously says), "against which the very gods are unvictorious," had probably two of the most provoking months of his Life, or of this first Silesian War, which was fruitful in such to him. For the common cause he accomplished nearly nothing by this Moravian Expedition; but to his own mind it was rich in experiences as to the Joint-stock Principle, as to the Partners he now had; and it doubtless quickened his steps toward getting personally out of this imbroglio of big French-German Wars—home to Berlin, with Peace and Silesia in his pocket

—which had all along been the goal of his endeavors. As a feat of war it is by no means worth detailing in this place, though succinct Stille and bulkier German Books give lucid account, should any body chance to be curious.[1] Only under the other aspect, as Friedrich's experience of Partnership, and especially of his now Partners, are present readers concerned to have, in brief form, some intelligible notion of it.

Iglau is got, but not the Magazine at Iglau.

Friedrich was punctual at Wischau: Head-quarters there (midway between Olmütz and Brünn). Prussians all assembled, 5th February, 1742. Wischau is some eighty miles *east* or inward of Iglau; the French and Saxons are to meet us about Trebitsch, a couple of marches from that Teutschbrod of theirs, and well within one march of Iglau, on our route thither. The French and Saxons are at Trebitsch accordingly, but their minds and will seem to be far elsewhere. Rutowsky and the Chevalier de Saxe command the Saxons (20,000 strong on paper, 16,000 in reality); Comte de Polastron the French, who are 5000, all Horse. Along with whom, professedly as French Volunteer, has come the Comte de Saxe, capricious Maurice (Maréchal de Saxe that will be), who has always viewed this Expedition with disfavor. Excellency Valori is with the French Detachment, or rather poor Valori is every where; running about, from quarter to quarter, sometimes to Prag itself: assiduous to heal rents every where; clapping cement into manifold cracks from day to day. Through Valori we get some interesting glimpses into the secret humors and manœuvres of Comte Maurice. It is known otherwise Comte Maurice was no friend to Belleisle, but looked for his promotion from the opposite or Noailles party in the French Court: at present, as Valori perceives, he has got the ear of Broglio, and put much sad stuff into the loud, foolish mind of him.

To these Saxon gentlemen, being Bastard-Royal and important to conciliate, Friedrich has in a highflown way assigned the Schloss of Budischau for quarters, an excellent, superbly magnificent mansion in the neighborhood of Trebitsch, "nothing like it to be seen except in theatres, on the

[1] Stille, *Campaigns of the King of Prussia*, i., 1–55; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 548–611; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 110–114; Orlich, ii.; &c., &c.

Drop-scene of *The Enchanted Island*," [1] where they make themselves so comfortable, says Friedrich, there is no getting them roused to do any thing for three days to come. And yet the work is urgent, and plenty of it. "Iglau first of all," urges Friedrich, "where the Austrians, 10,000 or so, under Prince Lobkowitz, have posted themselves" (right flank of that long straggle of Winter Cantonments, which goes leftward to Budweis and farther), "and made Magazines: possession of Iglau is the foundation-stone of our affairs. And if we would have Iglau *with* the Magazines and not without, surely there is not a moment to be wasted!" In vain; the Saxon Bastard Princes feel themselves very comfortable. It was Sunday, the 11th of February, when our junction with them was completed, and, instead of next morning early, it is Wednesday afternoon before Prince Dietrich of Anhalt-Dessau, with the Saxon and French party roused to join his Prussians and him, can at last take the road for Iglau. Prince Dietrich makes now the reverse of delay; marches all night, "bivouacks in woods near Iglau," warming himself at stick-fires till the day break; takes Iglau by merely marching into it and scattering 2000 Pandours as soon as day has broken, but finds the Magazines not there. Lobkowitz carted off what he could, then burnt "Seventeen Barns yesterday," and is himself off toward Budweis Head-quarters and the Bohemian bogs again. This comes of lodging Saxon royal gentlemen too well.

The Saxons think Iglau enough; the French go home.

Nay, Iglau taken, the affair grows worse than ever. Our Saxons now declare that they understand their orders to be completed: that their Court did not mean them to march farther, but only to hold by Iglau, a solid footing in Moravia, which will suffice for the present. Fancy Friedrich—fancy Valori, and the cracks he will have to fill! Friedrich, in astonishment and indignation, sends a messenger to Dresden: "Would the Polish Majesty *be* 'King of Moravia,' then, or not be?" Remonstrances at Budischau rise higher and higher; Valori, to prevent total explosion, flies over once, in the dead of the night, to deal with Rutowsky and Brothers. Rutowsky himself seems partly persuadable, though dreadfully ill of rheumatism. They rouse Comte Maurice; and Valori, by this Comte's caprices, is driven out of patience. "He talked with a flippant sophistry, almost with an insolence," says Valori;

[1] Stille, *Campaigns*, p. 14.

"nay, at last, he made me a gesture in speaking"— what gesture, thumb to nose, or what, the shuddering imagination dare not guess! But Valori, nettled to the quick, "repeated it," and otherwise gave him as good as he brought. "He ended by a gesture which displeased me"—"and went to bed."[1] This is the night of February 18th; third night after Iglau was had, and the Magazines in it gone to ashes, which the Saxons think is conquest enough.

Poor Polish Majesty—poor Karl Albert above all, now "Kaiser Karl VII.," with nothing but those French for breath to his nostrils! With his fine French Army of the Oriflamme, Karl Albert should have pushed along last Autumn, and not merely "read the Paper" which Friedrich sent him to that effect, "and then laid it aside." They will never have another chance, his French and he, unless we call this again a chance, which they are again squandering! Linz went by capitulation, January 24th, the very day of one's "Election" as they called it; and ever since that day of Linz, the series of disasters has continued rapid and uniform in those parts. Linz gone, the rest of the French posts did not even wait to capitulate, but crackled all off, they and our Conquests on the Donau, like a train of gunpowder, and left the ground bare. And General von Bärenklau (*Bear's claw*) with the hideous fellow called Mentzel, Colonel of Pandours, they have broken through into Bavaria itself from the Tyrol, climbing by Berchtesgaden and the wild Salzburg Mountains, regardless of Winter and of poor Bavarian militia-folk, and have taken München, one's very Capital, one's very House and Home! Poor Karl Albert! and, what is again remarkable, it was the very day while he was getting "crowned" at Frankfurt "with Oriental pomp" that Mentzel was about entering München with his Pandours.[2] And this poor Archduke of the Austrias, King of Bohemia, Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich Teutsch by Nation, is becoming Titular merely, and owns next to nothing in these extensive Sovereignties. Judge if there is not call for dispatch on all sides! The Polish Majesty sent instant rather angry order to his Saxons, "Forward with you; what else! We would be King in Mähren!"

The Saxons then have to march forward, but we can fancy with what a will. Rutowsky flings up his command on this

[1] Valori, i., 148, 149.

[2] Coronation was February 12th; Capitulation to Mentzel, "München, February 13th," is in *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 56–59.

Order (let us hope, from rheumatism partly), and goes home, leaving the Chevalier de Saxe to preside in room of him. As for Polastron, he produces Order from Broglio, "Iglau got, return straightway;" must and will cross over into Bohemia again, and does. Nay, the Comte de Saxe had, privately in his pocket, a Commission to supersede Polastron, and take command himself, should Polastron make difficulties about turning back. Poor Polastron made no difficulties; Maurice and he vanish accordingly from this Adventure, and only the unwilling Saxons remain with Friedrich. Poor Polastron ("a poor weak creature," says Friedrich, "fitter for his breviary than any thing else") fell sick from the hardships of campaigning, and soon died in those Bohemian parts. Maurice is heard of, some weeks hence, besieging Eger—very handsomely capturing Eger [1]—on which service Broglio had ordered him after his return. The former Commandant of the Siege, not very progressive, had just died, and Broglio, with reason (all the more for his late Moravian procedures), was passionate to have done there. One of the first auspicious exploits of Maurice, that of Eger, which paved the way to his French fortunes, and more or less sublime glories in this War. Friedrich recognized his ingenuities, impetuosities, and superior talent in war; wrote highflown Letters of praises now and then, in years coming: but, we may guess, would hardly wish to meet Maurice in the way of joint-stock business again,

Friedrich submerges the Moravian Countries, but can not Brünn, which is the indispensable point.

February 19th, these sad Iglau matters once settled, Friedrich, followed by the Saxons, plunges forward into Moravia; spreads himself over the country, levying heavy contributions, with strict discipline nevertheless: intent to get hold of Brünn and its Spielberg if he could. Brünn is the strong place of Moravia; has a garrison of 6 or 7000; still better, has the valiant Roth, whom we knew in Neisse once, for Commandant; Brünn will not be had gratis.

Schwerin, with a Detachment of 5000 horse and foot, Posadowsky, Ziethen, Schmettau Junior commanding under him, has dashed along far in the van, toward Upper Austria, through the Town of Horn, toward Vienna itself; levying, he also, heavy contributions with a hand of iron, and not much of a glove on it, as we judge. There is a grim enough Proclama-

[1] 19th April 1742 (*Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 78–85).

tion (in the name of a "frightfully injured Kaiser," as well as Kaiser's Ally) still extant, bearing Schwerin's signature, and the date "*Stein*, 26th February, 1742." [1] Stein is on the Donau, a mile or two from Krems, and twice as far from Mautern, where the now Kaiser was in Autumn last. Forty and odd miles short of Vienna: this proved the Pisgah of Schwerin in that direction, as it had done of Karl Albert. Ziethen, with his Hussars, coursed some 20 miles farther on the Vienna Highway, and got the length of Stockerau, a small Town, notable slightly, ever since, as the Prussian *Non-plus-ultra* in that line.

Meanwhile, Prince Lobkowitz is rallying; has quitted Budweis and the Bohemian Bogs for some check of these insolences. Lobkowitz, rallying to himself what Vienna force there is, comes, now in good strength, to Waidhofen (rearward of Horn, far rearward of Stein and Stockerau), so that Ziethen and Schwerin have to draw homeward again. Lobkowitz fortifies himself in Waidhofen; gathers Magazines there, as if toward weightier enterprises. For, indeed, much is rallying in a dangerous manner, and Moravia is now far other than when Friedrich planned this Expedition. And at Vienna, 25th February last, there was held Secret Council, and (much to Robinson's regret) a quite high Resolution come to, which Friedrich gets to know of, and does not forget again.

The Saxons have no Cannon for Brünn, can not afford any; there is a high Resolution taken at Vienna (February 25th): *Friedrich quits the Moravian Enterprise.*

Friedrich keeps his Head-quarter all this while closer and closer upon Brünn. First, chiefly at a Town called Znaim, on the River Taya; many-branched river, draining all those Northwestern parts, which sends its winding waters down to Presburg; latterly in junction with those of the Morawa from North, which washes Olmütz, drains the Northern and Eastern parts, and gives the Country its name of "Moravia." Brünn lies northeast of Friedrich, while in Znaim, some fifty miles; the Saxon head-quarter is at Kromau, midway toward that City. After Znaim, he shifts inward to Selowitz, still in the same Taya Valley, but much nearer Brünn, and there continues.[2]

[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 556.

[2] At Znaim, 19th February—9th March; at Selowitz, 13th March—5th April (Rödenbeck, i., 65).

Striving hard for Brünn—striving hard, under difficulties, for so many things distant and near, we may fancy him busy enough, and are surprised at the fractions of light Jordan Correspondence which he still finds time for. Pretty bits of Letters, in prose and doggerel, from and to those Moravian Villages; Jordan, "Twice a week," bearing the main weight; Friedrich, oftener than one could hope, flinging some word of answer, very intent on Berlin gossip, we can notice. "Vattel is still here, your Majesty,"[1] insinuates Jordan; young Vattel afterward of the *Droit des Gens*, whom his Majesty might have kept, but did not. What more of your D'Argens, then; any thing *in* your D'Argens? Friedrich will ask. "For certain, D'Argens is full of *esprit*," answers Jordan, in a dexterous way; and how the Effulgent of Würtemburg has quarreled outright with her D'Argens, and will not eat off silver (*d'argent*), lest she have to *name* him by accident!" with other gossip in a fine, brief, airy form, at which Jordan excels, cheering the rare leisure hour in one's Tent at Selowitz, Pohrlitz, Irrlitz, far away! There are also orders about *Cicero* and Books. Of Business for most part, or of private feelings, nothing; Berlin gossip, and Books for one's reading, are the staple. But to return.

Out from Head-quarters diligent operations shoot forth far enough along those Taya-Morawa Valleys, where Hungarian "Insurgents" are beginning to be dangerous. South of Brünn, all round Brünn, are diligent operations, frequent skirmishings, constant strict levyings of contributions. The saving operation, Friedrich well sees, would be to get hold of Brünn; but, unluckily, How? Vigilant Roth scorns all summoning; sallies continually in a dangerous manner; and at length, when closer pressed, burns all the Villages round him: "we counted as many as sixteen villages laid in ashes," says Friedrich. Here is small comfort of outlook.

And then the Saxons, at Kromau or wherever they may be—no end of trouble and vexation with these Saxons. Their quarters are not fairly allotted, they say; we make exchange of quarters, without improvement noticeable. "One fine day, on some slight alarm, they came rushing over to us all in panic; ruined merely by Pandour noises, had not we marched them back and reinstated them." Friedrich sends to Silesia for re-enforcements of his own, which he can depend upon—

[1] *Œuvres*, xvii., 163, &c.

sends to Silesia, to Glätz and the Young Dessauer—nay, to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer ultimately. Finding Roth would not yield, he has sent to Dresden for Siege Artillery. Polish Majesty there, titular "King of Moravia," answers that he can not meet the expense of carriage. "He had just purchased a green diamond which would have carried them thither and back again." What can be done with such a man? And by this time, early in March, Hungarian "*Moriamur pro Rege*" begins to show itself. Clouds of Hungarian Insurgents, of the Tolpatch, Pandour sort, mount over the Carpathians on us, all round the east, from south to north, and threaten to penetrate Silesia itself; so that we have to sweep laboriously the Morawa-Taya Valleys, and undertake first one and then another outroad, or sharp swift sally against those troublesome barbarians.

And, more serious still, Prince Karl and the Regular Army, quickened by such Khevenhüller-Bärenklau successes in the Donau Countries, are beginning to stir. Prince Karl, returning from Vienna and its consultations, took command, 4th March;[1] with whom has come old Graf von Königseck, an experienced head to advise with; Prince Karl is in motion, skirting us southward, about Waidhofen, where Lobkowitz lay waiting him with Magazines ready. Rumor says, the force in those parts is already 40,000, with more daily coming in. Friedrich has of his own, apart from the Saxons, some 24,000. Prince Karl, with so many heavy troops, and with unlimited supply of light, is very capable of doing mischief: he has orders (and Friedrich now knows of it) To go in upon us; such their decision in Secret Council at Vienna on the 25th of February last, That he must go and fight us. "Better we meet him with fewer thrums on our hands!" thinks Friedrich; and beckons the Old Dessauer out of Brandenburg withal. "Swift, your Serenity; hitherward with 20,000!" which the Old Dessauer (having 30,000 to pick from, late Camp-of-Göttin people) at once sets about. Will be a security, in any event!"[2] To finish with Brünn, Friedrich has sent for Siege-Artillery of his own; he urges Chevalier de Saxe to close with him round Brünn, and batter it energetically into swift surrender. Is it not the one thing needful? Chevalier de Saxe admits, half promises, does not perform. Being again urged, Why have not you performed? he answers,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 557.

[2] Orlich, i., 221: Date of the Order, "13th March, 1742."

"Alas! your Majesty, here are Orders for me to join Marshal Broglio at Prag, and retire altogether out of this!"

"Altogether out of it," thinks Friedrich to himself: "may all the Powers be thanked! Then I too, without disgrace, can go altogether out of it; and it shall be a sharp eye that sees me in joint-stock with you again, M. le Chevalier." Friedrich has written in his *History*, and Valori used to hear him often say in words, Never were tidings welcomer than these, that the Saxons were about to desert him in this manner. Go; and may all the Devils—But we will not fall into profane swearing. It is proper to get out of this Enterprise at one's best speed, and never get into the like of it again! Friedrich (on this strange Saxon revelation, 30th March) takes instant order for assembling at Wischau again, for departing toward Olmütz; thence homeward, with deliberate celerity, by the Landskron-mountain-country, Tribau, Zwittau, Leutomischl, and the way he came. He has countermanded his Silesian re-enforcements: these and the rest shall rendezvous at Chrudim, in Bohemia, whitherward the Two Dessauers are bound; in Brünn, with its wrecked environs, famed Spielberg looking down from its conical height, and sixteen villages in ashes, Roth shall do his own way henceforth.

The Saxons pushed straight homeward; did not "rejoin Broglio," rejoin any body; had, in fact, done with this First Silesian War, as it proved, and were ready for the *opposite* side on a Second falling out! Their march, this time, was long and harassing—sad bloody passage in it, from Pandours and hostile Village-people, almost at starting—"four Companies of our Rear-guard cut down to nine men; Village burnt and Villagers exterminated (*sic*) by the rescuing party."[1] They arrived at Leitmeritz and their own Border "hardly above 8000 effective," naturally in a highly indignant humor, and much disposed to blame somebody. To the poor Polish *Non*-Moravian Majesty, enlightened by his Brühls and Staff-Officers, it became a fixed truth that the blame was all Friedrich's—"starving us, marching us about!"—that Friedrich's conduct to us was abominable, and deserved fixed resentment, which accordingly it got from the simple Polish Majesty,

[1] Details in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 606; &c., &c.

otherwise a good-natured creature—got, and kept, to Friedrich's very great astonishment, and to his considerable disadvantage long after!

Friedrich's look, when Valori met him again coming home from this Moravian Futility, was "*farouche*," fierce and dark; his laugh bitter, sardonic; harsh mockery, contempt, and suppressed rage looking through all he said. A proud young King, getting instructed in several things by the stripes of experience. Look in that young Portrait by Pesne, the full cheeks, and fine mouth capable of truculence withal, the brow not unused to knit itself, and the eyes flashing out in sharp, diligent inspection of a somewhat commanding nature. We can fancy the face very impressive upon Valori in these circumstances. Poor Valori has had dreadful work, running to and fro, with his equipages breaking, his servants falling all sick, his invaluable D'Arget (Valori's chief Secretary, whom mark) quite disabled; and Valori's troubles are not done. He has been to Prag lately; is returning futile, as usual. Driving through the Mountains to rejoin Friedrich, he meets the Prussians in retreat; learns that the Pandours, extremely voracious, are ahead; that he had better turn, and wait for his Majesty about Chrudim, in the Elbe region, upon highways, and within reach of Prag.

Friedrich, on the 5th of April, is in full march out of the Moravian countries, which are now getting submerged in deluges of Pandours, toward the above-said Chrudim, whereabouts his Magazines lie, where privately he intends to wait for Prince Karl, and that Vienna Order of the 25th February, with hands clearer of thrums. The march goes in proper columns, dislocations; Prince Dietrich on the right, with a separate Corps, bent elsewhither than to Chrudim, keeps off the Pandours—a march laborious, mountainous, on roads of such quality, but, except baggage-difficulties and the like, nothing material going wrong. "On the 13th" (April), "we marched to Zwittau, over the Mountain of Schönhengst. The passage over this Mountain is very steep, but not so impracticable as it had been represented, because the cannon and wag-

ons can be drawn round the sides of it."[1] Yes, and readers may (in fancy) look about them from the top, for we shall go this road again sixteen years hence, hardly in happier circumstances.

Friedrich gets to Chrudim April 17th; there meets the Young Dessauer with his forces; by-and-by the old Dessauer too comes to an Interview there (of which shortly). The Old Dessauer—his 20,000 not with him at the moment, but left resting some way behind till he return—is to go eastward with part of them; eastward, Troppau-Jablunka way, and drive those Pandour Insurgencies to their own side of the Mountains—a job Old Leopold likes better than that of the Göttin Camp of last year. Other part of the 20,000 is to reenforce Young Leopold and the King, and go into Cantonments and "refreshment-quarters" here at Chrudim. Here, living on Bohemia, with Silesia at their back, shall the Troops repose a little, and be ready for Prince Karl, if he will come on. That is what Friedrich looks to, as the main Consolation left.

In Moravia, now overrun with Pandours, precursors of Prince Karl, he has left Prince Dietrich of Anhalt, able still to maintain himself, with Olmütz as Head-quarters, for a calculated term of days: Dietrich is, with all diligence, to collect Magazines for that Jablunka-Troppau Service, and march thither to his Father with the same (cutting his way through those Pandour swarms), leaving Mähren as bare as possible for Prince Karl's behoof. All which Prince Dietrich does, in a gallant, soldierlike, prudent, and valiant manner, with details of danger well fronted, of prompt dexterity, of difficulty overcome, which might be interesting to soldier students, if there were among us any such species, but can not be dwelt upon here. It is a march of 60 or 70 miles (northeast, not northwest as Friedrich's had been), through continual Pandours, perils, and difficulties, met in the due way by Prince Dietrich, whose toils and valors had been of distinguished quality in this Moravian Business. Take one example, not of very serious nature (in the present march to Troppau):

[1] Stille, p. 86.

"*Olischau, evening of April 21st.* Just as we were getting into Olischau" (still only in the environs of Olmütz), "the Vanguard of Prince Karl's Army appeared on the Heights. It did not attack, but retired, Olmütz way, for the night. Prince Dietrich, not doubting but it would return next day, made the necessary preparations overnight. Nothing of it returned next day: Prince Dietrich, therefore, in the night of April 22d, pushed forward his sick-wagons, meal-wagons, heavy baggage, peaceably to Sternberg, and at dawn on the morrow followed with his army. Cavalry ahead, Infantry to rear," nothing whatever happening, unless this be a kind of thing: "Our Infantry had scarcely got the last bridge broken down after passing it, when the roofs of Olischau seemed as it were to blow up; the Inhabitants simultaneously seizing that moment, and firing, with violent diligence, a prodigious number of shot at us, no one of which, owing to their hurry and the distance, took any effect,"[1] but only testified what their valedictory humor was.

Or again—(Place, this time, is *Ungarisch-Brod*, near Göding, on the Moravian-Hungarian Frontier, date *March 13th;* one of those swift Outroads against Insurgents or "Hungarian Militias" threatening to gather)—* * "Göding, on our Moravian side of the Border, and then Skalitz, on their Hungarian, being thus finished, we make for Ungarisch-Brod," the next nucleus of Insurgency; and there is the following minute phenomenon, fit for a picturesque human memory: "As this, from Skalitz to Ungarisch-Brod, is a long march, and the roads were almost impassable, Prince Dietrich, with his Corps, did not arrive till after dark; so that, having sufficiently blocked the place with parties of horse and foot, he had, in spite of thick-falling snow, to wait under the open sky for daylight. In which circumstances, all that were not on sentry lay down on their arms;" slept heartily, we hope; "and there was half an ell of snow on them when day broke"[2] —when day broke, and they shook themselves to their feet again, to the astonishment of Ungarisch-Brod! * *

There had been fine passages of arms throughout in this Business round Brünn, in the March home, and elsewhere, and Friedrich is well contented with the conduct of his men

[1] Stille, p. 50.

[2] *Bericht von der Unternehmung &c.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i., p. 508).

and generals, and dwells afterward with evident satisfaction on some of the feats they did.[1] I am sorry to say, General Schwerin has taken pique at this preference of the Old Dessauer for the Troppau Anti-Pandour Operation, and is home in a huff, not to reappear in active life for some years to come.

"The Little Marlborough"—so they call him (for he was at Blenheim, and has abrupt hot ways)—will not participate in Prince Karl's consolatory Visit, then! Better so, thinks Friedrich perhaps (remembering Mollwitz): "This is the freak of an Imitation *Anglais!*" sneers he, in mentioning it to Jordan. Friedrich's Synopsis of this Moravian Failure of an Expedition, in answer to Jordan's curiosity about it—curiosity implied, not expressed by the modest Jordan, is characteristic:

"Moravia, which is a very bad Country, could not be held, owing to want of victual; and the Town of Brünn could not be taken because the Saxons had no cannon; and when you wish to enter a Town, you must first make a hole to get in by. Besides, the Country has been reduced to such a state that the Enemy can not subsist in it, and you will soon see him leave it. There is your little military lesson; I would not have you at a loss what to think of our Operations, or what to say should other people talk of them in your presence!"[2]

"Winter Campaigns," says Friedrich elsewhere, much in earnest, and looking back on this thing long afterward, "Winter Campaigns are bad, and should always be avoided, except

[1] For instance, *Truchsess von Waldburg's* fine bit of Spartanism (14th March, at Lesch, near Brünn, near *Austerlitz* withal), which was much celebrated; King himself, from Selowitz, heard the cannonading (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i., 518–520); Selchow's feat (ib., 521); Fouquet's (this is the *Captain* Fouquet, with "*my* two candles, sir," of the old Cüstrin-Prison time, who is dear to Friedrich ever since, and to the end): "Account of Fouquet's Grenadier Battalion" to and at Fulnek, January–April, 1742 (is in *Feldzüge der Preussen*, i., 176–184), especially his March *from* Fulnek homeward, part of Prince Dietrich's that way (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i., 510–515), with various others (in *Seyfarth* and *Feldzüge*), well worth reading till you understand them.

[2] Friedrich to Jordan (*Œuvres*, xvii., 196), Chrudim, 5th May, 1742.

in cases of necessity. The best Army in the world is liable to be ruined by them. I myself have made more Winter Campaigns than any General of this Age; but there were reasons. Thus:

"In 1740," Winter Campaign which we saw, "there were hardly above two Austrian regiments in Silesia at Karl VI.'s death. Being determined to assert my right to that Duchy, I had to try it at once, in winter, and carry the war, if possible, to the Banks of the Neisse. Had I waited till Spring, we must have begun the war between Crossen and Glogau; what was now to be gained by one march would then have cost us three or four campaigns. A sufficient reason, this, for campaigning in winter.

"If I did not succeed in the Winter Campaign of 1742," Campaign which we have just got out of, "which I made with a design to deliver the Elector of Bavaria's Country, then overrun by Austria, it was because the French acted like fools, and the Saxons like traitors." Mark that deliberate opinion.

"In 1745-6," Winter Campaign which we expect to see, "the Austrians having got Silesia, it was necessary to drive them out. The Saxons and they had formed a design to enter my Hereditary Dominions, to destroy them with fire and sword. I was beforehand with them. I carried the War into the heart of Saxony."[1]

Digesting many bitter-enough thoughts, Friedrich has cantoned about Chrudim, expecting, in grim composed humor, the one Consolation there can now be. February 25th, as readers well know, the Majesty of Hungary and her Aulic Council had decided, "One stroke more, O Excellency Robinson; one Battle more for our Silesian jewel of the crown! If beaten, we will then give it up; oh, not till then!" Robinson and Hyndford—imagination may faintly represent their feelings on the willful downbreak of Klein-Schnellendorf, or what clamor and urgency the Majesty of Britain and they

[1] *Military Instructions written by &c.*, "translated by an Officer" (London, 1762), p. 171, 172. One of the best, or altogether the best, of Friedrich's excellent little Books, written successively (thrice-*private*, could they have been kept so) for the Instruction of his Officers. Is to be found now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. (that is, vol. i. of the "*Œuvres Militaires*," which occupy 3 vols.), p. 4, et seqq.

have been making ever since. But they could carry it no farther: "One stroke more!"

At Chrudim, and to the right and the left of it, sprinkled about in long, very thin elliptic shape (thirty or forty miles long, but capable of coalescing "within eight-and-forty hours"), there lies Friedrich; the Elbe River is behind him; beyond Elbe are his Magazines, at Königsgrätz, Nimburg, Podiebrad, Pardubitz; the Giant Mountains, and world of Bohemian Hills, closing-in the background far off: that is his position, if readers will consult their Map. The consolatory Visit, he privately thinks, can not be till the grass come—that is, not till June, two months hence; but there also he was a little mistaken.

CHAPTER XI.

NÜSSLER IN NEISSE, WITH THE OLD DESSAUER AND WALRAVE.

THE Old Dessauer with part of his 20,000, aided by Boy Dietrich (*Knabe*, "Knave Dietrich," as one might fondly call him) and the Moravian Meal-wagons, accomplished his Troppau-Jablunka Problem perfectly well, cleaning the Mountains, and keeping them clean, of that Pandour rabble, as he was the man to do. Nor would his Expedition require mentioning farther were it not for some slight passages of a purely Biographical character; first of all, for certain rubs which befell between his Majesty and him. For example, once, before that Interview at Chrudim, just on entering Bohemia thitherward, Old Leopold had seen good to alter his march-route, and—on better information, as he thought it, which proved to be worse—had taken a road not prescribed to him; hearing of which, Friedrich reins him up into the right course in this sharp manner:

"*Chrudim*, 21*st April*. I am greatly surprised that your Serenity, as an old Officer, does not more accurately follow

my orders which I give you. If you were skillfuller than Cæsar, and did not with strict accuracy observe my orders, all else were of no help to me. I hope this Notice, once for all, will be enough, and that, in time coming, you will give no farther causes to complain."[1]

Friedrich, on their meeting at Chrudim, was the same man as ever. But the old Son of Gunpowder stood taciturn, rigorous, in military business attitude, in the King's presence; had not forgotten the passage; and, indeed, he kept it in mind for long months after; and during all this Ober-Schlesien time had the hidden grudge in his heart, doing his day's work with scrupulous punctuality—all the more scrupulous, they say. Friedrich tried, privately through Leopold Junior, some slight touches of assuagement, but without effect, and left the Senior to Time and to his own methods of cooling again.

Besides that of keeping down Hungarian enterprises in the Mountains, Old Leopold had, as would appear, to take some general superintendence in Ober-Schlesien, and especially looks after the new Fortification-work going on in those parts, which latter function brought him often to Neisse, and into contact with the ugly Walrave, Engineer-in-Chief there. A much older and much worthier acquaintance of ours, Herr Boundary-Commissioner Nüssler, happens also to be in Neisse, waiting for those Saxon Gentlemen, who are unpunctual to a degree, and never come (nor, in fact, ever will, if Nüssler knew it). Luckily, Nüssler kept a Note-book; and Büsching ultimately got it, condensed it, printed it, whereby (what is rare, in these Dryasdust labyrinths, inane spectralities and cinder-mountains) there is sudden eyesight vouchsafed, and we discern veritably, far off, brought face to face for an instant, this and that! I must translate some passages, still farther condensed:

How Nüssler happened to be in Neisse, May, 1742.

Nüssler had been in this Country, off and on, almost since Christmas last, ready here, if the Saxons had been ready. As

[1] King to Fürst Leopold (Orlich. i., 219–221).

the Saxons were not ready, and always broke their appointment, Nüssler had gone into the Mountains to pass time usefully, and take preliminary view of the ground.

* * "From Berlin, 20th December, 1741, by Breslau," where some pause and correspondence; "thence on, Neisse way, as far as Löwen" (so well known to Friedrich that Mollwitz night!). "From Berlin to Löwen, Nüssler had come in a carriage; but, as there was much snow falling, he here took a couple of sledges; in which, along with his attendants, he proceeded some fifty miles to Jauernik, a stage beyond Neisse to the southwest. Jauernik is a little Town lying at the foot of a Hill, on the top of which is the Schloss of Johannisberg. Here it began to rain, and the getting up the Hill on sledges was a difficult matter. The *Drost*" (Steward) "of this Castle was a Nobleman from Brunswick-Lüneburg, who, for the sake of a marriage and this Drostship for dowry had changed from Protestant to Roman-Catholic"—poor soul! "His wife and he were very polite, and showed Nüssler a great deal of kindness. Nüssler remarked on the left side of this Johannisberg," western side a good few miles off, "the Pass which leads from Glatz to Upper and Lower Schlesien" —where the reader too has been, in that *Baumgarten Skirmish*, if he could remember it—"with a little Block-house in the bottom," and no doubt Prussian soldiers in it at the moment. "Nussler, intent always on the useful, did not institute picturesque reflections, but considered that his King would wish to have this Pass and Block-house, and determined privately, though it perhaps lay rather beyond the boundary-mark, that his Master must have it when the bargaining should come." * *

"On the homeward survey of these Borders, Nüssler arrived at Steinau" (little Village with Schloss, which we saw once on the march to Mollwitz, and how accident of fire devoured it that night), "and at sight of the burnt Schloss standing black there, he remembered with great emotion the Story of Gräfin von Callenberg" (dead since, with her pistols and brandy-bottle), "and of the Gräfin's Daughter, in which he has been concerned as a much-interested witness in old times." "For the rest, the journey, amid ice and snow, was not only troublesome in the extreme, but he got a life-long gout by it" (and no profit to speak of), "having sunk once on thin ice, sledge and he, into a half-frozen stream, and got wetted to the loins, splashing about in such cold manner, happily not quite drowned." The indefatigable Nüssler, working still,

like a very artist, wherever bidden, on wages miraculously low.

The Saxon Gentleman never came—privately, the Saxons were quite off from the Silesian bargain, and from Friedrich altogether—so that this border survey of Nüssler's came to nothing on the present occasion. But it served him and Friedrich well on a new boundary-settling, which did take effect, and which holds to this day. Nüssler, during these operations and vain waitings for the Saxons, had Neisse for head-quarters, and, going and returning, was much about Neisse; Walrave, Marwitz (Father of Wilhelmina's baggage Marwitz), Feldmarschall Schwerin (in earlier stages), and other high figures, being prominent in his circle there.

"The old Prince of Dessau came thither for some days.[1] He was very gracious to Nüssler, who had been at his Court, and known him before this. The Old Dessauer made use of Walrave's Plate: usually had Walrave, Nüssler, and other principal figures to dinner. Walrave's Plate, every piece of it, was carefully marked with a *Raven* on the rim, that being his crest" ("Wall-raven" his name): "Old Dessauer, at sight of so many images of that bird, threw out the observation, loud enough, from the top of the table, 'Hah! Walrave, I see you are making yourself acquainted with the *ravens* in time, that they may not be strange to you at last'"—when they come to eat you on the gibbet! (not a soft tongue, the Old Dessauer's). "Another day, seeing Walrave seated between two Jesuit Guests, the Prince said, 'Ah! there you are right, Walrave; there you sit safe; the Devil can't get you there!' As the Prince kept continually bantering him in this strain, Walrave determined not to come; sulkily absented himself one day; but the Prince sent the *Ordinanz* (Soldier in waiting) to fetch him: no refuge in sulks.

"They had Roman-Catholic victual for Walrave and others of that faith on the meagre-days, but Walrave ate right before him—evidently nothing but the name of Catholic. Indeed, he was a man hated by the Catholics for his special rapacity on them. 'He is of no religion at all,' said the Catholic Prelate of Neisse one day to Nüssler; 'greedy to plunder the Monasteries here; has wrung gold, silver, and jewels from them—nay, from the Pope himself—by threatening to turn Protestant, and use the Monasteries still worse. And the

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i., 347 (beginning of May as we guess, but there is no date given.)

Pope, hearing of this, had to send him a valuable Gift, which you may see some day.' Nüssler did, one day, see this preciosity : a Crucifix, ebony bordered with gold, and the Body all of that metal, on the smallest of altars, in Walrave's bedroom. But it was the bedroom itself which Nüssler looked at with a shudder," Nüssler and we : "in the middle of it stood Walrave's own bed, on his right hand that of his Wife, and on his left that of his Mistress "—a brutish polygamous Walrave! "This Mistress was a certain Quarter-master's Wife—Quarter-master willing, it is probable, to get rid of such an article gratis, much more on terms of profit. "Walrave had begged for him the Title of Hofrath from King Friedrich," which, though it was but a clipping of ribbon contemptible to Friedrich, and the brute of an Engineer had excellent talents in his business, I rather wish Friedrich had refused in this instance. But he did not ; "he answered in jibing tone, 'I grant you the Hofrath Title for your Quarter-master, thinking it but fit that a General's'—What shall we call her? (Friedrich uses the direct word)—'should have some handle to her name.'"[1]

It was this Mistress, one is happy to know, that ultimately betrayed the unbeautiful Walrave, and brought him to Magdeburg for the rest of his life. And now let us over the Mountains to Chrudim again, a hundred-and-fifty miles at one step.

CHAPTER XII.

PRINCE KARL DOES COME ON.

It was before the middle of May, not of June as Friedrich had expected, that serious news reached Chrudim. May 11th, from that place, there is a Letter to Jordan, which for once has no verse, no bantering in it : Prince Karl actually coming on ; Hussar precursors, in quantity, stealing across to attack our Magazines beyond Elbe ; and, in consequence, Orders are out this very day : "Cantonments, cease ; immediate rendezvous, and Encampment at Chrudim here!" which takes effect two days hence, Monday, 13th May : one of the finest sights

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i., 343–348.

Stille ever saw. "His Majesty rode to a height; you never beheld such a scene: bright columns, foot and horse, streaming in from every point of the compass, their clear arms glittering in the sun; lost now in some hollow, then emerging, winding out with long-drawn glitter again, till at length their blue uniforms and actual faces come home to you. Near upon 30,000 of all arms; trim, exact, of stout and silently good-humored aspect; well rested by this time; likely fellows for their work, who will do it with a will. The King seemed to be affected by so glorious a spectacle; and, what I admired, his Majesty, though fatigued, would not rest satisfied with reports or distant view, but personally made the tour of the whole Camp, to see that every thing was right, and posted the pickets himself before retiring."[1]

Prince Karl, since we last heard of him, had hung about in the Brünn and other Moravian regions, rallying his forces, pushing out Croat-parties upon Prince Dietrich's home-march and the like; very ill off for food, for draught cattle, in a wasted Country, so that he had soon quitted Mähren; made for Budweis and neighborhood—dangerous to Broglio's outposts there? To a "Castle of Frauenberg," across the Moldau from Budweis, which is Broglio's bulwark there, and has cost Broglio much revictualing, re-enforcing, and flurry for the last two months. Prince Karl did not meddle with Frauenberg or Broglio on this occasion; leaves Lobkowitz, with some Reserve-party, hovering about in those parts, and himself advances by Teutschbrod (well known to the poor retreating Saxons lately!) toward Chrudim, on his grand Problem, that of 25th February last—cautiously, not too willingly, old Königseck and he. But they were inflexibly urged to it by the Heads at Vienna, who, what with their Bavarian successes, what with their Moravian and other, had got into a high key, and scorned the notion of "Peace" when Hyndford (getting Friedrich's permission in the late Chrudim interval) had urged it again.[2]

Broglio is in boundless flurry; nothing but spectres of attack looming in from Karl, from Khevenhüller, from every

[1] Stille, p. 57 (or Letter X.).

[2] Orlich, i., 226.

body; and Eger hardly yet got.[1] Fine re-enforcement, 25,000 under a Duc D'Harcourt; this, and other good outlooks there are; but it is the terrible alone that occupy Broglio. And, indeed, the poor man, especially ever since that Moravian Business would not thrive in spite of him, is not to be called well off! Friedrich and he are in correspondence, by no means mutually pleasant, on the Prince-Karl phenomenon. "Evidently intending toward Prag, your Majesty perceives!" thinks Broglio. "If not toward Chrudim first of all, which is 80 miles nearer him, on his road to Prag:" urges Friedrich at this stage: "Help *me* with a few regiments in this Chrudim Circle, lest I prove too weak here. Is not this the bulwark of your Prag just now?" In vain; Broglio (who indeed has orders that way) can not spare a man. "Very well," thinks Friedrich; and has girded up his own strength for the Chrudim phenomenon, but does not forget this new illustration of the Joint-Stock Principle and the advantages of Broglio Partnership.

Friedrich's beautiful Encampment at Chrudim lasted only two days. Precursor Tolpatcheries (and, in fact, Prince Karl's Vanguard, if we knew it) come storming about rifer and rifer, attempting the Bridge of Kolin (road to our Magazines); attempting this and that; meaning to get between us and Prag; and, what is worse, to seize the Magazines, Podiebrad, Nimburg, which we have in that quarter. Tuesday, May 15th, accordingly, Friedrich himself gets on march with a strong swift Vanguard, horse and foot (grenadiers, hussars, dragoons), Prag-ward, probably as far as Kuttenberg, a fine high-lying post, which commands those Kolin parts; will march with dispatch, and see how that matter is. The main Army is to follow under Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau to-morrow, Wednesday, "so soon as their loaves have come from Königsgrätz"—for "an Army goes on its belly," says Friedrich often. Loaves do not come, owing to evil chance, on this occasion; Leopold's people "take meal instead," but will follow next morning all the same, according to bidding. Readers may as well

[1] 19th April (*Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 77–81).

take their Map, and accompany in these movements, which issue in a notable conclusive thing.

Tuesday morning, 15th May, Friedrich marches from Chrudim; on which same morning of the 15th, Prince Karl, steadily on the advance he, too, is starting, and toward the same point, from a place called Chotieborz, only 15 miles to south-east of Chrudim. In this way, mutually unaware, but Prince Karl getting soonest aware, the Vanguards of the Two Armies (Prince Karl's Vanguard being in many branches, of Tolpatch nature) are cast athwart each other, and make, both to Friedrich and Prince Karl, an enigmatic business of it for the next two days. Tuesday, 15th, Friedrich marching along, vigilantly observant on both hands, some 15 miles space, came that evening to a Village called Podhorzan, with Height near by[1]—Height which he judged unattackable, and on the side of which he pitches his camp accordingly, himself mounting the Height to look for news. News sure enough; there, south of us, on the heights of Ronnow, three or four miles off, are the Enemy, camped or pickeering about, 7 or 8000 as we judge. Lobkowitz—surely not Lobkowitz? He has been gliding about, on the French outskirts, far in the southwest lately; can this be Lobkowitz, about to join Prince Karl in these parts? Truly, your Majesty, this is not Lobkowitz at all; this is Prince Karl's Vanguard, and Prince Karl himself actually in it for the moment, anxiously taking view of *your* Vanguard; recognizing, and admitting to himself, "Pooh! they will be at Kuttenberg before us; no use in hastening. Head-quarters at Willimow to-night; here at Ronnow to-morrow: that is all we can do!"[2]

To-morrow, 16th May before sunrise at Podhorzan, the supposed Lobkowitz is clean vanished: there is no Enemy visible to Friedrich at Ronnow or elsewhere, leaving Friedrich in considerable uncertainty: clear only that there are Enemies copiously about; that he himself will hold on for Kuttenberg; that Young Leopold must get hitherward, with steady celerity, at the top of his efforts, parts of the ground being difficult, especially a muddy stream called Dobrowa, which has only

[1] Stille, p. 60, 61. [2] Orlich, i., 233.

one Bridge on it fit for artillery, the Bridge of Sbislau, a mile or two ahead of this. Instructions are sent Leopold to that effect; and, farther, that Leopold must quarter in Czaslau (a substantial little Town, with bogs about it, and military virtues), and, on the whole, keep close to heel of us, the Enemy in force being near; upon which his Majesty pushes on for Kuttenberg, Prince Leopold following with best diligence, according to program. His Majesty passed a little place called Neuhof that afternoon (Wednesday, 16th May), and encamped a short way from Kuttenberg, behind or north of that Town, out of which, on his approach, there fled a considerable cloud of Austrian Irregulars, and "left a large baking of bread"—bread just about ready to their order, and coming hot out of the ovens, which was very welcome to his Majesty that night, and will yield refreshment, partial refreshment, next morning to Prince Leopold, not too comfortable on his meal-diet just now.

Poor Prince Leopold had his own difficulties this day: rough ground, very difficult to pass; and coming on the Height of Podhorzan, where his Majesty was yesterday, Leopold sees crowds of hussars, needing a cannon-shot or two; sees evident symptoms to southward that the whole Force of the Enemy is advancing upon him: "Speed, then, for Sbislau Bridge yonder; across the Dobrowa with our Artillery-wagons, or we are lost!" Prince Karl, with Hussar-parties all about, is fully aware of Prince Leopold and his movements, and is rolling on Ronnowward all day, to cut him off in his detached state, if possible. Prince Karl might with ease have broken this Dobrowa Bridge, and Leopold and military men recognize it as a capital neglect that he did not.

Leopold, overloaded with such intricacies and anxieties, sends off three messengers, Officers of mark (Schmettau Junior one of them), to apprise the King: the Officers return, unable to get across to his Majesty; Leopold sends proper detachment of horse with them, uncertain still whether they will get through. And night is falling; we shall evidently be too late for getting Czaslau; well if we can occupy Chotusitz and the environs, a small clay Hamlet three miles nearer

us. It was 11 at night before the rear-guard got into Chotusitz; Czaslau, three miles south of us, we can not attend to till to-morrow morning.[1] And the three messengers, dispatched with escort, send back no word. Have they ever got to his Majesty? Leopold sends off a fourth. This fourth one does get through; reports to his Majesty that, by all appearance, there will be Battle on the morrow early; that not Czaslau, but only Chotusitz, is ours; and that Instructions are wanted. Deep in the night this fourth messenger returns —a welcome awakening for Prince Leopold, who studies his Majesty's Instructions, and will make his dispositions accordingly.

It is 2 or 3 in the morning[2] in Leopold's Camp—Bivouac rather, with its face to the south, and Chotusitz ahead. Thursday, 17th May, 1742, a furiously important Day about to dawn. High Problem of the 25th February last; Britannic Majesty and his Hyndfords and Robinsons vainly protesting: it had to be tried, Hungarian Majesty having got from Britannic the sinews for trying it; and this is to be the Day.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF CHOTUSITZ.

Kuttenberg, Czaslau, Chotusitz, and all these other places lie in what is called the Valley of the Elbe, but what to the eye has not the least appearance of a hollow, but of an extensive plain rather, dimpled here and there, and, if any thing, rather sloping *from* the Elbe, were it not that dull bushless brooks, one or two, sauntering to *north*ward, not southward, warn you of the contrary. Conceive a flat tract of this kind, some three or four miles square, with Czaslau on its southern border, Chotusitz on its northern; flanked on the west by a straggle of lakelets, ponds, and quagmires (which in our time are drained away, all but a tenth part or so of remainder); flanked on the east by a considerable puddle of a Stream called the Dobrowa, and cut in the middle by a nameless poor

[1] Orlich, p. 236–239. [2] Ib., p. 238.

Brook ("*Brtlinka*" some write it, if any body could pronounce), running parallel and independent, which latter, of more concernment to us here, springs beyond Czaslau, and is got to be of some size, and more intricate than usual, with "islands" and the like, as it passes Chotusitz (a little to east of Chotusitz)—this is our Field of Battle: sixty or more miles to eastward of Prag, eight miles or more to southward of Elbe River and the Ford of Elbe-Teinitz (which we shall hear of in years coming)—a scene worth visiting by the curious, though it is by no means of picturesque character.

Uncomfortably bare, like most German plains; mean little hamlets, which are full of litter when you enter them, lie sprinkled about; little church spires (like suffragans to Chotusitz spire, which is near you); a ragged, untrimmed country: beyond the Brook, toward the Dobrowa, two or more miles from Chotusitz, is still noticeable something like a Deer-park, with umbrageous features, bushy clumps, and shadowy vestiges of a Mansion, the one regular edifice within your horizon. Schuschitz is the name of this Mansion and Deer-park; farther on lies Sbislau, where Leopold happily found his Bridge unbroken yesterday.

The general landscape is scrubby, littery—ill tilled, scratched rather than plowed—physiognomic of Czech Populations, who are seldom trim at elbows: any beauty it has is on the farther side of the Dobrowa, which does not concern Prince Leopold, Prince Karl, or us at present. Prince Leopold's camp lies east and west, short way to north of Chotusitz. Schuschitz Hamlet (a good mile northward of Sbislau) covers his left, the chain of Lakelets covers his right, and Chotusitz, one of his outposts, lies centrally in front. Prince Karl is coming on, in four columns, from the Hills and intricacies south of Czaslau; has been on march all night, intending a night attack or camisado if he could, but could not in the least, owing to the intricate roadways, and the discrepancies of pace between his four columns. The sun was up before any thing of him appeared, drawing out, visibly yonder, by the east side of Czaslau, 30,000 strong, they say. Friedrich's united force, were Friedrich himself on the ground, will be about 28,000.

Friedrich's Orders, which Leopold is studying, were, "Hold by Chotusitz for centre; your left wing, see you lean it on something toward Dobrowa side—on that intricate Brook (Brtlinka) or Park-wall of Schuschitz [1] which I think is there; then your right wing westward, till you lean again on something: two lines; leave room for me and my force on the corner nearest here. I will start at four; be with you between seven and eight; and even bring a proportion of Austrian bread (hot from these ovens of Kuttenberg) to refresh part of you." Leopold of Anhalt, a much-comforted man, waits only for the earliest gray of the morning to be up and doing. From Chotusitz he spreads out leftward toward the Brtlinka Brook —difficult ground that, unfit for cavalry, with its bog-holes, islands, gullies, and broken surface; better have gone across the Brtlinka with mere infantry, and leant on the wall of that Deer-park of Schuschitz, with perhaps only 1000 horse to support, well rearward of the infantry and this difficult ground? So men think, after the action is over.[2] And, indeed, there was certainly some misarrangement there (done by Leopold's subordinates), which had its effects shortly.

Leopold was not there in person arranging that left wing; Leopold is looking after centre and right. He perceives the right wing will be his best chance; knows that, in general, cavalry must be on both wings. On a little eminence in front of his right he sees how the Enemy comes on; Czaslau, lately on their left, is now getting to rear of them: "And you, stout old General Buddenbrock, spread yourself out to right a little, hidden behind this rising ground; I think we may outflank their left wing by a few squadrons, which will be an advantage."

Buddenbrock spreads himself out as bidden: had Buddenbrock been re-enforced by most of the horse that could do no good on our *left* wing, it is thought the Battle had gone better. Buddenbrock in this way secretly outflanks the Austrians; to *his* right all forward, he has that string of marshy pools (Lakes of Czirkwitz so-called, outflowings from the Brook of Neuhof),

[1] *Sbislau* Friedrich hastily calls it; Stille (p. 63) is more exact.
[2] Stille, p. 63, 67.

and can not be taken in flank by any means. Brook of Neuhof, which his Majesty crossed yesterday, farther north—and ought to have *re*crossed by this time?—said Brook, hereabouts a mere fringe of quagmires and marshy pools, is our extreme boundary on the west or right; Brook of Brtlinka (unluckily *not* wall of the Deer-park) bounds us eastward, or on our left. Prince Karl, drawn up by this time, is in two lines, cavalry on right and left, but rather in bent order—bent toward us at both ends (being dainty of his ground, I suppose)—and comes on in hollow-crescent form, which is not reckoned orthodox by military men. What all these Villages, human individuals, and terrified deer are thinking, I never can conjecture! Thick-soled peasants, terrified nursing mothers—better to run and hide, I should say; mount your garron plow-horses, hide your butter-pots, meal-barrels—run at least ten miles or so!

It is now past seven, a hot May morning, the Austrians very near; and yonder, of a surety, is his Majesty coming. Majesty has marched since four, and is here at his time, loaves and all. His men rank at once in the corner left for them; one of his horse-generals, Lehwald, is sent to the left, to put straight what may be awry there (can not quite do it, he either); and the attack by Buddenbrock, who secretly outflanks here on the right, this shall at once take effect. No sooner has his Majesty got upon the little eminence or rising ground, and scanned the Austrian lines for an instant or two, than his cannon-batteries awaken here; give the Austrian horse a good blast by way of morning salutation and overture to the concert of the day. And Buddenbrock, deploying under cover of that, charges, "first at a trot, then at a gallop," to see what can be done upon them with the white weapon. Old Buddenbrock, surely, did not himself *ride* in the charge? He is an old man of seventy; has fought at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, nay, at Steenkirk, and been run through the body under Dutch William; is an old acquaintance of Charles XII.'s even, and sat solemnly by Friedrich Wilhelm's coffin after so much attendance during life. The special leader of the charge was Bredow, also a veteran gentleman, but still only in the fifties;

he, I conclude, made the charge, first at a trot, then at a gallop, with swords flashing hideous, and eyebrows knit.

"The dust was prodigious," says Friedrich, weather being dry and ground sandy; for a space of time you could see nothing but one huge whirlpool of dust, with the gleam of steel flickering madly in it: however, Buddenbrock, outflanking the Austrian first line of horse, did hurl them from their place; by-and-by you see the dust-tempest running *south*, faster and faster south—that is to say, the Austrian horse in flight; for Buddenbrock, outflanking them by three squadrons, has tumbled their first line topsy-turvy, and they rush to rearward, he following away and away.[1] Now were the time for a fresh force of Prussian cavalry—for example, those you have standing useless behind the gullies and quagmires on your left wing (says Stille, after the event)—due support to Buddenbrock, and all that Austrian cavalry were gone, and their infantry left bare.

But now again, see, do not the dust-clouds pause? They pause, mounting higher and higher; they dance wildly, then roll back toward us –too evidently back. Buddenbrock has come upon the second line of Austrian horse; in too loose order Buddenbrock, by this time, and they have broken him; and it is a mutual defeat of horse on this wing, the Prussian rather the worse of the two, and might have been serious had not Rothenburg plunged furiously in at this crisis, quite through to the Austrian infantry, and restored matters or more, making a confused result of it in this quarter. Austrian horse-regiments there now were that fled quite away, as did even one or two foot-regiments, while the Prussian infantry dashed forward on them, escorted by Rothenburg in this manner, who got badly wounded in the business, and was long an object of solicitude to Friedrich. And, contrariwise, certain Prussian horse also, it was too visible, did not compose themselves till fairly arear of our foot. This is Shock First in the Battle; there are Three Shocks in all.

Partial charging, fencing, and flourishing went on, but nothing very effectual was done by the horse in this quarter

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 123.

farther. Nor did the fire or effort of the Prussian infantry in this their right wing continue, Austrian fury and chief effort having by this time broken out in an opposite quarter, so that the strain of the Fight lies now in the other wing, over about Chotusitz and the Brtlinka Brook, and thither I perceive his Majesty has galloped, being "always in the thickest of the danger" this day. Shock Second is now on. The Austrians have attacked at Chotusitz, and are threatening to do wonders there.

Prince Leopold's Left Wing, as we said, was entirely defective in the eye of tacticians (after the event). Far from leaning on the wall of the Deer-park, he did not even reach the Brook—or had to weaken his force in Chotusitz Village for that object; so that when the Austrian foot comes storming upon Chotusitz, there is but "half a regiment" to defend it. And as for cavalry, what is to become of cavalry, slowly threading, under cannon-shot and musketry, these intricate quagmires and gullies, and dangerously breaking into files and strings before ever it can find ground to charge? Accordingly, the Austrian foot took Chotusitz after obstinate resistance; and old Königseck, very ill of gout, got seated in one of the huts there; and the Prussian cavalry, embarrassed to get through the gullies, could not charge except piecemeal, and then, though in some cases with desperate valor, yet in all without effectual result. Königseck sits in Chotusitz; and yet, withal, the Prussians are not out of it, will not be driven out of it, but cling obstinately; whereupon the Austrians set fire to the place; its dry thatch goes up in flame, and poor old Königseck, quite lame of gout, narrowly escapes burning, they say.

And, see, the Austrian horse have got across the Brtlinka, are spread almost to the Deer-park, and strive hard to take us in flank, did not the Brook, the bad ground, and the platoon firing (fearfully swift, from discipline and the iron ramrods) hold them back in some measure. They made a violent attempt or two, but the problem is very rugged. Nor can the Austrian infantry, behind or to the west of burning Chotusitz, make an impression, though they try it, with leveled bayonets and deadly energy, again and again: the Prussian ranks are

as if built of rock, and their fire is so sure and swift. Here is one Austrian regiment came rushing on like lions; would not let go, death or no-death; and here it lies, shot down in ranks, whole swaths of dead men, and their muskets by them, as if they had got the word to take that posture, and had done it hurriedly! A small transitory gleam of proud rage is visible, deep down, in the soul of Friedrich as he records this fact. Shock Second was very violent.

The Austrian horse, after such experimenting in the Brtlinka quarter, gallop off to try to charge the Prussians in the rear—"pleasanter by far," judge many of them, "to plunder the Prussian camp," which they descry in those regions, whither accordingly they rush—too many of them, and the Hussars as one man—to the sorrowful indignation of Prince Karl, whose right arm (or wing) is fallen paralytic in this manner. After the Fight they repented in dust and ashes, and went to say so, as if with the rope about their neck, upon which he pardoned them.

Nor is Prince Karl's left wing gaining garlands just at this moment. Shock Third is awakening, and will be decisive on Prince Karl. Chotusitz, set on fire an hour since (about 9 A.M.), still burns, cutting him in two, as it were, or disjoining his left wing from his right; and it is on his right wing that Prince Karl is depending for victory at present, his left wing, ruffled by those first Prussian charges of horse, with occasional Prussian swift musketry ever since, being left to its own inferior luck, which is beginning to produce impression on it. And, lo! on the sudden (what brought finis to the business), Friedrich, seizing the moment, commands a united charge on this left wing: Friedrich's right wing dashes forward on its double-quick, takes it furiously on front and flank; fifteen fieldpieces preceding, and intolerable musketry behind them, so that the Austrian left wing can not stand it at all.

The Austrian left wing, stormed in upon in this manner, swags and sways, threatening to tumble pellmell upon the right wing, which latter has its own hands full. No Chotusitz or point of defense to hold by, Prince Karl is eminently ill off,

and will be hurled wholly into the Brtlinka, and the islands and gullies, unless he mind! Prince Karl—what a moment for him!—noticing this undeniable phenomenon, rapidly gives the word for retreat, to avoid worse. It is near upon Noon; four hours of battle; very fierce on both the wings, together or alternately; in the centre (westward of Chotusitz) mostly insignificant: "more than half the Prussians" standing with arms shouldered. Prince Karl rolls rapidly away through Czaslau toward southwest again; loses guns in Czaslau; goes, not quite broken, but at double-quick time for five miles, cavalry, Prussian and Austrian, bickering in the rear of him, and vanishes over the horizon toward Willimow and Haber that night the way he had come.

This is the battle of Chotusitz, called also of Czaslau; Thursday, 17th May, 1742. Vehemently fought on both sides; calculated, one may hope, to end this Silesian matter? The results, in killed and wounded, were not very far from equal. Nay, in killed the Prussians suffered considerably the worse; the exact Austrian cipher of killed being 1052, while that of the Prussians was 1905, owing chiefly to those fierce ineffectual horse-charges and bickerings on the right wing and left; "above 1200 Prussian cavalry were destroyed in these. But, in fine, the general loss, including wounded and missing, amounted on the Austrian side (prisoners being many, and deserters very many) to near seven thousand, and on the Prussian to between four and five.[1] Two Generals Friedrich had lost, who are not specially of our acquaintance, and several younger friends whom he loved. Rothenburg, who was in that first charge of horse with Buddenbrock, or in rescue of Buddenbrock, and did exploits, got badly hurt, as we saw—badly, not fatally, as Friedrich's first terror was—and wore his arm in a sling for a long while afterward.

Buddenbrock's charge, I since hear, was ruined by the *dust;*[2]

[1] Orlich i., 255; *Feldzüge der Preussen*, p. 113; Stille, p. 62–71; Friedrich himself, *Œuvres*, ii., 121–126; and (ib., p. 145–150) the Newspaper "*Relation*," written also by him.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii., 121.

the King's vanguard, under Rothenburg, a "new-raised regiment of hussars in green," coming to the rescue, were mistaken for Austrians, and the cry rose, "Enemy to rear!" which brought Rothenburg his disaster. Friedrich much loved and valued the man; employed him afterward as Embassador to France and in places of trust. Friedrich's embassadors are oftenest soldiers as well: bred soldiers, he finds, if they chance to have natural intelligence, are fittest for all kinds of work. Some eighteeen Austrian cannon were got; no standards, because, said the Prussians, they took the precaution of bringing none to the field, but had beforehand rolled them all up, out of harm's way. Let us close with this Fraction of Topography old and new.

"King Friedrich purchased Nine Acres of ground near Chotusitz to bury the slain; rented it from the proprietor for twenty-five years.[1] I asked, Where are those nine acres; what crop is now upon them? but could learn nothing. A dim people, those poor Czech natives; stupid, dirty-skinned, ill-given; not one in twenty of them speaking any German; and our dragoman a fortuitous Jew Peddler, with the mournfulest of human faces, though a head worth twenty of those Czech ones, poor oppressed soul! The Battle-plain bears rye, barley, miscellaneous pulse, potatoes, mostly insignificant crops; the nine hero-acres in question, perhaps still of slightly richer quality, lie indiscriminate among the others, their very fence, if they ever had one, now torn away.

"The Country, as you descend by dusty intricate lanes from Kuttenberg, with your left hand to the Elbe, and at length with your back to it, would be rather pretty were it well cultivated, the scraggy litter swept off, and replaced by verdure and reasonable umbrage here and there. The Field of Chotusitz, where you emerge on it, is a wide, wavy plain; the steeple of Chotusitz, and, three or four miles farther, that of Czaslau (pronounce '*Kot*usitz,' '*Chas*lau'), are the conspicuous objects in it. The Lakes Friedrich speaks of, which covered his right and should cover ours, are not now there—'all, or mostly all, drained away eighty years ago,' answered the Czechs; answered one wiser Czech, when pressed upon and guessed upon, thereby solving the enigma which was distress-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 634.

ful to us. Between those Lakes and the Brtlinka Brook may be some two miles; Chotusitz is on the crown of the space, if it have a crown; but there is no 'height' on it worth calling a height except by the military man; no tree or bush; no fence among the scrubby ryes and pulses; no obstacle but that Brook, which, or the hollow of which, you see sauntering steadily northward or Elbe-ward, a good distance on your left as you drive for Chotusitz and steeple. Schuschitz, a peaked brown edifice, is visible every where, well ahead and leftward, well beyond said hollow; something of wood and 'deer-park' still noticeable or imaginable yonder.

"Chotusitz itself is a poor littery place, standing white-washed, but much unswept, in two straggling rows, now wide enough apart (no Königseck need now get burnt there); utterly silent under the hot sun; not a child looked out on us, and I think the very dogs lay wisely asleep. Church and steeple are at the farther or south end of the Village, and have an older date than 1742. High up on the steeple, mending the clock-hands or I know not what, hung in mid air one Czech, the only living thing we saw. Population may be three or four hundred, all busy with their teams or otherwise, we will hope. Czaslau, which you approach by something of avenues, of human roads (dust and litter still abounding), is a much grander place, say of 2000 or more; shiny, white, but also somnolent; vast market-place or central square sloping against you; two shiny Hotels on it, with Austrian uniforms loitering about; and otherwise great emptiness and silence. The shiny Hotels (shine due to paint mainly) offer little of humanly edible, and, in the interior, smells strike you as—as the *oldest* you have ever met before. A people not given to washing, to ventilating! Many Gospels have been preached in those parts, and abstruse Orthodoxies, sometimes with fire and sword, and no end of emphasis; but that of Soap-and-Water (which surely is as Catholic as any, and the plainest of all) has not yet got introduced there!"[1]

Czaslau hangs upon the English mind (were not the ignorance so total) by another tie: it is the resting-place of Zisca, whose drum, or the fable of whose drum we saw in the citadel of Glatz. Zisca was buried *in* his skin at Czaslau finally, in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul there, with due epitaph, and his big mace or battle-club, mostly iron, hung honorable on the wall close by. Kaiser Ferdinand, Karl V.'s

[1] Tourist's Note (13th September, 1858)

brother, on a Progress to Prag, came to lodge at Czaslau one afternoon :

"What is that?" said the Kaiser, strolling over this Peter-and-Paul's Church, and noticing the mace. "Ugh! Faugh!" growled he, angrily, on hearing what, and would not lodge in the Town, but harnessed again, and drove farther that same night. The club is now gone; but Zisca's dust lies there irremovable till Doomsday, in the land where his limbs were made. A great behemoth of a war-captain; one of the fiercest, inflexiblest, ruggedest creatures ever made in the form of man; devoured priests with appetite wherever discoverable; dishonorers of his sister; murderers of the God's-witness John Huss—them may all the Devils help! Beat Kaiser Sigismund *Supra-Grammaticam* again and ever again, scattering the Ritter hosts in an extraordinary manner—a Zisca conquerable only by death, and the Pest-Fever passing that way.

His birthplace, Troznow, is a village in the Budweis neighborhood, 100 miles to south. There, for three centuries after him, stood "Zisca's Oak" (under shade of which his mother, taken suddenly on the harvest-field, had borne Zisca); a weird object, gate of Heaven and of Orcus to the superstitious populations about. At midnight on the Hallow-Eve dark smiths would repair thither to cut a twig of the Zisca Oak: twig of it, put at the right moment under your stithy, insures good luck, lends pith to arm and heart, which is already good luck; so that a Bishop of those parts, being of some culture, had to cut it down above a hundred years ago, and build some Chapel in its stead; no Oak there now, but an orthodox Inscription, not dated that I could see.[1]

Friedrich did not much pursue the Austrians after this victory; having cleared the Czaslau region of them, he continued there (at Kuttenberg mainly), and directed all his industry to getting Peace made. His experiences of Broglio, and of what help was likely to be had from Broglio—whom his Court, as Friedrich chanced to know, had ordered "to keep well clear of the King of Prussia"—had not been flattering. Beaten in this Battle, Broglio's charity would have been a weak reed to lean upon: he is happy to inform Broglio that, though kept well clear of, he is not beaten.

[1] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iii. (3tes), 110–145.

Blustering Broglio might have guessed that *he* now would have to look to himself. But he did not; his eyes, naturally dim and bad, being dazzled at this time by "an ever-glorious victory" (so Broglio thinks it) of his own achieving. Broglio, some couple of days after Czaslau, had marched hastily out of Prag for Budweis quarter, where Lobkowitz and the Austrians were unexpectedly bestirring themselves, and threatening to capture that "Castle of Frauenberg" (mythic old Hill-castle among woods), Broglio's chief post in those regions. Broglio, May 24th, has fought a handsome skirmish (thanks partly to Belleisle, who chanced to arrive from Frankfurt just in the nick of time, and joined Broglio) —skirmish of Sahay, magnified in all the French gazettes into a Victory of Sahay—victory little short of Pharsalia, says Friedrich; the complete account of which, forgotten now by all creatures, is to be read in him they call Mauvillon,[1] and makes a pretty enough piece of fence on the small scale. Lobkowitz had to give up the Frauenberg enterprise, and cross to Budweis again, till new force should come.

"Why not drive him out of Budweis," think the two French Marshals, "him and whatever force can come? If those lucky Prussians would co-operate, and those unlucky Saxons, how easy were it!" Belleisle sets off to persuade Friedrich, to persuade Saxony (and we shall see him on the route); Broglio waiting sublime on the hither side of the Moldau, well within wind of Budweis, till Belleisle prevail, and return with said co-operation. What became of Broglio, waiting in this sublime manner, we shall also have to see, but perhaps not for a great while yet (can not pause on such absurd phenomena yet), though Broglio's catastrophe is itself a thing imminent, and, within some ten days of that astonishing Victory of Sahay, astonishes poor Broglio the reverse way. A man born for surprises!

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 204.

CHAPTER XIV.

PEACE OF BRESLAU.

In actual loss of men or of ground, the results of that Chotusitz Affair were not of decisive nature; but it had been fought with obstinacy—with great fury on the Austrian side (who, as it were, had a bet upon it ever since February 25th), Britannic George and all the world looking on; and, in dispiritment and discredit to the beaten party, its results were considerable; the voice of all the world declaring through its Gazetteer Editors, "You can not beat these Prussians!"—voice confirmed by one's own sad thoughts. In such sounding of the rams' horns round one's Jericho there is always a strange influence (what is called panic, as if Pan or some god were in it), and one's Jericho is the apter to fall!

Among the Austrian Prisoners there was a General Pallandt, mortally wounded too, whom Friedrich, according to custom, treated with his best humanity, though all help was hopeless to poor Pallandt. Calling one day at Pallandt's sick-couch, Friedrich was so sympathetic, humane, and noble that Pallandt was touched by it, and said, What a pity your noble Majesty and my noble Queen should ruin one another for a set of French intruders, who play false even to your Majesty! "False?" Friedrich inquires farther; Pallandt, a man familiar at Court, has seen a Letter from Fleury to the Queen of Hungary conclusive as to Fleury's good faith; will undertake, if permitted, to get his Majesty a sight of it. Friedrich permits; the Fleury letter comes; to the effect, "Make peace with us, O Queen; with your Prussian neighbor you shall make—what suits you!" Friedrich read; learned conclusively what perhaps he had already as good as known otherwise, and drew the inference.[1] Actual copy of this letter the most ardent Gazetteer curiosity could not attain to at that

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 633; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii., 186; Adelung, iii., *a*, 149, n.

epoch ; but the Pallandt story seems to have been true ; and as to the Fleury letter in such circumstances, copies of various Fleury letters to the like purport are still public enough ; and Fleury's private intentions, already guessed at by Friedrich, are in our time a secret to nobody that inquires about them.

Certain enough, Peace with Friedrich is now on the way, and can not well linger : what prospect has Austria otherwise ? Its very supplies from England will be stopped. Hyndford redoubles his diligence ; Britannic Majesty reiterates at Vienna : "Did not I tell you, Madam ? there is no hope or possibility till these Prussians are off our hands !" To which her Hungarian Majesty, as the bargain was, now sorrowfully assents—sorrowfully, unwillingly, and always lays the blame on his Britannic Majesty afterward, and brings it up again as a great favor she had done *him*. "Did not I give up my invaluable Silesia, the jewel of my crown, for you, cruel Britannic Majesty with the big purse, and no heart to speak of ?" This she urges always on subsequent occasions, the high-souled Lady, reproachful of the patient, big-pursed little Gentleman, who never answers, as he might, "For *me*, Madam ? Well—" In short, Hyndford, Podewils, and the Vienna Excellencies are busy.

Of these negotiations which go on at Breslau, and of the acres of dispatches, English, Austrian, and other, let us not say one word. Enough that the Treaty is getting made, and rapidly, though military offenses do not quite cease ; clouds of Austrian Pandours hovering about every where in Prince Karl's rear ; pouncing down upon Prussian outposts, convoys, mostly to little purpose ; hoping (what proves quite futile) they may even burn a Prussian magazine here or there. Contemptible to the Prussian soldier, though very troublesome to him. Friedrich regards the Pandour sort, with their jingling savagery, as a kind of military vermin ; not conceivable a Prussian formed corps should yield to any odds of Pandour Tolpatch tagraggery. Nor does the Prussian soldier yield ; though sometimes, like the mastiff galled by inroad of dis-

tracted weasels in too great quantity, he may have his own difficulties. Witness Colonel Retzow and the Magazine at Pardubitz ("daybreak, May 24th,") *versus* the infinitude of sudden Tolpatchery bursting from the woods; rabid enough for many hours, but ineffectual, upon Pardubitz and Retzow —a distinguished Colonel this, of whom we shall hear again —whose style of Narrative (modest, clear, grave, brief), much more, whose vigilant inexpugnable procedure on the occasion is much to be commended to the military man.[1] Friedrich, the better to cover his Magazines and be out of such annoyances, fell back a little—gradually to Kuttenberg again (Tolpatchery vanishing, of its own accord), and lay encamped there, headquarters in the Schloss of Maleschau near by, till the Breslau Negotiations completed themselves.

Prince Karl, fringed with Tolpatchery in this manner, but with much desertion, much dispiritment in his main body—the *hoops* upon him all loose, so to speak—staggers zigzag back toward Budweis and the Lobkowitz Party there, intending nothing more upon the Prussians—capable now, think some *Non*-Prussians, of being well swept out of Budweis, and over the horizon altogether. If only his Prussian Majesty will co-operate! thinks Belleisle. "Your King of Prussia will not, M. le Maréchal!" answers Broglio. No, indeed; he has tried that trade already, M. le Maréchal! think Broglio and we. The suspicions that Friedrich, so quiescent after his Chotusitz, is making Peace, are rife every where, especially in Broglio's head and old Fleury's, though Belleisle persists with emphasis, officially and privately, in the opposite opinion: "Husht, Messieurs!" Better go and see, however.

Belleisle does go; starts for Kuttenberg, for Dresden; his beautiful Budweis project now ready, French re-enforcements streaming toward us, heart high again—if only Friedrich and the Saxons will co-operate. Belleisle, the Two Belleisles, with Valori and Company, arrived June 2d at Kuttenberg, at the Schloss of Maleschau; "spoke little of Chotusitz," says Stille, "and were none of them at the pains to ride to the ground."

[1] Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i., 548, et seqq.

Maréchal Belleisle for the next three days had otherwise speech of Friedrich, especially on June 5th, a remarkable Dialogue. "Won't your Majesty co-operate?" "Alas! Monseigneur de Belleisle—" How gladly would we give this last Dialogue of Friedrich's and Belleisle's, one of the most ticklish conceivable, but there is not any where the least record of it that can be called authentic; and we learn only that Friedrich, with considerable distinctness, gave him to know "clearly" (say all the Books except Friedrich's own) that cooperation was henceforth a thing of the preterpluperfect tense. "All that I ever wanted, more than I ever demanded, Austria now offers; can any one blame me that I close such a business as ours has all along been on such terms as these now offered me are?"

It is said, and is likely enough, the Pallandt Fleury Letter came up, as probably the *Moravian Foray*, and various Broglio passages would, in the train of said Letter; to all which, and to the inexorable painful corollary, Belleisle, in his high lean way, would listen with a stern grandiose composure. But the rumors add, On coming out into the Anteroom, dialogue and sentence now done, Monseigneur de Belleisle tore the peruke from his head, and, stamping on it, was heard to say volcanically, "That cursed parson—*ce maudit calotte*" (old Fleury) —"has ruined every thing!" Perhaps it is not true? If true, the prompt valets would quickly replace Monseigneur's wig, chasing his long strides; and silence, in so dignified a man, would cloak whatever emotions there were.[1] He rolled off, he and his, straightway to Dresden, there to invite cooperation in the Budweis Project; there also in vain. "*Co*-operation," M. le Maréchal? Alas! it has already come to *oper*ation, if you knew it! And your Broglio is—Better hurry back to Prag, where you will find phenomena!

[1] Adelung, iii., *a*, 154; &c., &c. *Guerre de Bohème* (silent about the wig) admits, as all Books do, the perfect clearness; compare, however, *Œuvres de Frédéric;* and also Broglio's strange darkness, twelve days later, and Belleisle now beside him again (*Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, v., 190, 191, of date 17th June)—darkness due, perhaps, to the strange humor Broglio was then in?

June 15th, Friedrich has a grand dinner of Generals at Maleschau, and says, in proposing the first bumper, "Gentlemen, I announce to you that, as I never wished to oppress the Queen of Hungary, I have formed the resolution of agreeing with that Princess, and accepting the Proposals she has made me in satisfaction of my rights," telling them withal what the chief terms were, and praising my Lord Hyndford for his great services; upon which was congratulation cordial, universal; and, with full rummers, "Health to the Queen of Hungary!" followed by others of the like type, "Grand-Duke of Lorraine!" and "The brave Prince Karl!" especially.

Brevity being incumbent on us, we shall say only that the Hyndford-Podewils operations had been speeded day and night; brought to finis, in the form of Signed Preliminaries, as "Treaty of Breslau, 11th June, 1742;" and had gone to Friedrich's satisfaction in every particular. Thanks to the useful Hyndford—to the willing mind of his Britannic Majesty, once so indignant, but made willing, nay, passionately eager, by his love of Human Liberty and the pressure of events! To Hyndford, some weeks hence[1]—I conclude, on Friedrich's request—there was Order of the Thistle sent; and grandest investiture ever seen, almost, done by Friedrich upon Hyndford (Jordan, Keyserling, Schwerin, and the Sword of State busy in it; Two Queens and all the Berlin firmament looking on); and, perhaps better still, on Friedrich's part there was gift of a Silver Dinner-Service; gift of the Royal Prussian Arms (which do enrich ever since the Shield of those Scottish Carmichaels, as doubtless the Dinner-Service does their Plate-chest); and abundant praise and honor to the useful Hyndford, heavy of foot, but sure, who had reached the goal.

This welcome Treaty, signed at Breslau June 11th, and confirmed by "Treaty of Berlin, July 28th," in more explicit solemn manner, to the self-same effect, can be read by him that runs (if compelled to read Treaties);[2] the terms, in compressed form, are:

[1] 2d August (*Helden-Geschichte*,) ii., 729.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 1061–4 (Treaty of Breslau); ib., 1065–70 (that of Berlin); to be found also in Wenck, Rousset, Schöll, Adelung, &c.

1°. "Silesia, Lower and Upper, to beyond the watershed and the Oppa-stream—reserving only the Principality of Teschen, with pertinents, which used to be reckoned Silesian, and the ulterior Mountain-tops" (Mountain-tops good for what? thought Friedrich a year or two afterward)—"Silesia wholly, within those limits, and furthermore the County Glatz and its dependencies, are and remain the property of Friedrich and of his Heirs male or female; given up and made his, to all intents and purposes, forevermore: with which Friedrich, to the like long date, engages to rest satisfied, and claim nothing farther anywhere.

2°. "Silesian Dutch-English Debt" (Loan of about Two Millions, better half of it English, contracted by the late Kaiser, on Silesian security, in that dreadful Polish-Election crisis, when the Sea-Powers would not help, but left it to their Stock-brokers), "is undertaken by Friedrich, who will pay interest on the same till liquidated.

3°. "Religion to stand where it is Prussian Majesty not to meddle in this present or in other Wars of her Hungarian Majesty, except with his ardent wishes that General Peace would ensue, and that all his friends, Hungarian Majesty among others, were living in good agreement around him."

This is the Treaty of Breslau (June 11th, 1742), or, in second more solemn edition, Treaty of Berlin (July 28th following), signed, ratified, guaranteed by his Britannic Majesty for one,[1] and firmly planted on the Diplomatic adamant (at least on the Diplomatic parchment) of this world. And now, Homeward, then; march!

Huge huzzaing, herald-trumpeting, bob-major-ing, bursts forth from all Prussian Towns, especially from all Silesian ones, in those June days, as the drums beat homeward; elaborate Illuminations in the short nights; with bonfires, with transparencies—Transparency inscribed "*Frederico Magno* (To Friedrich *the Great*)," in one small instance, still of premature nature.[2]

[1] Treaty of Westminster, between Friedrich and George, 29th (18th) November, 1742 (Schöll, ii., 313).

[2] *Helden Geschichte*, (ii., 702–729) is endless on these Illuminations; the Jauer case, of *Frederico Magno* (Jauer in Silesia), is of June 15th (ib., 712).

Omitting very many things about Silesian Fortresses, Army Cantons, Silesian settlements, military and civil, which would but weary the reader, we add only this from Bielfeld: dusty Transit of a victorious Majesty, now on the threshold of home. Precise date (which Bielfeld prudently avoids guessing at) is July 11th, 1742; "M. de Pollnitz and I are in the suite of the King:

"We never stopped on the road except some hours at Frankfurt-on-Oder, where the fair was just going on. On approaching the Town, we found the highway lined on both sides with crowds of traders, and other strangers of all nations, who had come out, attracted by curiosity to see the conqueror of Silesia, and had ranged themselves in two rows there. His Majesty's entry into Frankfurt, although a very triumphant one, was far from being ostentatious. We passed like lightning before the eyes of the spectators, and we were so covered with dust that it was difficult to distinguish the color of our coats and the features of our faces. We made some purchases at Frankfurt, and arrived safely in the Capital" (next day), "where the King was received amid the acclamations of his People."[1]

Here is a successful young King; is not he? Has plunged into the Mahlstrom for his jeweled gold Cup, and comes up with it alive, unlamed. Will he, like that *Diver* of Schiller's, have to try the feat a second time? Perhaps a second time, and even a third!

[1] Bielfeld, ii., 51.

BOOK XIV.

THE SURROUNDING EUROPEAN WAR DOES NOT END.

August, 1742—July, 1744.

CHAPTER I.

FRIEDRICH RESUMES HIS PEACEABLE PURSUITS.

FRIEDRICH'S own Peace being made on such terms, his wish and hope was that it might soon be followed by a general European one; that the live-coal which had kindled this War being quenched, the War itself might go out. Silesia is his; farther interest in the Controversy, except that it would end itself in some fair mannner, he has none. "Silesia being settled," think many, thinks Friedrich for one, "what else of real and solid is there to settle?"

The European Public, or benevolent individuals of it every where, indulged also in this hope. "How glorious is my King, the youngest of the Kings and the grandest!" exclaims Voltaire (in his Letters to Friedrich at this time), and re-exclaims, till Friedrich has to interfere, and politely stop it: "a King who carries in the one hand an all-conquering sword, but in the other a blessed olive-branch, and is the Arbiter of Europe for Peace or War!" "Friedrich the *Third*" (so Voltaire calls him, counting ill, or misled by ignorance of German nomenclature), "Friedrich the Third, I mean Friedrich the Great (*Frédéric le Grand*)," will do this and do that; probably the first emergence of that epithet in human speech, as yet in

a quite private, hypothetic way.[1] Opinions about Friedrich's conduct, about his talents, his moralities, there were many (all wide of the mark); but this seemed clear, That the weight of such a sword as his, thrown into either scale, would be decisive; and that he evidently now wished peace. An unquestionable fact, that latter! Wished it, yes, right heartily; and also strove to hope, though with less confidence than the benevolent outside Public, as knowing the interior of the elements better.

These hopes, how fond they were we now all know. True, my friends, the live-coal which kindled this incendiary whirlpool (*one* of the live-coals, first of them that spread actual flame in these European parts, and first of them all except Jenkins's Ear) is out, fairly withdrawn; but the fire, you perceive, rages not the less. The fire will not quench itself, I doubt, till the bitumen, sulphur, and other angry fuel have run much lower! Austria has fighting men in abundance, England behind it has guineas; Austria has got injuries, then successes: there is in Austria withal a dumb pride, quite equal in pretensions to the vocal vanity of France, and far more stubborn of humor. The First Nation of the Universe, rashly hurling its fine-throated hunting-pack, or Army of the Oriflamme, into Austria, see what a sort of badgers and gloomily indignant bears it has awakened there! Friedrich had to take arms again; and an unwelcome task it was to him, and a sore and costly. We shall be obliged (what is our grand difficulty in this History) to note, in their order, the series of European occurrences, and, tedious as the matter now is, keep readers acquainted with the current of that big War, in which, except Friedrich broad awake, and the Ear of Jenkins in somnambulancy, there is now next to nothing to interest a human creature.

It is an error still prevalent in England, though long since exploded every where else, that Friedrich wanted new wars, "new successful robberies," as our Gazetteers called them, and

[1] Letters of Voltaire, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii., 100, &c.: this last Letter is of date "July, 1742," almost contemporary with the "Jauer Transparency" noticed above.

did willfully plunge into this War again in the hope of again doing a stroke in that kind. English readers, on consulting the facts a little, will not hesitate to sweep that notion altogether away. Shadow of basis, except in their own angry, uninformed imaginations, they will find it never had, and that precisely the reverse is manifest in Friedrich's History—a perfectly clear-sighted Friedrich, able to discriminate shine from substance, and gravitating always toward the solid, the actual. That of "*gloire*," which he owns to at starting, we saw how soon it died out, choked in the dire realities. That of Conquering-Hero, in the Macedonia's madman style, was at all times far from him, if the reader knew it—perhaps never farther from any King who had such allurements to it, such opportunities for it. This his First Expedition to Silesia—a rushing out to seize your own stolen horse while the occasion answered—was a voluntary one, produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest were all purely compulsory—to defend the horse he had seized. Clear necessities, and Powers very Visible, were the origin of all his other Expeditions and Warlike Struggles, which lasted to the end of his life.

That recent "Moravian Foray," the joint-stock principle in War-matters, and the terrible pass a man might reduce himself to at that enormous gaming-table of the gods, if he lingered there—think what considerations these had been for him!. so that, "his look became *farouche*" in the sight of Valori, and the spectre of Ruin kept him company, and such hell-dogs were in chase of him till Czaslau, when the dice fell kind again. All this had been didactic on a young docile man. He was but thirty gone. And if readers mark such docility at those years, they will find considerable meaning in it. Here are prudence, moderation, clear discernment; very unusual *veracity* of intellect, as we define it, which quality, indeed, is the summary and victorious outcome of all manner of good qualities and faithful performances in a man. "Given up to strong delusions" in the tragical way many are, Friedrich was not; and, in practical matters, very seldom indeed "believed a lie."

Certain it is, he now resumes his old Reinsberg Program of Life, probably with double relish after such experiences the other way, and prosecutes it with the old ardor, hoping much that his History will be of halcyon pacific nature after all. Would the mad War-whirlpool but quench itself; dangerous for singeing a near neighbor, who is only just got out of it! Fain would he be arbiter, and help to quench it; but it will not quench. For a space of Two Years or more (till August, 1744, Twenty-six Months in all), Friedrich, busy on his own affairs, with carefully neutral aspect toward this War, yet with sword ready for drawing in case of need, looks on with intense vigilance, using his wisest interference, not too often either, in that sense and in that only, "Be at Peace; oh, come to Peace!" and finds that the benevolent Public and he have been mistaken in their hopes. For the next Two Years, we say: for the first Year (or till about August, 1743), with hope not much abated, and little actual interference needed; for the latter Twelvemonth, with hope ever more abating; interference, warning, almost threatening ever more needed, and yet of no avail, as if they had been idle talking and gesticulation on his part; till, in August, 1744, he had to—But the reader shall gradually see it, if by any method we can show it him, in something of its real sequence, and shall judge of it by his own light.

Friedrich's Domestic History was not of noisy nature during this interval; and, indeed, in the bewildered Records given of it, there is nothing visible at first but one wide vortex of simmering inanities, leading to the desperate conclusion that Friedrich had no domestic history at all, which latter is by no means the fact! Your poor Prussian Dryasdust (without even an Index to help you) being at least authentic, if you look a long time intensely and on many sides, features do at last dawn out of those sad vortexes, and you find the old Reinsberg Program risen to activity again, and all manner of peaceable projects going on. Friedrich visits the Baths of Aachen (what we call Aix-la-Chapelle); has the usual Inspections, business activities, recreations, visits of friends. He opens his Opera-House this first winter. He

enters on Law-reform; strikes decisively into that grand problem, hoping to perfect it. What is still more significant, he in private begins writing his *Memoirs;* and, furthermore, gradually determines on having a little Country House, place of escape from his big Potsdam Palace, and gets plans drawn for it—place which became very famous, by the name of *Sans-Souci*, in times coming. His thoughts are wholly pacific—of Life to Minerva and the Arts, not to Bellona and the Battles; and yet he knows well, this latter too is an inexorable element. About his army he is quietly busy, augmenting, improving it—the staff of life to Prussia and him.

Silesian Fortress-building, under ugly Walrave, goes on at a steadily swift rate. Much Silesian settlement goes on; fixing of the Prussian-Austrian Boundaries without; of the Catholic-Protestant limits within: rapid, not too rough, remodeling of the Province from Austrian into Prussian, in the Financial, Administrative, and every other respect; in all which important operations the success was noiseless, but is considered to have been perfect, or nearly so. Can not we, from these enormous Paper-masses, carefully riddled, afford the reader a glimpse or two to quicken his imagination of these things?

Settles the Silesian Boundaries, the Silesian Arrangements, with manifest profit to Silesia and himself.

In regard to the Marches, Herr Nüssler, as natural, was again the person employed. Nüssler, shifty soul, wide-awake at all times, has already seen this Country; "noticed the Pass into Glatz with its block-house, and perceived that his Majesty would want it." From September 22d to December 12th, 1742, the actual Operation went on; ratified, completely set at rest, 16th January following.[1] Nüssler serves on three thalers (nine shillings) a day. The Austrian Head Commissioner has £5 (thirty thalers) a day; but he is an elderly fat gentleman, pursy, scant of breath; can not stand the rapid galloping about, and thousand-fold inspecting and

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, § Nüssler; and Büsching's *Magazin*, b. x. (Halle, 1776); where, p. 475–538, is a "*Geschichte der &c. Schlesischen Gränzscheidung im Jahr* 1742," in great amplitude and authenticity.

detailing; leaves it all to Nüssler, who goes like the wind. Thus, for example, Nüssler dictates, at evening from his saddle, the mutual Protocol of the day's doings, Old Pursy sitting by, impatient for supper, and making no criticisms. Then, at night, Nüssler privately mounts again: privately, by moonlight, gallops over the ground they are to deal with next day, and takes notice of every thing. No wonder the boundary-pillars, set up in such manner, which stand to this day, bear marks that Prussia here and there has had fair play! Poor Nüssler has no fixed appointment yet, except one of about £100 a year: in all my travels, I have seen no man of equal faculty at lower wages. Nor did he ever get any signal promotion, or the least exuberance of wages, this poor Nüssler unless it be that he got trained to perfect veracity of workmanship, and to be a man without dry-rot in the soul of him, which indeed is incalculable wages. Income of £100 a year, and no dry-rot in the soul of you any where; income of £100,000 a year, and nothing but dry- and wet- rot in the soul of you (ugly appetites, unveracities, blusterous conceits, and probably, as symbol of all things, a potbelly to your poor body itself)—oh, my friends!

In settling the Spiritual or internal Catholic-Protestant limits of Silesia, Friedrich did also a workmanlike thing. Perfect fairness between Protestant and Catholic, to that he is bound, and never needed binding. But it is withal his intention to be King in Catholic Silesia, and that no Holy Father, or other extraneous individual, shall intrude with inconvenient pretensions there. He accordingly nominates the now Bishop of Neisse and natural Primate of Silesia—Cardinal von Sinzendorf, who has made submission for any late Austrian peccadilloes, and thoroughly reconciled himself—nominates Sinzendorf "Vicar-General" of the Country, who is to relieve the Pope of Silesian trouble, and be himself Quasi-Supreme of the Catholic Church there. "No offense, Holy Papa of Christian Mankind! Your holy religion is, and shall be, intact in these parts; but the palliums, bulls, and other holy wares and interferences are not needed here. On that footing be pleased to rest content."

The Holy Father shrieked his loudest (which is now a quite calculable loudness, nothing like so loud as it once was); declared he would "himself join the Army of Martyrs sooner," and summoned Sinzendorf to Rome: "What kind of *Hinge* are you, *Cardinalis* of the Gates of"—Husht! Shrieked his

loudest, we say; but, as nobody minded it, and as Sinzendorf would not come, had to let the matter take its course.[1] And, gradually noticing what correct observance of essentials there was, he even came quite round into a high state of satisfaction with this Heretic King in the course of a few years. Friedrich and the Pope were very polite to each other thenceforth; always ready to do little mutual favors. And it is to be remarked, Friedrich's management of his Clergy, Protestant and Catholic, was always excellent; true, in a considerable degree, to the real law of things; gentle, but strict, and without shadow of hypocrisy; in which last fine particular he is singularly unique among Modern Sovereigns.

He recognizes honestly the uses of Religion, though he himself has little; takes a good deal of pains with his Preaching Clergy, from the Army-Chaplain upward—will suggest texts to them, with scheme of sermon, on occasion; is always anxious to have, as Clerical Functionary, the right man in the important place; and for the rest, expects to be obeyed by them as by his Sergeants and Corporals. Indeed, the reverend men feel themselves to be a body of Spiritual Sergeants, Corporals, and Captains, to whom obedience is the rule, and discontent a thing not to be indulged in by any means. And it is worth noticing how well they seem to thrive in this completely submissive posture; how much real Christian worth is traceable in their labors and them; and what a fund of piety and religious faith, in rugged effectual form, exists in the Armies and populations of such a King.[2] * *

By degrees, the Münchows and Official Persons intrusted with Silesia got it wrought in all respects, financial, administrative, judicial, secular, and spiritual, into the Prussian model; a long tough job, but one that proved well worth doing.[3] In this state, counts one authority, it was worth to Prussia "about six times what it had been to Austria;" from some other forgotten source I have seen the computation "eight times." In money revenue, at the end of Friedrich's reign, it is a little more than twice; the "eight times" and the "six times," which are but loose multiples, refer, I suppose,

[1] Adelung, iii., *a*, 197–200.

[2] "In 1780, at Berlin, the population being 140,000, there are of *ecclesiastic* kind only 140—that is, 1 to the 1000; at München, there are thirty times as many in proportion" (Mirabeau, *Monarchie Prussienne*, viii., 342, quoting *Nicolai*).

[3] In Preuss (i., 197–200), the various steps (from 1740 to 1806).

to population, trade, increase of national wealth, of new regiments yielded by new cantons, and the like.[1]

Six or eight times as useful to Prussia; and to the Inhabitants, what multiple of usefulness shall we give? To be governed on principles fair and rational—that is to say, conformable to Nature's appointment in that respect, and to be governed on principles which contradict the very rules of Cocker, and with impious disbelief of the very Multiplication Table, the one is a perpetual Gospel of Cosmos and Heaven to every unit of the Population, the other a Gospel of Chaos and Beelzebub to every unit of them: there is no multiple to be found in Arithmetic which will express that! Certain of these advantages in the new Government are seen at once: others, the still more valuable, do not appear except gradually, and after many days and years. With the one and the other Schlesien appears to have been tolerably content. From that Year 1742 to this, Schlesien has expressed by word and symptom nothing but thankfulness for the Transfer it underwent; and there is, for the last Hundred Years, no part of the Prussian Dominion more loyal to the Hohenzollerns (who are the Authors of Prussia, without whom Prussia had never been) than this their latest acquisition when once it too got moulded into their own image.[2]

Opening of the Opera-House at Berlin.

* * December 7th, this Winter, Carnival being come or just coming, Friedrich opens his New Opera-House for behoof of the cultivated Berlin classes; a fine Edifice, which had been diligently built by Knobelsdorf while those Silesian battlings went on. "One of the largest and finest Opera-houses in the whole world, like a sumptuous Palace rather. Stands free on all sides; space for 1000 Coaches round it;

[1] Westphalen, in *Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (printed, Berlin, 1859, written 100 years before by that well-informed person), i., 65, says in the rough "six times;" Preuss, iv., 292, gives, very indistinctly, the ciphers of Revenue in 1740 and *some* later Year; according to Friedrich himself (*Œuvres*, ii., 102), the Silesian Revenue at first was "3,600,000 thalers" (£540,000), little more than Half a Million); Population a Million-and-Half.

[2] Preuss, i., 193, and ib., 200 (Note from Klein, a Silesian Jurist); "Favor, not merit, formerly;" "Magistracies a regular branch of *trade*;" "highway robbers on a strangely familiar footing with the old Breslau magistrates;" &c., &c.

Five great Entrances, five persons can walk abreast through each; and inside—you should see, you should hear! Boxes more like rooms or boudoirs; free view and perfect hearing of the stage from every point; air pure and free every where; water aloof, not only for theatrical cascades, but to drown out any fire or risk of fire."[1] This is Seyfarth's account, still capable of confirmation by traveling readers of a musical turn. I have seen Operas with much more brilliancy of gas and gilding, but none nearly so convenient to the human mind and sense, or where the audience (not now a gratis one) attended to the music in so meritorious a way.

"Perhaps it will attract moneyed strangers to frequent our Capital?" some guess that was Friedrich's thought. "At all events, it is a handsome piece of equipage for a musical King and People, not to be neglected in the circumstances. Thalia, in general—let us not neglect Thalia in such a dearth of worshipable objects." Nor did he neglect Thalia. The trouble Friedrich took with his Opera, with his Dancing Apparatus, French Comedy, and the rest of that affair, was very great—much greater, surely, than this Editor would have thought of taking, though, on reflection, he does not presume to blame. The world is dreadfully scant of worshipable objects, and, if your Theatre is your own, to sweep away intrusive nonsense continually from the gates of it? Friedrich's Opera costs him heavy sums (surely I once knew approximately what, but the Sibylline leaf is gone again upon the winds!); and he admits gratis a select public, and that only.[2] "This Winter, 1742-3, was unusually magnificent at Court: balls, *wirthschaften*" (kind of *mimic fairs*), "sledge-parties, masquerades, and theatricals of all sorts; and once even, December 2d, the new Golden Table-Service" (cost of it £200,000) "was in action, when the Two Queens" (Queen Regnant and Queen Mother) "dined with his Majesty!"

Friedrich takes the Waters at Aachen, where Voltaire comes to see him.

Months before that of the Opera-House or those Silesian settlements, Friedrich, in the end of August, what is the first thing visible in his Domestic History, makes a visit, for health's sake, to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle so-called), with a

[1] Seyfarth, i., 234; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin*, i., 169.

[2] Preuss, i., 277.; and Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i., 100.

view to the waters there. Intends to try for a little improvement in health as the basis of ulterior things. Health has naturally suffered a little in these War-hardships, and the Doctors recommended Aix. After Wesel and the Westphalian Inspections, Friedrich accordingly proceeds to Aix, and for about a fortnight (25th August—9th September) drinks the waters in that old resting-place of Charlemagne; particulars not given in the Books, except that "he lodged with Bacge" (if any mortal now knew Bacge), and did an Audience or so to select persons now unknown. He is not entirely incognito, but is without royal state; the "guard of twenty men, the escort of 150 men," being no men of his, but presumably mere Town-guard of Aix coming in an honorary way. Aix is proud to see him; he himself is intent on the waters here at old Aix:

Aquisgranum, urbs regalis,
Sedes Regni principalis.

My friend, this was Charlemagne's high place, and his dust lies here these thousand years last past. And there used to soar "a very large Gilt Eagle," ten feet wide or so, aloft on the Cathedral-steeple there; Eagle turned southward when the Kaiser was in Frankenland, eastward when he was in Teutsch or Teutonland; in fact, pointing out the Kaiser's whereabouts to loyal mankind [1]—Eagle which shines on me as a human fact; luminously gilt through the dark Dryasdustic Ages, gone all spectral under Dryasdust's sad handling. Friedrich knows farther that, for many centuries after, the "Reich's *Insignia* (*Reichs-Kleinodien*)" used to be here, though Marie Theresa has them now, and will not give them up: the whole of which points are indifferent to him. The practical, not the sentimental, is Friedrich's interest, not to say that *Werter* and the Sentimental were not yet born into our afflicted Earth. A King thoroughly practical, yet an exquisite player on the flute withal, as we often notice, whose adagio could draw tears from you. For in himself, too, there were floods of tears (as when his Mother died); and he has

[1] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie.*

been heard saying, not bragging, but lamenting, what was truly the fact, that "he had more feeling than other men." But it was honest human feeling always, and was repressed where not irrepressible, as it behooved to be.

Friedrich's suite was not considerable, says the French spy at Aix on this occasion; pomp of Entrance—a thing to be mute upon! "Came driving in with the common post-horses of the country; and such a set of carriages as your Lordship, intent on the sublime, has no idea of."[1] Rumor was, His Britannic Majesty was coming (also on pretext of the waters) to confer with him; other rumor is, If King George came in at one gate, King Friedrich would go out at the other. A dubious Friedrich to the French spy at this moment; nothing like so admirable as he once was!

The French emotions (of which we say little) on Friedrich's making Peace for himself had naturally been great. To the French Public it was unexpected, somewhat *sudden* even to the Court; and, sure enough, it was of perilous importance in the circumstances. Few days ago, Broglio (by order given him) "could not spare a man" for the Common Cause; and now the Common Cause has become entirely the Broglio one, and Broglio will have the full use of all his men! "Defection" (plainly treasonous to your Liege Lord and Nation)! "horrible to think of!" cried the French Public; the Court outwardly taking a lofty tragic-elegiac tone, with some air of hope that his Prussian Majesty would perhaps come round again to the side of his afflicted France; of which, except in the way of helping France and the other afflicted parties to a just Peace if he could, his Prussian Majesty had small thought at this time.

More affecting to Friedrich were the natural terrors of the poor Kaiser on this event. The Kaiser has already had his Messenger at Berlin in consequence of it, with urgent inquiries, entreaties; an expert Messenger, who knows Berlin well; no other than our old friend, the Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, now titular Feldmarschall, whom one is more surprised than delighted to meet again! Being out with Austria

[1] Spy-Letter, in *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, i., 222.

(clamoring for the great sums of "arrears," which they will not pay), he has been hanging about this new Kaiser ever since Election time, and is again getting into employment, Diplomatic, Strategic, for some years, though we hope mostly to ignore him and it. Friedrich's own feeling at sight of him—ask not about it more than if there had been none! Friedrich gave him "a distinguished reception;" Friedrich's answer sent by him to the Kaiser was all kindness; emphatic assurance "That, not 'hostility' by any means, that loyalty, friendship, and aid wherever possible within the limits, should always be his rule toward the now Kaiser, lawful Head of the Reich, in difficult circumstances,"[1] which was some consolation to the poor man, stripped of his old revenues, old Bavarian Dominions, and unprovided with new; this sublime Headship of the Reich being moneyless, and one's new "Kingdom of Bohemia" hanging in so uncertain a state, with nothing but a Pharsalia-Sahay to show for itself!

Among Friedrich's "inconsiderable suite" at Aachen was Prince Henri (his youngest Brother, age now sixteen, a small, sensitive, shivering creature, but of uncommon parts), and another young man, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, his Wife's youngest Brother—a soldier, as all the Brothers are; soldier in Friedrich's Army, this one, in whose fine, inarticulate, eupeptic character are excellent dispositions and capacities discernible. Ferdinand goes generally with the King—much about him in these years. All the Brothers follow soldiering; it is the one trade of German Princes. When at home, Friedrich is still occasionally with his Queen, who lives at Schönhausen, in the environs of Berlin, but goes with him to Charlottenburg, to old Rheinsberg, and has her share of galas in his company, with the Queen Mother and cognate Highnesses.

Another small fact, still more memorable at present, is, That Voltaire now made him a Third Visit—privately, on Fleury's instance, as is evident this time, of which Voltaire Visit readers shall know duly by-and-by, what little is knowable. But, alas! there is first an immense arrear of War-

[1] "Audience, 30th July" (Adelung, iii., *a*, 217).

matters to bring up, to which, still more than to Voltaire, the afflicted reader must address himself, if he would understand at all what Friedrich's Environment or circumambient Life-element now was, and how Friedrich, well or ill, comported himself in the same. Brevity, this Editor knows, is extremely desirable, and that the scissors should be merciless on those sad Paper-Heaps, intolerable to the modern mind; but, unless the modern mind chanced to prefer ease and darkness, what can an Editor do!

CHAPTER II.

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS ARE ON THE MOUNTING HAND.

Austrian affairs are not now in their nadir-point; a long while now since they passed that. Austria, to all appearance dead, started up, and began to strike for herself, with some success, the instant Walpole's *soup-royal* (that first £200,000, followed since by abundance more) got to her lips—touched her poor pale lips, and went tingling through her like life and fiery elasticity out of death by inanition! Cardinal moment, which History knows, but can never date, except vaguely, some time in 1741, among the last acts of judicious Walpole.

Austria, thanks to its own Khevenhüllers and its English guineas, was already rising in various quarters; and now, when the Prussian Affair is settled, Austria springs up every where like an elastic body with the pressure taken from it; mounts steadily, month after month, in practical success, and in height of humor in a still higher ratio; and in the course of the next Two Years, rises to a great height indeed. Here—snatched, who knows with what difficulty, from that shoreless, bottomless slough of an Austrian-Succession War, deservedly forgotten, and avoided by extant mankind—are some of the more essential phenomena which Friedrich had to witness in those months—to witness, to scan with such intense interest—rightly, at his peril; and to interpret as actual "Omens" for him, as monitions of a most indisputable nature!

No Haruspex, I suppose, with or without "white beard, and long staff for cutting the Heavenly Vault into compartments from the zenith downward," could, in Etruria or elsewhere, "watch the flight of birds, now into this compartment, now into that," with stricter scrutiny than, on the new terms, did this young King from his Potsdam Observatory.

War-Phenomena in the Western Parts: King George tries a Second Time to draw his Sword; tugs at it violently for Seven Months (*February—October*, 1742).

"The first phenomenon, cheering to Austria, is that of the Britannic Majesty again clutching sword, with evident intent to draw it on her behalf.[1] Besides his potent soup-royal of Half-Millions annually, the Britannic Majesty has a considerable sword, say 40,000, of British and of subsidized—sword which costs him a great deal of money to keep by his side, and a great deal of clamor and insolent gibing from the Gazetteer species because he is forced to keep it strictly in the scabbard hitherto. This Year, we observe, he has determined again to draw it in the Cause of Human Liberty, whatever follow. From early Spring there were symptoms; Camps on Lexden and other Heaths, much reviewing in Hyde-Park and elsewhere; from all corners a universal marching toward the Kent Coast, the aspects being favorable. 'We can besiege Dunkirk, at any rate, can not we, your High Mightinesses? Dunkirk, which, by all the Treaties in existence, ought to need no besieging, but which, in spite of treatyings innumerable, always does?' The High Mightinesses answer nothing articulate, languidly grumble something in *optative* tone —'meaning assent,' thinks the sanguine mind. 'Dutch hoistable, after all!' thinks he: 'Dutch will co-operate if they saw example set!' And in England the work of embarking actually begins.

"Britannic Majesty's purpose, and even fixed resolve to this effect, had preceded the Prussian-Austrian Settlement. May 20th,[2] 'Two regiments of Foot,' first poor installment of British Troops, had actually landed at Ostend; news of the Battle of Chotusitz, much more, of the Austrian-Prussian Settlement, or Peace of Breslau, would meet them *there*. But after that

[1] Tindal, xx., 552; Old Newspapers; &c., &c.

[2] "9th" by the Old Newspapers; but we always *translate* their O. S.

latter auspicious event things start into quick and double-quick time, and the Gazetteers get vocal, almost lyrical: About Howard's regiment, Ponsonby's regiment, all manner of regiments, off to Flanders for a stroke of work; how 'Ligonier's Dragoons' (a set of wild swearing fellows, whom Guildford is happy to be quit of) 'rode through Bromley with their kettle-drums going, and are this day at Gravesend to take ship;'" or, to give one other more specific example:

"Yesterday" (3d July, 1742), "General Campbell's Regiment of Scotch Greys arrived in the Borough of Southwark on their march to Dover, where they are to embark for Flanders. They are fine, hardy fellows, that want no seasoning, and make an appearance agreeable to all but the innkeepers" —who have such billeting to do of late.[1] "Grey Dragoons," or Royal Scots-Greys, is the title of this fine Regiment; and their Colonel is Lieutenant-General John Campbell, afterward Duke of Argyle (fourth Duke), Cousin of the great second Duke of Argyle that now is.[2] Visibly billeting there, in Southwark, with such intentions; and, by accident, this Editor knows Twenty of these fine fellows!—twenty or so, who had gone in one batch as Greys—sons of good Annandale yeomen, otherwise without a career open—some Two of whom did get back, and lived to be old men; the rumor of whom, and of their unheard-of adventures, was still lingering in the air when this Editor began existence. Pardon, O reader!

"But, all through those hot days, it is a universal drumming, kettle-drumming, coastward; preparation of transports at Gravesend at the top of one's velocity. 'All the coopers in London are in requisition for water-casks, so that our very brewers have to pause astonished for want of tubs.' There is pumping-in of water day and night, Sunday not excepted, then throwing of it out again (owing to new circumstances): "250 saddle-horses, and 100 sumpter ditto, for his Majesty's own use: these need a deal of water, never to speak of Ligonier and The Greys. 'For the honor of our Country, his Majesty will make a grander appearance this Campaign than any of his Predecessors ever did; and as to the magnificence of his equipage,' besides the 350 quadrupeds, 'there are above 100 rich portmanteaus getting ready with all expedition.'[3] The Fat Boy too" (Royal Highness Duke of Cumberland, one

[1] *Daily Post*, June 23d (O. S.), 1742.

[2] Douglas, *Scotch Peerage* (Edinburgh, 1764), p. 44.

[3] *Daily Post*, September 13th (*i. e.*, 26th).

should say) "is to go; a most brave-hearted, flaxen-florid, plump young creature; hopeful Son of Mars, could he once get experience, which, alas! he never could, though trying it for five-and-twenty years to come, under huge expense to this Nation! There are to be 16,000 troops, perhaps more; '1000 sand-bags' (empty as yet); demolition of Dunkirk the thing aimed at." If only the Dutch prove hoistable!

"And so, from May on to September, it noisily proceeds, at multiplex rates, and often with more haste than speed; and in such five months (seven strictly counted) of clangorous movement and dead-lift exertion, there were veritably got across, of Horse and Foot, with their equipments, the surprising number of '16,334 men.'[1] May 20th it began—that is, the embarking began; the noise and babble about it, which have been incessant ever since, had begun in February before; and on September 26th, Ostend, now almost weary of huzzaing over British glory by installment, had the joy of seeing our final portions of Artillery arrive: Such a Park of Siege-and-Field Artillery," exults the Gazetteer, "as"—as these poor creatures never dreamt of before.

"Magnanimous Lord Stair, already Plenipotentiary to the Dutch, is to be King's General-in Chief of this fine Enterprise; Carteret, another Lord of some real brilliancy, and perhaps of still weightier metal, is head of the Cabinet; hearty, both of them, for these Anti-French intentions; and the Public cannot but think, Surely something will come of it this time, more especially now that Maillebois, about the middle of August, by a strange turn of fortune, is swept out of the way. Maillebois, lying over in Westphalia with his 30 or 40,000, on Check to your King this year past, had, on sight of these Anti-Dunkirk movements, been ordered to look Dunkirk way, and at length to move thitherward, for protection of Dunkirk; so that Stair, before his Dunkirk business, will have to fight Maillebois, which Stair doubts not may be satisfactorily done. But behold, in August and earlier, come marvelous news from the Prag quarter, tragical to France; and Maillebois is off, at his best speed, in the reverse direction, on a far other errand," of which readers shall soon hear enough.

"Dunkirk, therefore, is now open. With 16,000 British troops, Hanoverians to the like number, and Hessians 6000, together near 40,000, not to speak of Dutch at all, surely one might manage Dunkirk, if not something still better? It is

[1] Adelung, iii., *a*, 201.

after Maillebois's departure that these dreadful exertions, coopering of water-casks, pumping all Sunday, go on at Gravesend: 'Swift, O be swift, while time is!' And Generalissimo-Plenipotentiary Stair, who has run over beforehand, is ardent enough upon the Dutch; his eloquence fiery and incessant: Magnanimous High Mightinesses, was there, will there again be, such a chance? The Cause of Human Liberty may be secured forever! Dunkirk—or what is Dunkirk even? Between us and Paris, there is nothing, now that Maillebois is off on such an errand! Why should not we play Marlborough again, and teach them a little what Invasion means? It is ourselves alone that can hinder it! Now, I say, or never!'

"Stair was a pupil of Marlborough's; is otherwise a shining kind of man, and has immense things in his eye at this time. They say, what is not unlikely, he proposed an interview with Friedrich now at Aachen; would I come privately, to 'take the waters' for a day or two, while Maillebois was on his new errand, and such a crisis had risen. But Friedrich, anxious to be neutral and give no offense, politely waived such honor. Lord Stair was thought to be something of a General in fact as well as in costume, and perhaps he was so; and, had there been a proper *Countess* of Stair, or new Sarah Jennings, to cover gently, by art magic, the Britannic Majesty and Fat Boy under a tub, and to put Britain, and British Parliament and resources, into Stair's hand for a few years, who knows what Stair too might have done! A Marlborough in the War Arts—perhaps still less in the Peace ones, if we knew the great Marlborough—he could not have been. But there is in him a recognizable flash of magnanimity, of heroic enterprise and purpose, which is highly peculiar in that sordid element. And it can be said of him, as of lightning striking ineffectual on the Bog of Allen or the Stygian Fens, that his strength was never tried." For the upshot of him we will wait—not very long.

These are fine prospects, if only the Dutch prove hoistable. But these are as nothing to what is passing, and has passed, in the Eastern Parts, in the Bohemian-Bavarian quarter, since we were there. Poor Kaiser Karl, what an outlook for him! His own real Bavaria, not to mention his imaginary "Upper Austria" and "Conquests on the Donau," after that Ségur Adventure, is plunging headlong. As to his once "Kingdom of Bohemia," it has already plunged; nay, the Army of the Ori-

flamme is itself near plunging, in spite of that Pharsalia of a Sahay! Bavaria itself, we say, is mostly gone to Khevenhüller; Ségur with his French on march homeward, and nothing but Bavarians left. The Belleisle-Broglio grand Budweis-Expedition is gone totally heels over head; Belleisle and Broglio are getting, step by step, shut up in Prag and besieged there; while Maillebois— Let us try whether, by snatching out here a fragment and there a fragment, with chronological and other appliances, it be not possible to give readers some conceivable notion of what Friedrich was now looking at with such interest!

How Duc D'Harcourt, advancing to re-enforce the Oriflamme, had to split himself in two, and become an "Army of Bavaria," to little effect.

The poor Kaiser, who at one time counted "30,000 Bavarians of his own," has all along been ill served by them and the bad Generals they had: two Generals, both of whom, Minuzzi and old Feldmarschall Thörring (Prime Minister withal), came to a bad reputation in this War—beaten nearly always; Thörring quite always—"like a *Drum*, that Thörring; never heard of except when beaten," said the wits! Of such let us not speak. Understand only *first*, That the French, reasonably soon after that Linz explosion, did, in such crisis, get re-enforcements on the road—a Duc D'Harcourt, with some 25,000 faring forward in an intermittent manner ever since "March 4th." And, *secondly*, That Khevenhüller has fast hold of Passau, the Austrian-Bavarian Key-City; is master of nearly all Bavaria (of München, and all that lies south of the Donau); and is now across on the north shore, wrenching and tugging upon Kelheim and the Ingolstadt-Donauwörth regions, with nothing but Thörring people and small French Garrisons to hinder him, where it will be fatal if he quite prosper, Ingolstadt being our Place-of-Arms, and House on the Highway both for Bavaria and Bohemia!

"For months past there had been a gleam of hope for Kaiser Karl and his new 'Kingdom of Bohemia' and old Electorate of Bavaria from the rumor of 'D'Harcourt's re-enforcement'—a 20 or 30,000 new Frenchmen marching into those parts in a very detached, intermittent manner; great in the Gazettes. But it proved a gleam only, and came to noth-

ing effectual. Poor D'Harcourt, owing to cross orders" (Broglio clamorously demanding that the new force should come to Prag; Karl Albert the Kaiser, nominally General-in-Chief, demanding that it should go down the Donau and sweep his Bavaria clear), "was in difficulty. To do either of these cross orders might have brought some result; but to half do both of them, as he was enjoined to attempt, was not wise! Some half of his force he did detach toward Broglio, which got to actual junction, partly before, partly after that Pharsalia-Sahay Affair, and raised Broglio to a strength of 24,000, still inadequate against Prince Karl; which done, D'Harcourt himself went down the Donau on his original scheme, with the remainder of his forces, now likewise become inadequate. He is to join with Feldmarschall Thörring in the"—And does it, as we shall see presently! * *

München, 5th May. "Rumor of D'Harcourt had somewhat cleared Bavaria of Austrians; but the reality of him, in a divided state, by no means corresponds. Thus München City, in the last days of April—D'Harcourt advancing, terrible as a rumor—rejoiced exceedingly to see the Austrians march out at their best pace. And the exultant populace even massacred a loitering Tolpatch or two, who well deserve it, think the populace, judging by their experience for the last three months, since Bärenklau and Mentzel became King here. 'Rumor of D'Harcourt?' answers Khevenhüller from the Kelheim-Passau side of things: 'Let us wait for sight of him, at least!' and orders München to be reoccupied. So that, alas! 'within a week,' on the 5th of May, Bärenklau is back upon the poor City; exacts severe vengeance for the Tolpatch business; and will give them seven months more of his company, in spite of D'Harcourt and 'the Army of Bavaria,' as he now called himself"—new "Army of Bavaria," when once arrived in those Countries, and joined with poor Thörring and the Kaiser's people there. Such an "Army of Bavaria," first and last, as—as Khevenhüller could have wished it! Under D'Harcourt, joined with old Feldmarschall Thörring (him whom men liken to a *Drum*, "never heard of except when beaten"), this is literally the sum of what fighting it did:

"*Hilgartsberg* (Deggendorf Donau-Country), *May 28th.* D'Harcourt and Thörring, after junction at Donauwörth several weeks ago, and a good deal of futile marching up and down in those Donau Countries—on the left bank, for most part; Khevenhüller holding stiffly, as usual, by the Inn, the

Iser, and the rivers and countries on the right—did at last, being now almost within sight of Passau and that important Valley of the Inn across yonder, seriously decide to have a stroke at Passau, and to dislodge Khevenhüller, who is weak in force, though obstinate. They perceive that there is, on this left bank, a post in the woods, Castle of Hilgartsberg, none of the strongest Castles, rather a big Country Mansion than a Castle, which it will be necessary first to take. They go accordingly to take it (May 28th, having well laid their heads together the day before); march through intricate wet forest country, peat above all abundant; see the Castle of Hilgartsberg towering aloft, picturesque object in the Donau Valley, left bank; are met by cannon-shot, case-shot, shot of every kind; likewise by Croats apparently innumerable, by cavalry sabrings and leveled bayonets; do not behave too well, being excessively astonished; and are glad to get off again, leaving one of their guns lodged in the mud, and about a hundred unfortunate men.[1] This quite disgusted D'Harcourt with the Passau speculation and these grim Khevenhüller outposts. He straightway took to collecting Magazines, lodging himself in the attainable Towns thereabouts, Deggendorf the chief strength for him, and gave up fighting till perhaps better times might arrive." We will wish him good success in the victualing department; hope to hear no more of him in this History; and shall say only that Comte de Saxe, before long, relieves him of this Bavarian Army, and will be seen at the head of it on a most important business that rises.

Kaiser Karl begins to have real thoughts of recalling this Thörring, who is grown so very *audible*, altogether home, and and of appointing Seckendorf instead, a course which Belleisle has been strongly recommending for some time. Seckendorf is at present "gathering meal in the Ober-Pfalz" (Upper Palatinate, road from Ingolstadt to Eger, to Böhmen generally), that is, forming Magazines on the Kaiser's behalf there: "Surely a likelier man than your Thörring!" urges Belleisle always, with whom the Kaiser does finally comply; nominates Seckendorf commander; recalls the invaluable Thörring "to his services in our Cabinet Council, which more befit his great age;" in which safe post poor Thörring, like a Drum *not* beaten upon, has thenceforth a silent life of it, Seckendorf fighting in his stead, as we shall have to witness more or less.

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 146–8, 136, &c.

Khevenhüller's is a changed posture since he stood in Vienna eight or nine months ago, grimly resolute, drilling his "6000 of garrison," with the wheelbarrows all busy! But her Hungarian Majesty's chief success, which is now opening into outlooks of a quite triumphant nature, has been that over the New Oriflamme itself, the Belleisle Broglio Army—most sweet to her Majesty to triumph over! Shortly after Chotusitz, shortly after that Pharsalia of a Sahay, readers remember Belleisle's fine Project: "Conjoined attack on Budweis and sweeping of Bohemia clear;" readers saw Belleisle in the Schloss of Maleschau 5th June last, rushing out (with violence to his own wig, says rumor), hurrying off to Dresden for co-operation—equally in vain. "Co-operation, M. le Maréchal? attack *on* Budweis?" Here is another Fragment:

How Belleisle, returning from Dresden without Co-operation, found the Attack had been done—in a fatally reverse way. Prag expecting Siege. Colloquy with Broglio on that interesting point. Prag besieged.

Budweis, June 4th—Prag, June 13th. "Broglio, ever since that Sahay" (which had been fought so gloriously on Frauenberg's account), "lay in the Castle of Frauenberg, in and around—hither side of the Moldau River, with his Pisek thirty miles to rear, and judicious outposts all about. There lay Broglio, meditating the attack on Budweis" (were co-operation once here), "when, contrariwise, altogether on the sudden, Budweis made attack on Broglio; tumbled him quite topsy-turvy, and sent him home to Prag, uncertain which end uppermost, rolling like a heap of mown stubble in the wind rather than marching like an Army!" * * Take one glance at him:

"*June 4th*, 1742" (day *before* that of Belleisle's "Wig" at Maleschau, had Belleisle known it!), "Prince Karl, being now free of the Prussians, and ready for new work, issued suddenly from Budweis; suddenly stepped across the Moldau—by the Bridge of Moldau-Tein, sweeping away the French that lay there. Prince Karl swept away this first French Post by the mere sight and sound of him; swept away, in like fashion, the second and all following posts; swept Broglio himself, almost without shot fired, and in huge flurry, home to Prag, double-

quick, night and day, with much loss of baggage, artillery, prisoners, and total loss of one's presence of mind. 'Poor man, he was born for surprises'" (said Friedrich's Doggerel long ago). "Manœuvred consummately" (he asserts) "at different points, behind rivers and the like, but nowhere could he call halt and resolutely stand still, which undoubtedly he could and should have done, say Valori and all judges, nothing quite immediate being upon him except the waste-howling tagraggery of Croats, whom it had been good to quench a little before going farther. On the third night, June 7th, he arrived at Pisek; marched again before daybreak, leaving a garrison of 1200, who surrendered to Prince Karl next day without shot fired. Broglio, tumbling on ahead, double-quick, with the tagraggery of Croats continually worrying at his heels, baggage-wagons sticking fast, country people massacring all stragglers, panted home to Prag on the 13th, with 'the Gross of the Army saved, don't you observe!' and thinks it an excellent retreat, he if no one else.[1]

"At Pisek Prince Karl had ceased chasing with his regulars, the pace being so uncommonly swift. From Pisek Prince Karl struck off toward Pilsen, there to intercept a residue of Harcourt re-enforcements who were coming that way; from Broglio, who knew of it, but in such flurry could not mind it, he had no hinderance; and it was by good luck, not management of Broglio's, that these poor re-enforcements did in part get through to him, and in part seek refuge in Eger again. Broglio has encamped under the walls of Prag, in a ruinous though still blusterous condition, his positions all gone; except Prag and Eger, nothing in Bohemia now his."

Prag, 17th June—17th August. "It is in this condition that Belleisle, returning from the Kuttenberg-Dresden mission (June 15th), finds his Broglio. Most disastrous, Belleisle thinks it; and nothing but a Siege in Prag lying ahead, though Broglio is of different opinion, or, blustering about his late miraculous retreat, and other high merits too little recognized, forms no opinion at all on such extraneous points." * * * "From Versailles they had answered Belleisle: 'Nothing to be made of Dresden either, say you? Then go you and take the command at Prag; send Broglio to command the Bavarian Army. See you what can be done by fighting.' On this errand Belleisle is come, the heavy-laden man, and Valori with him—if, in this black crisis, Valori could do any

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 122, &c.; *Campagnes*, v., 167 (his own Dispatch).

thing. Valori at least reports the colloquy the Two Marshals had" (one bit of colloquy, for they had more than one, though as few as possible; Broglio being altogether blusterous, sulphurous, difficult to speak with on polite terms).[1] "'Army of Bavaria?' answers Broglio; 'I will have those Ten Battalions of the D'Harcourt re-enforcement, then. I tell you, Yes! Prag? Prag may go to the—What have I to do with Prag? The oldest Maréchal of France superseded, after such merits, and on the very heel of such a retreat! Nay, but where is *your* commission to command in Prag, M. le Maréchal?' Belleisle, in the haste there was, has no Commission rightly drawn out by the War-Office, only an Order from Court. 'I have a regular Commission, Monseigneur; I want a Sign-manual before laying it down?' The unreasonable Broglio.

"Belleisle, tormented with rheumatic nerves, and of violent temper at any rate, compresses the immense waste rage that is in him. His answers to Broglio are calm and low-voiced; admirable to Valori. One thing he wished to ascertain definitely: What M. de Broglio's intentions were, and whether he would or would not go to Bavaria and take charge there? If so, he shall have all the Cavalry for escort; Cavalry, unless it be dragoons, will only eat victual in case of siege. No, Broglio will not go with Cavalry; must have those Ten Battalions, must have Sign-manual; won't, in short!" Will stay, then, thinks Belleisle; and one must try to drive him, as men do pigs, covertly and by the rule of contraries, while Prag falls under Siege.

What an outlook for his Most Christian Majesty's service, fatal altogether had not Belleisle been a high man, and willing to undertake pig-driving! * * "Discouragement in the Army is total were it not for Belleisle; anger against Broglio very great. The Officers declare openly, 'We will quit if Broglio continue General! Our commissions were made out in the name of Maréchal de Belleisle' (in the spring of last Year, when he had such levees, more crowded than the King's): 'we are not bound to serve another General.' 'You recognize *me* for your General?' asks Belleisle. 'Yes.' 'Then I bid you obey M. de Broglio so long as he is here.'" * * *

"*June 27th.* The Grand-Duke, Maria Theresa's Husband, come from Vienna to take command-in-chief, joins the Austrian main Army and his Brother Karl this day at Königsaal, one march to the south of Prag. Friedrich being now off their hands, why should not they besiege Prag—capture

[1] Valori, i., 162–166; *Campagnes*, v., 170, 124, &c., &c. [2] Valori, i., 166.

Prag? Under Khevenhüller, with Bärenklau, and the Mentzels, Trencks—poor D'Harcourt merely storing victual—Bavaria lies safe enough. And the Oriflamme caged in Prag—Have at the Oriflamme!

"Prag is begirdled, straitened more and more from this day. Formal Siege to begin so soon 'as the artillery can come up' (which is not for seven weeks yet). "And so, in fine, '*August 17th*, all at once,' furious bombardment bursts out from 36 mortars and above 100 big guns, disposed in batteries around;[1] to which the French, Belleisle's high soul animating every thing, as furiously responded, making continual sallies of a hot, desperate nature; especially, on the fifth day of the siege, one sally" (to be mentioned by-and-by), "which was very famous at Prag and at Paris." * *

Concerning the Italian War which simultaneously went on all along.

War in Italy—the Spanish Termagant very high in her Anti-Pragmatic notions—there had been for eight months past, and it went on fiercely enough, doggedly enough, on both sides, for Six Years more, till 1748, when the general Finis came—War of which we propose to say almost nothing, but must request the reader to imagine it all along as influential on our specific affairs.

The Spanish Termagant wished ardently to have the Milanese and pertinents as an Appanage for her second Infant, Don Philip, a young gentleman who now needs to be provided for, as Don Carlos had once done. "Can not get to be Pope this one, it appears," said the fond Mother (who at one time looked that way for her Infant): "Well, here is the Milanese fallen loose!" Readers know her for a lady of many claims, of illimitable aspirations; and she went very high on the Pragmatic Question. "Headship of the Golden Fleece, Madam; *you* head of it? I say all Austria, German and Italian, is mine!" though she has now magnanimously given up the German part to Kaiser Karl VII., and will be content with the Italian as an Appanage for Don Philip. And so there is War in Italy, and will be—to be imagined by us henceforth.

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 149, 170.

A War in which these Three Elements are noticeable as the chief: *First*, the Sardinian Majesty,[1] who is very anxious himself for Milanese parings and additaments; but, except by skillfully playing off-and-on between the French side and the Austrian, has no chance of getting any. For Spain he is able to fight, and also (on good British Subsidies) against Spain. Element *second* is the British Navy, cruising always between Spain and the Seat of War, rendering supplies by sea impossible—almost impossible. *Third*, the Passes of Savoy—wild Alpine chasms, stone-labyrinths; inexpugnable with a Sardinian Majesty defending, which are the one remaining road for Armies and Supplies out of Spain or France.

Those Savoy Passes are, in fact, the gist of the War—the insoluble problem for Don Philip and the French. By detours, by circuitous effort and happy accident, your troops may occasionally squeeze through; but without one secure road open behind them for supplies and recruitments, what good is it? Battles there are behind the Alps, on what we may call the *stage* itself of this Italian War-theatre; but the grand steady battle is that of France and Don Philip, struggling spasmodically, year after year, to get a road through the *coulisses*, or side scenes, namely, those Savoy Passes. They try it by this Pass and by that; Pass of Demont, Pass of Villa-Franca or Montalban (glorious for France, but futile), Pass of Exilles or Col d'Assiette (again glorious, again futile and fatal); sometimes by the way of Nice itself, and rocky mule-tracks overhanging the sea-edge (British Naval-cannon playing on them), and can by no way do it.

There were fine fightings in the interior too, under Generals of mark; General Browne doing feats, excellent old General-Feldmarschall Traun, of whom we shall hear; Maillebois, Belleisle the Younger, of whom we have heard. There was Battle of Campo-Santo, new battle there (Traun's); there was Battle of Rottofreddo; of Piacenza (doleful to Maillebois), followed by Invasion of Provence, by Revolt of Genoa and

[1] Charles Emanuel, Victor Amadeus's Son (Hübner, t. 293): born 27th April, 1701; lived and reigned till 13th February, 1773 (Orlich, t. 77).

other things, which all readers have now forgotten.' Readers are to imagine this Italian War all along as a fact very loud and real at that time, and continually pulsing over into our German Events (like half-audible thunder below the horizon, into raging thunder above), little as we can afford to say of it here. One small scene from this Italian War—one, or with difficulty two—and, if possible, be silent about all the rest:

Scene, Roads of Cadiz, October, 1741: By what astonishing Artifice this Italian War did at length get begun.

* * "The Spanish Court, that is, Termagant Elizabeth, who rules every body there, being in this humor, was passionate to begin, and stood ready a good while, indignantly champing the bit, before the sad preliminary obstacles could be got over. At Barcelona she had, in the course of last summer, doubly busy ever since Mollwitz time, got into equipment some 15,000 men, but could not by any method get them across, owing to the British Fleets, which hung blockading this place and that; blockading Cadiz especially, where lay her Transport-ships and War-ships at this interesting juncture. Fleury's cunctations were disgusting to the ardent mind; and here now, still more insuperable, are the British Fleets; here—and a pest to him!—is your Admiral Haddock, blockading Cadiz with his Seventy-fours!

"But again, on the other or Pragmatic side there were cunctations. The Sardinian Majesty, Charles Emanuel of Savoy, holding the door of the Alps, was difficult to bargain with in spite of British subsidies; stood out for higher door-fees, a larger slice of the Milanese than could be granted him; had always one ear open for France too; in short, was tedious and capricious, and there seemed no bringing him to the point of drawing sword for her Hungarian Majesty. In the end, he was brought to it by a stroke of British Art—such to the admiring Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind it seemed—equal to any thing we have since heard of on the part of perfidious Albion.

"One day, 'middle of October last,' the Seventy-fours of

[1] Two elaborate works on the subject are said to be instructive to military readers: Buonamici (who was in it, for a while), *De Bello Italico Commentarii* (in Works of Buonamici, Lyon, 1750); and Pezay, *Campagnes de Maillebois* (our Westphalian friend again) *en Italie*, 1745-46 (Paris, 1775).

Haddock and perfidious Albion—Spanish official persons, looking out from Cadiz Light-house, ask themselves, 'Where are they? Vanished from these waters; not a Seventy-four of them to be seen!'—have got foul in the under-works, or otherwise some blunder has happened, and the blockading Fleet of perfidious Albion has had to quit its post, and run to Gibraltar to refit. That, I guess, was the Machiavelian stroke of Art they had done; without investigating Haddock and Company" (as indignant Honorable Members did), "I will wager, That and nothing more!

"In any case, the Termagant, finding no Seventy-fours there, and the wind good, dispatches swiftly her Transports and War-ships to Barcelona; swiftly embarks there her 15,000, France cautiously assisting; and lands them complete 'by the middle of December,' Haddock feebly opposing, on the Genoa coast: 'Have at the Milanese, my men!' which obliges Charles Emanuel to end his cunctations, and rank at once in defense of that Country,[1] lest he get no share of it whatever. And so the game began. Europe admired, with a shudder, the refined stroke of art; for in cunning they equal Beelzebub, those perfidious Islanders, and are always at it; hence their greatness in the world. Imitate them, ye Peoples, if you also would grow great. That is our Gazetteer Evangel, in this late epoch of Man's History." * *

Other Scene, Bay of Naples, 19th–20th August, 1742: *King of Two Sicilies (Baby Carlos that was), having been assisting Mamma, is obliged to become Neutral in the Italian War.*

Readers will transport themselves to the Bay of Naples, and beautiful Vesuvian scenery seen from sea. The English-Spanish War, it would appear, is not quite dead, nor carried on by Jenkins and the Wapping people alone. Here, in this Bay, it blazes out into something of memorability, and gives lively sign of its existence among the other troubles of the world.

"*Sunday, August 19th*, Commodore Martin, who had arrived over-night, appears in the Bay, with due modicum of seventy-fours, 'dursley galleys,' bomb-vessels, on an errand from his Admiral" (one Matthews) "and the Britannic Majesty, much to the astonishment of Naples. Commodore Martin hovers about all morning, and at 4 P.M. drops anchor within shot of

[1] Adelung, ii., 535, 538 (who believes in the "stroke of art"): what kind of "art" it was, learn sufficiently in *Gentleman's Magazine*, &c., of those months!

the place, fearfully near, and therefrom sends ashore a Message: 'That his Sicilian Majesty' (Baby Carlos, our notable old friend, who is said to be a sovereign of merit otherwise) 'has not been neutral in this Italian War, as his engagements bore, but has joined his force to that of the Spaniards, declared enemies of his Britannic Majesty, which rash step his Britannic Majesty hereby requires him to retract, if painful consequences are not at once to ensue!' That is Martin's message, to which he stands doggedly, without variation, in the extreme flutter and multifarious reasoning of the poor Court of Naples: 'Recall your 20,000 men, and keep them recalled,' persists Martin; and furthermore at last, as the reasoning threatens to get lengthy, 'Your answer is required within one hour,' and lays his watch on the Cabin-table.

"The Court, thrown into transcendent tremor, with no resource but either to be burnt or comply, answers within the hour, 'Yes, in all points.' Some eight hours or so of reasoning; deep in the night of Sunday, it is all over; every thing preparing to get signed and sealed; ships making ready to sail again; and on Tuesday at sunrise, there is no Martin there. Martin, to the last topgallant, has vanished clean over the horizon, never to be seen again, though long remembered.[1] One wonders, Were Pipes and Hatchway perhaps there, in Martin's squadron? In what station Commodore Trunnion did then serve in the British Navy? Vanished ghosts of grim mute sea-kings, there is no record of them but what is itself a kind of ghost!—ghost, or symbolical phantasm, from the brain of that Tobias Smollett, an assistant Surgeon who served in the body along with them, his singular value altogether unknown." King Carlos's Neutrality, obtained in this manner, lasted for a year-and-half, a sensible alleviation to her Hungarian Majesty for the time. We here quit the Italian War, leaving it to the reader's fancy on the above terms.

* * * * * * *

The Siege of Prag continues. A grand Sally there.

"*Prag, 22d August.* In the same hours while Martin lay coercing Naples, the Army of the Oriflamme in Prag City was

[1] Tindal's Rapin, xx, 572 (*mis*dates, and is altogether indistinct); *Gentleman's Magazine*, xii., 494: *came* "Sunday morning, 19th August, N.S.;" "anchored about 4 P.M.;" "2 A.M. of 20th" all agreed; King Carlos's *Letter* is *got*, ships prepared for sailing; sail that night, and tomorrow, 21st, are out of sight.

engaged in 'furious sallies'" —readers may divine what that means for Prag and the Oriflamme!

"Prag is begirdled, bombarded from all the Wischerads, Ziscabergs, and Hill environments; every avenue blocked; 'above 60,000 Austrians round it, near 40,000 of them regulars:' a place difficult to defend, but with excellent arrangements for defense on Belleisle's part, and the garrison with its blood up. Garrison makes continual furious sallies, which are eminently successful, say the French Newspapers, but which end, as all sallies do, in returning home again without conquest, except of honor; and on this Wednesday, 22d August, comes out with the greatest sally of all,[1] while Commodore Martin, many a Pipes and Hatchway standing grimly on the watch unknown to us, is steering toward Matthews and the Toulon waters again, the equal sun looking down on all.

"It was about twelve o'clock when this Prag sally, now all in order, broke out, several thousand strong, and all at the white heat, now a constant temperature. Sally almost equal to that Pharsalia of a Sahay, it would seem, concerning which we can spend no word in this brief summary. Fierce fighting, fiery irresistible onslaught; but it went too far; lost all its captured cannon again; and returned only with laurels and a heavy account of killed and wounded, the leader of it being himself carried home in a very bleeding state. 'Oh, the incomparable troops!' cried Paris; cried Voltaire withal (as I gather), and in very high company, in that visit at Aachen. A sally glorious, but useless.

"The Imperial Generals were just sitting down to dinner when it broke out; had intended a Council of War, over their wine, in the Grand-Duke's tent: 'What, won't they let us have our dinner!' cried Prince Karl, in petulant humor, struggling to be mirthful. He rather likes his dinner, this Prince Karl, I am told, and does not object to his wine: otherwise a hearty, talky, free-and-easy Prince—'black, shallow-set eyes, face red, and much marked with small-pox.' Clapping-on his hat, faculties sharpened by hunger and impatience, let him do his best, for several hours to come, till the sally abate and go its ways again—leaving its cannon and trophies. No sally could hope to rout 60,000 men; this furious sally, almost equal to Sahay, had to return home again on the above terms; upon which Prince Karl and the others got

[1] *Campagnes*, vi., 5; *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 173.

some snatch of dinner, and the inexorable pressure of Siege, tightening itself closer and closer, went on as before.

"The eyes of all Europe are turned toward Prag; a big crisis clearly preparing itself there." * * * "France, or aid in France, is some 500 miles away. In D'Harcourt, merely gathering magazines, with his Khevenhüller near, is no help; help not the question there! The garrison of Eger, 100 miles to west of us, across the Mountains, barely mans its own works. Other strong post, or support of any kind in these countries, we have now none. We are 24,000; and of available resource have the Magazines in Prag, and our own right hands.

"The flower of the young Nobility had marched in that Oriflamme, now standing at bay, they and it, in Prag yonder: French honor itself seems shut up there! The thought of it agitates bitterly the days and nights of old Fleury, who is toward ninety now, and always disliked war. The French public, too—we can fancy what a public! The young Nobility in Prag has its spokesmen and spokeswomen at Versailles, whose complaint waxes louder, shriller; the whole world, excited by rumor of those furious sallies, is getting shrill and loud. What can old Fleury do but order Maillebois: 'Leave Dunkirk to its own luck; march immediately for relief of Prag!' And Maillebois is already on march, his various divisions (August 9th-20th) crossing the Rhine, in Düsseldorf Country," of whom we shall hear.

* * "Some time before the actual Bombardment, Fleury, seeing it inevitable, had ordered Belleisle to treat. Belleisle accordingly had an interview, almost two interviews, with Königseck.[1] 'Liberty to march home, and equitable Peace-Negotiations in the rear?' proposed Belleisle. 'Absolute surrender; Prisoners of War!' answered Königseck: 'such is her Hungarian Majesty's positive order and ultimatum.' The high Belleisle responded nothing unpolite; merely some '*Alors, Monsieur*,' and rode back to Prag with a spirit all in white heat, gradually heating all the 24,000 white, and keeping them so.

"In fact, Belleisle, a highflown lion reduced to silence and now standing at bay, much distinguishes himself in this Siege, which, for his sake, is still worth a moment's memory from

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii., 156 ("2d July" the actual interview); ib., 161 (the corollary to it, confirmatory of it, which passed by letters).

mankind. He gathers himself into iron stoicism, into concentration of endeavor; suffers all things, Broglio's domineering, in the first place, as if his own thin skin were that of a rhinoceros, and is prepared to dare all things, like an excellent soldier, like an excellent citizen. He contrives, arranges; leads, covertly drives the domineering Broglio, by rule of contraries or otherwise, according to the nature of the beast; animates all men by his laconic words: by his silences, which are still more emphatic." * * "Séchelles, provident of the future, has laid in immense supplies of indifferent biscuit; beef was not attainable: Belleisle dismounts his 4000 cavalry, all but 400 dragoons; slaughters 150 horses per day, and boils the same by way of butcher's-meat, to keep the soldier in heart. It is his own fare, and Broglio's, to serve as example. At Broglio's quarter there is a kind of ordinary of horse-flesh: Officers come in, silent speed looking through their eyes; cut a morsel of the boiled provender, break a bad biscuit, pour one glass of indifferent wine, and eat, hardly siting the while, in such haste to be at the ramparts again. The 80,000 Townsfolk, except some Jews, are against them to a man. Belleisle cares for every thing: there is strict charge on his soldiers to observe discipline, observe civility to the Townsfolk; there is occasional 'hanging of a Prag Butcher' or so, convicted of spyship, but the minimum of that, we will hope."

Maillebois marches, with an "Army of Redemption" or "of Mathurins" (wittily so called), to relieve Prag; reaches the Bohemian Frontier, joined by the Comte de Saxe; above 50,000 *strong* (August 9th—September 19th).

Maillebois has some 40,000 men; ahead of him, 500 miles of difficult way; rainy season come, days shortening; uncertain staff of bread ("Seckendorf's meal," and what other commissariat there may be): a difficult march, to Amberg Country and the top of the Ober-Pfalz; after which are Mountain passes; Bohemian Forest; and the Event—"Can not be dubious!" thinks France, whatever Maillebois think. Witty Paris, loving its timely joke, calls him Army of Redemption, "*l'Armée des Mathurins*"—a kind of Priests, whose business is commonly in Barbary, about Christian bondage—how sprightly! And yet the enthusiasm was great: young Princes of the Blood longing to be off as volunteers, needing strict prohibi-

tion by the King; upon which, Prince de Conti, gallant young fellow, leaving his wife, his mistress, and miraculously borrowing £2500 for equipments, rushed off furtively by post, and did join, and do his best; was reprimanded, clapped in arrest for three days, but afterward promoted, and came to some distinction in these Wars.[1]

The March goes continually southeast—by Frankfurt, thence toward Nürnberg Country ("be at Fürth September 6th") and the skirts of the Pine-Mountains (*Fichtel-Gebirge*)—Anspach and Baireuth well to your left; and, lastly, in the *Ober-Pfalz* (Upper Palatinate), Town of Amberg there. Before trying the Bohemian Passes you shall have reenforcement. Best part of the "Bavarian Army," now under Comte de Saxe, not under D'Harcourt farther, is to cease collecting victual in the Donau-Iser countries (Deggendorf, north bank of Donau, its head-quarter), and to get on march, circling very wide, not northward, but by the Donau, and even by the *south* bank of it mainly (to avoid the hungry Mountains and their Tolpatcheries), and at Amberg is to join Maillebois. This is a wide-lying game. The great Marlborough used to play such and win, making the wide elements, the times and the spaces, hit with exactitude; but a Maillebois? "He is called by the Parisians '*Vieux Petit-maître* (dandy of sixty,' so to speak); has a poor upturned nose, with baboon-face to match, which he even helps by paint." * * Here is one Scene, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; fact certain, day not given.

Frankfurt, "latter end of August," 1742. "At Frankfurt, his Army having got into the neighborhood"—not into Frankfurt itself, which, as a *Reichs-Stadt*, is sacred from Armies and their marchings—"Maréchal de Maillebois, as in duty bound, waited on the Kaiser to pay his compliments there, on which occasion, we regret to say, Maréchal de Maillebois was not so reverent to the Imperial Majesty as he should have been; angry belike at the Adventure now forced on him, and harassed with many things; seeing in the Imperial Majesty little but an unfortunate Playactor Majesty, who lives in furnished lodgings paid for by France, and gives France and Maillebois an infinite deal of trouble to little purpose. Certain it is, he addressed the Imperial Majesty in the most free-and-easy manner, very much the reverse of being dashed by the sacred Presence; and his Officers in the antechamber, crowding about all day for presentation to the Imperial Maj-

[1] Barbier, ii., 326 (that of Conti, ib., 331); Adelung, &c.

esty, made a noise, and kept up a babble of talk and laughter, as if it had been a messroom instead of the Forecourt of Imperial Majesty, so that Imperial Majesty, barely master of its temper and able to finish without explosion, signified to Maillebois on the morrow that henceforth it would dispense with such visits. Poor Imperial Majesty, a human creature doing Playactorisms of too high a flight, he had the finest Palace in Germany; a wonder to the Great Gustavus long ago; and now he has it not; mere Mentzels and horrent shaggy creatures rule in München and it; and the Imperial quasi-furnished lodgings are respected in this manner?"[1] The wits say of him, "He would be Kaiser or Nothing: see you, he is Kaiser *and* Nothing!"[2] * *

August 19th—September 14th. "Comte de Saxe is on march from Deggendorf, north bank of the Donau, by narrow mountain roads; then crosses the Donau to south bank and a plain country, making large circuit, keeping the River on his right, to meet Maillebois at Amberg; his force some 10 or 12,000 men. Seckendorf, now Bavarian Commander-in-chief, accompanies Saxe with considerable Bavarian force, guess 20,000, 'marching always on the left'—accompanies, but only to Regensburg, to Stadt-am-Hof, a Suburb of Regensburg, where they cross the Donau again." *Suburb* of Regensburg, mark that; Regensburg itself being a Reichs-Stadt, very particularly sacred from War; the very Reichs-*Diet* commonly sitting here, though it has gone to Frankfurt lately, to be with its Kaiser, and out of these continual trumpetings and tumults close by.[3] "At Regensburg, once across, Seckendorf with his Bavarians calls halt; plants himself down in Kelheim, Ingolstadt, and the safe Garrisons thereabouts; calculates that, if Khevenhüller should be called away Prag-ward, there may be a stroke doable in these parts. Saxe marches on, straight northward now, up the Valley of the Naab; obliged to be a good deal on his guard. Mischievous Tolpatcheries and Trencks, ever since he crossed the Donau again, have escorted him to right as close as they durst, dashing out sometimes on

[1] Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften*, ii., 271 (cited in Buchholz, ii., 71). *Campagnes* is silent, usually suppressing scenes of that kind.

[2] "*Aut nihil aut Cæsar, Bavarus Dux esse volebat;*
Et nihil et Cæsar factus utrumque simul." (Barbier, ii., 322.)

[3] Went 10th May, 1742, after three months arguing and protesting on the Austrian part (Adelung, iii., *a*, 102, 138).

the magazines." One of the exploits they had done—take only one—in their road *toward* Saxe a few days ago :

* * "*September 7th*, Trenck, with his Tolpatcheries, had appeared at Cham, a fine trading Town on the hither or neutral side of the mountains" (not in Böhmen, but in Ober-Pfalz, old Kur-Pfalz's country, whom the Austrians hate), "and, summoning and assaulting Cham, over the throat of all law, had, by fire and by massacre, annihilated the same.[1] Fact horrible, nearly incredible, but true, the noise of which is now loud every where. Less lovely individual than this Trenck" (Pandour Trenck, Cousin of the Prussian one) "there was not, since the days of Attila and Genghis, in any War. Blusters abominably, too ; has written" (save the mark !) "an '*Autobiography*,' having happily afterward, in Prison and even in Bedlam, time for such a Work, which is stuffed with sanguinary lies and exaggerations. Unbeautifullest of human souls ; has a face the color of indigo, too ; got it, plundering in an Apothecary's" (in this same country, if I recollect) : "'*Ach Gott*, your Grace, nothing of money here !' said the poor Apothecary, accompanying Colonel Trench with a lighted candle over house and shop. Trenck, noticing one likely thing, snatched the candle, held it nearer ; likely thing proved gunpowder ; and Trenck, till Doomsday, continues deep blue.[2] Soul more worthy of damnation I have seldom known."

"*September 19th* (five days after dropping Seckendorf), Saxe actually gets joined with Maillebois ; not quite at Amberg, but at Vohenstrauss, in that same Sulzbach Country, a forty miles to eastward, or Prag-ward, of Amberg. Maillebois and he conjoined are between 50 and 60,000. They are got now to the Bohemian Boundary, edge of the Bohemian Forest (big *Böhmische Wald*, Mountainous woody Country 70 miles long) ; they are within 50 miles of Pilsen, within 100 of Prag itself, if they can cross the Forest, which may be difficult."

Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke, hearing of Maillebois, go to meet him (September 14*th*) ; *and the Siege of Prag is raised.*

"*September 11th*, the Besieged at Prag notice that the Austrian fire slackens- that the Enemy seems to be taking away his guns. Villages and Farmsteads, far and wide all round, are going up in fire. A joyful symptom : since August

[1] Adelung, iii., *a*, 258 ; *Guerre de Bohème ;* &c.

[2] *Guerre de Bohème.*

13th. Belleisle has known of Maillebois's advent; guesses that the Austrians now know it. *September 14th*, their Firing has quite ceased. Grand-Duke and Prince Karl are off to meet this Maillebois amid the intricate defiles: 'Better meet him there than here;' and on this fourth morning, Belleisle, looking out, perceives that the Siege is raised.[1]

"A blessed change indeed. No enemy here—perhaps some Festititz, with his canaille of Tolpatches, still lingering about—no enemy worth mention. Parties go out freely to investigate; but as to forage? Alas! a Country burnt, Villages black and silent for ten miles round; you pick up here and there a lean steer, welcome amid boiled horse-flesh: you bundle a load or two of neglected grass together for what cavalry remains. The génius of Séchelles, and help from the Saxon side, will be much useful!

"Perhaps the undeniablest advantage of any is this, That Broglio, not now so proud of the situation Prag is in, or led by the rule of contraries, willingly quits Prag: Belleisle will not have to do his function by the medium of pig-driving, but in the direct manner henceforth. 'Give me 6 or 8000 foot, and what of the cavalry have horses still uneaten,' proposes Broglio; 'I will push obliquely toward Eger, which is toward Saxony withal, and opens our food-communications there; I will stretch out a hand to Maillebois across the Mountain Passes, and thus bring a victorious issue!'[2] Belleisle consents: 'Well, since my Broglio will have it so!'—glad to part with my Broglio at any rate—'Adieu, then, M. le Maréchal (and' *sotto-voce*, 'may it be long before we meet again in partnership)!' Broglio marches accordingly ('hand' beautifully held out to Maillebois, but *not* within grasping distance); gets northwestward some 60 miles, as far as Töplitz" (sadly oblique for Eger)—"never farther on that errand."

The Maillebois Army of Redemption can not redeem at all; has to stagger Southward again; and becomes an "Army of Bavaria" under Broglio.

"*September 19th—October 10th.*" Scene is the Eger-Vohenstrauss Country in and about that Bohemian Forest of seventy miles. "For three weeks Maillebois and the Comte de Saxe, trying their utmost, can not, or can not to purpose, get through that Bohemian Wood. Only Three practicable Passes in it, difficult each, and each conducting you toward

[1] Espagnac, i., 145; *Campagnes*, v., 348. [2] Espagnac, i., 170.

mere new difficulties on the farther side, not surmountable except by the determined mind. A gloomy business; a gloomy, difficult region, solitary, hungry; nothing in it but shaggy chasms (and perhaps Tolpatchery lurking), wastes, mountain woodlands, dumb trees, damp brown leaves. Maillebois and Saxe, after survey, shoot leftward to Eger; draw food and re-enforcement from the Garrison there. They do get through the Forest at one Pass, the Pass nearest Eger, but find Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke ranked to receive them on the other side. 'Plunge home upon Prince Karl and the Grand Duke; beat them, with your Broglio to help in the rear?' That possibly was Friedrich's thought as he watched" (now home at Berlin again) "the contemporaneous Theatre of War.

"But that was not the Maillebois-Broglio method; nay, it is said Maillebois was privately forbidden 'to run risks,' Broglio, with his stretched-out hand (12,000 some count him, and, indeed, it is no matter), sits quiet at Töplitz, far too oblique: 'Come, then, come, O Maillebois!' Maillebois—maneuvring Prince Karl aside, or Hunger doing it for him—did once push forward Prag-ward by the Pass of Caaden, which is very oblique to Töplitz—by the Pass of Caaden, down the Eger River, through those Mountains of the Circle of Saatz, past a Castle of Ellenbogen, key of the same; and—'Could have done it' (he said always after), 'had it not been for Comte de Saxe!' Undeniable it is, Saxe, as vanguard, took that Castle of Ellenbogen, and, time being so precious, gave the Tolpatchery dismissal on parole. Undeniable, too, the Tolpatchery, careless of parole, beset Caaden Village thereupon, 4,000 strong; cut off our foreposts at Caaden Village; and—In short, we had to retire from those parts, and prove an Army of Redemption that could not redeem at all!

"Maillebois and Saxe went sulkily down the Naab Valley (having lost say 15,000, not by fighting, but by mud and hardship), and the rapt European Public (shilling-gallery especially) says, with a sneer on its face, 'Pooh! ended then!' Sulkily wending, Maillebois and Saxe (October 30th—November 7th) get across the Donau, safe on the southern bank again; march for the Iser Country and the D'Harcourt Magazines, and become 'Grand Bavarian Army,' usual refuge of the unlucky." * * *

Of Seckendorf in the Interim. "For Belleisle and relief of Prag, Maillebois in person had proved futile; but to Seckendorf, waiting with his Bavarians, the shadow and rumor of

Maillebois had brought famous results—famous for a few weeks. Khevenhüller being called north to help in those anti-Maillebois operations, and only Bärenklau, with about 10,000 Austrians, now remaining in Baiern, Seckendorf, clearly superior (not to speak of that remnant of D'Harcourt people, with their magazines), promptly bestirred himself in the Kelheim-Ingolstadt Country; got on march, and drove the Austrians mostly out of Baiern—out mostly, and without stroke of sword, merely by marching—out for the time. Munchen was evacuated on rumor of Seckendorf (October 4th)—a glad City to see Bärenklau march off. Much was evacuated—the Iser Valley, down partly to the Inn Valley—much was cleared by Seckendorf in these happy circumstances, who sees himself victorious for once, and has his fame in the Gazettes, if it would last. Pretty much without stroke of sword, we say, and merely by marching: in one place, having marched too close, the retreating Bärenklau people turned on him, 'took 100 prisoners' before going;[1] other fighting, in this fine 'Reconquest of Bavaria,' I do not recollect. Winter come, he makes for Maillebois and the Iser Countries; cantons himself on the Upper Inn itself, well in "advance of the French" (Braunau his chief strong-place, if readers care to look on the Map), "and strives to expect a combined siezure of Passau, and considerable things, were Spring come." * *

And of Broglio in the Interim. "As for Broglio, left alone at Töplitz, gazing after futile Maillebois, he sends the better half of his Force back to Prag; other half he establishes at Leitmeritz—good Half-way House to Dresden. 'Will forward Saxon provender to you, M. de Belleisle' (never did, and were all taken prisoners some weeks hence); which settled, Broglio proceeded to the Saxon Court, who answered him, 'Provender? Alas! Monseigneur, we are (to confess it to you!) at Peace with Austria;[2] not an ounce of provender possible; how dare we?' but were otherwise politeness itself to the great Broglio. Great Broglio, after sumptuous entertainments there, takes the road for Baiern, circling grandly ('through Nürnberg with escort of 500 Horse') to Maillebois's new quarters; takes command of the 'Bavarian Army' (may it be lucky for him!), and sends Maillebois home in deep dudgeon,

[1] Espagnac, i. 166.

[2] Treatying ever since "July 17th;" Treaty actually done "11th September" (Adelung, iii., *a*, 201, 268).

to the merciless criticisms of men. 'Could have done it,' persists the *Vieux Petit-maître* always, 'had not'—one knows what, but cares not, at this date!

"Broglio's quarters in the Iser Country, I am told, are fatally too crowded, men perishing at a frightful rate per day.' 'Things all awry here, thanks to that Maillebois and others!' and Broglio's troubles and procedures, as is every where usual to Broglio, run to a great height in this Bavarian Command. And poor Seckendorf, in neighborhood of such a Broglio, has his adoes; eyes sparkling, face blushing slate-color, at times nearly driven out of his wits, but strives to consume his own smoke, and to have hopes on Passau notwithstanding." And of Belleisle in Prag, and his meditations on the Oriflamme—Patience, reader.

Meantime, what a relief to Kaiser Karl, in such wreck of Bohemian Kingdoms and Castles in Spain, to have got his own München and country in hand again, with the prospect of quitting furnished-lodgings, and seeing the color of real money! April next he actually goes to München, where we catch a glimpse of him.[2] This same October, the Reich, after endless debatings on the question, "Help our Kaiser, or not help?"[3] has voted him fifty *Römer-monate* ("Romish-months," still so termed, though there is *not* now any marching of the Kaiser to Rome on business), meaning fifty of the known *quotas*, due from all and sundry in such case, which would amount to about £300,000 (could it, or the half of it, be collected from so wide a Parish), and would prove a sensible relief to the poor man.

Voltaire has been on Visit at Aachen in the interim—his Third Visit to King Friedrich.

King Friedrich had come to the Baths of Aachen August 25th, the Maillebois Army of Redemption being then, to the last man of it, five days across the Rhine on its high errand, which has since proved futile. Friedrich left Aachen, taking

[1] Espagnac, i., 182.

[2] "17th April, 1743," Montijos, &c., accompanying (Adelung, iii., *b*, 119, 120).

[3] Ibid., iii., *a*, 289.

leave of his Voltaire, who had been lodging with him for a week by special invitation, September 9th, and witnessed the later struggles and final inability of Maillebois to redeem, not at Aix, but at Berlin, amid the ordinary course of his employments there. We promised something of Voltaire's new visit, his Third to Friedrich. Here is what little we have, if the lively reader will exert his fancy on it.

Voltaire and his Du Châtelet had been to Cirey, and thence been at Paris through this Spring and Summer, 1742, engaged in what to Voltaire and Paris was a great thing, though a pacific one—the getting of *Mahomet* brought upon the boards. August 9th, precisely while the first vanguard of the Army of Redemption got across the Rhine at Düsseldorf, Voltaire's Tragedy of *Mahomet* came on the stage.

August 9th, 11th, 13th, Paris City was in transports of various kinds; never were such crowds of Audience, lifting a man to the immortal gods, though a part too, majority by count of heads, were dragging him to Tartarus again. "Exquisite, unparalleled!" exclaimed good judges (as Fleury himself had anticipated, on examining the Piece): "Infamous, irreligious, accursed!" vociferously exclaimed the bad judges, Reverend Desfontaines (of Sodom, so Voltaire persists to define him), Reverend Desfontaines and others giving cue; hugely vociferous, these latter, hugely in majority by count of heads. And there was such a bellowing and such a shrieking, judicious Fleury, or Maurepas under him, had to suggest, "Let an actor fall sick; let M. de Voltaire volunteer to withdraw his piece; otherwise—" And so it had to be: Actor fell sick on the 14th (Playbills sorry to retract their *Mahomet* on the 14th); and—in fact, it was not for nine years coming, and after Dedication to the Pope, and other exquisite manœuvres and unexpected turns of fate, that *Mahomet* could be acted a fourth time in Paris, and thereafter *ad libitum* down to this day.[1]

Such a tempest in a teapot is not unexampled, nay, rather is very frequent in that Anarchic Republic called of Letters. Confess, reader, that you too would have needed some patience

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, ii., 137, n.; &c., &c.

in M. de Voltaire's place, with such a Heaven's own Inspiration of a *Mahomet* in your hands, and such a terrestrial Doggery at your heels. Suppose the bitterest of your barking curs were a Reverend Desfontaines of Sodom, whom you yourself had saved from the gibbet once, and again and again from starving? It is positively a great Anarchy, and Fountain of Anarchies, all that, if you will consider; and it will have results under the sun. You can not help it, say you; there is no shutting up of a Reverend Desfontaines, which would be so salutary to himself and to us all? No; and when human reverence (daily going, in such ways) is quite gone from the world, and your lowest blockhead and scoundrel (usually one entity) shall have perfect freedom to spit in the face of your highest sage and hero, what a remarkably Free World shall we be!

Voltaire, keeping good silence as to all this, and minded for Brussels again, receives the King of Prussia's invitation; lays it at his Eminency Fleury's feet; will not accept unless his Eminency and my own king of France (possibly to their advantage, if one might hint such a thing!) will permit it.[1] "By all means; go, and"—The rest is in dumb-show, meaning, "Try to pump him for us!" Under such omens, Voltaire and his divine Émilie return to their Honsbruck Lawsuit: "Silent Brussels, how preferable to Paris and its mad cries!" Voltaire, leaving the divine Émilie at Brussels, September 2d, sets out for Aix—Aix attainable within the day. He is back at Brussels late in the evening, September 9th: how he had fared, and what extent of pumping there was, learn from the following Excerpts, which are all dated the morrow after his return:

Three Letters of Voltaire, dated Brussels, 10th Sept., 1742.

1°. *To Cideville* (the Rouen Advocate, who has sometimes troubled us). * * "I have been to see the King of Prussia since I began this Letter" (beginning of it dates September 1st). "I have courageously resisted his fine proposals. He

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxii., 555 (Letter to Fleury, "Paris, Aug. 22d.")

offers me a beautiful House in Berlin, a pretty Estate; but I prefer my second-floor in Madame du Châtelet's here. He assures me of his favor, of the perfect freedom I should have; and I am running to Paris" (did not just yet run) "to my slavery and persecution. I could fancy myself a small Athenian, refusing the bounties of the King of Persia; with this difference, however, one had liberty" (not slavery) "at Athens: and I am sure there were many Cidevilles there instead of one"—*Hélas*, my Cideville!

2°. *To Marquis D'Argenson* (worthy official Gentleman, *not* War-Minister now or afterward; War-Minister's senior brother —Voltaire's old schoolfellows in the College of Louis le Grand). * * "I have just been to see the King of Prussia in these late days" (in fact, quitted him only yesterday; both of us, after a week together, leaving Aix yesterday): "I have seen him as one seldom sees Kings—much at my ease, in my own room, in the chimney-nook, whither the same man who has gained two Battles would come and talk familiarly, as Scipio did with Terence. You will tell me I am not Terence; true, but neither is he altogether Scipio.

"I learned some extraordinary things"—things not from Friedrich at all; mere dinner-table rumors—about the 16,000 English landing here ("18,000" he calls them, and farther on, "20,000"), with the other 16,000 *plus* 6000 of Hanoverian-Hessian sort, expecting 20,000 Dutch to join them—who perhaps will not? "M. de Neipperg" (Governor of Luxemburg now) "is come hither to Brussels, but brings no Dutch troops with him, as he had hoped"—Dutch perhaps won't rise, after all this flogging and hoisting? "Perhaps we may soon get a useful and glorious Peace, in spite of my Lord Stair, and of M. Van Haren, the Tyrtæus of the States-General" (famed Van Haren, eyes in a fine Dutch frenzy rolling, whose Cause-of-Liberty verses let no man inquire after): "Stair prints Memoirs, Van Haren makes Odes; and with so much prose and so much verse, perhaps their High and Slow Mightinesses" (Excellency Fénélon sleeplessly busy persuading them, and native Gravitation *sleepily* ditto) "will sit quiet. God grant it!

"The English want to attack us on our own soil" (actually Stair's plan), "and we can not pay them in that kind. The match is too unfair! If we kill the whole 20,000 of them, we merely send 20,000 Heretics to—What shall I say?—*à l'Enfer*, and gain nothing; if they kill us, they even feed at our expense in doing it. Better have no quarrels except on Locke

and Newton! The quarrel I have on *Mahomet* is happily only ridiculous." * * Adieu, M. le Marquis.

3°. *To the Cardinal de Fleury.* "Monseigneur," * * "to give your Eminency, as I am bound, some account of my journey to Aix-la-Chapelle." Friedrich's guest there; let us hear, let us look.

"I could not get away from Brussels till the 2d of this month. On the road I met a courier from the King of Prussia, coming to reiterate his Master's orders on me. The King had me lodged near his own Apartment; and he passed, for two consecutive days, four hours at a time in my room, with all that goodness and familiarity which forms, as you know, part of his character, and which does not lower the King's dignity, because one is duly careful not to abuse it" (be careful!). "I had abundant time to speak, with a great deal of freedom, on what your Eminency had prescribed to me, and the King spoke to me with an equal frankness.

"First he asked me If it was true that the French Nation was so angered against him; if the king was, and if you were? I answered"—mildly reprobatory, yet conciliative, "Hm, No, nothing permanent, nothing to speak of." "He then deigned to speak to me, at large, of the reasons which had induced him to be so hasty with the Peace." "Extremely remarkable reasons;" "dare not trust them to this Paper" (Broglio-Belleisle discrepancies, we guess, distracted Broglio procedures)—they have no concern with that Pallandt-Letter Story—"they do not turn on the pretended Secret Negotiations at the Court of Vienna" (which are not pretended at all, as I among others well know), "in regard to which your Eminency has condescended to clear yourself" (by denying the truth, poor Eminency; there was no help otherwise). "All I dare state is that it seems to me easy to lead back the mind of this Sovereign, whom the situation of his Territories, his interest, and his taste would appear to mark as the natural ally of France."

"He said farther," (what may be relied on as true by his Eminency Fleury and my readers here), "That he passionately wished to see Bohemia in the Emperor's hands" (small chance for it, as things now go!); "that he renounced, with the best faith in the world, all claim whatever on Berg and Jülich; and that, in spite of the advantageous proposals which Lord Stair was making him, he thought only of keeping Silesia. That he knew well enough the House of Austria would one day wish to recover that fine Province, but that he trust-

ed he could keep his conquest; that he had at this time 130,000 soldiers always ready; that he would make of Neisse, Glogau, Brieg, fortresses as strong as Wesel" (which he is now diligently doing, and will soon have done); "that, besides, he was well informed the Queen of Hungary already owed 80,000,000 German crowns, which is about 300 millions of our money" (about 12 millions sterling); "that her Provinces, exhausted, and lying wide apart, would not be able to make long efforts; and that the Austrians, for a good while to come, could not of themselves be formidable." Of themselves, no; but with Britannic soup-royal in quantity?

"My Lord Hyndford had spoken to him" as if France were entirely discouraged and done for: How false, Monseigneur! "And Lord Stair, in his letters, represented France a month ago as ready to give in. Lord Stair has not ceased to press his Majesty during this Aix Excursion even;" and, in spite of what your Eminency hears from the Hague, "there was, on the 30th of August, an Englishman at Aix on the part of Milord Stair; and he had speech with the King of Prussia" (*croyez moi!*) "in a little Village called Boschet" (Burtscheid, where are hot wells), "a quarter of a league from Aix. I have been assured, moreover, that the Englishman returned in much discontent. On the other hand, General Schmettau, who was with the King" (elder Schmettau, Graf *Samuel*, who does a great deal of envoying for his Majesty), "sent at that very time to Brussels for Maps of the Moselle and of the Three Bishoprics, and purchased five copies"—means to examine Milord Stair's proposed Seat of War, at any rate. (Here is a pleasant friend to have on visit to you, in the next apartment, with such an eye and such a nose!) * *

"Monseigneur," finely insinuates Voltaire in conclusion, "is not there" a certain Frenchman, true to his Country, to his King, and to your Eminency, with perhaps peculiar facilities for being of use, in such delicate case? "*Je suis*" much your Eminency's.[1]

Friedrich, on the day while Voltaire at Brussels sat so busy writing of him, was at Salzdahl, visiting his Brunswick kindred there, on the road home to his usual affairs. Old Fleury, age ninety gone, died 29th January, 1743, five months and nineteen days after this Letter. War-Minister Breteuil

[1] *Œuvres*, lxxii., p. 568 (to Cideville), p. 579 (D'Argenson), p. 574 (Fleury).

had died January 1st. Here is room for new Ministers and Ministries; for the two D'Argensons, if it could avail their old Schoolfellow, or France, or us, which it can not much.

CHAPTER III.

CARNIVAL PHENOMENA IN WAR-TIME.

READERS were anticipating it—readers have no sympathy; but the sad fact is, Britannic Majesty has *not* got out his sword; this second paroxysm of his proves vain as the first did! Those laggard Dutch, dead to the Cause of Liberty, it is they again. Just as the hour was striking, they—plump down, in spite of magnanimous Stair, into their mud again; can not be hoisted by engineering. And, after all that filling and emptying of water-casks, and pumping and puffing, and straining of every fibre for a twelvemonth past, Britannic Majesty had to sit down again, panting in an Olympian manner, with that expensive long sword of his still sticking in the scabbard.

Tongue can not tell what his poor little Majesty has suffered from those Dutch, checking one's noble rage into mere zero always; making of one's own glorious Army a mere expensive Phantasm! Hanoverian, Hessian, British, 40,000 fighters standing in harness, year after year, at such cost, and not the killing of a French turkey to be had of them in return. Patience, Olympian patience withal! He cantons his troops in the Netherlands Towns; many of the British about Ghent (who consider the provisions and customs none of the best);[1] his Hanoverians, Hessians, farther northward, Hanover way; and, greatly daring, determines to try again next Spring. Carteret himself shall go and flagitate the Dutch. Patience; whip and hoist! What a conclusion, snorts the indignant British Public through its Gazetteers.

"Next year—yes, exclaims one indignant Editor: 'if talking will do business, we shall no doubt perform wonders; for

[1] Letters of Officers, from Ghent (*Westminster Journal*, Oct. 23d, &c.).

we have had as much talking and puffing since February last as during any ten years of the late Administration'"[1] (under poor Walpole, whom you could not enough condemn)! "The Dutch? exclaims another; 'If *we* were a Free People'(F—P—he puts it, joining caution with his rage), '*quære*, Whether Holland would not, at this juncture, come cap in hand to sue for our protection and alliance, instead of making us dance attendance at the Hague?' Yes, indeed; and then the *Case of the Hanover Forces* (fear not, reader; I understand your terror of locked-jaw, and will never mention said *Case* again); but it is singular to the Gazetteer mind that these Hanover Forces are to be paid by England, as appears, Hanover, as if without interest in the matter, paying nothing! Upon which, in covert form of symbolic adumbration, of witty parable, what stinging commentaries, not the first, nor by many thousands the last (very sad reading in our day) on this paltry Hanover Connection altogether: What immensities it has cost poor England, and is like to cost, 'the Lord of the Manor' (great George our King) being the gentleman he is; and how England, or, as it is adumbratively called, 'the Manor of St. James's' is become a mere 'fee-farm to Mumland.' Unendurable to think of. 'Bob Monopoly, the late Tallyman' (adumbrative for Walpole, late Prime Minister), 'was much blamed on this account; and John the Carter' (John Lord Carteret), 'Clerk of the Vestry and present favorite of his Lordship, is not behind Robin in his care for the Manor of *Mumland*'[2] (that contemptible Country, where their very beer is called *mum*), and no remedy within view!"

Retreat from Prag; Army of the Oriflamme, Bohemian Section of it, makes Exit.

"And Belleisle in Prag, left solitary there, with his heroic remnant—gone now to 17,000, the fourth man of them in hospital, with Festititz Tolpatchery hovering round, and Winter and Hunger drawing nigh—what is to become of Belleisle? Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke had attended Maillebois to Bavaria—steadily to left of Maillebois, between Austria and him—and are now busy in the Passau Country, bent on exploding those Seckendorf-Broglio operations and intentions as the chief thing now. Meanwhile they have detached Prince

[1] *The Daily Post*, December 31st (O. S.), 1742.

[2] In *Westminster Journal* (February 12th, N. S., 1743), a long Apologue in this strain.

Lobkowitz to girdle in Belleisle again, for which Lobkowitz (say 20,000, with the Festititz Tolpatchery included) will be easily able. On the march thither he easily picked up (18th–25th November) that new French Post of Leitmeritz (Broglio's fine 'Half-way House to Saxony and Provender'), with its garrison of 2000: the other posts and outposts, one and all, had to hurry home, in fear of a like fate. Beyond the circuit of Prag, isolated in ten miles of burnt country, Belleisle has no resource except what his own head may furnish. The black landscape is getting powdered with snow; one of the grimmest Winters, almost like that of 1740: Belleisle must see what he will do.

"Belleisle knows secretly what he will do. Belleisle has orders to come away from Prag; bring his army off, and the chivalry of France home to their afflicted friends[1]—a thing that would have been so feasible two months ago, while Maillebois was still wriggling in the Pass of Caaden, but which now borders on impossibility, if not reaches into it. As a primary measure, Belleisle keeps those orders of his rigorously secret. Within the Garrison, or on the part of Lobkowitz, there is a far other theory of Belleisle's intentions. Lobkowitz, unable to exist in the black circuit, has retired beyond it, and taken the eastern side of the Moldau as the least ruined, leaving the Tolpatchery, under one Festititz, to caracole round the black horizon on the West. Farther, as the Moldau is rolling ice, and Lobkowitz is afraid of his pontoons, he drags them out high and dry: 'Can be replaced in a day, when wanted.' In a day; yes, thinks Belleisle, but not in less than a day; and proceeds now to the consummation. Detailed Accounts exist, Belleisle's own Account (rapid, exact, loftily modest); here, compressing to the utmost, let us snatch hastily the main features.

"On the 15th of December, 1742, Prag Gates are all shut: Enter if you like, but no outgate. Monseigneur le Maréchal intends to have a grand foraging to-morrow, on the south-western side of Prag. Lobkowitz heard of it in spite of the shut gates; for all Prag is against Belleisle, and does spywork for Lobkowitz. 'Let him forage,' thought Lobkowitz; 'he will not grow rich by what he gathers;' and sat still, leaving his pontoons high and dry. So that Belleisle, on the afternoon of December 16th—between 12 and 14,000 men, near 4000 of them cavalry, with cannon, with provision-wagons, baggage-

[1] *Campagnes*, vi., 244–251; Espagnac, i., 168.

wagons, goods and chattels in mass—has issued through the two Southwestern Gates, and finds himself fairly out of Prag; on the Pilsen road, about nightfall of the short winter day, earth all snow and '*verglas*,' iron glazed; huge olive-colored curtains of the Dusk going down upon the Mountains ahead of him, shutting in a scene wholly grim for Belleisle. Brigadier Chevert, a distinguished and determined man, with some 4000 sick, convalescent, and half able, is left in Prag to man the works; the Maréchal has taken hostages, twenty notabilities of Prag, and neglected no precaution. He means toward Eger; has at least got one march ahead, and will do what is in him, he and every soul of those 14,000. The officers have given their horses for the baggage-wagons, made every sacrifice; the word Homeward kindles a strange fire in all hearts; and the troops, say my French authorities, are unsurpassable. The Maréchal himself, victim of rheumatisms, can not ride at all, but has his light sledge always harnessed, and, at a moment's notice, is present every where. Sleep, during these ten days and nights, he has little.

"Eger is 100 miles off by the shortest Highway: there are two bad highways,, one by Pilsen southerly, one by Karlsbad northerly, with their bridges all broken, infested by Hussars: we strike into a middle combination of country roads, intricate parish lanes, and march zigzag across these frozen wildernesses: we must dodge these Festititz Hussar swarms, and cross the rivers near their springs. Forward! Perhaps some readers, for the high Belleisle's sake, will look out these localities subjoined in the Note, and reduced to spelling.[1] Resting-places in this grim wilderness of his; poor snow-clad Hamlets, with their little hood of human smoke rising through the snow; silent all of them, except for the sound of here and there a flail or crowing cock, but have been awakened from their torpor by this transit of Belleisle. Happily the bogs themselves are iron; deepest bog will bear.

"Festititz tries us twice—very anxious to get Belleisle's

[1] Tachlowitz, Lischon (near Rakonitz), Jechnitz (as if you were for the Pilsen road; then turn as if for the Karlsbad one), Steben (not discoverable, but a *Dispatch* from it—*Campagnes*, v., 280), Chisch, Luditz, Theysing (hereabouts you break off into smaller columns, separate parties and patches, cavalry all ahead, among the Hills), Schönthal *and* Landeck (Belleisle passes Christmas-day at Landeck—*Campagnes*, vii., 10), Einsiedel (*and* by Petschau), Lauterbach, Königswart, *and* likewise by Töpl, Sandau, Treunitz (that is, into Eger from two sides).

Army-chests or money ; we give him torrents of sharp shot instead. Festititz, these two chief times, we pepper rapidly into the Hills again ; he is reduced to hang prancing on our flanks and rear. Men bivouac over fires of turf, amid snow, amid frost ; tear down, how greedily, any wood-work for fire. Leave a trumpet to beg quarter for the frozen and speechless, which is little respected : they are lugged in carts, stripped by the savageries, and cruelly used. There were first extensive plains, then boggy passes, intricate mountains ; bog and rock ; snow and *verglas*. On the 26th, after indescribable endeavors, we get into Eger, some 1300 (about one in ten) left frozen in the wildernesses ; and half the Army falling ill at Eger, of swollen limbs, sore throats, and other fataler diseases, fatal then or soon after. Chevert, at Prag, refused summons from Prince Lobkowitz : 'No, *mon Prince*, not by any means. We will die, every man of us, first ; and we will burn Prag withal !' So that Lobkowitz had to consent to every thing, and escort Chevert to Eger, with bag and baggage, Lobkowitz furnishing the wagons.

"Comparable to the Retreat of Xenophon, cry many. Every Retreat is compared to that. A valiant feat, after all exaggerations. A thing well done, say military men ; 'nothing to object, except that the troops were so ruined ;' and the most unmilitary may see it is the work of a high and gallant kind of man. One of the coldest expeditions ever known. There have been three expeditions or retreats of this kind which were very cold : that of those Swedes in the Great Elector's time (not to mention that of Karl XII.'s Army out of Norway, after poor Karl XII. got shot) ; that of Napoleon from Moscow ; this of Belleisle, which is the only one brilliantly conducted, and not ending in rout and annihilation.

"The troops rest in Eger for a week or two, then homeward through the Ober-Pfalz—'go all across the Rhine at Speyer' (5th February next), the Bohemian Section of the Oriflamme making exit in this manner. Not quite the eighth man of them left ; five-eighths are dead ; and there are about 12,000 prisoners, gone to Hungary, who ran mostly to the Turks, such treatment had they, and were not heard of again."[1] Ah ! Belleisle, Belleisle !

[1] *Guerre de Bohême*, ii., 221 (for this last fact). *Ib.*, 204, and Espagnac, i. 176 (for particulars of the Retreat) ; and, still better, Belleisle's own Dispatch and Private Letter (Eger, 2d January and 6th January, 1743), in *Campagnes*, vii., 1–21.

The Army of the Oriflamme gets home in this sad manner, Germany not cut in Four at all. "Implacable Austrian badgers," as we called them, "gloomily indignant bears," how have they served this fine French hunting-pack; and from hunted are become hunters, very dangerous to contemplate! At Frankfurt, Belleisle, for his own part, pauses; can not, in this entirely down-broken state of body, serve his Majesty farther in the military business; will do some needful diplomatics with the Kaiser, and retire home to Government of Metz, till his worn-out health recover itself a little.

A Glance at Vienna, and then at Berlin.

Prince Karl had been busy upon Braunau (the *Bavarian* Braunau, not the *Bohemian* or another, Seckendorf's chief post on the Inn); had furiously bombarded Braunau with red-hot balls for some days,[1] intent to explode the Seckendorf-Broglio projects before winter quite came. Seckendorf, in a fine frenzy, calls to Broglio, "Help!" and again calls; both Kaiser and he, *crescendo* to a high pitch, before Broglio will come. "Relieve Braunau? Well; but no fighting farther, mark you!" answers Broglio, to the disgust of Kaiser and Seckendorf, who were eager for a combined movement and hearty attack on Prince Karl, with perhaps capture of Passau itself. At sight of Broglio and Seckendorf combined Prince Karl did at once withdraw from Braunau, but as to attacking him, "*Non; mille fois, non!*" answered Broglio, disdainfully bellowing. First grand quarrel of Broglio and Seckendorf—by no means their last. Prince Karl put his men in winter-quarters in those Passau regions, postponing the explosion of the Broglio-Seckendorf projects till Spring, and returned to Vienna for the Winter gayeties and businesses there. How the high Maria Theresa is contented I do not hear; readers may take this Note, which is authentic, though vague, and straggling over wide spaces of time still future.

"Does her Majesty still think of 'taking the command of her Armies on herself,' high Amazon that she is!" Has not

[1] 2d–10th December (Espagnac, i., 171).

yet thought of that, I should guess. "At one time she did seriously think of it, says a good witness, which is noteworthy.[1] Her Husband has been with the Armies once, twice, but never to much purpose (Brother Karl doing the work, if work were done); and this is about the last time, or the last but one, this in Winter 1742. She loves her Husband thoroughly all along, but gives him no share in business, finding he understands nothing except Banking. It is certain she chiefly was the reformer of her Army" in years coming; "she, athwart many impediments. An ardent rider, often on horseback, at paces furiously swift; her beautiful face tanned by the weather. Very devout too; honest to the bone, athwart all her prejudices. Since our own Elizabeth, no Woman, and hardly above one Man, is worth being named beside her as a Sovereign Ruler: she is 'a living contradiction of the Salic Law,' say her admirers. Depends on England for money. All hearts and right-hands in Austria are hers. The loss of Schlesien, pure highway robbery, thrice-doleful loss and disgrace, rankles incurable in the noble heart, pious to its Fathers withal, and to their Heritages in the world, we shall see with what issues, for the next twenty years, to that '*böse Mann*,' unpardonably 'wicked man' of Brandenburg. And, indeed, to the end of her life, she never could get over it. To the last, they say, if a Stranger, getting audience, were graciously asked, 'From what Country, then?' and should answer, 'Schlesien, your Majesty!' she would burst into tears. 'Patience, high Madam!' urges the Britannic Majesty; 'Patience; may not there be compensation, if we hunt well?'" Austrian bears, implacable badgers, with Britannic mastiffs helping, now that the Belleisle Pack is down!

At Berlin it was gay Carnival while those tragedies went on: Friedrich was opening his Opera-House, enjoying the first ballets, while Belleisle filed out of Prag that gloomy evening. Our poor Kaiser will not "retain Bohemia," then; how far from it? The thing is not comfortable to Friedrich; but what help?

This is the gayest Carnival yet seen in Berlin, this immedi-

[1] Podewils, *Der Wiener Hof* (Court of Vienna, in the years 1746, 1747, and 1748; a curious set of *Reports* for Friedrich's information, by Podewils, his Minister there); printed under that Title "by the Imperial Academy of Sciences" (Wien, 1850); may be worth alluding to again, if chance offer.

ately following the Peace; every body saying to himself and others, "*Gaudeamus*, What a Season!" Not that, in the present hurry of affairs, I can dwell on operas, assemblies, balls, sledge-parties, or, indeed, have the least word to say on such matters beyond suggesting them to the imagination of readers. The operas, the carnival gayeties, the intricate considerations and diplomacies of this Winter, at Berlin and elsewhere, may be figured; but here is one little speck, also from the Archives, which is worth saving. Princess Ulrique is in her twenty-third year, Princess Amelia in her twentieth; beautiful clever creatures both, Ulrique the more staid of the two. "Never saw so gay a Carnival," said every body; and in the height of it, with all manner of gayeties going on, think where the dainty little shoes have been pinching!

Princesses Ulrique and Amelia to the King.

Berlin, "1st March, 1743.

"My dearest Brother,—I know not if it is not too bold to trouble your Majesty on private affairs; but the great confidence which my Sister" (Amelia) "and I have in your kindness encourages us to lay before you a sincere avowal as to the state of our bits of finances (*nos petites finances*), which are a good deal deranged just now; the revenues having, for two years and a half past, been rather small, amounting to only 400 crowns (£60) a year, which could not be made to cover all the little expenses required in the adjustments of ladies. This circumstance, added to our card-playing, though small, which we could not dispense with, has led us into debts. Mine amount to £225 (1500 crowns), my Sister's to £270 (1800 crowns).

"We have not spoken of it to the Queen-Mother, though we are well sure she would have tried to assist us; but as that could not have been done without some inconvenience to her, and she would have retrenched in some of her own little entertainments, I thought we should do better to apply direct to Your Majesty, being persuaded you would have taken it amiss had we deprived the Queen of her smallest pleasure, and especially as we consider you, my dear Brother, the Father of the Family, and hope you will be so gracious as help us. We shall never forget the kind acts of Your Majesty; and we beg you to be persuaded of the perfect and tender

attachment with which we are proud to be all our lives, your Majesty's most humble and most obedient Sisters and Servants, LOUISE-ULRIQUE ; ANNE-AMÉLIE."
(which latter adds anxiously as Postscript, Ulrique having written hitherto),
"P. S.—I most humbly beg Your Majesty not to speak of this to the Queen-Mother, as perhaps she would not approve of the step we are now taking."[1]

Poor little souls, bankruptcy just imminent! I have no doubt Friedrich came handsomely forward on this grave occasion, though Dryasdust has not the grace to give me the least information. "Frederick Baron Trenck," loud-sounding Phantasm once famous in the world, now gone to the Nurseries as mythical, was of this Carnival 1742–3, and of the next, and *not* of the next again—a tall actuality in that time, swaggering about in sumptuous Lifeguard uniform in his messrooms and assembly-rooms—much in love with himself, the fool! And I rather think, in spite of his dog insinuations, neither Princess had heard of him till twenty years hence, in a very different phasis of his life, the empty, noisy, quasi-tragic fellow; sounds throughout quasi-tragically, like an empty barrel, well-built, longing to be *filled*. And it is scandalously false what loud Trenck insinuates, what stupid Thiébault (always stupid, incorrect, and the prey of stupidities) confirms as to this matter, fit only for the Nurseries till it cease altogether.

Voltaire, at Paris, is made immortal by a Kiss.

Voltaire and the divine Émilie are home to Cirey again; that of Brussels, with the Royal Aachen Excursion, has been only an interlude. They returned by slow stages, visit after visit, in October last, some slake occurring, I suppose, in that interminable Honsbruck Lawsuit, and much business, not to speak of ennui, urging them back. They are now latterly in Paris itself, safe in their own "little palace (*petit palais*) at the point of the Isle;" little jewel of a house on the Isle St. Louis, which they are warming again after long absence in Brussels

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., i., 387.

and the barbarous countries. They have returned hither on sufferance, on good behavior ; multitudes of small interests, small to us, great to them—death of old Fleury, hopeful changes of Ministry, not to speak of theatricals and the like—giving opportunity and invitation. Madame, we observe, is marrying her Daughter ; the happy man a Duke of Montenero, ill-built Neapolitan, complexion rhubarb, and face consisting much of nose.[1] Madame never wants for business ; business enough, were it only in the way of shopping, visiting, consulting lawyers, doing the Pure Sciences.

As to Voltaire, he has, as usual, Plays to get acted—if he can. *Mahomet*, no ; *Mort de César*, yes *or* no ; for the Authorities are shy, in spite of the Public. One Play Voltaire did get acted with a success—think of it, reader !—the exquisite Tragedy *Mérope*, perhaps now hardly known to you, of which you shall hear anon.

But Plays are not all. Old Fleury being dead, there is again a Vacancy in the Academy ; place among the sacred Forty—vacant for Voltaire, if he can get it. Voltaire attaches endless importance to this place ; beautiful as a feather in one's cap ; useful also to the solitary Ishmael of Literature, who will now, in a certain sense, have Thirty-nine Comrades, and at least one fixed House of Call in this world. In fine, nothing can be more ardent than the wish of M. de Voltaire for these supreme felicities. To be of the Forty, to get his Plays acted—oh, then were the Saturnian Kingdom come ; and a man might sing *Io triumphe*, and take his ease in the Creation more or less ! Stealthily, as if on shoes of felt—as if on paws of velvet, with eyes luminous, tail bushy—he walks warily, all energies compressively summoned, toward that high goal. Hush ! steady ! May you soon catch that bit of savory red-herring, then, worthiest of the human feline tribe ! As to the Play *Mérope*, here is the notable passage :

" *Paris, Wednesday, 20th February*, 1743. First night of *Mérope*, which raised the Paris Public into transports, so that they knew not what to do to express their feelings. 'Author!

[1] Letter of Voltaire, in *Œuvres*, lxxiii., 24.

M. de Voltaire! Author!' shouted they, summoning the Author, what is now so common, but was then an unheard-of originality. 'Author! Author!' Author, poor blushing creature, lay squatted somewhere, and durst not come; was ferreted out; produced in the Lady Villars's Box—Dowager *Maréchale de Villars*, and her Son's Wife, *Duchesse de Villars*, being there, known friends of Voltaire's. Between these Two he stands ducking some kind of bow, uncertain, embarrassed what to do, with a Theatre all in rapturous delirium round him—uncertain it too, but not embarrassed. 'Kiss him! *Madame la Duchesse de Villars, embrassez Voltaire!*' Yes, kiss him, fair Duchess, in the name of France! shout all mortals; and the younger Lady has to do it; does it with a charming grace, urged by Madame la Maréchale, her mother-in-law.[1] Ah! and Madame la Maréchale was herself an old love of Voltaire's, who had been entirely unkind to him!

"Thus are you made immortal by a Kiss, and have not your choice of the Kiss, Fate having chosen for you. The younger Lady was a Daughter of Maréchal de Noailles" (our fine old Maréchal, gone to the Wars against his Britannic Majesty in those very weeks); "infinitely clever (*infiniment d'esprit*); beautiful too, I understand, though toward forty; hangs to the human memory slightly, but indissolubly, ever since that Wednesday Night of 1743."

Old Maréchal de Noailles is to the Wars, we said; it is in a world all twinkling with watch-fires, and raked coals of War, that these fine Carnival things go on. Noailles is 70,000 strong; posted in the Rhine Countries, middle and upper Rhine; vigilantly patrolling about, to support those staggering Bavarian Affairs, especially to give account of his Britannic Majesty. Britannic Majesty is thought to have got the Dutch hoisted after all; to have his sword *out;* and, ere long, does actually get on march, up the Rhine hitherward, as is too evident to Noailles, to the Kaiser, and every body!

[1] Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), *Vie de Voltaire*, p. 128; Voltaire himself, *Œuvres*, ii., 142; Barbier, ii., 358.

CHAPTER IV.

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS MOUNT TO A DANGEROUS HEIGHT.

LED by fond hopes, and driven also by that sad fear of a Visit from his Britannic Majesty, the poor Kaiser, in the rear of those late Seckendorf successes, quitted Frankfurt April 17th, and the second day after got to München. Saw himself in München again after a space of more than two years, "all ranks of people crowding out to welcome him," the joy of all people, for themselves and for him, being very great. Next day he drove out to Nymphenburg; saw the Pandour devastations there; might have seen the window where the rugged old Unertl set up his ladder: "For God's sake, your Serenity, have nothing to do with those French!" and did not want for sorrowful comparisons of past and present.

It was remarked, he quitted München in a day or two, preferring Country Palaces still unruined—for example, Wolnzach, a Schloss he has some fifty miles off, down the Iser Valley, not far from the little Town of Mosburg, which, at any rate, is among the Broglio-Seckendorf posts, and convenient for business. Broglio and Seckendorf lie dotted all about, from Braunau up to Ingolstadt and farther, chiefly in the Iser and Inn Valleys, but on the north side of the Donau too, over an area say of 2000 square miles; Seckendorf preaching incessantly to Broglio, what is sun-clear to all eyes but Broglio's, "Let us concentrate, M. le Maréchal; let us march and attack! If Prince Karl come upon us in this scattered posture, what are we to do?" Broglio continuing deaf; Broglio answering—in a way to drive one frantic.

The Kaiser himself takes Broglio in hand; has a scene with Broglio, which, to readers that study it, may be symbolical of much that is gone and that is coming. It fell "about the middle of May" (prior to May 17th, as readers will guess before long); and here, according to report, was the somewhat explosive finale it had. Prince Conti, the same who ran to join

Maillebois, and has proved a gallant fellow and got command of a Division, attends Broglio in this important interview at Wolnzach:

Schloss of Wolnzach, May, 1743. * * "The Kaiser pressed, in the most emphatic manner, That the Two Armies" (French and Bavarian) "should collect and unite for immediate action; to which Broglio declared he could by no means assent, not having any order from Paris of that tenor. The Kaiser thereupon: 'I give you my order for it; I, by the Most Christian King's appointment, am Commander-in-Chief of your Army as of my own, and I now order you;' taking out his Patent, and spreading it before Broglio with the sign-manual visible. Broglio knew the Patent very well, but answered 'That he could not, for all that, follow the wish of his Imperial Majesty; that he, Broglio, had later orders, and must obey them.' Upon which the Imperial Majesty, nature irrepressibly asserting itself, towered into Olympian height; flung his Patent on the table, telling Conti and Broglio, 'You can send that back, then; Patents like that are of no service to me,' and quitted them in a blaze."[1]

The indisputable fact is, Prince Karl is at the door; nay, he has beaten-in the door in a frightful manner, and has Braunau, key of the Inn, again under siege. Not we getting Passau; it is he getting Braunau! A week ago (9th May), his vanguard, on the sudden, cut to pieces our poor Bavarian 8000 and their poor Minuzzi, who were covering Braunau, and has ended him and them—Minuzzi himself prisoner, not to be heard of or beaten more—and is battering Braunau ever since. That is the sad fact, whatever the theory may have been. Prince Karl is rolling in from the east; Lobkowitz (Prag now ended) is advancing from the northward, Khevenhüller from the Salzburg southern quarter: Is it in a sprinkle of disconnected fractions that you will wait Prince Karl? The question of uniting and advancing ought to be a simple one for Broglio. Take this other symbolic passage, of nearly the same date, posterior, as we guessed, to that Interview at Wolnzach:

[1] Adelung, iii., *b*, 150; cites *Etats Politique* (Annual Register of those times), xiii., 16. Nothing of this scene in *Campagnes*, which is officially careful to suppress the like of this.

"*Dingelfingen*, 17*th May*, 1743. At Dingelfingen, on the Iser, a strongish central post of the French, about fifty miles farther down than that Schloss of Wolnzach, there is a second argument, much corroborative of the Kaiser's reasoning. About sunrise of the 17th, the Austrians, in sufficient force, chiefly of Pandours, appeared on the heights to the south: they had been foreseen the night before; but the French covering General, luckier than Minuzzi, did not wait for them; only warned Dingelfingen, and withdrew across the River, to wait there on the safe left bank. Leader of the Austrians was one Leopold Graf von Daun, active man of thirty-five, already of good rank, who will be much heard of afterward; Commandant in Dingelfingen is a Brigadier Du Châtelet, Marquis du Châtelet-Lamont, whom—after search (in the interest of some idle readers) I discover to be no other than the Husband of a certain Algebraic Lady! Identity made out, mark what a pass he is at. Count Daun comes on in a tempest of furious fire; 'very heavy,' they say, from great guns and small, till close upon the place, when he summons Du Châtelet: 'No;' and thereupon attempts scalade. Can not scalade, Du Châtelet and his people being mettlesome; takes then to flinging shells, to burning the surburbs; Town itself catches fire—Town plainly indefensible. 'Truce for one hour' proposes Du Châtelet (wishful to consult the covering General across the River). 'No,' answers Daun. So that Du Châtelet has to jumble and wriggle himself out of the place; courageous to the last, but not in a very Parthian fashion—great difficulty to get his bridge ruined (very partially ruined) behind him—and joins the covering General in a flustery, singed condition: Were not pursued farther by Daun; and Prince Conti, Head General in those parts, called it a fine defense on examining."[2] Espagnac continues:

"On the 19th," after one rest-day, "Graf von Daun set out for Landau" (still on the Iser, farther down; Baiern has *its* 'Landau' too, and its 'Landshut,' both on this River), "to seize Landau, which is another French place of strength. The Garrison defended themselves for some time, after which they retired over the River" (left bank, or wrong side of the Iser, they too), "and set fire to the Bridge behind them. The fire of the Bridge caught the Town, Pandours helping it, as our people said, and Landau also was reduced to ashes." Poor Landau, poor Dingelfingen, they can not have the benefit of

[2] *Campagnes*, viii., 239; Espagnac, i., 187; Hormayr, iv., 82, 85.

Louis XV.'s talent for governing Germany quite gratis, it would appear!

But where are the divine Émilie and Voltaire that morning, while the Brigadier is in such taking? Sitting safe in "that dainty little palace of Madame's (*petit palais*) at the point of the Isle de St. Louis," intent on quite other adventures; disgusted with the slavish Forty and their methods of Election (of which by-and-by); and little thinking of M. le Brigadier and the dangers of war. Prince de Conti praised the Brigadier's defense; but very soon, alas!—

Deggendorf, 27th May. "Prince de Conti, at Deggendorf" (other or north bank of the Donau, Head-quarters of Conti, which was thought to be well secured by batteries and defenses, on the steep heights to landward), "was himself suddenly attacked the tenth day hence, 'May 27th, at daybreak,' in a still more furious manner, and was tumbled out of Deggendorf amid whirlwinds of fire, in very flamy condition indeed. The Austrians, playing on us from the uplands with their heavy artillery, made a breach in our outmost battery: 'Not tenable!' exclaimed the Captain there: 'This way, my men!' and withdrew like a shot, he and party, sliding down the steep face of the mountain" (feet foremost, I hope), "home to Deggendorf in this peculiar manner, leaving the *Austrians* to manage his guns. Our two lower batteries, ruled by this upper one, had now to be abandoned; and Conti ran, Bridge of the Town-ditch breaking under him; baggages, even to his own portmanteaus, all lost; and had a neck-and-neck race of it in getting to his Donau-Bridge, and across to the safe side. With loss of every thing, we say, personal baggage all included, which latter item Prince Karl politely returned him next day."[1]

Broglio, with Prince Karl in his bowels going at such a rate, may judge now whether it was wise to lie in that loose posture, scattered over two thousand square miles, and snort on his judicious Seckendorf's advices and urgencies as he did! Readers anticipate the issue, and shall not be wearied farther with detail. There are, as we said, Three Austrian Armies

[1] Espagnac, p. 188.

pressing on this luckless Bavaria and its French Protectors: Khevenhüller, from Salzburg and the southern quarter, pushing-in his Dauns; Lobkowitz, hanging over us from the Ober-Pfalz (Naab-River Country) on the north; and Prince Karl, on one or sometimes on both sides of the Donau, pricking sharply into the rear of us, saying, by bayonets, burnt bridges, bomb-shells, "Off; swift; it will be better for you!" And Broglio has lost head, a mere whirlwind of flaming gases; and your ablest Comte de Saxe in such position, what can he do? Broglio writes to Versailles that there will be no continuing in Bavaria; that he recommends an order to march homeward—much to the surprise of Versailles.

"The Court of Versailles was much astonished at the message it got from Broglio; Court of Versailles had always calculated that Broglio could keep Bavaria, and had gone into extensive measures for maintaining him there. Experienced old Maréchal de Noailles has a new French Army, 70,000 or more, assembled in the Upper Rhine for that and the cognate objects" (of whom, more specially, anon): "Noailles, by order from Court, has detached 12,000, who are now marching their best to re-enforce Broglio: and, indeed, the Court 'had already appointed the Generals and Staff-Officers for Broglio's Bavarian Army,' and gratified many men by promotions, which now went to smoke!'[1]

"Versailles, however, has to expedite the order: 'Come home, then.' Order or no order, Broglio's posts are all crackling off again, bursting aloft like a chain of powder-mines; Broglio is plunging head foremost toward Donauwörth, toward Ingolstadt, his place of arms; Seckendorf now welcome to join him, but unable to do any thing when joined. Blustering Broglio has no steadfastness of mind; explodes like an inflammable body in this crackling-off of the posts, and becomes a mere whirlwind of flaming gases. Old snuffling Seckendorf, born to ill success in his old days, strong only in caution, how is he to quench or stay this crackling of the posts? Broglio blusters, reproaches, bullies; Seckendorf quarrels with him outright, as he may well do: *Jarni-bleu*, such a delirious whirlwind of a Maréchal: mere bickering flames and soot!' and looks out chiefly to keep his own skin and that of his poor Bavarians whole.

[1] Espagnac, i., 190.

"The unhappy Kaiser has run from München again to Augsburg for some brief shelter; can not stay there either, in the circumstances. Will he have to hurry back to Frankfurt, to bankruptcy and furnished lodgings—nay, to the Britannic Majesty's tender mercies, whose Army is now actually there? Those indignant prophesyings to Broglio at the Schloss of Wolnzach have so soon come true! And Broglio and the French are—what a staff to lean upon! Enough, the poor Kaiser, after doleful 'Council of War held at Augsburg June 25th,' does on the morrow make off for Frankfurt again—whither else? Britannic Majesty's intentions, friends tell him, friend Wilhelm of Hessen tells him, are magnanimous; eager for Peace to Teutschland; hostile only to the French. Poor Karl took the road June 26th, and will find news on his arrival, or before it.

"On which same day, 26th of June, as it chances, Broglio too has made his packages; left a garrison in Ingolstadt, garrison in Eger, and is ferrying across at Donauwörth—will see the Marlborough Schellenberg as he passes—in full speed for the Rhine Countries, and the finis of this bad Business.[1] On the road, I believe at Donauwörth itself, Noailles's 12,000, little foreseeing these retrograde events, met Broglio: 'Right about, you too,' orders Broglio; and speeds Rhine-ward not the less. And the same day of that ferrying at Donauwörth, and of the Kaiser's setting out for Frankfurt, Seckendorf—at Nieder-Schönfeld" (an old Monastery near the Town of Rain, in those parts), "the Kaiser being now safe away—is making terms for himself with Khevenhüller and Prince Karl: 'Will lie quiet as mere *Reichs*-Army, almost as Troops of the Swabian Circle, over at Wembdingen there, in said Circle, and be strictly neutral, if we can but get lived at all!'[2] Seckendorf concludes on the morrow, 27th June, which is elsewhere a memorable Day of Battle, as will be seen.

"Broglio marched in Five Divisions" (Du Châtelet in the Second Division, poor soul! which was led by Comte de Saxe)[3]—"always in Five Divisions, swiftly, half a march apart, through the Würtemberg Country; lost much baggage, many stragglers; Tolpatcheries in multitude continually pricking at the skirts of him; Prince Karl following steadily, Rhineward also, a few marches behind. Here are omens to return with! 'But have you seen a retreat better managed?' thinks Broglio to himself:" that is one consoling circumstance.

[1] Adelung, iii., *b*, 152. [2] Ibid, iii., *b*, 153. [3] Espagnac, i., 198.

In this manner, then, has the Problem of Bavaria solved itself. Hungarian Majesty, in these weeks, was getting crowned in Prag—"Queen of Bohemia, I, not you, in the sight of Heaven and of Earth!"[1]—and was purifying her Bohemia, with some rigor (it is said), from foreign defacements, treasonous compliances and the like, which there had been. To see your Bavarian Kaiser, false King of Bohemia, your Broglio with his French, and the Bohemian-Bavarian Question in whole, all rolling Rhine-ward at their swiftest, with Prince Karl sticking in the skirts of them—what a satisfaction to that high Lady!

Britannic Majesty, with Sword actually drawn, has marched meanwhile to the Frankfurt Countries as "Pragmatic Army," ready for Battle and Treaty alike.

Add to which fine set of results, simultaneously with them, His Britannic Majesty, third effort successful, has got his sword drawn, fairly out at last, and in the air is making horrid circles with it ever since March last; nay, does, he flatters himself, a very considerable slash with it in this current month of June, of which, though loth, we must now take some notice.

The fact is, though Stair could not hoist the Dutch, and our double-quick Britannic heroism had to drop dead in consequence, Carteret has done it. Carteret himself rushed over in that crisis, a fiery emphatic man and chief minister[2]—"eager to please his Master's humor!" said enemies. Yes, doubtless; but acting on his own turbid belief withal (says fact), and revolving big thoughts in his head about bringing Friedrich over to the Cause of Liberty, giving French Ambition a lesson for once, and the like—Carteret strongly pulleying, "All hands heave-oh!"—and, no doubt, those Maillebois-Broglio events from Prag assisting him—did bring the High Mightinesses to their legs; still in a staggering, splay-

[1] Crowned, 12th May, 1743 (Adelung, iii., *b*, 128); "news of Prince Karl's having taken Braunau" (incipiency of all these successes) "had reached her that very morning."

[2] Arrived at the Hague "5th October, 1742" (Adelung, iii., *a*, 294).

footed posture, but trying to steady themselves—that is to say, the High Mightinesses did agree to go with us in the Cause of Liberty ; will now pay actual Subsidies to her Hungarian Majesty (at the rate of two for our three) ; and will add, so soon as humanly possible, 20,000 men to those wind-bound 40,000 of ours, which latter shall now therefore, at once, as "Pragmatic Army" (that is the term fixed on), get on march Frankfurt way, and strike home upon the French and other enemies of Pragmatic Sanction. This is what Noailles has been looking for this good while, and diligently adjusting himself, in those Middle-Rhine Countries, to give account of.

Pragmatic Army lifted itself accordingly—Stair, and the most of his English, from Ghent, where the wearisome Head-quarters had been ; Hanoverians, Hessians, from we will forget where ; and in various streaks and streams, certain Austrians from Luxemburg (with our old friend Neipperg in company) having joined them, are flowing Rhine-ward ever since March 1st.[1] They cross the Rhine at three suitable points, whence, by the north bank, home upon Frankfurt Country and the Noailles-Broglio operations in those parts. The English crossed "at Neuwied in the end of April" (if any body is curious), "Lord Stair in person superintending them." Lord Stair has been much about, and a most busy person—General-in-Chief of the Pragmatic Army till his Britannic Majesty arrive—Generalissimo Lord Stair ; and there is General Clayton, General Ligonier, "General Heywood left with the Reserve at Brussels ;" and, from the ashes of the Old Newspapers, the main stages and particulars of this surprising Expedition (England marching as Pragmatic Army into distant parts) can be riddled out, though they require mostly to be flung in again. Shocking weather on the march —mere Boreas and icy tempests ; snow in some places two feet deep ; Rhine much swollen when we come to it.

The Austrian Chief General, who lies about Wiesbaden, and consults with Stair while the English are crossing, is Duke D'Ahremberg (Father of the Prince de Ligne, or "Prince

[1] "February 18th," O.S. (Old Newspapers).

of Coxcombs" as some call him): little or nothing of military skill in D'Ahremberg; but Neipperg is thought to have given much counsel, such as it was. With the Hessians there was some difficulty; hesitation on Landgraf Wilhelm's part, who pities the poor Kaiser, and would fain see him back at Frankfurt, and awaken the Britannic magnanimities for him. "To Frankfurt, say you? We can not fight against the Kaiser!" and they had to be left behind for some time; but at length did come on, though late for business, as it chanced. General of these Hessians is Prince George of Hessen, worthy stout gentleman whom Wilhelmina met at the Frankfurt Gayeties lately. George's elder Brother Wilhelm is Manager, or Vice-Landgraf, this long while back, and in seven or eight years hence became, as had been expected, actual Landgraf (old King of Sweden dying childless), of which Wilhelm we shall have to hear at Hanau (a Town of his in those parts), and perhaps slightly elsewhere, in the course of his business. A fat, just man, he too; probably somewhat iracund; not without troubles in his House. His eldest Son, Heir-Apparent of Hessen, let me remind readers, has an English Princess to Wife—Princess Mary, King George's Daughter, wedded two years ago. That, added to the Subsidies, is surely a point of union, though again there may such discrepancies rise! A good while after this, the eldest Son becoming Catholic (foolish wretch), to the horror of Papa—there rose still other noises in the world about Hessen and its Landgraves. Of good Prince George, who doubtless attended in War-Councils, but probably said little, we hope to hear nothing more whatever.

From Neuwied to Frankfurt is but a few days' march for the Pragmatic Army—in a direct line, not sixty miles. Frankfurt itself, which is a *Reichs stadt* (Imperial City), they must not enter: "Fear not, City or Country!" writes Stair to it; "we come as saviors, pacificators, hostile to your enemies and disturbers only; we understand discipline and the Laws of the Reich, and will pay for every thing."[1] For the rest, they

[1] Letter itself, of brief magnanimous strain, in *Campagnes de Noailles*, i., 127: date "Neuwied, 26th April, 1743" (Adelung, iii., *b*, 114).

are in no hurry. They linger in that Frankfurt-Mainz region all through the month of May, not unobservant of Noailles and his movements, if he made any, but occupied chiefly with gathering provisions ; forming, with difficulty, a Magazine in Hanau. "What they intended, or intend, by coming hither?" asks the Public every where : "To go into the Donau Countries, and inclose Broglio between two fires?" That had been, and was still, Stair's fine idea ; but D'Ahremberg had disapproved the methods. D'Ahremberg, it seems, is rather given to opposing Stair ; and there rise uncertainties in this Pragmatic Army ; certain only hitherto the Magazine in Hanau. And in secret, it afterward appeared, the immediate real errand of this Pragmatic Army had lain—in the Chapter of Mainz Cathedral, and an Election that was going on there.

The old Kur-Mainz, namely, had just died, and there was a new "Chief Spiritual Kurfürst" to be elected by the Canons there. Kur-Mainz is Chairman of the Reich, an important personage, analogous to Speaker of the House of Commons, and ought to be—by no means the Kaiser's young Brother, as the French and Kaiser are proposing, but a man with Austrian leanings, say Graf von Ostein, titular *Dom-Custos* (Cathedral Keeper) here, lately Embassador in London, and known in select society for what he is. Not much of an Archbishop, of a Spiritual or Chief Spiritual Herr hitherto, but capable of being made one, were the Pragmatic Army at his elbow! It was on this errand that the Pragmatic Army had come hither, or come so early, and with their plans still unripe. And truly they succeeded ; got their Ostein chosen to their mind[1]—a new Kur-Mainz, whose leanings and procedures were very manifest in the sequel, and some of them important before long. This was always reckoned one result of his Britannic Majesty's Pragmatic Campaign ; and truly some think it was, in strict arithmetic, the only one, though that is far from his Majesty's own opinion.

[1] "21st March, 1743," Mainz vacant ; "22d April," Ostein elected (Adelung, iii., *b*, 113, 121).

Friedrich has Objections to the Pragmatic Army, but in vain. Of Friedrich's many Endeavors to quench this War by "Union of Independent German Princes," by "Mediation of the Reich," and otherwise; all in vain.

Friedrich, at an early stage, had inquired of his Britannic Majesty, politely but with emphasis, "What in the world he meant, then, by invading the German Reich—leading foreign Armies into the Reich in this unauthorized manner?" to which the Britannic Majesty had answered, with what vague argument of words we will not ask, but with a look that we can fancy—look that would split a pitcher, as the Irish say! Friedrich persisted to call it an Invasion of the German Reich, and spoke, at first, of flatly opposing it by a Reichs Army (30,000, or even 50,000, for Brandenburg's contingent, in such case); but, as the poor Reich took no notice, and the Britannic Majesty was positive, Friedrich had to content himself with protest for the present.[1]

The exertions of Friedrich to bring about a Peace, or at least to diminish, not increase, the disturbance, are forgotten now; wearisome to think of, as they did not produce the smallest result; but they have been incessant and zealous, as those of a man to quench the fire which is still raging in his street, and from which he himself is just saved. "Can not the Reich be roused for settlement of this Bavarian-Austrian quarrel? thought Friedrich always, and spent a great deal of earnest endeavor in that direction; wished a Reich's *Army of Mediation;* "to which I will myself furnish 30,000—50,000, if needed." Reich, alas! The Reich is a horse fallen down to die; no use spurring at the Reich; it can not, for many months, on Friedrich's Proposal (though the question was far from new, and "had been two years on hand"), come to the decision, "Well, then, yes; the Reich *will* try to moderate

[1] Friedrich's Remonstrance and George's Response are in *Adelung*, iii., *b*, 132 (date, "March, 1743"): date of Friedrich's first stirring in the matter is "January, 1743," and earlier (ib., p. 37, p. 8, &c.).

and mediate;" and as for a Reich's Mediation-*Army*, or any practical step at all—[1]

"Is not Germany, are not all the German Princes, interested to have Peace?" thinks Friedrich. "A union of the independent German Princes to recommend Peace, and, even with hand on sword-hilt, to command it—that would be the method of producing Treaty of Peace!" thinks he always, and is greatly set on that method, which, we find, has been, and continues to be, the soul of his many efforts in this matter. A fact to be noted. Long poring in those mournful imbroglios of Dryasdust, where the fraction of living and important welters overwhelmed by wildernesses of the dead and nugatory, one at length disengages this fact, and readers may take it along with them, for it proves illuminative of Friedrich's procedures now and afterward. A fixed notion of Friedrich's, this of German Princes "uniting" when the common dangers become flagrant; a very lively notion with him at present. He will himself cheerfully take the lead in such Union, but he must not venture alone.[2]

The Reich, when appealed to with such degree of emphasis in this matter—we see how the Reich has responded! Later on, Friedrich tried "the Swabian Circle" (chief scene of these Austrian-Bavarian tusselings), which has, like the other Circles, a kind of Parliament, and pretends to be a political unity of some sort. Can not the Swabian Circle, or Swabian and Frankish joined (to which one might declare one's self *Protector* in such case), order their own Captains, with military force of their own, say 20,000 men, to rank on the Frontier, and to inform peremptorily all belligerents and tumultuous persons, French, Bavarian, English, Austrian, "No thoroughfare; we tell you, No admittance here!" Friedrich, disappointed of the Reich, had taken up that smaller notion; and he spent a good deal of endeavor on that, too, of which we

[1] The question had been started "in August, 1741," by the Kaiser himself; "11th March, 1743," again urged by him. after Friedrich's offer; "10th May, 1743," "Yes, then, we will try; but—" and the result continued zero.

[2] See Adelung, iii., *a* and *b*, passim; Valori, i., 178; &c, &c.

may see some glimpse as we proceed. But it proves all futile. The Swabian Circle, too, is a moribund horse—all these horses dead or moribund.

Friedrich, of course, has thought much what kind of Peace could be offered by a mediating party. The Kaiser has lost his Bavaria; yet he is the Kaiser, and must have a living granted him as such. Compensations, aspirations, claims of territory—these will be manifold! These are a world of floating vapor, of greed, of anger, idle pretension; but within all these there are the real necessities—what the case does require, if it is ever to be settled! Friedrich discerns this Austrian-Bavarian necessity of compensation—of new land to cut upon. And where is that to come from?

In January last, Friedrich, intensely meditating this business, had in private a bright enough idea—that of secularizing those so-called Sovereign Bishoprics, Austrian-Bavarian by locality and nature, Passau, Salzburg, Regensburg, idle opulent territories, with functions absurd, not useful, and of therefrom cutting compensation to right and to left. This notion he, by obscure channels, put into the head of Baron von Haslang, Bavarian Embassador at London, where it germinated rapidly and came to fruit; was officially submitted to Lord Carteret in his own house, in two highly artistic forms, one evening; and sets the Diplomatic Heads all wagging upon it[1]—with great hope at one time, till rumor of it got abroad into the Orthodox imagination, into the Gazetteer world, and raised such a clamor in those months as seldom was. "Secularize, hah! One sees the devilish heathen spirit of you, and what kind of Kaiser, on the religious side, we now have the happiness of having!" So that Kaiser Karl had to deny utterly, "Never heard of such a thing!" Carteret himself had, in politeness, to deny; much more, and for dire cause, had Haslang himself, over the belly of facts, "Never in my dreams, I tell you!" and to get ambiguous certificate from Carteret, which the simple could interpret to that effect.[2]

[1] Adelung, iii., *b*, 84, 90, "January-March, 1743."

[2] Carteret's Letter (ibid., *b.*, 190).

It was only in whispers that the name of Friedrich was connected with this fine scheme, and all parties were glad to get it soon buried again. A bright idea, but had come a century too soon. Of another Carteret Negotiation with Kaiser Karl, famed as "Conferences of Hanau," which had almost come to be a Treaty, but did not; and then, failing that, of a famous Carteret "Treaty of Worms," which did come to perfection in these same localities shortly afterward, and which were infinitely interesting to our Friedrich, both the Treaty and the Failure of the Treaty, we propose to speak elsewhere in due time.

As to Friedrich's own endeavors and industries, at Regensburg and elsewhere, for effective mediation of Peace; for the Reich to mediate, and have "Army of Mediation;" for a "Union of Swabian Circles" to do it; for this and then for that to do it—as to Friedrich's own efforts and strugglings that way, in all likely and in some unlikely quarters, they were, and continued to be, earnest, incessant, but without result, like the spurring of horses really *dead* some time ago, of which no reader wishes the details, though the fact has to be remembered. And so, with slight indication for Friedrich's sake—being intent on the stage of events—we must leave that shadowy, hypothetic region as a wood in the background; the much foliage and many twigs and boughs of which do authentically *take* the trouble to be there, though we have to paint it in this summary manner.

CHAPTER V.

BRITANNIC MAJESTY FIGHTS HIS BATTLE OF DETTINGEN, AND BECOMES SUPREME JOVE OF GERMANY, IN A MANNER.

Britannic Majesty with his Yarmouth, and martial Prince of Cumberland, arrived at Hanover May 15th, soon followed by Carteret from the Hague[1]—a Majesty prepared now for battle and for treaty alike; kind of earthly Jove, Arbiter of

[1] *Biographia Britannica* (Kippis's, § Carteret), iii., 277.

Nations, or victorious Hercules of the Pragmatic, the sublime little man. At Herrenhausen he has a fine time, grandly fugling about, negotiating with Wilhelm of Hessen and others, commanding his Pragmatic Army from the distance, and then, at last, dashing off rather in haste, he— It is well known what enigmatic Exploit he did—at least the Name of it is well known! Here, from the Imbroglios, is a rough Account, parts of which are introducible for the sake of English readers.

Battle of Dettingen.

"After some five leisurely weeks in Herrenhausen, George II. (now an old gentleman of sixty), with his martial Fat Boy, the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Carteret, his Diplomatist in Chief, quitted that pleasant sojourn rather on a sudden for the actual Seat of War. By speedy journeys they got to Frankfurt Country; to Hanau, June 19th; whence, still up the Mayn, twenty or thirty miles farther up, to Aschaffenburg, where the Pragmatic Army, after some dangerous manœuvring on the opposite or south bank of the River, has lain encamped some days, and is in questionable posture, whither his Majesty in person has hastened up; and, truly, if his Majesty's head contain any good counsel, there is great need of it here just now.

"Captains and men were impatient of that long loitering, hanging idle about Frankfurt all through May, and they have at length started real business, with more valor than discretion, it is feared. They are some 40 or 44,000 strong: English, 16,000; Hanoverians, the like number; and of Austrians" (by theory 20,000), "say, in effect, 12,000, or even 8000—all paid by England. They have Hanau for Magazine; they have rearguard of 12,000" (the 6000 Hessians and 6000 new Hanoverians), "who at last are actually on march thither, near arriving there: 'Forward!' said the Captaincy" (said Stair, chiefly, it was thought): 'Shall the whole summer waste itself to no purpose?' and are up the River thus far, not on the most considerate terms.

"What this Pragmatic Army means to do? That is, and has been, a great question for all the world, especially for Noailles and the French, not to say for the Pragmatic itself! 'Get into Lorraine?' think the French: 'Get into Alsace, and wrest it from us for behoof of her Hungarian Majesty'—plun-

dered goods, which indeed belong to the Reich and her, in a sense!—*Els-sass* (Alsace, *Outer*-seat), with its *Road*-Fortress (*Stras*burg), plundered from the Holy Romish Reich by Louis XIV. in a way no one can forget; actually plundered, as if by highway robbery, or by highway robbery and attorneyism combined, on the part of that great Sovereign. 'To Strasburg? To Lorraine perhaps? Or to the Three Bishoprics' (Metz, Toul, Verdun—readers recollect that Siege of Metz, which broke the great heart of Karl V.? who raged and fired as man seldom did, with 50,000 men, against Guise and the intrusive French for six weeks; sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg on winter nights, 300 years ago—to no purpose; for his Captains of the Siege, after trial and second trial, solemnly shook their heads; and the great Kaiser, breaking into tears, had to raise the Siege of Metz, and went his way, never to smile more in this world; and Metz, and Toul, and Verdun remain with the French ever since)—'To the Three Bishoprics, possibly enough!'

"'Or they may purpose for the Donau Countries, where Broglio is crackling off like trains of gunpowder, and lend hand to Prince Karl, thereby inclosing Broglio between two fires?' This, according to present aspects, is the likeliest. And, perhaps, had provenders and arrangements been made beforehand for such a march, this had been the feasiblest: and, to my own notion, it was some wild hope of doing this without provenders or prearrangements that had brought the Pragmatic into its present quarters at Aschaffenburg, which are for the military mind a mystery to this day.

"Early in the Spring the French Government had equipped Noailles with 70,000 men, to keep watch and patrol about in the Rhine-Mayn Countries, and look into those points, which he has been vigilantly doing, posted of late on the south or left bank of the Mayn, and is especially vigilant since June 14th, when the Pragmatic Army got on march across the Mayn, at Höchst, and took to offering him battle on his own south side of the River. Noailles—though his Force" (still 58,000, after that Broglio Detachment of 12,000) "was greatly the stronger—would not fight; preferred cutting off the Enemy's supplies, capturing his river-boats, provision-convoys from Hanau, and settling him by hunger, as the cheaper method. Impetuous Stair was thwarted by flat protest of his German colleagues, especially by D'Ahremberg, in *forcing* battle on those rash terms: 'We Austrians absolutely will not!' said D'Ahremberg at last; and withdrew, or was withdrawing,

he, for his part, across the River again ; so that Stair also was obliged to recross the River in indignant humor, and now lies at Aschaffenburg, suffering the sad alternative, short diet namely, which will end in famine soon, if these counsels prevail.

"Stair and D'Ahremberg do not well accord in their opinions, nor, it seems, is any body in particular absolute Chief ; there are likewise heats and jealousies between the Hanoverian and the English troops ('Are not we come for all your goods ?' 'Yes, damn you, and for all our chattels too!'); and, withal, it is frightfully uncertain whether a high degree of intellect presides over these 44,000 fighting men, which may lead them to something, or a low degree, which can only lead them to nothing ! The blame is all laid on Stair : 'too rash,' they say. Possibly enough, too rash. And possibly enough withal, even to a sound military judgment, in such unutterable puddle of jarring imbecilities, 'rashness,' headlong courage, offered the one chance there was of success ? Who knows, had all the 44,000 been as rash as Stair and his English, but luck and sheer hard fighting might have favored him, as skill could not, in those sad circumstances ! Stair's plan was, 'Beat Noailles, and you have done every thing : provisions, opulent new regions, and all else shall be added to you !' Stair's plan might have answered had Stair been the master to execute it, which he was not. D'Ahremberg's also, who protested, 'Wait till your 12,000 join, and you have your provisions,' was the orthodox plan, and might have much to say for itself. But the two plans collapsing into one, that was the clearly fatal method ! Magnanimous Stair never made the least explanation to an undiscerning Public or Parliament ; wrapped himself in strict silence, and accepted in a grand way what had come to him.[1] Clear it is, the Pragmatic Army had come across again at Aschaffenburg, Sunday, June 16th, and was found there by his Majesty on the Wednesday following, with its two internecine plans fallen into mutual death – a Pragmatic Army in truly dangerous circumstances.

"The English, who were in and round Aschaffenburg itself, Hanoverians and Austrians encamping farther down, had put a battery on the Bridge of Aschaffenburg, hoping to be able to forage thereby on the other side of the Mayn ; whereupon

[1] His Papers, to voluminous extent, are still in the Family Archives ; not inaccessible, I think, were the right student of them (who would be a rare article among us !) to turn up.

Noailles had instantly clapped a redoubt, under due cover of a wood, at his end of the Bridge : 'No passage this way, gentlemen, except into the cannon's throat!' so that Marshal Stair, reconnoitring that way, 'had his hat shot off,' and rapidly drew back again. Nay, before long, Noailles, at the Village of Seligenstadt, some eight miles farther down, throws two wooden or pontoon bridges over ; can bring his whole Army across at Seligenstadt ; prohibits all manner of supply to us from Hanau or our Magazines by his arrangement there." (Notable little Seligenstadt, "City of the Blessed," where Eginhart and Emma, ever since Charlemagne's time, lie waiting the Resurrection : that is the place of these Noailles contrivances!) "Furthermore, we learn, Noailles has seized a post twenty miles farther up the river (Miltenberg the name it), and will prevent supplies from coming down to us out of Franken or the Neckar Country. We had forgotten, or our *collapse* of plans had done it, that 'an army moves on its stomach' (as the King of Prussia says), and that we have nothing to live upon in these parts!

"Such has the unfortunate fact turned out to be when Britannic Majesty arrives, and it can now be discovered clearly by any eyes, however flat to the head. And a terrible fact it is. Discordant Generals accuse one another ; hungry soldiers cannot be kept from plundering : for the horses there is unripe rye in quantity ; but what is there for the men? My poor traditionary friends of the Grey Dragoons were wont (I have heard) to be heart-rending on this point in after years! Famine being urgent, discipline is not possible, nor existence itself. For a week longer, George, rather in obstinate hope than with any reasonable plan or exertion, still tries it ; finds, after repeated Councils of War, that he will have to give it up, and go back to Hanau where his living is. Wednesday night, 26th June, 1743, that is the final resolution inevitably come upon, without argument ; and about one on Thursday morning, the Army (in two columns, Austrians to van-ward well away from the River, English as rear-guard close on it) gets in motion to execute said resolution—if the Army can.

"If the Army can ; but that is like to be a formidably difficult business, with a Noailles watching every step of you today and for ten days back, in these sad circumstances. Eyes in him like a lynx, they say ; and great skill in war, only too cautious. Hardly is the Army gone from Aschaffenburg when Noailles, pushing across by the Bridge, seizes that post ; no retreat now for us thitherward. His Majesty, who marches

in the rear division, has happily some artillery with him; repels the assaults from behind, which might have been more serious otherwise. As it is, there play cannon across the River upon him. Why not bend to right, and get out of range, asks the reader? The Spessart Hills rise high and woody on the right, and there is in many places no marching except within range. Noailles has Five effective Batteries at the various good points on his side of the River, and that is nothing to what he has got ready for us were we once at Dettingen, within wind of his Two Bridges a little beyond! Noailles has us in a perfect mouse-trap, *souricière* as he felinely calls it, and calculates on having annihilation ready for us at Dettingen.

"Dettingen, short way above those Pontoons at Seligenstadt, is near eight miles westward" (*north*westward; but let us use the briefer term) "from Aschaffenburg: Dettingen is a poor peasant Village, of some size, close on the Mayn, and on our side of it. A Brook, coming down from the Spessart Mountains, falls into the Mayn there, having formed for itself, there and upward, a considerable dell or hollow way, chiefly on the western or right bank of which stands the Village, with its barn-yards and piggeries—on both sides of the great High Road, which here crosses the Brook, and will lead you to Hanau twenty miles off, or back to Aschaffenburg, and even to Nürnberg and the Donau Countries, if you persevere. Except that of the high road, Dettingen Brook has no bridge. Above the Village, after coming from the Mountains, the banks of it are boggy, especially the western bank, which spreads out into a scrubby waste of moor for some good space; in which scrubby moor, as elsewhere in this dell or hollow way itself, where the Village hangs, with its hedges, piggeries, colegarths, there is like to be bad enough marching for a column of men! Noailles, as we said, has Two Bridges thrown across the Mayn just below, and the last of his Five Batteries, from the other side, will command Dettingen. His plan of operation is this:

"By these Bridges he has passed 24,000 horse and foot across the River, under his Nephew, the chivalrous Duke of Grammont: these, with due artillery and equipment, are to occupy the Village, and to rank themselves in battle order to left of it, on the moor just mentioned—well behind that hollow way, with its brook and bogs; and one thing they must note well, Not to stir from that position till the English columns have got fairly into said hollow way and brook of Det-

tingen, and are plunging more or less distractedly across the entanglements there. With cannon on their left flank, and such a gullet to pass through, one may hope they will be in rather an attackable condition. Across that gullet it is our intention they shall never get. How can they, if Grammont do his duty?

"This is Noailles's plan; one of the prettiest imaginable, say military men, had the execution but corresponded. Noailles had seized Aschaffenburg so soon as the English were out of it; Noailles, from his batteries beyond the River, salutes the English march with continuous shot and thunder, which is very discomposing: he sees confidently a really fair likelihood of capturing the Britannic Majesty and his Pragmatic Army, unless they prefer to die on the ground. Seldom, since that of the Caudine Forks, did any Army, by ill luck and ill guidance, get into such a pinfold, death or flat surrender seemingly their one alternative.

"Thus march the English that dewy morning, Thursday June 27th, 1743, with cannon playing on their left flank, and such a fate ahead of them, had they known it; very short of breakfast, too, for most part. But they have one fine quality, and Britannic George, like all his Welf race, from Henry the Lion down to these days, has it in an eminent degree—they are not easily put into flurry, into fear. In all Welf Sovereigns, and generally in Teuton Populations, on that side of the Channel or on this, there is the requisite unconscious substratum of taciturn inexpugnability, with depths of potential rage almost unquenchable, to be found when you apply for it, which quality will much stead them on the present occasion; and, indeed, it is perhaps strengthened by their 'stupidity' itself—what neighbors call their 'stupidity;' want of idle imaginings, idle flurrying, nay, want even of knowing, is not one of the worst qualities just now! They tramp on, paying a minimum of attention to the cannon, ignorant of what is ahead, hoping only it may be breakfast, in some form, before the day quite terminate. The day is still young, hardly 8 o'clock, when their advanced parties find Dettingen beset; find a whole French Army drawn up on the scrubby moor there, and come galloping back with this interesting bit of news! Pause hereupon; much consulting; in fact, endless hithering and thithering, the affair being knotty: 'Fight, *yes*, now at last! But how?' Impetuous Stair was not wanting to himself; Neipperg, too, they say, was useful with advice; D'Ahremberg, I should imagine, good for little.

"Some six hours followed of thrice-intricate deploying, planting of field-pieces, counter-batteries; ranking, re-ranking, shuffling hither and then thither of horse and foot, Noailles's cannonade proceeding all the while; the English still considerably exposed to it, and standing it like stones; chivalrous Grammont, and, with better reason, the English, much wishing these preliminaries were done. A difficult business, that of deploying here. The Pragmatic had no room, jammed so against the Spessart Hills, and obliged to lean *from* the River and Noailles's cannon; had to rank itself in six, some say in eight lines; horse behind foot as well as on flank—unsatisfactory to the military mind—and I think had not done shuffling and reshuffling at 2 P.M., when the Enemy came bursting on, with a peremptory finish to it, 'Enough of that, *Messieurs les Anglais!*' 'Too much of it, a great deal!' thought Messieurs grimly in response. And there ensued a really furious clash of host against host, French chivalry (*Maison-du-Roi*, Black Monsquetaires, the Flower of their Horse regiments) dashing, in right Gallic frenzy, on their natural enemies—on the English, that is, who, I find, were mainly on the left wing there, horse and foot, and had mainly (the Austrians and they, very mainly) the work to do, and did, with an effort, and luck helping, manage to do it.

"'Grammont breaks orders! Thrice-blamable Grammont!' exclaim Noailles and others, sorrowfully wringing their hands. Even so! Grammont had waited seven mortal hours, one's courage burning all the while, courage perhaps rather burning down, and not the least use coming of it. Grammont had, in natural impatience, gradually edged forward, and, in the end, was being cannonaded and pricked into by the Enemy, and did at last, with his *Maison-du-Roi*, dash across that essential Hollow Way, and plunge in upon them on their own side of it. And 'the English foot gave their volley too soon;" and Grammont did, in effect, partly repulse and disorder the front ranks of them; and, blazing up uncontrollable at sight of those first ranks in disorder, did press home upon them more and more; get wholly into the affair, bringing on his Infantry as well: 'Let us finish it wholly, now that our hand is in!'—and took one cannon from the Enemy, and did other feats.

"So furious was that first charge of his, '*Maison-du-Roi* covering itself with glory'—for a short while. *Maison-du-Roi* broke three lines of the Enemy" (three, not "five")—"did in some places actually break through; in others 'could not, but

galloped along the front'—three of their lines; but the fourth line would not break; much the contrary, it advanced (Austrians and English) with steady fire, hotter and hotter: upon this fourth line *Maison-du-Roi* had itself to break pretty much altogether, and rush home again in ruinous condition. 'Our front lines made lanes for them, terribly maltreating them with musketry on right and left as they galloped through.' And this was the end of Grammont's successes, this charge of horse; for his infantry had no luck any where; and the essential crisis of the Battle had been here. It continued still a good while; plenty of cannonading, fusilading, but in sporadic detached form; a confused series of small shocks and knocks, which were mostly, or all, unfortunate for Grammont, and which at length knocked him quite off the field. 'He was now interlaced with the English,' moans Noailles, 'so that my cannon, not to shoot Grammont as well as the English, had to cease firing!' Well, yes; that is true, M. le Maréchal; but that is not so important as you would have it. The English had stood nine hours in this fire of yours; by degrees, leaning well away from it; answering it with counter-batteries; and were not yet ruined by it when the Grammont crisis came! Noailles should have dashed fresh troops across his Bridges, and tried to handle them well. Noailles did not do that, or do any thing but wring his hands.

"The Fight lasted four hours, ever hotter on the English part, ever less hot on the French" (fire of anthracite-coal *versus* flame of dry wood, which latter at last sinks *ashy!*), "and ended in total defeat of the French. The French Infantry by no means behaved as their Cavalry had done. The *Gardes Françaises*" (fire burning ashy after seven hours of flaming), "when Grammont ordered them to take the English in flank, would hardly come on at all, or stand one push. They threw away their arms, and plunged into the River like a drove of swimmers, getting drowned in great numbers, so that their comrades nicknamed them '*Canards du Mein* (Ducks of the Mayn);' and in English messrooms there went afterward a saying, 'The French had, in reality, Three Bridges; one of them *not* wooden, and carpeted with blue cloth!' Such the wit of military mankind."

* * "The English, it appears, did something by mere shouting. Partial huzzas and counter-huzzas between the Infantries were going on at one time, when Stair happened to gallop up: 'Stop that,' said Stair; 'let us do it right. Silence; then, One and all, when I give you signal!' And

Stair, at the right moment, lifting his hat, there burst out such a thunder-growl, edged with melodious ire in alt, as quite seemed to strike a damp into the French, says my authority, 'and they never shouted more.' * * 'Our ground in many parts was under rye'—hedgeless fields of rye, chief grain-crop of that sandy country. 'We had already wasted above 120,000 acres of it,' still in the unripe state, so hungry were we, man and horse, 'since crossing to Aschaffenburg,' fighting for your Cause of Liberty, ye benighted ones!

"King Friedrich's private accounts, deformed by ridicule, are, That the Britannic Majesty, his respectable old Uncle, finding the French there barring his way to breakfast, understood simply that there must and should be fighting of the toughest, but had no plan or counsel farther; that he did at first ride up to see what was what with his own eyes, but that his horse ran away with him, frightened at the cannon; upon which he hastily got down, drew sword, put himself at the head of his Hanoverian Infantry" (on the right wing), "and stood—left foot drawn back, sword pushed out, in the form of a fencing-master doing lunge—steadily in that defensive attitude, inexpugnable like the rocks, till all was over and victory gained. This is defaced by the spirit of ridicule, and not quite correct. Britannic Majesty's horse" (one of those 500 fine animals) "did, it is certain, at last dangerously run away with him, upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback in the earlier stages, galloping about, to look with his own eyes, could they have availed him, and was heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the English language, 'Steady, my boys; fire, my brave boys; give them fire; they will soon run!'[1] Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stands" (and, to our imagination, he may fitly stand throughout) "in the above attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan; '*sans peur et sans avis*,' as we might term it—like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England; like England itself, and its ways in those German wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English History, that attitude of lunge!

"The English Officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way—without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to utmost peril or difficulty, cheering their men, and keeping them steady upon the throats of the French, so

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (iii., 14): compare Anonymous, *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (p. 64, *n.*); Henderson's *Life* of ditto; &c.

far as might be. And always, after that first stumble with the French Horse was mended, they kept gaining ground, thrusting back the Enemy, not over the Dettingen Brook and Moorground only, but, knock after knock, out of his woody or other coverts, back and ever back, toward Welzheim, Kahl, and those Two Bridges of his. The flamy French" (ligneous fire burning lower and lower, *versus* anthracitic glowing brighter and brighter) "found that they had a bad time of it; found, in fact, that they could not stand it; and tumbled finally, in great torrents, across their Bridges on the Mayn, many leaping into the River, the English sitting dreadfully on the skirts of them; so that, had the English had their Cavalry in readiness to pursue, Noailles's Army, in the humor it had sunk to, was ruined, and the Victory would have been conspicuously great. But they had, as too common, nothing ready. Impetuous Stair strove to get ready; 'pushed out the Grey Dragoons' for one item. But the Authorities refused Stair's counsel as rash again, and made no effectual pursuit at all, too glad that they had brushed their Battle-field triumphantly clear, and got out of that fatal pinfold in an honorable manner.

"They staid on the ground till 10 at night, settling or trying to settle, many things. The Surgeons were busy as bees, but able for Officers only. 'Dress *him* first!' said the glorious Duke of Cumberland, pointing to a young Frenchman" (Excellency Fénélon's Son, grand-nephew of *Télémaque*) "who was worse wounded than his Highness—quite in the Philip-Sydney fashion, which was much taken notice of. 'All this while we had next to nothing to eat' (says one informant). Ten P.M.; after which, leaving a polite Letter to Noailles 'that he would take care of our Wounded, and bury our Slain as well as his own,' we march" (through a pour of rain) "to Hanau, where our victuals are, and 12,000 new Hessians and Hanoverians by this time.

"Noailles politely bandaged the Wounded, buried the Dead. Noailles, gathering his scattered battalions, found that he had lost 2659 men; no ruinous loss to him, the Enemy's being at least equal, and all his Wounded fallen Prisoners of War. No ruinous loss to Noailles, had it not been the loss of Victory, which was a sore blow to French feeling, and, adding itself to those Broglio disgraces, a new discouragement to Most Christian Majesty. Victory indisputably lost; but is it not Grammont's blame altogether? Grammont bears it, as we saw; and it is heavily laid on him. But my

own conjecture is, forty thousand enraged people, of English and other Platt-Teutsch type, would have been very difficult to pin up, into captivity or death instead of breakfast, in that manner; and it is possible, if poor Grammont had not mistaken, some other would have done so, and the hungry Baresarks (their blood fairly up, as is evident) would have ended in getting through."[1]

This was all the Fighting that King George got of his Pragmatic Army: the gain from Conquest made by it was, That it victoriously struggled back to its bread-cupboard. Stair, about two months hence, in the mere loitering and higgling that there was, quitted the Pragmatic; magnanimously silent on his many wrongs and disgusts, desirous only of "returning to the plow," as he expressed himself. The lofty man; wanted several requisites for being a Marlborough; wanted a Sarah Jennings, as the preliminary of all! We will not attend the lazy movements and procedures of the Pragmatic Army farther, which were of altogether futile character, even in the temporary Gazetteer estimate, and are to be valued at zero, and left charitably in oblivion by a pious posterity. Stair, the one brightish-looking man in it, being gone, there remain Majesty with his D'Ahrembergs, Neippergs, and the Martial Boy; Generals Cope, Hawley, Wade, and many of leaden character, remain: let the leaden be wrapped in lead.

It was not a successful Army, this Pragmatic. Dettingen itself, in spite of the rumoring of Gazetteers and temporary

[1] Espagnac, i., 193; *Guerre de Bohème*, i., 231. *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiii. (for 1743), p. 328–481, containing Carteret's Dispatch from the field, followed by many other Letters and indistinct Narrations from Officers present (p. 434, "Plan of the Battle," blotchy, indecipherable in parts, but essentially rather true), is worth examining. See likewise Anonymous, *Memoires of the late Duke of Cumberland* (Lond., 1767; the Author an ignorant, much-adoring military man, who has made some study, and is not so stupid as he looks), p. 56–78; and Henderson (ignorant he too, much-adoring, and not military), *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (Lond., 1766, p. 32–48. Noailles's Official Account (ingenuously at a loss what to say), in *Campagnes*, ii., *b*, 242–253, 306–310. (*Œuvres de Frédéric*), iii., 11–14 (incorrect in many of the *details*).

persons, had no result, except the extremely bad one, That it inflated to alarming height the pride and belligerent humor of his Britannic, especially of her Hungarian Majesty, and made Peace more difficult than ever. That of getting Ostein, with his Austrian leanings, chosen Kur-Mainz—that, too, turned out ill; and perhaps, in the course of the next few months, we shall judge that, had Ostein leant *against* Austria, it had been better for Austria and Ostein. Of the Pragmatic Army, silence henceforth rather than speech!

One thing we have to mark: his Britannic Majesty, commander of such an Army—and of such a Purse, which is still more stupendous—has risen, in the Gazetteer estimate and his own, to a high pitch of importance—to be Supreme Jove of Teutschland in a manner, and acts, for the present Summer, in that sublime capacity. Two Diplomatic feats of his —one a Treaty done and tumbled down again, the other a Treaty done and let stand ("Treaty of Worms," and "Conferences," or *Non*-Treaty of "Hanau")—are of moment in this History and that of the then World. Of these two Transactions, due both of them to such an Army and such a Purse, we shall have to take some notice by-and-by; the rest shall belong to Night and her leaden sceptre—much good may they do her.

Some ten days after Dettingen, Broglio (who was crackling off from Donauwörth, in view of the Lines of Schellenberg, that very 27th of June) ended his retreat to the Rhine Countries; "glorious," though rather swift, and eaten into by the Tolpatcheries of Prince Karl. "July 8th, at Wimpfen" (in the Neckar Region, some way South of Dettingen), Broglio delivers his Troops to Maréchal de Noailles's care, and next morning rushes off toward Strasburg, and quiet Official life as Governor there.

"The day after his arrival," says Friedrich, "he gave a grand ball in Strasburg:"[1] "Behold your conquering hero safe again, my friends!" An ungrateful Court judged otherwise of the hero; took his Strasburg Government from him,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii., 10.

gave it to Maréchal de Coigny ; ordered the hero to his Estates in the Country—Normandy, if I remember, where he soon died of apoplexy, poor man, and will trouble none of us again. "A man born for surprises," said Friedrich long since, in the Strasburg Doggerel. Lost his indispensable garnitures at the Ford of Secchia once, and now, in these last twelve months, is considered to have done a series of blustery explosions, derogatory to the glory of France, and ruinous to that sublime Belleisle Enterprise for one thing.

A ruined Enterprise that, at any rate ; seldom was Enterprise better ruined Here, under Broglio, amid the titterings of mankind, has the tail of the Oriflamme gone the same bad road as its head did—into zero and outer darkness, leaving the expenses to pay, like a mad tavern-brawl of one's own raising, the biggest that ever was. Has cost already, I should guess, some 80,000 French drilled Men, paid down on the nail to the inexorable Fates, and of coined Millions—how many? In subsidies, in equipments, in waste, in loss and wreck—Dryasdust could not have told me, had he tried. And then the breakages, damages still chargeable, the probable after-clap? For you can not quite gratuitously tweak people by the nose, in your wanton humor, over your wine ! One willing man, or Most Christian Majesty, can at any time begin a quarrel, but there need always two or more to end it again.

Most Christian Majesty is not so sensible of this fact as he afterward became ; but what with Broglio and the extinct Oriflamme, what with Dettingen and the incipient Pragmatic, he is heartily disgusted and discouraged, and wishes he had not thought of cutting Germany in Four. July 26th, Most Christian Majesty applies to the German Diet, signifying "That he did indeed undertake to help the Kaiser according to treaties, but was the farthest in the world from meaning to invade Germany on his own score ; that he had and has no quarrel except with Austria as Kaiser's enemy, and is ready to be friends even with Austria ; and now, indeed, intends to withdraw his troops wholly from the German territory, and can therefore hope that all unpleasantness will cease between the German nation and him, and that perhaps the

Kaiser will be able to make peace with her Majesty of Hungary on softer terms than at one time seemed likely. If only the animosities of sovereign persons would assuage themselves, and each of us would look without passion at the issue really desirable for him!"[1]

That is now, 26th July, 1743, King Louis's story for himself to the Diet of the Holy Roman Empire, Teutsch by Nation, sitting at Frankfurt in rather disconsolate circumstances. The Diet naturally answered, "*Ja wohl, Ja wohl,*" in intricate official language—nobody need know what the Diet answered. But what the Hungarian Majesty answered, strong and high in such Britannic backing, this was of such unexpected tone that it fixed every body's attention, and will very specially require to be noted by us in the course of a week or two.

We said her Hungarian Majesty was getting crowned in Bohemia, getting personally homaged in Upper Austria, about to get vice-homaged in Bavaria itself—nothing but glorious pomp, but loyalty loudly vocal, in Prag, in Linz, and the once afflicted Countries: at her return to Vienna she has met the news of Dettingen, and is ready to strike the stars with her sublime head. "My little Paladin become Supreme Jove too: aha!"

Britannic Majesty holds his Conferences of Hanau.

Britannic Majesty staid two whole months in Hanau, brushing himself up again after that fierce bout, and considering, with much dubitation, What is the next thing? "Go in upon Noailles" (who is still hanging about here, with Broglio coming on in the exploded state); "wreck Broglio and him! Go in upon the French!" so urges Stair always: rash Stair, urgent to the edge of importunity; English Officers and Martial Boy urgently backing Stair, while the Hanoverian Officers and Martial Parent are steady to the other view; so that, in respect of War, the next thing, for two months coming, was absolutely nothing, and to the end of the Campaign

[1] Espagnac, i., 200. Adelung, iii., *b*, 199 (26th July); ib., 201 (the Answer to it, 16th August).

was nothing worth a moment's notice from us. But on the Diplomatic side there were two somethings, *Conferences at Hanau* with poor Kaiser Karl, and *Treaty at Worms*, with the King of Sardinia, which—as *minus* quantities or things less than nothing—turned out to be highly considerable for his Britannic Majesty and us.

Hanau, 7th July—1st August, 1743. "Poor Kaiser Karl had left Augsburg June 26th—while his Broglio was ferrying at Donauwörth, and his Seckendorf treatying for Armistice at Neider-Schönfeld—the very day before Dettingen. What a piece of news to him, that Dettingen, on his return to Frankfurt!

"A few days after Dettingen, July 3d, Noailles, who is still within call, came across to see this poor stepson of Fortune; gives piteous account of him, if any one were now curious on that head: How he bitterly complains of Broglio, of the no-subsidies sent, and is driven nearly desperate; not a penny in his pocket, beyond all. Upon which latter clause Noailles munificently advanced him a £6000, 'Draught of 40,000 crowns in my own name, which doubtless the King, in his compassion, will see good to sanction.'[1] His feelings on the loss of Dettingen may be pictured. But he had laid his account with such things; prepared for the worst since that Interview with Broglio and Conti; one plan now left, 'Peace, cost what it will!'

"The poor Kaiser had already, as we saw, got into hopes of bargaining with his Britannic Majesty, and now he instantly sets about it while Hanau is victorious head-quarters. Britannic Majesty is not himself very forward, but Carteret, I rather judge, had taken up the notion, and on his Majesty's and Carteret's part there is actually the wish and attempt to pacificate the Reich; to do something tolerable for the poor Kaiser, as well as satisfactory to the Hungarian Majesty—satisfactory, or capable of being (by the Purse-holder) insisted on as such.

"And so the Landgraf of Hessen, excellent Wilhelm, King George's friend and gossip, is come over to that little Town of Hanau, which is his own, in the Schloss of which King George is lodged; and there, between Carteret and our Land-

[1] *Campagnes de Noailles* (Amsterdam, 1760: this is a Sequel, or rather *vice versâ*, to that which we have called *Des Trois Maréchaux*, being of the same Collection), i., 316–328.

graf—the King of Prussia's Embassador (Herr Klinggräf), and one or two selectly zealous Official persons assisting or watching—we have 'Conferences of Hanau' going on in a zealous fashion, all parties eager for Peace to Kaiser and Reich, and in good hope of bringing it about. The wish, ardent to a degree, had been the Kaiser's first of all. The scheme, I guess, was chiefly of Carteret's devising, who, in his magnificent mind, regardless of expense, thinks it may be possible, and discerns well what a stroke it will be for the Cause of Liberty, and how glorious for a Britannic Majesty's Adviser in such circumstances. July 7th, the Conferences began; and, so frank and loyal were the parties, in a week's time matters were advanced almost to completion, the fundamental outlines of a bargain settled, and almost ready for signing.

"'Give me my Bavaria again!' the Kaiser had always said: 'I am Head of the Reich, and have nothing to live upon!' On one preliminary Carteret had always been inexorable: 'Have done with your French auxiliaries; send every soul of them home; the German soil once cleared of them, much will be possible; till then, nothing.' *Kaiser.* 'Well, give me back my Bavaria—my Bavaria, and something suitable to live upon, as Head of the Reich—some decent Annual Pension till Bavaria come into paying condition—can not you, who are so wealthy? And Bavaria might be made a Kingdom, if you wish to do the handsome thing. I will renounce my Austrian Pretensions, quit utterly my French Alliances, consent to have her Hungarian Majesty's august Consort made King of the Romans' (which means Kaiser after me), 'and, in fact, be very safe to the House of Austria and the Cause of Liberty.' To all this the thrice unfortunate gentleman, titular Emperor of the World, and unable now to pay his milk-scores, is eager to consent. To continue crossing the Abysses on bridges of French rainbow? Nothing but French subsidies to subsist on, and these how paid—Noailles's private pocket knows how! 'I consent,' said the Kaiser; 'will forgive and forget, and by-gones shall be by-gones all round!' 'Fair on his Imperial Majesty's part,' admits Carteret; 'we will try to be persuasive at Vienna. Difficult, but we will try.' In a week matters had come to this point, and the morrow, July 15th, was appointed for signing. Most important of Protocols, foundation-stone of Peace to Teutschland; King Friedrich and the impartial Powers approving, with Britannic George and drawn sword presiding.

"King Friedrich approves heartily, and hopes it will do. Landgraf Wilhelm is proud to have saved his Kaiser—who so glad as the Landgraf and his Kaiser? Carteret, too, is very glad, exulting, as he well may, to have composed these world-deliriums, or concentrated them upon peccant France, he with his single head, and to have got a value out of that absurd Pragmatic Army after all. A man of magnificent ideas, who hopes 'to bring Friedrich over to his mind;' to unite poor Teutschland against such Oriflamme Invasions and intolerable interferences, and to settle the account of France for a long while. He is the only English Minister who speaks German, knows German situations, interests, ways, or has the least real understanding of this huge German imbroglio in which England is voluntarily weltering. And truly, had Carteret been King of England, which he was not—nay, had King Friedrich ever got to understand, instead of misunderstand, what Carteret *was*—here might have been a considerable affair!

"But it now, at the eleventh hour, came upon Magnificent Carteret, now seemingly for the first time in its full force, That he, Carteret, was not the master; that there was a bewildered Parliament at home, a poor peddling Duke of Newcastle leader of the same, with his Lords of the Regency, who could fatally put a negative on all this unless they were first gained over. On the morrow, July 15th, Carteret, instead of signing, as expected, has to—propose a fortnight's delay till he consult in England! Absolutely would not and could not sign till a Courier to England went and returned, to Landgraf Wilhelm's, to Klinggräf's and the Kaiser's very great surprise, disappointment, and suspicion. But Carteret was inflexible: 'Will only take a fortnight,' said he; 'and I can hope all will yet be well!'

"The Courier came back punctually in a fortnight. His Message was presented at Hanau August 1st, and ran conclusively to the effect, 'No! We, Noodle of Newcastle, and my other Lords of Regency, do not consent; much less, will undertake to carry the thing through Parliament: By no manner of means!' So that Carteret's lately towering Affair had to collapse ignominiously in that manner, poor Carteret protesting his sorrow, his unalterable individual wishes and future endeavors, not to speak of his Britannic Majesty's (and politely pressing on the poor Kaiser a gift of £15,000 (first weekly installment of the 'Annual Pension' that *had*, in theory,

been set apart for him), which the Kaiser, though indigent, declined.'

"The disgust of Landgraf Wilhelm was infinite, who, honest man, saw in all this merely an artifice of Carteret's to undo the Kaiser with his French Allies, to quirk him out of his poor help from the French, and have him at their mercy. 'Shame on it!' cried Landgraf Wilhelm aloud, and many others less aloud, Klinggräf and King Friedrich among them: What a Carteret!' The Landgraf turned away with indignation from perfidious England, and began forming quite opposite connections. 'You shall not even have my hired 6000, you perfidious! Thing done with such dexterity of art, too!' thought the Landgraf, and continued to think, till evidence turned up after many months.[2] This was Friedrich's opinion too—permanently, I believe—and that of nearly all the world, till the thing and the Doer of the thing were contemptuously forgotten—a piece of Machiavelism on the part of Carteret and perfidious Albion equal in refined cunning to that of the Ships with foul bottom which vanished from Cadiz two years ago, and were admired with a shudder by Continental mankind who could see into millstones!

"This is the second stroke of Machiavelian Art by those Islanders in their truly vulpine method. Stroke of Art important for this History, and worth the attention of English readers, being almost of pathetic nature when one comes to understand it! Carteret, for this Hanau business, had clangor enough to undergo, poor man! from Germans and from English, which was wholly unjust. 'His trade,' say the English—(or used to say, till they forgot their considerable Carteret altogether)—'was that of rising in the world by feeding the mad German humors of little George: a miserable trade.' Yes, my friends; but it was not quite Carteret's if you will please to examine! And none say Carteret did not do his trade, whatever it was, with a certain greatness—at least till habits of drinking rather took him. Poor man! impatient, probably, of such fortune long continued; for he was thrown out, next Session of Parliament, by Noodle of Newcastle on those strange terms, and never could get in again, and is now

[1] Adelung, iii., *b*, 206, 209–212; see Coxe, *Memoirs of Pelham* (London, 1829), i., 75–469.

[2] *Carteret Papers* (in British Museum), additional MSS., No. 22,529 (May, 1743—January, 1745); in No. 22,527 (January—September, 1742) are other Langraf-Wilhelm pieces of Correspondence.

forgotten ; and there succeeded him still more mournful phenomena—said Noodle or the poor Pelhams, namely—of whom, as of strange minus quantities set to manage our affairs, there is still some dreary remembrance in England. Well ! "

Carteret, though there had been no Duke of Newcastle to run athwart this fine scheme, would have had his difficulties in making her Hungarian Majesty comply. Her Majesty's great heart, incurably grieved about Silesia, is bent on having, if not restoration one day, which is a hope she never quits, at any rate some ample (can not be too ample) equivalent elsewhere. On the Hanau Scheme, united Teutschland, with England for soul to it, would have fallen vigorously on the throat of France, and made France disgorge : Lorraine, Elsass, the Three Bishoprics—not to think of Burgundy, and earlier plunders from the Reich—here would have been "cut and come again " for her Hungarian Majesty and every body ! But Diana, in the shape of his Grace of Newcastle, intervenes, and all this has become chimerical and worse.

It was while Carteret's courier was gone to England, and not come back, that King Louis made the above-mentioned mild, almost penitent Declaration to the Reich : "Good people, let us have Peace, and all be as we were ! I, for my share, wish to be out of it ; I am for home ! " And, in effect, was already home ; every Frenchman in arms being, by this time, on his own side of the Rhine, as we shall presently observe.

For, the same day, July 26th, while that was going on at Frankfurt, and Carteret's return-courier was due in five days, his Britannic Majesty at Hanau had a splendid visit, tending, not toward Peace with France, but quite the opposite way — visit from Prince Karl, with Khevenhüller and other dignitaries, doing us that honor "till the evening of the 28th." Quitting their Army—which is now in these neighborhoods (Broglio well gone to air ahead of it ; Noailles too, at the first sure sniff of it, having rushed double-quick across the Rhine) —these high Gentlemen have run over to us for a couple of days, to "congratulate on Dettingen ; " or better still, to consult, face to face, about ulterior movements. "Follow Noa-

illes ; transfer the seat of war to France itself? These are my orders, your Majesty. Combined Invasion of Elsass : what a slash may be made into France " (right handseling of your Carteret Scheme) " this very year ! " " Proper, in every case ! " answers the Britannic Majesty, and engages to co-operate. Upon which Prince Karl, after the due reviewing, dinnering, ceremonial blaring, which was splendid to witness,[1] hastens back to his Army (now lying about Baden Durlach, 70,000 strong)—and ought to be swift, while the chance lasts.

Hungarian Majesty answers, in the Diet, that French Declaration, "Make Peace, good People ; I wish to be out of it!" in an ominous Manner.

These are fine prospects, in the French quarter, of an equivalent for Schlesien ; very fine, unless Diana intervene ! Diana or not, French prospects or not, her Hungarian Majesty fastens on Bavaria with uncommon tightness of fist now that Bavaria is swept clear, well resolved to keep Bavaria for equivalent till better come. Exacts, by her deputy, Homage from the Population there ; strict Oath of Fealty to *her*, poor Kaiser protesting his uttermost, to no purpose ; Kaiser's poor printer (at Regensburg, which is in Bavaria) getting " tried and hanged " for printing such Protest ! " She draughts forcibly the Bavarian militias into her Italian Army ; " is high and merciless on all hands ; in a word, throttles poor Bavaria, as if to the choking of it outright ; so that the very Gazetteers in foreign places gave voice, though Bavaria itself, such a grasp on the throat of it, was voiceless. Seckendorf's poor Bargain for Neutrality as a Bavarian Riechs-Army her Hungarian Majesty disdains to confirm—to confirm, or even to reject ; treats Seckendorf and his Bavarian Army little otherwise than as a stray dog which she has not yet shot. And truly the old Feldmarschall lies at Wembdingen in most disconsolate moulting condition ; little or nothing to live upon ; the English, generous creatures, had at one time flung him

[1] Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, p. 85, 86.

something, fancying the Armistice might be useful, but now it must be the French that do it, if any body ![1]

Hanau Conferences having failed, these things do not fail. Kaiser Karl is become tragical to think of—a spectacle of pity to Landgraf Wilhelm, to King Friedrich, and serious onlookers; and perhaps not of pity only, but of "pity and fear" to some of them! sullen Austria taking its sweet revenges in this fashion. Readers who will look through these small chinks may guess what a world-welter this was, and how Friedrich, gazing into phase on phase of it, as into Oracles of Fate, which to him they were, had a History, in these months, that will now never be known.

August 16th, came out her Hungarian Majesty's Response to that mild quasi-penitent Declaration of King Louis to the Reich, and much astonished King Louis and others, and the very Reich itself. "Out of it?" says her Hungarian Majesty (whom we with regret, for brevity's sake, translate from Official into vulgate): "His Most Christian Majesty wishes to be out of it? Does not he, the (what shall I call him) Crowned Housebreaker taken in the fact? You shall get out of it, please Heaven, when you have made compensation for the damage done; and till then not, if it please Heaven!" And in this strain (lengthily Official, though indignant to a degree) enumerates the wanton unspeakable mischiefs and outrages which Austria, a kind of sacred entity guaranteed by Law of Nature and Eleven Signatures of Potentates, has suffered from the Most Christian Majesty, and will have compensation for, Heaven now pointing the way![2]

A most portentous Document, full of sombre emphasis, in sonorous snuffling tone of voice, enunciating, with inflexible purpose, a number of unexpected things; very portentous to his Prussian Majesty among others; forms a turning-point or crisis both in the French War and in his Prussian Majesty's History, and ought to be particularly noted and dated by the

[1] Adelung, iii., *b*, 204 ("22d August"), 206, &c.

[2] *In extenso*, in Adelung, iii., *b*, 201, et seqq.

careful reader. It is here that we first publicly hear tell of Compensation—the necessity Austria will have of Compensation—Austria does not say expressly for Silesia, but she says and means for loss of territory, and for all other losses whatsoever: "Compensation for the past, and security for the future; that is my full intention," snuffles she, in that slow, metallic tone of hers, irrevocable except by the gods.

"Compensation for the past, Security for the future." Compensations? what does her Hungarian Majesty mean? asked all the world—asked Friedrich, the now Proprietor of Silesia, with peculiar curiosity! It is the first time her Hungarian Majesty steps articulately forward with such extraordinary Claim of Damages, as if she alone had suffered damage; but it is a fixed point at Vienna, and is an agitating topic to mankind in the coming months and years. Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics—there would be a fine compensation. Then, again, what say you to Bavaria in lieu of the Silesia lost? You have Bavaria by the throat; keep Bavaria, you. Give "Kur-Baiern, Kaiser as they call him," something in the Netherlands to live upon? Will be better out of Germany altogether, with his French leanings. Or, give him the Kingdom of Naples—if once we had conquered it again? These were actual schemes, successive, simultaneous, much occupying Carteret and the high Heads at Vienna now and afterward, which came all to nothing, but should, were it not impossible, be held in some remembrance by readers.

Another still more unexpected point comes out here, in this singular Document, publicly for the first time: Austria's feelings in regard to the Imperial Election itself; namely, That Austria considers, and has all along considered, the said Election to be fatally vitiated by that Exclusion of the Bohemian Vote; to be, in fact, nullified thereby; and that, to her clear view, the present so-called Kaiser is an imaginary quantity, and a mere Kaiser of French shreds and patches! "*Der seyn-sollende Kaiser*," snuffles Austria in one passage; "Your Kaiser, as you call him;" and in another passage, instead of "Kaiser," puts flatly "Kur-Baiern." This is a most extraordinary doctrine to an Electoral Romish Reich! Is the Holy

Romish Reich to *declare* itself an "Enchanted Wiggery," then, and do suicide for behoof of Austria?

"August 16th, this extraordinary Document was delivered to the Chancery of Mainz; and September 23d, it was, contrary to expectation, brought to *Dictatur* by said Chancery," of which latter phrase and phenomenon here is the explanation to English readers.

Had the late Kur-Mainz (general Arch-Chairman, Speaker of the Diet) been still in office and existence, certainly so shocking a Document had never been allowed "to come to *Dictatur*"—to be *dictated* to the Reich's Clerks; to have a first reading, as we should call it, or even to lie on the table, with a theoretic chance that way. But Austria, thanks to our little George and his Pragmatic Armament, had got a new Kur-Mainz, by whom, in open contempt of impartiality, and in open leaning for Austria with all his weight, it was duly forwarded to Dictature; brought before an astonished Diet (*Reichstag*), and endlessly argued of in Reichstag and Reich, with small benefit to Austria or the new Kur-Mainz. Wise kindness to Austria had been suppression of this Piece, not bringing of it to Dictature at all; but the New Kur-Mainz, called upon, and conscious of face sufficient, had not scrupled. "Shame on you, partial Arch-Chancellor!" exclaims all the world. "Revoke such shamefully partially Dictature?" this was the next question brought before the Reich, in which Kur-Hanover (Britannic George) was the one Elector that opined No. Majority conclusive, though, as usual, no settlement attainable. This is the famous "*Dictatur-Sache* (Dictature Question)," which rages on us, for about eleven months to come, in those distracted old Books, and seems as if it would never end. Nor is there any saying when it would have ended, had not, in August, 1744, something else ended, the King of Prussia's patience, namely, which enabled *it* to end, on the Kaiser's then order![1]

It must be owned, in general, the conduct of Maria Theresa to the Reich, ever since the Reich had ventured to reject her Husband as Kaiser and prefer another, was all along of a high

[1] Adelung, iii., *b*, 201; iv., 198, &c.

nature, till now it has grown into absolute contumacy, and a treating of the Reich's elected Kaiser as a merely chimerical personage. No law of the Reich has been violated against her Hungarian Majesty or Husband: "What law?" asked all judges. Vicarius Kur-Sachen sat in committee, hatching for many months that Question of the Kur-Böhmen Vote, and by the prescribed methods brought it out in the negative, every formality and regularity observed, and nobody but your Austrian Deputy protesting upon it when requested to go home. But the high Maria had a notion that the Reich belonged to her august Family and her, and that all Elections to the contrary were an inconclusive thing, fundamentally void every one of them.

Thus, too, long before this, in regard to the *Reichs-Archiv* Question. The Archives and indispensablest Official Records and Papers of the Reich—these had lain so long at Vienna, the high Maria could not think of giving them up. "So difficult to extricate what Papers are Austrian specially from what are Austrian-Imperial—must have time!" answered she, always. And neither the Kaiser's more and more pressing demands, nor those of the late Kur-Mainz, backed by the Reich, and reiterated month after month and year after year, could avail in the matter. Mere angry correspondences, growing ever angrier: the Archives of the Reich lay irrecoverable at Vienna, detained on this pretext and on that; nor were they ever given up, but lay there till the Reich itself had ended, much more the Kaiser Karl VII.! These are high procedures.

As if the Reich had been one's own chattel; as if a Non-Austrian Kaiser were impossible, and the Reich and its laws had, even Officially, become phantasmal! That, in fact, was Maria Theresa's inarticulate inborn notion; and gradually, as her successes on the field rose higher, it became ever more articulate, till this of "the *seyn-sollende* Kaiser" put a crown on it. Justifiable if the Reich, with its Laws, were a chattel or rebellious vassal of Austria, not justifiable otherwise. "Hear ye?" answered almost all the Reich (eight Kurfürsts, with the one exception of Kur-Hanover, as we observed); "Our solemnly elected Kaiser, Karl VII., is a thing of quirks

and quiddities, of French shreds and patches ; at present, it seems, the Reich has no Kaiser at all, and will go ever deeper into anarchies and unnamabilities till it proceed anew to get one—of the right Austrian type!" The Reich is a talking entity ; King Friedrich is bound rather to silence so long as possible. His thoughts on these matters are not given ; but sure enough they were continual, too intense they could hardly be. "Compensation ;" "The Reich as good as mine :" Whither is all this tending! Walrave and those Silesian Fortifyings—let Walrave mind his work, and get it perfected!

Britannic Majesty goes home.

The "Combined Invasion of Elsass"—let us say briefly, overstepping the order of date, and still for a moment leaving Friedrich—came to nothing this year. Prince Karl was 70,000 ; Britannic George (when once those Dutch, crawling-on all summer, had actually come up) was 66,000—nay, 70,000, Karl having lent him that beautiful cannibal gentleman, "Colonel Mentzel and 4000 Tolpatches," by way of edge-trimming. Karl was to cross in Upper Elsass, in the Strasburg parts ; Karl once across, Britannic Majesty was to cross about Mainz, and co-operate from Lower Elsass. And they should have been swift about it, and were not! All the world expected a severe slash to France, and France itself had the due apprehension of it ; but France and all the world were mistaken this time.

Prince Karl was slow with his preparations ; Noailles and Coigny (Broglio's successor) were not slow, "raising batteries every where," raising lines, "10,000 Elsass Peasants," and whatnot ; so that, by the time Prince Karl was ready (middle of August), they lay intrenched and minatory at all passable points, and Karl could nowhere, in that Upper-Rhine Country, by any method, get across. Nothing got across, except once or twice, for perhaps a day, Butcher Trenck and his loose kennel of Pandours, who went about plundering and rioting, with loud rhodomontade, to the admiration of the Gazetteers, if of no one else.

Nor was George's seconding of important nature ; most

dubitative, wholly passive you would rather say, though the River in his quarter lay undefended. He did at last cross the Rhine about Mainz; went languidly to Worms—did an ever-memorable *Treaty of Worms* there, if no fighting there or elsewhere; went to Speyer, where the Dutch joined him (sadly short of number stipulated, had it been the least mat ter); was at Germersheim, at what other places I forget, manœuvring about in a languid and as if in an aimless manner—at least it was in a perfectly ineffectual one. Mentzel rode gloriously to Trarbach, into Lorraine; stuck up Proclamation. "Hungarian Majesty come, by God's help, for her own again," and the like; of which Document, now fallen rare, we give textually the last line: "And if any of you *don't*" (don't sit quiet at least), "I will," to be brief, "first cut off your ears and noses, and then hang you out of hand." The singular Champion of Christendom, famous to the then Gazetteers![1] Nothing farther could George, with his Dutch now adjoined, do in those parts but wriggle slightly to and fro without aim, or stand absolutely still and eat provision (great uncertainty and discrepancy among the Generals, and Stair gone in a huff[2]), till at length the "Combined Pragmatic Troops" returned to Mainz (October 11th), and thence, dreadfully in ill-humor with each other, separated into their winterquarters in the Netherlands and adjacent regions.

Prince Karl tried hard in several places—hardest at Alt-Breisach, far up the River, with Swabian Freiburg for his place of arms—an Austrian Country all that, "Hither Austria," Swabian Austria. There, at Alt-Breisach, lay Prince Karl (24th August—3d September), his left leaning on that venerable sugar-loaf Hill, with the towers and ramparts on the top of it, looking wistfully into Alsace, if there were no way of getting at it. He did get once half-way across the River, lodging himself in an Island called Rheinmark, but could get

[1] In Adelung (iii., *b*, 193) the Proclamation at large. I have, or once had, a *Life of Mentzel* (Dublin, I think, 1744), "price twopence"—dear at the money.

[2] Went "August 27th, by Worms" (Henderson, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 48), just while his Majesty was beginning to cross.

no farther, owing to the Noailles-Coigny preparations for him. Called a Council of War; decided that he had not magazines, that it was too late in the season, and marched home again (October 12th) through the Schwabenland, leaving, besides the strong Garrison of Freiburg, only Trenck with 12,000 Pandours to keep the Country open for us against next year. Britannic Majesty, as we observed, did then, almost simultaneously, in like manner march home;[1] one goal is always clear when the day sinks: Make for your quarters, for your bed.

Prince Karl was gloriously wedded this Winter to her Hungarian Majesty's young Sister—glorious meed of War; and, they say, a union of hearts withal; Wife and he to have Brussels for residence, and be "Joint-Governors of the Netherlands" henceforth. Stout Khevenhüller, almost during the rejoicings, took fever and suddenly died, to the great sorrow of her Majesty for loss of such a soldier and man.[2] Britannic Majesty has not been successful with his Pragmatic Army. He did get his new Kur-Mainz, who has brought the Austrian Exorbitancy to a first reading and into general view. He did get out of the Dettingen mouse-trap; and, to the admiration of the Gazetteer mind, and (we hope) envy of Most Christian Majesty, he has, regardless of expense, played Supreme Jove on the German boards for above three months running. But as to Settlement of the German Quarrel, he has done nothing at all, and even a good deal less! Let me commend to readers this little scrap of Note, headed, "*Methods of Pacificating Germany:*

"1°. There is one ready method of pacificating Germany: That his Britannic Majesty should firmly button his breeches-pocket, 'Not one sixpence more, Madam!' and go home to his bed, if he find no business waiting him at home. Has not he always the *Ear-of-Jenkins* Question, and the Cause of Liberty in that succinct form? But, in Germany, sinews of war being cut, law of gravitation would at once act, and exorbi-

[1] Adelung, iii., *b*, 192, 215; Anonymous, *Cumberland*, p. 121.

[2] *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 45, 94.

tant Hungarian Majesty, tired France, and all else, would in a brief space of time lapse into equilibrium, probably of the more stable kind.

"2°. Or, if you want to save the Cause of Liberty on a grand scale, there are those *Hanau Conferences*—Carteret's magnificent scheme: A united Teutschland (England inspiring it) to rush on the throat of France for 'Compensation,' for universal salving of sores. This second method, Diana having intervened, is gone to water, and even to poisoned water. So that,

"3°. There was nothing left for poor Carteret but a *Treaty of Worms*" (concerning which something more explicit by-and-by)—"a Teutschland (the English doubly and trebly inspiring it, as surely they will now need!) to rush as aforesaid, in the *dis*united and indeed nearly internecine state; which third method, unless Carteret can conquer Naples for the Kaiser, stuff the Kaiser into some satisfactory 'Netherlands' or the like, and miraculously do the unfeasible (Fortune perhaps favoring the brave), may be called the unlikely one, as poor Carteret probably guesses or dreads, had he now any choice left. But it was love's last shift! And, by aid of Diana and otherwise, that is the posture in which, at Mainz, 11th October, 1743, we leave the German Question."

"Compensation," from France in particular, is not to be had gratis, it appears. Somewhere or other it must be had! Complaining once, as she very often does, to her Supreme Jove, Hungarian Majesty had written: "Why, oh why did you force me to give up Silesia!" Supreme Jove answers (at what date I never knew, though Friedrich knows it, and "has copy of the Letter"): "Madame, what was good to give is good to take back (*ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à rendre!*)" [1]

CHAPTER VI.

VOLTAIRE VISITS FRIEDRICH FOR THE FOURTH TIME.

In the last days of August there appears at Berlin M. de Voltaire, on his Fourth Visit—thrice and four times welcome, though this time, privately, in a somewhat unexpected capa-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii., 27.

city—come to try his hand in the diplomatic line ; to sound Friedrich a little on behalf of the distressed French Ministry. That, very privately indeed, is Voltaire's errand at present, and great hopes hang by it for Voltaire, if he prove adroit enough.

Poor man, it had turned out he could not get his Academy Diploma after all, owing again to intricacies and heterodoxies. King Louis was at first willing, indifferent; nay, the Châteauroux was willing ; but orthodox parties persuaded his Majesty ; wicked Maurepas (the same who lasted till the Revolution time) set his face against it ; Maurepas, and *Anc.* de Mirepoix (whom they wittily call "*Ane*" or Ass of Mirepoix, that sour opaque creature, lately monk), were industrious exceedingly, and put veto on Voltaire. A stupid Bishop was preferred to him for filling up the Forty. Two Bishops magnanimously refused ; but one was found with ambitious stupidity enough : Voltaire, for the third time, failed in this small matter, to him great. Nay, in spite of that kiss in *Mérope*, he could not get his *Mort de César* acted ; cabals rising ; *Ancien* de Mirepoix rising ; Orthodoxy, sour Opacity prevailing again. To Madame and him (though finely caressed in the Parisian circles) these were provoking months : enough to make a man forswear Literature, and try some other Jacob's-Ladder in this world, which Voltaire had actual thoughts of now and then. We may ask, Are these things of a nature to create love of the Hierarchy, in M. de Voltaire? "Your Academy is going to be a Seminary of Priests," says Friedrich. The lynx-eyed animal—anxiously asking itself, "Witherward, then, out of such a mess?"—walks warily about, with its paws of velvet, but has, *in posse*, claws under them for certain individuals and fraternities.

Nor, alas! is the Du Châtelet relation itself so celestial as it once was. Madame has discovered, think only with what feelings, that this great man does not love her as formerly! The great man denies, ready to deny on the Gospels, to her and to himself ; and yet, at bottom, if we read with the microscope, there are symptoms, and it is not deniable. How should it? Leafy May, hot June, by degrees comes October,

sere, yellow; and at last a quite leafless condition—not Favonius, but gray Northeast, with its hail-storms (jealousies, barren cankered gusts), your main wind blowing. "*Émilie fait de l'Alg`bre*," sneers he once, in an inadvertent moment, to some Lady-friend: "Émilie doing? Émilie is doing Algebra; that is Émilie's employment, which will be of great use to her in the affairs of Life, and of great charm in Society."[1] Voltaire (if you read with the microscope) has, on this side also, thoughts of being off. "Off on this side?" Madame flies mad, becomes Megæra at the mention or suspicion of it! A jealous, high-tempered Algebraic Lady. They have had to tell her of this secret Mission to Berlin, and she insists on being the conduit; all the papers to pass through her hands, here at Paris, during the great man's absence. Fixed northeast; that is, to appearance, the domestic wind blowing! And I rather judge the great man is glad to get away for a time.

This Quasi-Diplomatic Speculation, one perceives, is much more serious, on the part both of Voltaire and of the Ministry, than any of the former had been. And, on Voltaire's part, there glitter prospects now and then of something positively Diplomatic, of a real career in that kind, lying ahead for him. Fond hopes these! But among the new Ministers, since Fleury's death, are Amelot, the D'Argensons, personal friends, old schoolfellows of the poor hunted man, who are willing he should have shelter from such a pack; and all French Ministers, clutching at every floating spar, in this their general shipwreck in Germany, are aware of the uses there might be in him in such crisis. "Knows Friedrich; might perhaps have some power in persuading him—power in spying him, at any rate. Unless Friedrich do step forward again, what is to become of us!" The mutual hintings, negotiatings, express interviews, bargainings, and secret instructions dimly traceable in Voltaire's *Letters*, had been going on perhaps since May last, time of those *Academy* failures, of those

[1] Letter of Voltaire "To Madame Chambonin," end of 1742 (*Œuvres*, Edition in 40 vols., Paris, 1818, xxxii., 148); is *missed* in the later Edition (97 vols., Paris, 1837), to which our habitual reference is.

Broglio Dispatches from the Donau Countries, "No staying here, your Majesty!" and I think it was, in fact, about the time when Broglio blew up like gunpowder and tumbled home on the winds that Voltaire set out on his mission. "Visit to Friedrich," they call it; "invitation" from Friedrich there is, or can, on the first hint, at any point of the Journey be.

Voltaire has lingered long on the road; left Paris middle of June,[1] but has been exceedingly exerting himself in the Hague, at Brussels, and wherever else present, in the way of forwarding his errand. Spying, contriving, persuading; corresponding to right and left—corresponding, especially much, with the King of Prussia himself, and then with "M. Amelot, Secretary of State," to report progress to the best advantage. There are curious elucidative sparks in those Voltaire Letters, chaotic as they are; small sparks, elucidative, confirmatory of your dull History Books, and adding traits here and there to the Image you have formed from them; yielding you a poor momentary comfort, like reading some riddle of no use, like light got incidentally by rubbing dark upon dark (say Voltaire flint upon Dryasdust gritstone) in those labyrinthic catacombs, if you are doomed to travel there. A mere weariness, otherwise, to the outside reader, hurrying forward—to the light French Editor, who can pass comfortably on wings or balloons![2] Voltaire's assiduous finessings with the Hague Diplomatist People, or with their Secretaries if bribable—nay, with the Dutch Government itself ("through channels which I have opened," with infinitesimally small result); his spyings

[1] His Letters (*Œuvres*, lxxiii., 42, 48).

[2] (*Œuvres*, lxxiii, p 40–138. Clogenson, a Dane (whose Notes, signed "Clog.," are in all tolerable recent Editions), has, alone among the Commentators of Voltaire's *Letters*, made some real attempt toward explaining the many passages that are fallen unintelligible. "Clog." traveling on foot, with his eyes open, is—especially on German-History points—incomparable and unique among his French comrades going by balloon, and drops a rational or half-rational hint now and then which is meritoriously helpful. Unhappily, he is by no means *well*-read in that German matter, by no means always exact, nor, indeed, ever quite to be trusted without trial had.

("young Podewils," Minister here, Nephew of the Podewils we have known, "young Podewils in intrigue with a Dutch Lady of rank:" think of that, your Excellency); his preparatory subtle correspondings with Friedrich; his exquisite manœuvrings, and really great industries in the small way—all this, and much else, we will omit. Impatient of these preludings, which have been many! Thus, at one point, Voltaire "took a *fluxion*" (catarrhal, from the nose only), when Friedrich was quite ready; then, again, when Voltaire was ready, and the fluxion off, Friedrich had gone upon his Silesian Reviews; in short, there have been such cross-purposes, tedious delays, as are distressing to think of; and we will say only that M. de Voltaire did actually, after the conceivable adventures, alight in the Berlin Schloss (last day of August, as I count); welcomed, like no other man, by the Royal Landlord there; and that this is the Fourth Visit, and has (in strict privacy) weightier intentions than any of the foregoing, on M. de Voltaire's part.

Voltaire had a glorious reception; apartment near the King's; King gliding in, at odd moments, in the beautifullest way; and for seven or eight days there was at Berlin, and then at Potsdam, a fine awakening of the sphere-harmonies between them, with touches of practicality thrown in as suited. Of course it was not long till, on some touch of that latter kind, Friedrich discerned what the celestial messenger had come upon withal: a dangerous moment for M. de Voltaire; "King visibly irritated," admits he, with the aquiline glance transfixing him! "Alas! your Majesty, mere excess of loyalty, submission, devotion, on my poor part! Deign to think, may not this too—in the present state of my King, of my Two Kings, and of all Europe—be itself a kind of spheral things?" So that the aquiline lightning was but momentary, and abated to lambent twinklings, with something even of comic in them, as we shall gather. Voltaire had his difficulties with Valori, too: "What interloping fellow is this?" gloomed Valori. "A devoted secretary of your Excellency's; on his honor, nothing more!" answered Voltaire, bowing to the ground; and strives to behave as such, giving Valori

"these poor Reports of mine to put in cipher," and the like. Very slippery ice hereabouts for the adroit man! His reports to Amelot are of sanguine tone, but indicate to the by-stander small progress; ice slippery, and a twinkle of the comic. Many of them are lost (or lie hidden in the French Archives, and are not worth disinterring); but here is one, saved by Beaumarchais and published long afterward, which will sufficiently bring home the old scene to us. In the Palace of Berlin or else of Potsdam (date must be 6th–8th September, 1743), Voltaire from his Apartment hands-in a "Memorial" to Friedrich, and gets it back with Marginalia, as follows:

"Would your Majesty be pleased to have the kind condescension (*assez de bonté*) to put on the margin your reflections and orders?

Memorial by Voltaire.

"1°. Your Majesty is to know that the Sieur Bassecour" (signifies *Back-yard*), "chief Burgher-master of Amsterdam, has come lately to beg M. de la Ville, French Minister there, to make Proposals of Peace. La Ville answered, If the Dutch had offers to make, the King his master could hear them.

"2°. Is it not clear that the Peace Party will infallibly carry it, in Holland, since Bassecour, one of the most determined for War, begins to speak of Peace? Is it not clear that France shows vigor and wisdom?

"3°. In these circumstances, if your Majesty took the tone of a Master, gave example to the Princes of the Empire in assembling an Army of Neutrality, would not you snatch the sceptre of Europe from the hands of the English, who now brave you, and speak in an insolent revolting manner of your Majesty, as do, in Holland also, the party of the Bentincks, the Fagels, the Opdams? I have myself heard them, and am reporting nothing but what is very true.

Marginalia by Friedrich.

"1°. This Bassecour, or Back-yard, seems to be the gentleman that has charge of fattening the capons and turkeys for their High Mightinesses?

"2°. I admire the wisdom of France, but God preserve me from ever imitating it!

"3°. This would be finer in an ode than in actual reality. I disturb myself very little about what the Dutch and English say, the rather as I understand nothing of those dialects (*patois*) of theirs.

"4°. Do not you cover yourself with an immortal glory in declaring yourself, with effect, the protector of the Empire? And is it not of most pressing interest to your Majesty to hinder the English from making your Enemy the Grand-Duke" (Maria Theresa's husband) "King of the Romans?

"5°. Whoever has spoken but a quarter of an hour to the Duke d'Ahremberg" (who spilled Lord Stair's fine enterprises lately, and reduced them to a *Dettingen*, or a getting into the mouse-trap and a getting out), "to the Court Harrach" (important Austrian Official), "Lord Stair, or any of the partisans of Austria, even for a quarter of an hour" (as I have often done), "has heard them say, That they burn with desire to open the campaign in Silesia again. Have you in that case, Sire, any ally but France? And, however potent you are, is an ally useless to you? You know the resources of the House of Austria, and how many Princes are united to it. But will they resist your power, joined to that of the House of Bourbon?

"6°. If you were but to march a body of troops to Cleves, do not you awaken terror and respect, without apprehension that any one dare make war on you? Is it not, on the contrary, the one method of forcing the Dutch to concur, under your orders, in the pacification of the Empire, and re-establishment of the Emperor, who will thus a second time be indebted to you for his throne, and will aid in the splendor of yours?

"7°. Whatever resolution may

"4°. France has more interest than Prussia to hinder that. Besides, on this point, dear Voltaire, you are ill informed. For there can be no Election of a King of the Romans without the unanimous consent of the Empire; so, you perceive, that always depends on me.

"5°. *On les y recevra,*
Biribi,
A la façon de Barbari,
Mon ami.[1]
We will receive them,
Twiddledee,
In the mode of Barbary,
Don t you see?

"6°. *Vous voulez qu'en vrai dieu de la machine,*

"You will have me as theatre-god, then,

"*J'arrive pour le dénouement?*

"Swoop in, and produce the catastrophe?

"*Qu'aux Anglais, aux Pandours, à ce peuple insolent,*

"*J'aille donner la discipline?*

"Tame to sobriety those English, those Pandours, and obstreperous people?

"*Mais examinez mieux ma mine;*

"Examine the look of me better;

"*Je ne suis pas assez méchant!*

"I have not surliness enough.

"7°. If you like to come to Bai-

[1] Form of Song very fashionable at Paris (see Barbier, *sæpius*) in those years: "*Biribi*," I believe, is a kind of lottery-game.

be come to, will your Ma'esty deign to confide it to me, and impart the result to your servant, to him who desires to pass his life at your Court? May I have the honor to accompany your Ma'esty to Baireuth; and, if your goodness go so far, would you please to declare it, that I may have time to prepare for the journey? One favorable word written to me in the Letter on that occasion" (word favorable to France, ostensible to M. Amelot and the Most Christian Ma'esty), "one word would suffice to procure me the happiness I have, for six years, been aspiring to, of living beside you." Oh, send it!

"8°. During the short stay I am now to make, if I could be made the bearer of some news agreeable to my Court, I would supplicate your Majesty to honor me with such a commission." (This does not want for impudence, Monsieur! Friedrich answers from aloft:)

"9°. Do whatsoever you may please, I shall always love your Ma'esty with my whole heart."

reuth, I shall be glad to see you there, provided the journey don't derange your health. It will depend on yourself, then, to take what measures you please." (And about the ostensible *word*—Nothing!)

"8°. I am not in any connection with France; I have nothing to fear nor to hope from France. If you would like, I will make a Panegyric on Louis XV. without a word of truth in it; but as to political business, there is, at present, none to bring us together; and neither is it I that am to speak first. When they put a question to me, it will be time to reply; but you, who are so much a man of sense, you see well what a ridiculous business it would be if, without ground given me, I set to prescribing projects of policy to France, and even put them on paper with my own hand!

"9°. I love you with all my heart; I esteem you; I will do all to have you, except follies, and things which would make me forever ridiculous over Europe, and at bottom would be contrary to my interests and my glory. The only commission I can give you for France is to advise them to behave with more wisdom than they have done hitherto. That Monarchy is a body with much strength, but without soul or energy (*nerf*)."

And so you may give it to Valori to put in cipher, my illustrious Messenger from the Spheres.[1]

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii., 101–105 (see *Ib.*, ii., 55); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii., 141–141.

Worth reading, this, rather well. Very kingly, and characteristic of the young Friedrich. Saved by Beaumarchais, who did not give it in his famous Kehl Edition of *Voltaire*, but "had it in Autograph ever after, and printed it in his *Décade Philosophique*, 10 Messidor, An vii." (Summer 1799): "Beaumarchais had several other Pieces of the same sort," which, as bits of contemporary photographing, one would have liked to see.

Friedrich visits Baireuth on a particular Errand; Voltaire attending, and privately reporting.

This "*Biribi*" Document I suppose to have been delivered perhaps on the 7th, and that Friedrich *had* it, but had not yet answered it, when he wrote the following Letter:

"*Potsdam, 8th September*, 1743" (Friedrich to Voltaire).—"I dare not speak to a son of Apollo about horses and carriages, relays and such things: these are details with which the gods do not concern themselves, and which we mortals take upon us. You will set out on Monday afternoon, if you like the journey, for Baireuth, and you will dine with me in passing, if you please" (at Potsdam here).

"The rest of my *Mémoire*" (Paper before given?) "is so blurred and in so bad a state I can not yet send it you. I am getting Cantos 8 and 9 of *La Pucelle* copied; I at present have Cantos 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, and 9: I keep them under three keys, that the eye of mortal may not see them.

"I hear you supped yesternight in good company" (great gathering in some high house, gone all asunder now);

> "The finest wits of the Canton
> All collected in your name,
> People all who could not but be pleased with you,
> All devout believers in Voltaire,
> Unanimously took you
> For the god of their Paradise.

"'Paradise,' that you may not be scandalized, is taken here in a general sense for a place of pleasure and joy. See the 'remark' on the last verse of the *Mondain*."[1]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii., 144; Voltaire, lxxiii., 100 (scandalously *mis*-dated in Edition 1818, xxxix., 466). As to *Mondain*, and "remark" upon it—the ghost of what was once a sparkle of successful coterie-speech and epistolary allusion—take this: "In the *Mondain* Voltaire

Voltaire is to go upon the Baireuth Journey, then, according to prayer. Whether Voltaire ever got that all-important "word which he could show," I can not say, though there is some appearance that Friedrich may have dashed off for him the Panegyric of Louis in these very hours, to serve his turn, and have done with him. Under date 7th September, day before the Letter just read, here are snatches from another to the same address:

"*Potsdam, 7th September*, 1743" (Friedrich to Voltaire).—"You tell me so much good of France and of its King, it were to be wished all Sovereigns had subjects like you, and all Commonwealths such citizens"—(you can show that, I suppose?) "What a pity France and Sweden had not had Military Chiefs of your way of thinking! But it is very certain, say what you will, that the feebleness of their Generals and the timidity of their counsels have almost ruined in public repute two Nations which, not half a century ago, inspired terror over Europe." * * "Scandalous Peace, that of Fleury, in 1735; abandoning King Stanislaus, cheating Spain, cheating Sardinia, to get Lorraine! And now this manner of abandoning the Emperor" (respectable Karl VII. of your making), "Sacrificing Bavaria, and reducing that worthy Prince to the lowest poverty—poverty, I say, not of a Prince, but into the frightfulest state for a private man!" Ah! Monsieur!

"And yet your France is the most charming of Nations; and if it is not feared, it deserves well to be loved. A King worthy to command it, who governs sagely, and acquires for himself the esteem of all Europe"—(there, won't that do?)—"may restore its ancient splendor, which the Broglios, and so many others even more inept, have a little eclipsed. That is assuredly a work worthy of a Prince endowed with such gifts! To reverse the sad posture of affairs, nobly repairing what others have spoiled; to defend his Country against furious enemies, reducing them to beg Peace, instead of scornfully rejecting it when offered—never was more glory acquirable by any King! I shall admire whatsoever this great man" (*ce grand*

had written, '*Le Paradis terrestre est où je suis;*' and as the Priests made outcry, had, with airs of orthodoxy, explained the phrase away," as Friedrich now affects to do, obliquely quizzing in the Friedrich manner.

homme, Louis XV., not yet visibly tending to the dung-heap, let us hope better things!) "may achieve in that way; and of all the Sovereigns of Europe, none will be less jealous of his success than I." There, my spheral friend, show that![1]

Which the spheral friend does. Nor was it "irony," as the new Commentators think; not at all; sincere enough, what you call sincere: Voltaire himself had a nose for "irony!" This was what you call sincere Panegyric in liberal measure; why be stingy with your measure? It costs half an hour; it will end Voltaire's importunities; and so may, if any thing, oil the business-wheels withal; for Friedrich foresees business enough with Louis and the French Ministries, though he will not enter on it with Voltaire. This Journey to Baireuth and Anspach, for example, this is not for a visit to his Sisters, as Friedrich labels it, but has extensive purposes hidden under that title—meetings with Franconian Potentates, earnest survey, earnest consultation on a state of things altogether grave for Germany and Friedrich, though he understands whom to treat with about it, whom to answer with a "*Biribi mon ami.*" That Austrian Exorbitancy of a message to the Diet has come out (August 16th, and is struggling to *Dictatur*); the Austrian procedures in Baiern are in their full flagrancy; Friedrich intends trying once more Whether, in such crisis, there be absolutely no "Union of German Princes" possible, nor even of any two or three of them in the "Swabian and Franconian Circles," which he always thought the likeliest?

The Journey took effect, Tuesday, 10th September[2] (not the day before, as Friedrich had been projecting); went by Halle, straight upon Baireuth, and ended there on Thursday. As usual, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were of it; Voltaire failed not to accompany. What the complexion of it was, especially what Friedrich had meant by it, and how ill he succeeded, will perhaps be most

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii., 139: see, for what followed, *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii., 129 (report to Amelot, 27th October).

[2] Rödenbeck, i., 93.

directly visible through the following compressed Excerpts from Voltaire's long *Letter* to Secretary Amelot on the subject, if readers will be diligent with them. Friedrich, after four days, ran across to Anspach on important business; came back with mere failure, and was provokingly quite silent on it; staid at Baireuth some three days more; thence home by Gotha (still on "Union" business, still mere failure), by Leipzig, and arrived at Potsdam September 25th, leaving Voltaire in Wilhelmina's charmed circle (of which, unhappily, there is not a word said) for about a week more. Voltaire, directly on getting back to Berlin, "resumes the thread of his journal" to Secretary Amelot—that is, writes him another long Letter:

Voltaire (from Berlin, 3d October, 1743) *to Secretary Amelot.*

* * "The King of Prussia told me at Baireuth, on the 13th or 14th of last month, He was glad our King had sent the Kaiser money"—useful that, at any rate; Noailles's £6000 would not go far. "That he thought M. le Maréchal de Noailles's explanation" (of a certain small rumor, to the disadvantage of Noailles in reference to the Kaiser) "was satisfactory; 'but,' added he, 'it results from all your secret motions that you are begging Peace from every body, and there may have been something in this rumor, after all.'

"He then told me he was going over to Anspach to see what could be done for the Common Cause" (Kaiser's and Ours); "that he expected to meet the Bishop of Würzberg there, and would try to stir the Frankish and Swabian Circles into some kind of Union. And, at setting off" (from Baireuth, September 16th, on this errand), "he promised his Brother-in-law the Margraf he would return with great schemes afoot, and even with great success;" which proved otherwise, to a disappointing degree.

* * "The Margraf of Anspach did say he would join a Union of Princes in favor of the Kaiser if Prussia gave example, but that was all. 'The Bishop of Würzburg,' a feeble old creature, "never appeared at Anspach, nor even sent an apology; and Seckendorf, with the Imperial Army"—Seckendorf, caged up at Wembdingen (whom Friedrich drove off from Anspach, twenty miles, to see and consult), was in a disconsolate moulting condition, and could promise or advise

nothing satisfactory during the dinner one took with him.[1] Four days running about on those errands had yielded his Prussian Majesty nothing. "While he (Prussian Majesty) was on this Anspach excursion, the Margraf of Baireuth, who is lately made Fieldmarshal of his Circle, spoke much to me of present affairs—a young Prince full of worth and courage, who loves the French, hates the Austrians," and would fain make himself generally useful; "to whom I suggested this and that" (does your Lordship observe?), if it could ever come to any thing.

"The King of Prussia, on returning to Baireuth" (guess 20th September), "did not speak the least word of business to the Margraf, which much surprised the latter! He surprised him still more by indicating some intention to retain forcibly at Berlin the young Duke of Würtemberg, under pretext 'that Madame his Mother intended to have him taken to Vienna' for education. To anger this young Duke, and drive his Mother to despair, was not the method for acquiring credit in the Circle of Swabia, and getting the Princes brought to unite!

"The Duchess of Würtemberg, who was there at Baireuth, by appointment, to confer with the King of Prussia, sent to seek me. I found her all dissolved in tears. 'Ah!' said she"—(But why is our dear Wilhelmina left saying nothing; invisible, behind the curtains of envious Chance, and only a skirt of them lifted to show us this Improper Duchess once more!)—"'Ah!' said she" (the Improper Duchess, at sight of me), "'will the King of Prussia be a tyrant, then? To pay me for intrusting my Boys to him, and giving him two Regiments' (for money down), 'will he force me to implore justice against him from the whole world? I must have my Child! He shall not go to Vienna; it is in his own Country that I will have him brought up beside me. To put my Son in Austrian hands?' (unless, indeed, your Highness were driven into Financial or other straits?) 'You know if I love France—if my design is not to pass the rest of my days there, so soon as my Son comes to majority!' Ohone, ohoo!

"In fine, the quarrel was appeased. The King of Prussia told me he would be gentler with the Mother; would restore the Son if they absolutely wished it; but that he hoped the young Prince would of himself like better to stay where he

[1] September 19th, "under a shady tree, after muster of the troops"—(Rödenbeck, p. 93).

was." * * "I trust your Lordship will allow me to draw for those 300 ducats for a new carriage. I have spent all I had, running about these four months. I leave this, for Brunswick and homeward, on the evening of the 12th."[1] * *

And so the curtain drops on the Baireuth Journey, on the Berlin Visit, and, indeed, if that were any thing, on Voltaire's Diplomatic career altogether. The insignificant Accidents, the dull powers that be, say No. Curious to reflect had they happened to say Yes: "Go into the Diplomatic line, then, you sharp climbing creature, and become great by that method; *write* no more, you; write only Dispatches and Spy-Letters henceforth!" How different a world for us, and for all mortals that read and that do not read, there had now been!

Voltaire fancies he has done his Diplomacy well, not without fruit; and at Brunswick—cheered by the grand welcome he found there—has delightful outlooks (might I dare to suggest them, Monseigneur?) of touring about in the German Courts, with some Circular *Hortatorium*, or sublime Begging-Letter from the Kaiser in his hand, and, by witchery of tongue, urging Würtemberg, Brunswick, Baireuth, Anspach, Berlin, to compliance with the Imperial Majesty and France.[2] Would not that be sublime! But that, like the rest, in spite of one's talent, came to nothing. Talent! Success? Madame de Châteauroux had, in the interim, taken a dislike to M. Amelot; "could not bear his stammerings," the fastidious Improper Female; flung Amelot overboard—Amelot, and his luggage after him, Voltaire's diplomatic hopes included, and there was an end.

How ravishing the thing had been while it lasted, judge by these other stray symptoms, hastily picked up, partly at Berlin, partly at Brunswick, which show us the bright meridian, and also the blaze, almost still more radiant, which proved to be sunset. Readers have heard of Voltaire's Madrigals to certain Princesses, and must read these Three again, which are really incomparable in their kind; not equaled in graceful

[1] Voltaire, lxxiii., 105-109. [2] Voltaire, lxxiii., 133.

felicity even by Goethe, and by him alone of Poets approached in that respect. At Berlin, Autumn, 1743, Three consummate Madrigals :

1. To Princess Ulrique.

"*Souvent un peu de vérité*
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge :
Cette nuit, dans l'erreur d'un songe,
Au rang des rois j'étais monté.
Je vous aimais, Princesse, et j'osais vous le dire !
Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté,
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire."

2. To Princesses Ulrique and Amelia.

"*Si Pâris venait sur la terre*
Pour juger entre vos beaux yeux,
Il couperait la pomme en deux,
Et ne produirait pas de guerre."

3. To Princesses Ulrique, Amelia, and Wilhelmina.

"*Pardon, charmante Ulrique ; pardon, belle Amélie ;*
J'ai cru n'aimer que vous la reste de ma vie,
Et ne servir que sous vos lois ;
Mais enfin j'entends et je vois
Cette adorable Sœur dont l'Amour suit les traces :
Ah, ce n'est pas outrager les Trois Graces
Que de les aimer toutes trois !" [1]

[1] 1. "A grain of truth is often mingled with the stupidest delusion. Yesternight, in the error of a dream, I had risen to the rank of king ; I loved you, Princess, and had the audacity to say so ! The gods, at my awakening, did not strip me wholly ; my kingdom was all they took from me.

2. "If Paris" (of Troy) "came back to decide on the charms of you Two, he would halve the Apple, and produce no War.

3. "Pardon, charming Ulrique ; beautiful Amelia, pardon ; I thought I should love only you for the rest of my life, and serve under your laws only ; but at last I hear and see this adorable Sister, whom Love follows as Page. Ah ! it is not offending the Three Graces to love them all three !"

In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii.: No. 1 is p. 292 (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv., 90–92, the *Answers* to it) ; No. 2 is p. 320 ; No. 3, p. 321.

Brunswick, 16*th October* (blazing sunset, as it proved, but brighter almost than meridian), *a letter from Voltaire to Maupertuis* (still in France since that horrible Mollwitz-Pandour Business).

"In my wanderings I received the Letter where my dear Flattener of this Globe deigns to remember me with so much friendship. Is it possible that— * * I made your compliments to all your friends at Berlin ; that is, to all the Court." "Saw Dr. Eller decomposing water into elastic air" (or thinking he did so, 1743) ; "Saw the Opera of *Titus*, which is a masterpiece of music" (by Friedrich himself, with the important aid of Graun) : "it was, without vanity, a treat the King gave me, or rather gave himself ; he wished I should see him in his glory.

"His Opera-House is the finest in Europe. Charlottenburg is a delicious abode : Friedrich does the honors there, the King knowing nothing of it." * * "One lives at Potsdam as in the Chateau of a French Seigneur who had culture and genius, in spite of that big Battalion of Guards, which seems to me the terriblest Battalion in this world.

"Jordan is still the same—*bon garçon et discret ;* has his oddities, his 1600 crowns (£240) of pension. D'Argens is Chamberlain, with a gold key at his breast-pocket, and 100 louis inside, payable monthly. Chasot" (whom the readers made acquaintance with at Philipsburg long since), "instead of cursing his destiny, must have taken to bless it : he is Major of Horse, with income enough. And he has well earned it, having saved the King's Baggage at the last Battle of Chotusitz"—what we did not notice, in the horse-charges and grand tumults of that scene.

"I passed some days" (a fortnight in all) "at Baireuth. Her Royal Highness, of course, spoke to me of you. Baireuth is a delightful retreat, where one enjoys whatever there is agreeable in a Court, without the bother of grandeur. Brunswick, where I am, has another species of charm. 'Tis a celestial Voyage this of mine, where I pass from Planet to Planet"—to tumultuous Paris ; and, I do hope, to my unique Maupertuis awaiting me there at last.[1]

We have only to remark farther that Friedrich had again pressed Voltaire to come and live with him, and choose his

[1] Voltaire, lxxiii., 122–125.

own terms, and that Voltaire (as a second string to his bow, should this fine Diplomatic one fail) had provisionally accepted —provisionally, and with one most remarkable clause, that of leaving out Madame, "imagining it would be less agreeable to you if I came with others (*avec d'autres*) ; and I own that, belonging to your Majesty alone, I should have my mind more at ease"[1]—whew! And then to add a third thing: That Madame, driven half delirious by these delays, and gyratings from Planet to Planet, especially by that last Fortnight at Baireuth, had rushed off from Paris to seek her vagabond, and see into him with her own eyes: "Couldn't help it, my angels!" writes she to the D'Argentals (excellent guardian-angels, Monsieur and Madame ; and, I am sure, *patient* both of them as only *Monsieur* Job was in the old case) : "A whole fortnight" (perhaps with madrigals to Princesses), "and only four lines to me!" and is now in bed, or lately was, at Lille, ill of slow fever (*petite fièvre*), panting to be upon the road again.[2]

Fancy what a greeting for M. de Voltaire from those eyes *hagardes et louches ;* and whether he mentioned that pretty little clause of going to Berlin "*without* others," or durst for the life of him whisper of going at all! After pause in the Brussels region, they came back to Paris "in December;" resigned, I hope, to inexorable Fate, though with such Diplomatic and other fine prospects flung to the fishes, and little but *gredins* and confusions waiting you, as formerly.

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii , 112, 116 (Proposal and Response, both of them "7th October," five days before leaving Berlin).

[2] *Letters inédites de Madame du Chastelet à M. le Comte d'Argental* (Paris, 1806), p. 253. A curiously elucidative Letter this ("Brussels, 15th October, 1743") ; a curious little Book altogether.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH MAKES TREATY WITH FRANCE; AND SILENTLY GETS READY.

THOUGH Friedrich went upon the bantering tone with Voltaire, his private thoughts in regard to the surrounding scene of things were extremely serious, and already it had begun to be apparent, from those Britannic-Austrian procedures, that some new alliance with France might well lie ahead for him. During Voltaire's visit, that extraordinary Paper from Vienna that the Kaiser was no Kaiser, and that there must be "compensation" and satisfactory "assurance," had come into full glare of first-reading, and the *Dictatur-Sache* and denunciation of an evidently partial Kur-Mainz was awakening every where. Voltaire had not gone when—through Podewils Junior (probably with help of the improper Dutch female of rank)—Friedrich got to wit of another thing not less momentous to him, and throwing fearful light on that of "compensation" and "assurance." This was the Treaty of Worms, done by Carteret and George, September 13th, during those languid Rhine operations; Treaty itself not languid, but a very lively thing to Friedrich and to all the world, concerning which a few words now.

We have said, according to promise, and will say, next to nothing of Maria Theresa's Italian War, but hope always the reader keeps it in mind. Big war-clouds waltzing hither and thither, occasionally clashing into bloody conflict; Sardinian Majesty and Infant Philip both personally in the field, fierce men both; Traun, Browne, Lobkowitz, Lichtenstein, Austrians of mark, successively distinguishing themselves; Spain, too, and France very diligent: Conti off thither; then, in their turns, Maillebois, Noailles—high military figures, but remote, shadowy, thundering *in*audibly on this side and that, whom we must not mention farther.

"The notable figure to us," says one of my Notes, "is Charles Emanuel, second King of Sardinia, who is at the old trade of his Family, and shifts from side to side, making the war-balance vibrate at a great rate, now this scale, now that kicking the beam; for he holds the door of the Alps, Bully Bourbon on one side of it, Bully Hapsburg on the other; and inquires sharply, 'You, what will you give me? And you?' To Maria Theresa's affairs he has been superlatively useful for these Two Years past, and truly she is she not too punctual in the returns covenanted for. It appears to Charles Emanuel that the Queen of Hungary, elated in her high thought, underrates his services of late; that she practically means to give him very little of those promised slices from the Lombard parts; and that, in the mean while, much too big a share of the War has fallen upon his poor hands who should be door-holder only.

"Accordingly he grumbles, threatens: he has been listening to France, 'Bourbon, how much will you give me, then?' and the answer is such that he informs the Queen of Hungary and the Britannic Majesty of his intention to close with Bourbon, since they, on their side, will do nothing considerable. George and his Carteret, not to mention the Hungarian Majesty at all, are thunderstruck at such a prospect; bend all their energies toward this essential point of retaining Charles Emanuel, which is more urgent even than getting Elsass. 'Madame,' they say to her Majesty, 'we can not save Italy for you on other terms: Vigevanesco, Finale' (which is Genoa's), 'part of Piacenza' (when once got): 'there must be some slice of the Lombard parts to this Charles Emanuel justly angry!' Whereat the high Queen storms, and in her high manner scolds little George as if he were the blamable party, pretending friendship, and yet abetting mere highway robbery or little better. And his cash paid Madame, and his Dettingen mouse-trap fought? 'Well, he has plenty of cash: is it my Cause, then, or his Majesty's and Liberty's?' Posterity, in modern England, vainly endeavors to conceal this phenomenon, yet sees it to be undeniable.

"And so there is a Treaty of Worms got concocted, after infinite effort on the part of Carteret, Robinson too laboring and steaming in Vienna with boilers like to burst; and George gets it signed 13th September" (already signed while Friedrich was looking into Seckendorf and Wembdingen, if Friedrich had known it)—"to this effect, That Charles Emanuel shall have annually, down on the nail, a handsome increase

of Subsidy (£200,000 instead of £150,000) from England, and ultimately, beyond doubt, some thinnish specified slices from the Lombard parts; and shall proceed fighting for, not against; English Fleet co-operating, English Purse ditto, regardless of expense; with other fit particulars, as formerly.[1] Maria Theresa, very angry, looks upon herself as a martyr, nobly complying to suffer for the whim of England; and Robinson has had such labors and endurances, a steam-engine on the point of bursting is but an emblem of him. It was a necessary Treaty for the Cause of Liberty, as George and Carteret, and all English Ministries and Ministers (Diana of Newcastle very specially, in spite of Pitt and a junior Opposition Party), viewed Liberty. It was Love's last shift, Diana having intervened upon those magnificent 'Conferences of Hanau' lately! Nevertheless, Carteret was thrown out next year on account of it; and Posterity is unable to conceive it, and asks always of little George, What, in the name of wonder, had he to do there, fighting for or against, and hiring every body he met to fight against every body? A King with eyes somewhat *à fleur de tête:* yes; and let us say, his Nation too—which has sat down quietly, for almost a century back, under mountains of nonsense, inwardly nothing but dim Skepticism" (except in the stomachic regions), "and outwardly such a Trinacria of Hypocrisy (unconscious, for most part) as never lay on an honest giant Nation before—was itself grown much of a fool, and could expect no other kind of Kings.

"But the point intensely interesting to Friedrich in this Treaty of Worms was, That, in enumerating punctually the other Treaties, old and recent, which it is to guarantee, and stand upon the basis of, there is nowhere the least mention of Friedrich's *Breslau and Berlin Treaty*—thrice-important Treaty with her Hungarian Majesty on the Silesian matter! In settling all manner of adjoining and preceding matters, there is nothing said of Silesia at all. Singular indeed. Treaties enough, from that of Utrecht downward, are wearisomely mentioned here, but of the Berlin Treaty, Breslau Treaty, or any Treaty settling Silesia—much less, of any Westminster Treaty guaranteeing it to the King of Prussia—there is not the faintest mention! Silesia, then, is not considered settled by the high contracting parties? Little George himself, who guaranteed it, in the hour of need, little more than a year ago, considers it fallen loose again in the new whirl of contingen-

[1] Schöll, ii., 330–335; Adelung, iii, *b*, 222–226; Coxe, iii., 296.

cies? 'Patience, Madame: what was good to give is good to take!' On what precise day or month Friedrich got notice of this expressive silence in the Treaty of Worms we do not know, but from that day—"

Friedrich recollects another thing, one of many others—that of those "ulterior mountains" which Austria had bargained for as Boundary to Schlesien. Wild bare mountains, good for what? For invading Schlesien from the Austrian side, if for nothing else conceivable! The small riddle reads itself to him so, with a painful flash of light.[1] Looking intensely into this matter, and putting things together, Friedrich gets more and more the alarming assurance of the fate intended him; and that he will verily have to draw sword again, and fight for Silesia, and as if for life. From about the end of 1743 (as I strive to compute), there was in Friedrich himself no doubt left of it, though his Ministers, when he consulted them a good while afterward, were quite incredulous, and spent all their strength in dissuading a new War; now, when the only question was, How to do said War? "How to do it, to make ready for doing it? We must silently select the ways, the methods: silent, wary, then at last swift; and the more like a lion-spring, like a bolt from the blue, it will be the better!" That is Friedrich's fixed thought.

The Problem was complicated almost beyond example. The Reich, with a Kaiser reduced to such a pass, has its potentialities of help or of hinderance—its thousand-fold formulas, inane mostly, yet not inane wholly, which interlace this matter every where as with real threads, and with gossamer or apparent threads—which it is essential to attend to. Wise head that could discriminate the dead Formulas of such an imbroglio from the not-dead, and plant himself upon the Living Facts that do lie in the centre there! "We can not have a Reichs Mediation-Army, then? Nor a Swabian-Franconian Army to defend their own frontier?" No; it is evident, none. "And there is no Union of Princes possible; no

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii., 34.

Party any where that will rise to support the Kaiser whom all Germany elected; whom Austria and foreign England have insulted, ruined, and officially designated as non-extant?" Well, not quite No, none; *Yes* perhaps, in some small degree, if Prussia will step out with drawn sword and give signal. The Reich has its potentialities, its formulas not quite dead, but is a sad imbroglio.

Definite facts again are mainly twofold, and of a much more central nature. Fact *first:* A France which sees itself lamentably trodden into the mud by such disappointments and disgraces; which, on proposing peace, has met insult and invasion—France will be under the necessity of getting to its feet and striking for itself, and, indeed, is visibly rising into something of determination to do it: there, if Prussia and the Kaiser are to be helped at all, there lies the one real help. Fact *second:* Friedrich's feelings for the poor Kaiser and the poor insulted Reich, of which Friedrich is a member. Feelings, these, which are not "feigned" (as the English say), but real, and even indignant; and about these he can speak and plead freely. For himself and his Silesia, *through* the Kaiser, Friedrich's feelings are pungently real; and they are, withal, completely adjunct to the other set of feelings, and go wholly to intensifying of them, the evident truth being that neither he nor his Silesia would be in danger were the Kaiser safe.

Friedrich's abstruse diplomacies, and delicate motions and handlings with the Reich, that is to say, with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's few friends in the Reich, and then again with the French, which lasted for eight or nine months before closure (October, 1743, to June, 1744), are considered to have been a fine piece of steering in difficult waters, but would only weary the reader, who is impatient for results and arrivals. Ingenious Herr Professor Ranke—whose *History of Friedrich* consists mainly of such matter excellently done, and offers mankind a wondrously distilled "*Astral-Spirit*," or ghost-like fac-simile (elegant gray ghost, with stars dim-twinkling through), of Friedrich's and other people's Diplomatizings in this World—will satisfy the strongest diplomatic appetite, and to him

we refer such as are given that way.[1] "France and one's self as *substance* of help; but, for many reasons, give it carefully a legal German *form* or coat:" that is Friedrich's method as to finding help. And he diligently prosecutes it, and, what is still luckier, strives to be himself at all points ready, and capable of doing with a minimum of help from others.

Before the Year 1743 was out, Friedrich had got into serious Diplomatic Colloquy with France, suggesting, urging, proposing, hypothetically promising. "February 21st, 1744," he secretly dispatched Rothenburg to Paris, who, in a shining manner, consults not only with the Amelots, Belleisles, but with the Châteauroux herself (who always liked Friedrich), and with Louis XV. in person, and triumphantly brings matters to a bearing. Ready here, on the French side, so soon as your Reich Interests are made the most of—so soon as your Patriotic "Union of Reich's Princes" is ready! In March, 1744, the Reich side of the Affair was likewise getting well forward ("we keep it mostly secret from the poor Kaiser, who is apt to blab"); and on May 22d, 1744, Friedrich, with the Kaiser and Two other well-affected Parties (only two as yet, but we hope for more, and invite all and sundry), sign solemnly their "*Union of Frankfurt*," famous little Fourfold outcome of so much diplomatizing.[2] For the well-affected Parties, besides Friedrich and the Kaiser himself, were as yet Two only: Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen Cassel, disgusted with the late Carteret astucities at Hanau, he is one (and hires, by-and-by, his poor 6000 Hessians to the French and Kaiser instead of to the English, which is all the help *he* can give); Landgraf Wilhelm, and for sole second to him the new Kur-Pfalz, who also has men to hire. New Kur-Pfalz: our poor *old* friend is dead; but here is a new one, Karl Philip Theodor by name, of whom we shall hear again long afterward; who was wedded (in the Frankfort-Coronation time, as readers might have noted) to a Granddaughter of the old, and who is, like the old, a Hereditary Cousin of the Kaiser's, and already helps him all he can.

[1] Ranke, *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte*, iii., 74–137.
[2] Ranke, ubi suprà (Treaty is in Adelung, iv., 103–105.

Only these Two as yet, though the whole Reich is invited to join; these, along with Friedrich and the Kaiser himself, do now, in their general Patriotic "Union," which as yet consists only of Four, covenant, in Six Articles, To—in brief, to support Teutschland's oppressed Kaiser in his just rights and dignities; and to do, with the House of Austria, "all imaginable good offices" (not the least whisper of fighting) toward inducing said high House to restore to the Kaiser his Reichs-Archives, his Hereditary Countries, his necessary Imperial Furnishings, called for by every law human and divine; in which endeavor, or innocently otherwise, if any of the contracting parties be attacked, the others will guarantee him, and strenuously help. "All imaginable good offices;" nothing about fighting any where; still less is there the least mention of France; total silence on that head, by Friedrich's express desire. But in a Secret-Article (to which France, you may be sure, will accede) it is intimated, "That the way of good offices having some unlikelihoods, it *may* become necessary to take arms; in which tragic case they will, besides Hereditary Baiern (which is *in*alienable, fixed as the rocks, by Reichs-Law), endeavor to conquer, to reconquer for the Kaiser his Kingdom of Böhmen withal, as a proper outfit for Teutschland's Chief; and that, if so, his Prussian Majesty (who will have to do said conquests) shall, in addition to his Schlesien, have from it the Circles of Königsgrätz, Bunzlau, and Leitmeritz for his trouble." This is the Treaty of Union, Secret-Article and all, done at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, 22d May, 1744.

Done then and there, but no part of it made public till August following [1] (when the upshot had come); and the Secret Bohemian Article *not* then made public, nor ever afterward—much the contrary; though it was true enough, but inconvenient to confess, especially as it came to nothing. "A hypothetical thing, that," says Friedrich carelessly; "wages moderate enough, and proper to be settled beforehand, though the work was never done." To reach down quite over the Mountains, and have the Elbe for Silesian Frontier: this, as an occasional vague thought, or day-dream in high moments, was

[1] "22d August, 1744, by the Kaiser" (Adelung, iv., 154).

probably not new to Friedrich, and would have been very welcome to him had it proved realizable, which it did not. That this was "Friedrich's real end in going to War again" was at one time the opinion loudly current in England and other uninformed quarters, "but it is not now credible to any body," says Herr Ranke, nor indeed worth talking of, except as a memento of the angry eclipses and temporary dust-clouds which rise between Nations in an irritated uninformed condition.

Rapidly progressive in the rear of all this, which was its legalizing German *coat*, the French Treaty, which was the interior *substance*, or muscular tissue, perfected itself under Rothenburg, and was signed June 5th, 1744 (anniversary, by accident, of that First Treaty of all, "June 5th, 1741"); sanctioning, by France, that Bohemian Adventure, if needful; minutely setting forth How, and under what contingencies, what efforts made, and what successes arrived at on the part of France, his Prussian Majesty shall take the field; and try Austria, not "with all imaginable good offices" longer, but with harder medicine. Of which Treaty we shall only say farther, commiserating our poor readers, That Friedrich considerably *more* than kept his side of it, and France very considerably *less* than hers; so that, had not there been punctual preparation at all points, and good self-help in Friedrich, Friedrich had come out of this new Adventure worse than he did!

Long months ago, the French—as preliminary and rigorous *sine quâ non* to these Friedrich Negotiations—had actually started work by "declaring War on Austria and declaring War on England." Not yet at War, then, after so much killing? Oh no, reader, mere "Allies" of Belligerents hitherto. These "Declarations" the French had made;[1] and the French were really pushing forward, in an attitude of indignant energy, to execute the same, as shall be noticed by-and-by. And through Rothenburg, through Schmettau, by many channels, Friedrich is assiduously in communication with them, encouraging, advising, urging, their affairs being in a sort his ever since the signing of those mutual Engagements, May 22d,

[1] War on England, 15th March, 1744; on Austria, 27th April (Adelung, iv., 78, 90).

June 5th. And now enough of that hypothetic Diplomatic stuff.

War lies ahead, inevitable to Friedrich. He has gradually increased his Army by 18,000; inspection, more minute and diligent than ever, has been quietly customary of late; Walrave's fortification works, impregnable or nearly so, the work at Neisse most of all, Friedrich had resolved to *see* completed before that French Treaty were signed. A cautious young man, though a rapid; vividly awake on all sides. And so the French-Austrian, French-English game shall go on, the big bowls bounding and rolling (with velocities, on courses, partly computable to a quick eye); and at the right instant and juncture of hits, not till that nor after that, a quick hand shall bowl in —with effect, as he ventures to hope. He knows well it is a terrible game, but it is a necessary one, not to be despaired of; it is to be waited for with closed lips, and played to one's utmost!

CHAPTER VIII.

PERFECT PEACE AT BERLIN, WAR ALL ROUND.

Friedrich, with the Spectre of inevitable War daily advancing on him, to him privately evident and certain if as yet to him only, neglects in no sort the Arts and business of Peace, but is present, always with vivid activity, in the common movement, serious or gay and festive, as the day brings it. During these Winter months of 1743, and still more through Summer 1744, there are important War-movements going on —the French vehemently active again, the Austrians nothing behind-hand—which will require some slight notice from us soon. But in Berlin, alongside of all this, it is mere common business, diligent as ever, alternating with Carnival gayeties, with marryings, givings in marriage; in Berlin there goes on, under halcyon weather, the peaceable tide of things, sometimes in a high fashion, as if Berlin and its King had no concern with the Foreign War.

The Plauen Canal, an important navigation-work, canal of some thirty miles, joining Havel to Elbe in a convenient manner, or even joining Oder to Elbe, is at its busiest: "it was begun June 1st, 1743" (all hands diligently digging there, June 27th, while some others of us were employed at Dettingen—think of it!), "and was finished June 5th, 1745."[1] This is one of several such works now afoot. Take another miscellaneous item or two.

January, 1744, Friedrich appoints, and briefly informs all his People of it, That any Prussian subject who thinks himself aggrieved may come and tell his story to the King's own self:[2] better have his story in firm succinct state, I should imagine, and such that it will hold water, in telling it to the King! But the King is ready to hear him; heartily eager to get justice done him. A suitable boon, such Permission, till Law-Reform take effect. And after Law-Reform had finished, it was a thing found suitable, and continued to the end—curious to a British reader to consider!

Again: on Friedrich's birthday, 24th January, 1744, the new Academy of Sciences had, in the Schloss of Berlin, its first Session. But of this—in the absence of Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth, who is still in France since that Mollwitz adventure; by and for behoof of whom, when he did return, and become "Perpetual First President," many changes were made—I will not speak at present, nor indeed afterward, except on good chance rising, the new Academy, with its Perpetual First President, being nothing like so sublime an object now, to readers and me, as it then was to itself and Perpetual President and Royal Patron! Vapid Formey is Perpetual Secretary; more power to him, as the Irish say. Poor Goldstick Pollnitz is an Honorary Member—absent at this time in Baireuth, where those giggling Marwitzes of Wilhelmina's have been contriving a marriage for the old fool, of which another word soon, if we have time. Time can not be spent on those dim small objects; but there are two Marriages of a high order, of purport somewhat Historical: there is Bar-

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi., 2192.

[2] "January, 1744" (Rödenbeck, i., 98).

berina the Dancer, throwing a flash through the Operatic and some other provinces; let us restrict ourselves to these, and the like of these, and be brief upon them.

The Succession in Russia, and also in Sweden, shall not be Hostile to us; Two royal Marriages, a Russian and a Swedish, are accomplished at Berlin with such View.

Marriage First, of an eminently Historical nature, is altogether Russian, or German become Russian, though Friedrich is much concerned in it. We heard of the mad Swedish-Russian War, and how Czarina Elizabeth was kind enough to choose a Successor to the old childish Swedish King—Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel by nature, who has had a sorry time in Sweden, but kept merry and did not mind it much, poor old soul. Czarina Elizabeth's one care was, That the Prince of Denmark should not be chosen to succeed, as there was talk of his being; Sweden, Denmark, Norway, all grasped in one firm hand (as in the old "Union-of-Calmar" times, only with better management), might be dangerous to Russia. "Don't choose him of Denmark!" said Elizabeth, the victorious Czarina; and made it a condition of granting Peace, and mostly restoring Finnland to the infatuated Swedes. The person they did choose—satisfactory to the Czarina, and who ultimately did become King of Sweden—was one Adolf Friedrich, a Holstein-Gottorp Prince, come of royal kin, and cousinry to Karl XII.: he is "Bishop of Lübeck" or of Eutin, so-styled; now in his thirty-third year, and at least drawing the revenues of that See, though I think not ecclesiastically given, but living oftener in Hamburg, the then fashionable resort of those Northern Grandees. On the whole, a likely young gentleman; accepted by parties concerned; and surely good enough for the Office as it now is, of whom, for a reason coming, let readers take note in this place.

Above a year before this time,[1] Czarina Elizabeth, a provident female, and determined not to wed, had pitched upon her own Successor—one Karl Peter Ulrich, who was also of the same Holstein-Gottorp set, though with Russian blood in

[1] 7th November, 1742 (Michaelis, ii., 627).

him. His Grandfather was full cousin and chosen comrade to Karl XII.; got killed in Karl's Russian Wars, and left a poor Son dependent on Russian Peter the Great, who gave him one of his Daughters, whence this Karl Peter Ulrich, an orphan, dear to his Aunt the Czarina—a Karl Peter Ulrich, who became tragically famous as Czar Peter Federowitz, or Czar Peter III., in the course of twenty years! His Father and Mother are both dead; loving Aunt has snatched the poor boy out of Holstein-Gottorp, which is a narrow sphere, into Russia, which is wide enough; she has had him converted to the Greek Church, named him Peter Federowitz, Heir and Successor; and now, wishing to see him married, has earnestly consulted Friedrich upon it.

Friedrich is decidedly interested; would grudge much to see an Anti-Prussian Princess, for instance a Saxon Princess (one of whom is said to be trying), put into this important station! After a little thought, he fixes—does the reader know upon whom? Readers perhaps, here and there, have some recollection of a Prussian General, who is Titular Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst on his own score, and is actual Commandant of Stettin in Friedrich's service, and has done a great deal of good fortification there and other good work. Instead of Titular, he has now lately, by decease of an Elder Brother, become Actual or Semi-Actual (a Brother joined with him in the poor Heirship); lives occasionally in the Schloss of Zerbst, but is glad to retain Stettin as a solid supplement. His Wife, let the reader note farther, is Sister to the above-mentioned Adolf Friedrich, "Bishop of Lübeck," now Heir-Apparent to Sweden, in whom, as will soon appear, we are otherwise interested. Wife seems to me an airy, flighty kind of lady, high-paced, not too sure-paced; weak evidently in French grammar, and perhaps in human sense withal; but they have a Daughter, Sophie-Frederike, now near fifteen, and very forward for her age; comely to look upon, wise to listen to; "Is not she the suitable one?" thinks Friedrich in regard to this matter. "Her kindred is of the oldest—old as Albert the Bear; she has been frugally brought up, Spartan-like, though as a Princess by birth: let her cease skipping ropes

on the ramparts yonder with her young Stettin playmates, and prepare for being a Czarina of the Russias," thinks he. And communicates his mind to the Czarina, who answers, "Excellent! How did I never think of that myself?"

And so, on or about New-year's day, 1744, while the Commandant of Stettin and his airy Spouse are doing Christmas at their old Schloss of Zerbst, there suddenly come Estafettes —Expresses from Petersburg, heralded by Express from Friedrich—with the astonishing proposal, "Czarina wishing the honor of a visit from Madame and Daughter, no doubt with such and such intentions in the rear."[1] Madame nor Daughter is nothing loth; the old Commandant grumbles in his beard, not positively forbidding; and in this manner, after a Letter or two in imperfect grammar, Madame and Daughter appear in Carnival society at Berlin, charming objects both, but do not stay long; in fact, stay only till their moneys and arrangements are furnished them; upon which, in all silence, they make for Petersburg, for Moscow; travel rapidly, arrive successfully, in spite of the grim season.[2] Conversion to the Greek Religion, change of name from Sophie-Frederike to Catharine-Alexiewna ("Let it be Catharine," said Elizabeth, "my dear Mother's name!"—little brown Czarina's, whom we have seen)—all this was completed by the 12th of July following. And, in fine, next year (September 1st, 1745), Peter Federowitz and this same Catharine-Alexiewna, second-cousins by blood, were vouchsafed the Nuptial Benediction, and, with invocation of the Russian Heaven and Russian Earth, were declared to be one flesh,[3] though at last they turned out to be *two fleshes*, as my reader well knows! Some eighteen or nineteen years hence we may look in upon them again, if there be a moment to spare. This is Marriage First —a purely Russian one—built together and launched on its

[1] Friedrich's Letters to Madame of Zerbst (date of the first of them, 30th December, 1743), in *Œuvres*, xxv., 579–589.

[2] "At Moscow, 7th (18th) February, 1744."

[3] Ranke., iii, 129; *Mémoires de Cathérine II.* (Catharine's own very curious bit of Autobiography, published by Mr. Herzen, London, 1859), p. 7–46.

course, so to say, by Friedrich at Berlin, who had his own interest in it.

Marriage Second, done at Berlin in the same months, was of still more interesting sort to Friedrich and us—that of Princess Ulrique to the above-named Adolf Friedrich, future King of Sweden—marriage which went on preparing itself by the side of the other, and was of twin importance with it in regard to the Russian Question. The Swedish Marriage was not heard of, except in important whispers, during the Carnival time; but a Swedish Minister had already come to Berlin on it, and was busy first in a silent and examining, then in a speaking and proposing way. It seems the Czarina herself had suggested the thing as a counter-politeness to Friedrich, so content with him at this time. A thing welcome to Friedrich. And in due course ("June, 1744") there comes express Swedish Embassy, some Rödenskjold or Tessin, with a very shining train of Swedes, "To demand Princess Ulrique in marriage for our Future King."

To which there is assent, by no means denial, in the proper quarter; whereupon, after the wide-spread necessary fuglings and preliminaries, there occurs (all by Procuration, Brother August Wilhelm doing the Bridegroom's part), "July 17th, 1744," the Marriage itself: all done, this last act, and the foregoing ones and the following, with a grandeur and a splendor —unspeakable, we may say, in short.[1] Fantastic Bielfeld taxes his poor rouged Muse to the utmost on this occasion, and becomes positively wearisome, chanting the upholsteries of Life; foolish fellow, spoiling his bits of facts withal by misrecollections, and even by express fictions thrown in as garnish; so that, beyond the general impression, given in a high-rouged state, there is nothing to be depended on. One Scene out of his many, which represents to us on those terms the finale, or actual departure of Princess Ulrique, we shall offer —with corrections (a few, not *all*)—having nothing better or other on the subject:

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 1045–51.

"But, in fine, the day of departure did arrive"—eve of it did: 25th July, 1744; hour of starting to be 2 A.M. to-morrow. "The King had nominated Grand-Marshal Graf von Gotter"—(same Gotter whom we saw at Vienna once: King had appointed Gotter and two others; not to say that two of the Princess's Brothers, with her Sister the Margravine of Schwedt, were to accompany as far as Schwedt—six in all, though one's poor memory fails one on some occasions!)—"to escort the Princess to Stralsund, where two Swedish Senators and different high Lords and Ladies awaited her. Her Majesty the Queen-Mother, judging by the movements of her own heart that the moment of separation would produce a scene difficult to bear, had ordered an Opera to divert our chagrin; and, instead of supper, a superb collation *en ambigu*" (kind of supper-breakfast, I suppose), "in the great Hall of the Palace. Her Majesty's plan was, the Princess, on coming from the Opera, should, almost on flight, taste a morsel; take her traveling equipment, embrace her kinsfolk, dash into her carriage, and go off like lightning. Herr Graf von Gotter was charged with executing this design, and with hurrying the departure.

"But all these precautions were vain. The incomparable Ulrique was too dear to her Family and to her Country to be parted with forever without her meed of tears from them in those cruel instants. On entering the Opera-Hall, I noticed every where prevalent an air of sorrow, of sombre melancholy. The Princess appeared in Amazon-dress" (riding-habit, say) "of rose-color trimmed with silver; the little vest turned up with green-blue (*céladon*), and collar of the same; a little bonnet, English fashion, of black velvet, with a white plume to it; her hair floating, and tied with a rose-colored ribbon. She was beautiful as Love; but this dress, so elegant, and so well setting-off her charms, only the more sensibly awakened our regrets to lose her, and announced that the hour was come in which all this appeared among us for the last time. At the second act, young Prince Ferdinand" (Youngest Brother, Father of the *Jena* Ferdinand) "entered the Royal Box, and, flinging himself on the Princess's neck, with a burst of tears, said, 'Ah! my dear Ulrique, it is over, then, and I shall never see you more!' These words were a signal given to the grief which was shut in all hearts to burst forth with the greatest vehemence. The Princess replied only with sobs, holding her Brother in her arms. The Two Queens could not restrain their tears; the Princes and Princesses followed the example:

grief is epidemical; it gained directly all the Boxes of the first rank, where the Court and Nobility were. Each had his own causes of regret, and each melted into tears. Nobody paid the least attention farther to the Opera, and, for my own share, I was glad to see it end.

"An involuntary movement took me toward the Palace. I entered the King's Apartments, and found the Royal Family and part of the Court assembled. Grief had reached its height; every body had his handkerchief out; and I witnessed emotions quite otherwise affecting than those that Theatric Art can produce. The King had composed an Ode on the Princess's departure, bidding her his last adieus in the most tender and touching manner. It begins with these words:

" '*Partez, ma Sœur, partez;* *La Suède vous attend, la Suède* *vous désire.*'	" 'Go, my Sister, go; Sweden awaits you, Sweden wishes you.' [1]

His Majesty gave it her at the moment when she was about to take leave of the Two Queens." (No, Monsieur, not then; it came to her hand the second evening hence, at Schwedt;[2] most likely not yet written at the time you fabulously give, you foolish fantast, and "artist" of the *sham*-kind!) "The Princess threw her eyes on it, and fell into a faint" (No, you Sham, not for *it*); "the King had almost done the like. His tears flowed abundantly. The Princes and Princesses were overcome with sorrow. At last, Gotter judged it time to put an end to this tragic scene. He entered the Hall almost like Boreas in the Ballet of *The Rose;* that is to say, with a crash. He made one or two whirlwinds, clove the press, and snatched away the Princess from the arms of the Queen-Mother, took her in his own, and whisked her out of the Hall. All the world followed; the carriages were waiting in the court; and the Princess, in a moment, found herself in hers. I was in such a state I know not how we got down stairs; I remember only that it was in a concert of lamentable sobbings. Madame the Margrāfin von Schwedt, who had been named to attend the Princess to Stralsund" (read Schwedt), "on the Swedish Frontier—this high Lady and the two Dames D'Atours, who

[1] Does not now exist (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv., 88, and ib., *Preface*, p. xv.).

[2] Her own Letter to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., 372; "Schwedt, 28th July, 1744").

were for Sweden itself, having sprung into the same carriage, the door of it was shut with a slam, the postillions cracked, the carriage shot away, and hid the adorable Ulrique from the eyes of King and Court, who remained motionless for some minutes, overcome by their feelings." [1]

We said this Marriage was like the other, important for Public Affairs. In fact, security on the Russian and Swedish side is always an object with Friedrich when undertaking war. "That the French bring about, help me to bring about, a Triple Alliance of Prussia, Russia, Sweden:" this was a thing Friedrich had bargained to see done before joining in the War ahead; but by these two Espousals Friedrich hopes he has himself as good as done it. Of poor Princess Ulrique and her glorious reception in Sweden (after near miss of shipwreck in the Swedish Frigate from Stralsund), we shall say nothing more at present, except that her glories, all along, were much dashed by chagrins, and dangerous imminencies of shipwreck, which latter did not quite overtake *her*, but did her sons and grandsons, being inevitable or nearly so, in that element, in the course of time.

Sister Amelia, whom some thought disappointed, as perhaps, in her foolish thought, she might a little be, was made Abbess of Quedlingburg, which opulent benefice had fallen vacant, and, there or at Berlin, lived a respectable Spinster life, doubtless on easier terms than Ulrique's; always much loved by her Brother, and loving him (and "taking care of his shirts" in the final times)—noted in society for her sharp tongue and ways; concerning whom Thiébault and his Trenck romances are worth no notice, if it be not with horsewhips on opportunity. *Scandalum Magnatum*, where your Magnates are *not* fallen quite counterfeit, was and is always (though few now reflect on it) a most punishable crime.

Glance at the Belligerent Powers; Britannic Majesty narrowly misses an Invasion that might have been dangerous.

Princess Ulrique was hardly yet home in Sweden when her Brother had actually gone forth upon the Wars again! So

[1] Bielfeld, ii., 107–110.

different is outside from interior now and then. "While the dancing and the marriage-festivities went on at Court, we, in private, were busily completing the preparations for a Campaign," dreamed of by no mortal, "which was on the point of being opened." [1] July 2d, three weeks before Princess Ulrique left, a certain Adventure of Prince Karl's in the Rhine Countries had accomplished itself (of which in the following Book), and Friedrich could discern clearly that the moment drew rapidly nigh.

On the French side of the War there has been visible, since those high attempts of Britannic George and the Hungarian Majesty, contumeliously spurning the Peace offered them, and grasping evidently at one's Lorraines, Alsaces, and Three Bishoprics, a marked change, comfortable to look at from Friedrich's side. Most Christian Majesty, from the sad bent attitude of insulted repentance, has started up into the perpendicular one of indignation: "Come on, then!" and really makes efforts, this Year, quite beyond expectation. "Oriflamme Enterprises, private intentions of cutting Germany in Four—well, have not I smarted for them? as good as owned they were rather mad? But to have my apology spit upon? but to be myself publicly cut in pieces for them?"

March 15th, 1744, Most Christian Majesty did, as we saw, duly declare War against England; against Austria, April 26th: "England," he says, "broke its Convention of Neutrality (signed 27th September, 1741)—broke said Convention" (as was very natural, no term being set) "directly after Maillebois was gone; England, by its Mediterranean Admirals and the like, has, to a degree beyond enduring, insulted the French coasts, harbors, and royal Navy: We declare War on England." And then, six weeks hence, in regard to Austria: "Austria, refusing to make Peace with a virtuous Kaiser, whom we, for the sake of peace, had magnanimously helped, and then magnanimously ceased to help—Austria refuses peace with him or us; on the contrary, Austria attempts, and has attempted, to invade France itself: We, therefore, on and

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii., 41.

from this 26th of April, 1744, let the world note it, are at War with Austria."[1] Both these promises to Friedrich are punctually performed.

Nor, what is far more important, have the necessary preparations been neglected, but are on a quite unheard-of scale. Such taxing and financiering there has been last Winter—tax on your street-lamp, on your fire-wood, increased excise on meat and eatables of all kinds: Be patient, ye poor; consider *gloire*, and an *Oriflamme* so trampled on by the Austrian Heathen! Eatables, street-lamps, do I say? There is £36,000 raised by tax on—well, on *garderobes* (not translated)! A small help, but a help: *non olet, non oleat.* To what depths has Oriflamme come down! The result is, this Spring of 1744, indignant France does by land, and even by sea, make an appearance calculated to astonish Gazetteers and men. Land-forces 160,000 actually on foot: 80,000 (grows at last into 100,000 for a little while) as "Army of the Netherlands," to prick into Austria, and astonish England and the Dutch Barrier in that quarter. Of the rest, 20,000 under Conti are for Italy; 60,000 (by degrees 40,000) under Coigny for defense of the Rhine Countries, should Prince Karl, as is surmisable, make new attempts there.[2]

And, besides all this, there are Two strong Fleets got actually launched, not yet into the deep sea, but ready for it; one in Toulon Harbor, to avenge those mediterranean insults, and burst out, in concert with an impatient Spanish Fleet (which has lain blockaded here for a year past), on the insolent blockading English, which was in some sort done.[3] The other strong Fleet, twenty sail of the line, under Admiral Roquefeuille, is in Brest Harbor, intended for a still more delicate

[1] In *Adelung*, iv., 78, 90, the two Manifestoes given.

[2] Adelung, iv., 78; Espagnac, ii., 3.

[3] "19th February, 1744" French and Spanish Fleets run out; 22d February, are attacked by Matthews and Lestock; are rather beaten, not beaten nearly enough (Matthews and Lestock blaming one another, Spaniards and French ditto, ditto: Adelung, iv., 32–35); with the endless janglings, correspondings, Court-martialings that ensue (Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i., 197, et seqq.; *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Old Newspapers for 1744; &c., &c.).

operation, of which anon. Surely King Friedrich ought to admit that these are fine symptoms? King Friedrich has freely done so all along, intending to strike in at the right moment. Let us see a little how things have gone, and how the right moment has been advancing in late months.

January 17th, 1744, There landed at Antibes, on French soil, a young gentleman, by name "Conte di Spinelli," direct from Genoa, from Rome; young gentleman seemingly of small importance, but intrinsically of considerable, who hastened off for Paris, and there disappeared—disappeared into subterranean consultations with the highest Official People, intending reappearance with emphasis at Dunkirk a few weeks hence, in much more emphatic posture. And all through February there is observable a brisk diligence of War-preparation at Dunkirk: transport-ships in quantity, finally four war-ships; 15,000 chosen troops gradually marching in; nearly all on board, with their equipments, by the end of the month.

Clearly an Invading Army intended somewhither; England judges too well whither. Anti-English Armament, to be led by—whom thinks the reader? That same "Conte di Spinelli," who is Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, Comte de Saxe commanding under him! This is no fable; it is a fact somewhat formidable, brought about, they say, by one Cardinal Tencin, an Official Person of celebrity in the then Versailles world, who owes his red hat (whatever such debt really be) to old Jacobite influence exerted for him at Rome, and takes this method of paying his debt and his court at once—gets, namely, his proposal of a Charles-Edward Invasion of England to dovetail in with the other wide artilleries now bent on little George in the way we see. Had not little George better have staid at home out of these Pragmatic Wars? Fifteen thousand, aided by the native Jacobite hosts under command of Saxe—a Saxe against a Wade is fearful odds—may make some figure in England! We hope always they will not be able to land. Imagination may conceive the flurry, if not of Britannic mankind, at least of Britannic Majesty and his Official People, and what a stir and din they made, of which this is the compressed upshot:

"*Saturday, 1st March*, 1744. For nearly a week past there has been seen hanging about in the Channel, and dangerously hovering to and fro" (had entered by the Land's End; was first noticed on Sunday last "nigh the Eddistone"), "a con-

siderable French Fleet, sixteen great ships, with four or five more probably belonging to it which now lie off Dunkirk, the intention of which is too well known in high quarters. This is the grand Brest Fleet, Admiral Roquefeuille's, which believes it can command the Channel in present circumstances, the English Channel Fleets being in a disjoined condition, till Comte de Saxe, with his Charles Edward and 15,000, do ship themselves across! Great alarm in consequence; our War-forces, 40,000 of them, all in Germany; not the least preparation to receive an Invasive Armament. Comte de Saxe is veritably at Dunkirk since Saturday, March 1st, busy shipping his 15,000; equipments mostly shipped, and about 10,000 of the men: all is activity there; Roquefeuille hanging about Dungeness, with four of his twenty great ships detached for more immediate protection of Saxe and those Dunkirk industries; to meet which, old Admiral Norris, off and on toward the Nore and the Forelands, has been doing his best to rally force about him; hopes he will now be match for Roquefeuille; but if he should not?

"*Thursday, 6th March.* Afternoon of March 5th, old Admiral Norris, hoping he was at length in something like equality, 'tided it round the South Foreland;' saw Roquefeuille hanging in full tale within few miles—and at once plunged into him? No, reader, not at once, nor indeed at all. A great sea-fight was expected, but our old Norris thought it late in the day: and, in effect, no fight proved needful. Daylight was not yet sunk when there arose from the northeastward a heavy gale; blew all night, and by six next morning was a raging storm; had blown Roquefeuille quite away out of those waters (fractions of him upon the rocks of Guernsey); had tumbled Comte de Saxe's Transports bottom uppermost (so to speak) in Dunkirk Roads; and, in fact, had blown the Enterprise over the horizon, and relieved the Official Britannic mind in the usual miraculous manner.

"M. le Comte de Saxe—who had by superhuman activity saved nearly all his men in that hideous topsy-turvy of the Transports and munitions—returned straightway, and, much more, M. le Comte de Spinelli with him, to Paris. Comte de Saxe was directly thereupon made Maréchal de France; appointed to be Colleague of Noailles in the ensuing Netherlands Campaign. 'Comte de Spinelli went to lodge with his Uncle, the Cardinal Grand-Almoner Fitz-James' (a zealous gentleman, of influence with the Holy Father), and there in privacy to wait other chances that might rise. 'The 1500

silver medals that had been struck for distribution in Great Britain' fell for this time into the melting-pot again.[1]

"Great stir in British Parliament and Public there had latterly been on this matter; Arrestment of suspected persons, banishment of all Catholics ten miles from London; likewise registering of horses (to gallop with cannon whither wanted); likewise improvising of cavalry regiment by persons of condition—'Set our plush people on our coach-horses; there!' (Yes, *there* will be a Cavalry, inferior to General Ziethen's!) and were actually drilling them in several places, when that fortunate blast of storm (March 6th) blew every thing to quiet again. Fieldmarshal Earl of Stair, in regard to the Scottish populations, had shown a noble magnanimity, which was recognized, and a General Sir John Cope rode off post-haste to take the chief command in that Country, where, in about eighteen months hence, he made a very shining thing of it!" Take this other Cutting from the Old Newspapers:

"*Friday*, 31*st* (20*th*) *March*, 1744, A general press began for recruiting his Majesty's regiments and manning the Fleet, when upward of 1000 men were secured in the jails of London and Westminster, being allowed sixpence a head per diem by the Commissioners of the Land-tax, who examine them, and send those away that are found fit for his majesty's service. The same method was taken in each County." Press ceases; enough being got, press no more till farther order: 5th (16th) June.[2]

Britannic Majesty, shaken by such omens, does not in person visit Germany at all this Year, nor, by his Deputies, at all shine on the fields of War as lately. He, his English and he, did indeed come down with their cash in a prompt and manful manner, but showed little other activity this year. Their troops were already in the Netherlands since Winter last, led now by a Fieldmarshal Wade, of whom one has heard; to whom joined themselves certain Austrians, under Duc D'Ahremberg, and certain Dutch, under some other man in cocked-hat: the whole of whom, under Marshal Wade's chief guidance, did as good as nothing whatever. "Inferior

[1] Tindal, xxi., 22 (mostly a puddle of inaccuracies, as usual); Espagnac, i., 213; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv., 106, &c.; Barbier, ii., 382, 385, 388.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1744, p. 226, 333.

in force!" cried Marshal Wade; an indolent, incompetent old gentleman, frightful to see in command of troops; "inferior in force!" cried he, which was not at first quite the case. And when, by additions to himself, and deductions (of a most unexpected nature) from his Enemy, he had become nearly double in force, it was all the same: Marshal Wade (against whom, indeed, was Maréchal de Saxe, now in sole command, as we shall see) took shelter in safe places, witnessing therefrom the swift destruction of the Netherlands, and would attempt nothing, which indeed was perhaps prudent on the Marshal's part. Much money was spent, and men enough did puddle themselves to death on the clay roads, or bivouacking in the safe swamps, but not the least stroke of battle was got out of them under this old Marshal; had perhaps "a divided command, though nominal Chief," poor old gentleman —yes, and a head that understood nothing of his business withal; one of those same astonishing "Generals" of the English, now becoming known in Natural History, the like of whom, till within these hundred and fifty years, were not heard of among sane Nations. Saxe *versus* Wade is fearful odds. To judge by the way Saxe has of handling Wade, may not we thank Heaven that it was not *here* in England the trial came on? Lift up both your hands, and bless—not General Wade quite yet.

The young Duke of Würtemberg gets a valedictory Advice, and Pöllnitz a ditto Testimonial (*February 6th, April 1st*, 1744).

February 7th, 1744, Karl Eugen, the young Duke of Würtemberg—Friedrich having got from the Kaiser due Dispensation (*venia ætatis*) for the young gentleman, and had him declared Duke Regnant, though only sixteen—quitted Berlin with great pomp for his own Country on that errand. Friedrich had hoped hereby to settle the Würtemberg matters on a good footing, and be sure of a friend in Würtemberg to the Kaiser and himself, which hope, like every body's hopes about this young gentleman, was entirely disappointed, said young gentleman having got into perverse, haughty, sulky, ill-conditioned ways, and made a bad Life and Reign of it—better

to lie mostly hidden from us henceforth, at least for many years to come. The excellent Parting Letter which Friedrich gave him got abroad into the world; was christened the *Mirror of Princes*, and greatly admired by mankind. It is, indeed, an almost faultless Piece of its kind, comprising, in a flowing yet precise way, with admirable frankness, sincerity, sagacity, succinctness, a Whole Duty of Regnant Man;[1] but I fear it would only weary the reader, perfect *advice* having become so plentiful in our Epoch, with little but "pavement" to a certain locality the consequence!

There is, of the same months, a *Testimonial to Pöllnitz*, which also got abroad and had its celebrity: this, as specimen of Friedrich on the comic side, will perhaps be less afflicting, and will rid us of Pöllnitz, poor soul, on handsome terms.

Goldstick Pöllnitz is at Baireuth in these months, fallen quite disconsolate since we last heard of him. His fine marriage went awry, rich lady very wisely drawing back; and the foolish old creature has decided on *re*changing his religion, which he has changed already thrice or so, in his vagabond straits, for the purpose of "retiring to a convent" this time. Friedrich, in candid brief manner, rough but wise, and not without some kindness for an old dog one is used to, has answered, "Nonsense; that will never do!" But Pöllnitz persisting, formally demanding leave to demit, and lay down the goldstick with that view, Friedrich does at length send him Certificate of Leave, "which is drawn out with all the forms, and was dispatched through Eichel to the proper Board," but which bears date *April First*, and, though officially valid, is of quizzical nature; perhaps already known to some readers, having got into the Newspapers, and widely abroad, at a subsequent time. As authentic sample of Friedrich in that kind, here it accurately is, with only one or two slight abridgments, which are indicated:

"Whereas the Baron de Pöllnitz, born at Berlin" (at Köln, if it made any matter), "of honest parents so far as We know,

[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix., 4–7.

after having served Our Grandfather as Gentleman of the Chamber, Madame d'Orléans" (wicked Regent's Mother, a famed German Lady) "in the same rank, the King of Spain in quality of Colonel, the deceased Kaiser in that of Captain of Horse, the Pope as Chamberlain, the Duke of Brunswick as Chamberlain, Duke of Weimar as Ensign, Our Father as Chamberlain, and, in fine, Us as grand Master of the Ceremonies," has, in spite of such accumulation of honors, become disgusted with the world, and requests a Parting Testimony to support his good reputation.

"We, remembering his important services to the House in diverting for nine years long the late King our Father, and doing the honors of our Court during the now Reign, can not refuse such request; but do hereby certify that the said Baron has never assassinated, robbed on the highway, poisoned, forcibly cut purses, or done other atrocity or legal crime at our Court, but has always maintained gentlemanly behavior, making not more than honest use of the industry and talents he has been endowed with at birth; imitating the object of the Drama, that is, correcting mankind by gentle quizzing; following, in the matter of sobriety, Boerhaave's counsels; pushing Christian charity so far as often to make the rich understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive; possessing perfectly the anecdotes of our various Mansions, especially of our worn-out Furnitures; rendering himself, by his merits, necessary to those who know him, and, with a very bad head, having a very good heart.

"Our anger the said Baron never kindled but once"—in atrociously violating the grave of an Ancestress (or Step-Ancestress) of ours.[1] "But as the loveliest countries have their barren spots, the beautifulest forms their imperfections, pictures by the greatest masters their faults, We are willing to cover with the veil of oblivion those of the said Baron; do hereby grant him, with regret, the Congee he requires, and abolish his Office altogether, to blot it from men's memory, not judging that any body after the said Baron can be worthy to fill it.

"Done at Potsdam, this 1st of April, 1744. FÉDÉRIC."[2]

[1] Step-Ancestress was Dorothea, the Great Elector's second Wife, of whom Pöllnitz, in his *Memoirs and Letters*, repeats the rumor that once she, perhaps, tried to poison her Stepson Friedrich, First King. (See suprà, vol. i., p. 52.)

[2] *Œuvres*, xv., 193.

The Office of Grand Master of the Ceremonies was accordingly abolished altogether. But Pöllnitz, left loose in this manner, did not gallop direct, or go at all into monkhood, as he had expected, but, in fact, by degrees crept home to Berlin again, took the subaltern post of Chamberlain, and there, in the old fashion (straitened in finance, making loans, retailing anecdotes, not witty, but the cause of wit), wore out life's gray evening, till, about thirty years hence, he died; "died as he had lived, swindling the very night before his decease," writes Friedrich,[1] who was always rather kind to the poor old dog, though bantering him a good deal.

Two Conquests for Prussia, a gaseous and a solid: Conquest First, Barberina the Dancer.

Early in May the Berlin Public first saw its Barberina dance, and wrote ecstatic Latin Epigrams about that miracle of nature and art[2]—miracle, alas! not entirely omissible by us. Here is her Story, as the Books give it; slightly mythical, I judge, in some of its non-essential parts, but good enough for the subject:

Barberina the Dancer had cost Friedrich some trouble; the pains he took with her elegant pirouettings and poussettings, and the heavy salary he gave her, are an unexpected item in his history. He wished to favor the Arts, yes; but did he reckon Opera-dancing a chief one among them? He had indeed built an Opera-house, and gave free-admissions, supporting the cost himself; and among his other governings, governed the dancer and singer troops of that establishment. Took no little trouble about his Opera—yet perhaps he privately knew its place, after all. "Wished to encourage strangers of opulent condition to visit his Capital," say the cunning ones. It may be so; and, at any rate, he probably wished to act the King in such matters, and not grudge a little money. He really loved music, even opera music, and knew that his people loved it; to the rough natural man, all rhythm,

[1] Letter to Voltaire, 13th August, 1775 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii., 344). See Preuss, v., 241 (*Urkundenbuch*), the Letters of Friedrich to Pöllnitz.

[2] Rödenbeck, p. 111, 190.

even of a Barberina's feet, may be didactic, beneficial: do not higgle; let us do what is to be done in a liberal style. His agent at Venice—for he has agents every where on the outlook for him—reports that here is a Female Dancer of the first quality, who has shone in London, Paris, and the Capital Cities, and might answer well, but whose terms will probably be dear. "Engage her," answers Friedrich. And she is engaged on pretty terms; she will be free in a month or two, and then start.[1]

Well; but Barberina had, as is usual, subsidiary trades to her dancing: in particular, a young English Gentleman had followed her up and down, says Zimmermann, and was still here in Venice passionately attached to her; which fact, especially which young English gentleman, should have been extremely indifferent to me but for a circumstance soon to be mentioned. The young English gentleman, clear against Barberina's Prussian scheme, passionately opposes the same, passionately renews his own offers; induces Barberina to inform the Prussian agent that she renounces her engagement in that quarter. Prussian agent answers that it is not renounceable; that he has legal writing on it, and that it must be kept. Barberina rises into contumacy; will laugh at all writing and compulsion. Prussian agent applies to Doge and Senate on the subject, in his King's name, who answer politely, but do nothing: "How happy to oblige so great a King; but—" And so it lasts for certain months; Barberina and the young English gentleman contumacious in Venice, and Doge and Senate merely wishing we may get her.

Meanwhile a Venetian Embassador happens to be passing through Berlin in his way to or from some Hyperborean State; arrives at some hotel in Berlin; finds, on the morrow, that his luggage is arrested by Royal Order; that he, or at least *it*, can not get farther, neither advance nor return, till Barberina do come. "Impossible, Signor; a bargain is a bargain; and States ought to have law-courts that enforce contracts entered into in their territories." The Venetian Doge and Senate do now lay hold of Barberina; pack her into post-chaises, off toward Berlin, under the charge of armed men, with the proper transit-papers—as it were under the address, "For his Majesty of Prussia, this side uppermost"—and thus she actually is conveyed, date or month uncertain,

[1] Zimmermann, *Fragmente über Friedrich den Grossen* (Leipzig, 1790), i., 88-92; Collini, ubi infrà; Denina; &c.: compare Rödenbeck, p. 191.

by Innspruck or the Splugen, I can not say which, over mountain, over valley, from country to country, and from stage to stage, till she arrives at Berlin; Embassador with baggage having been let go so soon as the affair was seen to be safe.

As for the young English gentleman passionately attached, he followed, it is understood, faithful, constant as shadow to the sun, always a stage behind; arrived in Berlin two hours after his Barberina, still passionately attached; and now, as the rumor goes, was threatening even to marry her, and so save the matter. Supremely indifferent to my readers and me; but here, now, is the circumstance that makes it mentionable. The young English is properly a young Scotch gentleman—James Mackenzie the name of him—a Grandson of the celebrated Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, and younger Brother of a personage who, as Earl of Bute, became extremely conspicuous in this Kingdom in after years. That makes it mentionable, if only in the shape of *myth;* for Friedrich, according to rumor, being still like to lose his Dancer in that manner, warned the young gentleman's friends, and had him peremptorily summoned home, and the light fantastic toe left free in that respect, which procedure the indignant young gentleman (thinks my Author) never forgave, continuing a hater of Friedrich all his days, and instilling the same sentiment into the Earl of Bute at a period which was very critical, as we shall see. This is my Author's, the often fallacious though not mendacious Dr. Zimmermann's rather deliberate account; a man not given to mendacity, though filled with much vague wind, which renders him fallacious in historical points.

Readers of Walpole's *George the Third* know enough of this Mackenzie, "Earl's Brother, *Mackinsy*," and the sorrowful difficulties about his Scotch law-office or benefice; in which matter "Mackinsy" behaves always in a high way, and only the Ministerial Outs and Ins higgle peddler-like, vigilant of the Liberties of England, as they call them. In the end, Mackinsy kept his law-office or got it restored to him; £3000 a year without excess of work; a man much the gentleman, according to the rule then current: in contemplative rare moments, the man, looking back through the dim posterns of the mind, might see afar off a certain pirouetting Figure, once far from indifferent, and not yet quite melted into cheerless gray smoke, as so much of the rest is—to Mr. Mackinsy and us. I have made, in the Scotch Mackenzie circles, what inquiry was due; find no evidence, but various likelihoods,

that this of the Barberina and him is fact, and a piece of his biography. As to the inference deduced from it in regard to Friedrich and the Earl of Bute on a critical occasion, that rests entirely with Zimmermann; and the candid mind inclines to admit that, probably, it is but rumor and conjecture—street-dust sticking to the Doctor's shoes, and demanding merely to be well swept out again. Heigho!

Barberina, though a dancer, did not want for more essential graces. Very sprightly, very pretty and intelligent; not without piquancy and pungency: the King himself has been known to take tea with her in mixed society, though nothing more; and with passionate young gentlemen she was very successful. Not long after her coming to Berlin she made conquest of Cocceji, the celebrated Chancellor's Son, who, finding no other resource, at length privately married her. Voltaire's Collini, when he came to Berlin in 1750, recommended by a Signora Sister of the Barberina's, found the Barberina and her Mother dining daily with this Cocceji as their guest:[1] Signora Barberina privately informed Collini how the matter was; Signorina still dancing all the same, though she had money in the English funds withal; and Friedrich had been so generous as give her the fixing of her own salary when she came to him, this-side-uppermost, in the way we described. She had fixed too modestly, thinks Collini, on 5000 thalers (about £750) a year, having heart and head as well as heels, poor little soul. Perhaps her notablest feat in History, after all, was her leading this Collini, as she now did, into the service of Voltaire, to be Voltaire's Secretary, as will be seen, whereby we have obtained a loyal little Book, more credible than most others about that notable man.

At a subsequent period Barberina decided on declaring her marriage with Cocceji; she drew her money from the English funds, purchased a fine mansion, and went to live with the said Cocceji there, giving up the Opera and public pirouettes. But this did not answer either. Cocceji's Mother scorned irreconcilably the Opera alliance; Friedrich, who did not himself like it in his Chancellor's Son, promoted the young man to some higher post in the distant Silesian region. But there, alas! they themselves quarreled; divorced one another; and rumor again was busy. "You, Cocceji yourself, are but a schoolmaster's grandson" (Barberina, one

[1] Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (à Paris, 1807), p. 13–19.

easily supposes, might have a temper withal); "and it is I, if you will recollect, that drew money from the English funds!" Barberina married again, and to a nobleman of sixteen quarters this time, and with whom at least there was no divorce. Successful with passionate gentlemen, having money from the English funds. Her last name was Gräfinn—I really know not what. Her descendants probably still live, with sixteen quarters, in those parts. It was thus she did her life-journey, waltzing and walking, successfully holding her own against the world. History declares itself ashamed of spending so many words on such a subject. But the Dancer of Friedrich, and the authoress, prime or proximate, of *Collini's Voltaire*, claims a passing remembrance. Let us, if we can easily help it, never speak of her more.

Conquest Second is Ost-Friesland, of a solid Nature.

May 25th, 1744, just while Barberina began her pirouettings at Berlin, poor Karl Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, long a weak malingering creature, died rather suddenly; childless, and the last of his House, which had endured there about 300 years. Our clever Wilhelmina at Baireuth, though readers have forgotten the small circumstance, had married a superfluous Sister-in-law of hers to this Karl Edzard; and, they say, it was some fond hope of progeny, suddenly dashed into nothingness, that finished the poor man that night of May 25th. In any case, his Territory falls to Prussia by Reich's Settlement of long standing (1683–1694), which had been confirmed anew to the late King, Friedrich Wilhelm: we remember how he returned with it, honest man, from that *Kladrup Journey* in 1732, and was sniffed at for bringing nothing better. And, in the interim, his royal Hanover Cousins, coveting East Friesland, had clapped up an *Erbverbrüderung* with the poor Prince there (Father, I think, of the one just dead): "A thing *ultra vires*," argued Lawyers; "private, quasi-clandestine, and posterior (in a sense) to Reich's *Conclusum*, 1694."

On which ground, however, George II. now sued Friedrich at Reich's Law, Friedrich, we need not say, having instantly taken possession of Ost-Friesland. And there ensued arguing

enough between them for years coming; very great expenditure of parchment, and of mutual barking at the moon (done always by proxy, and easy to do), which doubtless increased the mutual ill-feeling, but had no other effect. Friedrich, who had been well awake to Ost-Friesland for some time back, and had given his Official people (Cocceji, his Minister of Justice, Chancellor by-and-by, and one or two subordinates) their precise Instructions, laid hold of it with a maximum of promptitude, thereby quashing a great deal of much more dangerous litigation than Uncle George's.

"In all Germany, not excepting even Mecklenburg, there had been no more anarchic spot than Ost-Friesland for the last sixty or seventy years—a Country with parliamentary-life in extraordinary vivacity (rising indeed to the suicidal or internecine pitch in two or three directions), and next to no regent-life at all—a Country that had loved Freedom, not wisely, but too well! Ritter Party, Prince's Party, Towns' Party—always two or more internecine Parties: 'False Parliament you, traitors!' 'We? False *you*, traitors!' The Parish Constable, by general consent, kept walking; but for Government there was this of the Parliamentary Eloquences (three at once), and Freedom's battle, fancy it, bequeathed from sire to son! 'The late Karl Edzard never once was in Embden, his chief Town, though he lived within a dozen miles of it.' And then, still more questionable, all these energetic little Parties had applied to the Neighboring Governments, and had each its small Foreign Battalion, 'To protect *us* and our just franchises!' Imperial Reich's-Safeguard Battalion, Dutch Battalion, Danish Battalion—Prussian it first of all was (year 1683, Town of Embden inviting the Great Elector), but it is not so now. The Prussians had needed to be quietly swift on that 25th day of May, 1744.

"And truly they were so; Cocceji having all things ready, leading party-men already secured to him, troops within call, and the like. The Prussians—Embden Town Council inviting their astonished Dutch Battalion not to be at home—marched quietly into Embden 'next day,' and took possession of the guns; marched to Aurich (official metropolis), Danes and Imperial Safeguard saying nothing; and, in short, within a week had, in their usual exact fashion, got firm hold of chaotic Ost-Friesland, and proceeded to manage it, in like sort, with

effects soon sensible, and steadily continuing. Their Parliamentary-life Friedrich left in its full vigor: 'Tax yourselves; what revenue you like; and see to the outlay of it yourselves. Allow me, as *Landes Herr*, some trifle of overplus: how much, then? Furthermore, a few recruits—or recruit-money in lieu, if you like better!' And it was astonishing how the Parliamentary vitality, not shortened of its least franchise, or coerced in any particular, but merely stroked the right way of the hair by a gently formidable hand, with good head guiding, sank almost straightway into dove-life, and never gave Friedrich any trouble, whatever else it might do. The management was good; the opportunity also was good. 'In one sitting, the Prussian Agent, arbitrating between Embden and the Ritters, settled their controversy, which had lasted fifty years.' The poor Country felt grateful, which it might well do, as if for the laying of goblins, for the ending of long-continued local typhoon! Friedrich's first visit, in 1751, was welcomed with universal jubilation; and poor Ost-Friesland thanked him in still more solid ways, when occasion rose.[1]

"It is not an Important Country—only about the size of Cheshire; wet like it, and much inferior to it in cheese, in resources for leather and live-stock, though it perhaps excels, again, in clover-seeds, rape-seeds, Flanders horses, and the flax products. The 'clear overplus' it yielded to Friedrich, as Sovereign Administrator and Defender, was only £3200; for recruit-*money*, £6000 (no recruit *in corpore*); in all, little more than £9000 a year. But it had its uses too. Embden, bigger than Chester, and with a better harbor, was a place of good trade, and brought Friedrich into contact with sea-matters, in which, as we shall find, he did make some creditable incipiencies, raising expectations in the world, and might have carried it farther, had not new Wars, far worse than this now at hand, interrupted him."

Friedrich was at Pyrmont, taking the waters, while this of Friesland fell out; he had gone thither May 20th; was just arrived there four days before the death of Karl Edzard.[2] His Officials, well preinstructed, managed the Ost-Friesland Question mainly themselves. Friedrich was taking the waters, ostensibly nothing more. But he was withal, and still more earnestly, consulting with a French Excellency (who also had

[1] Ranke, iii., 370–82.

[2] Rödenbeck, p. 102.

felt a need of the waters) about the French Campaign for this Season: Whether Coigny was strong enough in the Middle Rhine Countries; how their Grand Army of the Netherlands shaped to prosper, and other the like interesting points.[1] Frankfort Union is just signed (May 22d). Most Christian Majesty is himself under way to the Netherlands, himself going to command there, as we shall see. "Good!" answers Friedrich: "But don't weaken Coigny; think of Prince Karl on that side; don't detach from Coigny, and reduce his 60,000 to 40,000!"

Plenty of mutual consulting as they walk in the woods there; and how profoundly obscure, to certain Official parties, much concerned, judge from the following small Document, preserved by accident:

Lyttelton (our old Soissons Friend, now an Official in Prince Fred's Household, friend of Pitt, and much else) *to his Father at Hagley.*

Argyle Street, London, "May 5th" (16th), "1744.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. West" (Gilbert West, of whom there is still some memory) "comes with us to Hagley; and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too"—oh Jamie Thamson, Jamie Thamson, oh! "His *Seasons* will be published in about a week's time, and a most noble work they will be.

"I have no public news to tell you which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in Private Letters from Germany of the King of Prussia's having drunk himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account, which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time." Yes, indeed, if true. "Those Letters say that, at a review, he caused two men to be taken out of the line and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the Major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, His Majesty drew his sword, and would have killed the Officer too if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself by disarming the King, who was immediately shut up; and the Queen, his Mother, has taken the Regency upon herself till his recovery." *Papæ!* "I do not give you this news for cer-

[1] Ranke, iii., 165, 6.

tain, but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, 'He is only thought to be *mad* in Germany because he has *more wit* than other Germans.'

"The King of Sardinia's Retreat from his Lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that Town" (20th April; one of those furious tussles, French and Spaniard *versus* Sardinian Majesty, in the *coulisses* or side-scenes of the Italian War-Theatre, neither stage nor side-scenes of which shall concern us in this place), "certainly bear a very ill aspect; but it is not considered as"—any thing to speak of; nor was it. "We expect with impatience to know what will be the effect of the Dutch Embassador to Paris"—(to Valenciennes, as it turns out, King Louis, on his high errand to the Netherlands, being got so far; and the "effect" was no effect at all, except good words on his part, and persistence in the battering-down of Menin and the Dutch Barrier, of which we shall hear ere long).

"I pray God the Summer may be happy to us by being more easy than usual to you"—dear Father, much suffering by incurable ailments. "It is the only thing wanting to make Hagley Park a Paradise.

"Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death"—did actually die 30th May (10th June): a world-tragedy that too, though in small compass, and acting itself next door, at Twickenham, without noise; a star of the firmament going out; twin-star, Swift (Carteret's old friend), likewise going out, sunk in the socket, "a driveler and a show." * * "I am, with the truest respect and affection, dear sir, your most dutiful Son, GEORGE LYTTELTON."[1]

Friedrich returned from Pyrmont 11th June; saw, with a grief of his own, with many thoughts well hidden, his Sister Ulrique whirled away from him, 26th July, in the gray of the summer dawn. In Berlin, in Prussia, nobody but one is aware of worse just coming. And now the War-drums suddenly awaken again, and poor readers—not to speak of poor Prussia and its King!—must return to that uncomfortable sphere till things mend.

[1] Ayscough, *Lord Lyttelton's Miscellaneous Works* (Lond., 1776), iii., 318.

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